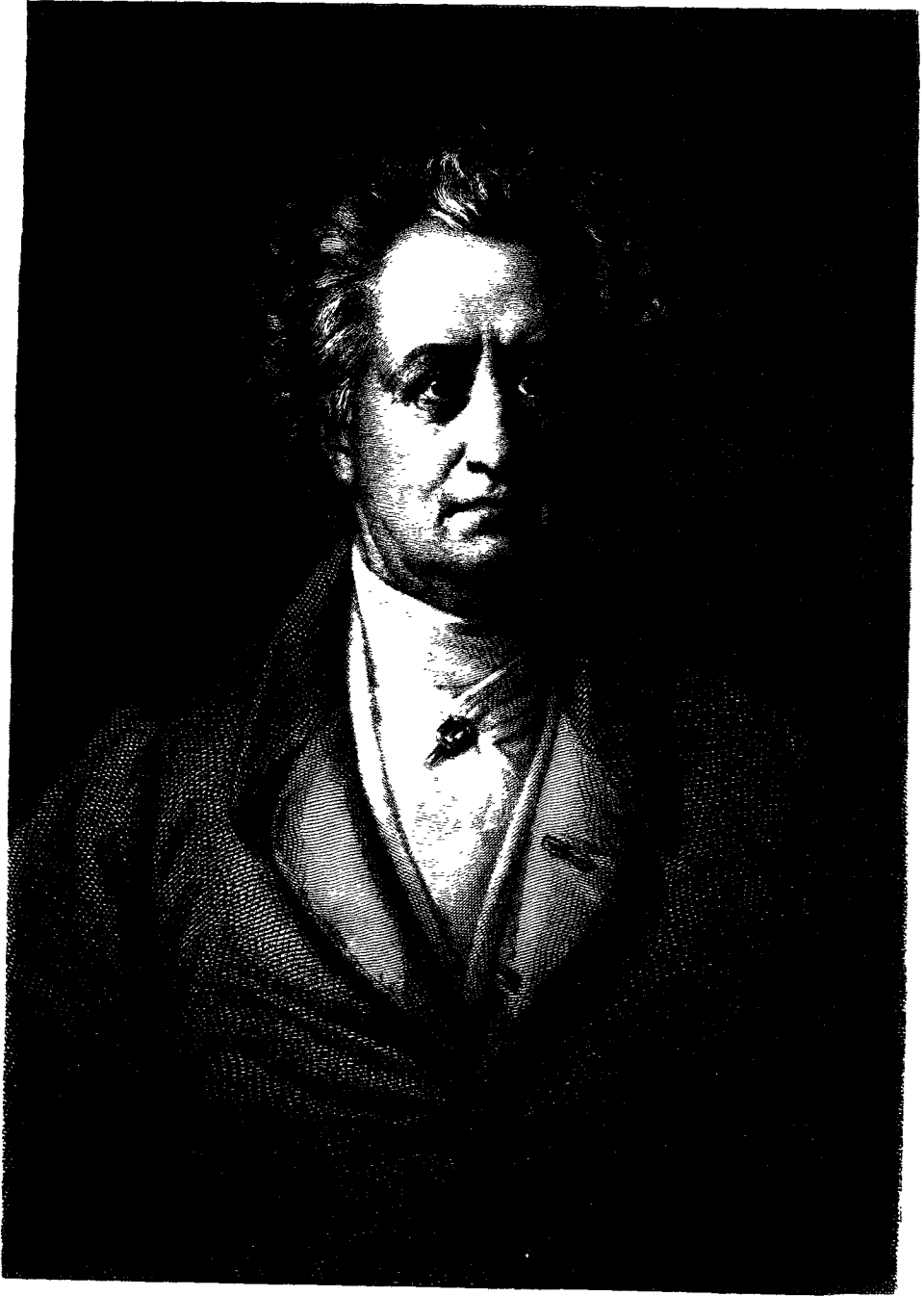


# Goethe's Works

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Volume One



1777



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# THE LIFE OF GOETHE

BY

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN, PH.D.

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It is told of the philosopher Hegel that he once complained because so few understood his writings. "Of all living men," he said, "there is but one who has understood me; and," he added, after a moment's reflection, "he misunderstood me." The common judgment of a man who spoke thus would be that he was himself at fault, that his utterance was needlessly obscure if it failed to appeal to ordinary human intelligence. In Hegel's case such a judgment would not have been far wrong. German philosophers, as a rule, cultivate involved obscurity of diction, and perhaps even pride themselves on their unintelligibility. But for all that it is not to be denied that there is a region of thought which lies beyond the range of the ordinary intellect, and which is none the less exalted and beautiful, because of its inaccessibility to the multitude. The fact that you or I do not see anything in works of this or that poet does not, of necessity, prove that there is nothing in them. That which you or I do not understand is not on that account unintelligible. If the second part of "*Faust*" fails to convey any meaning to the ordinary omniscient critic of the daily papers, it is generally supposed that the second part of "*Faust*" stands thereby condemned. That Goethe has opened a new realm of thought to which even a college degree is not necessarily a passport, that he has in "*Faust*" expounded a deep philosophy

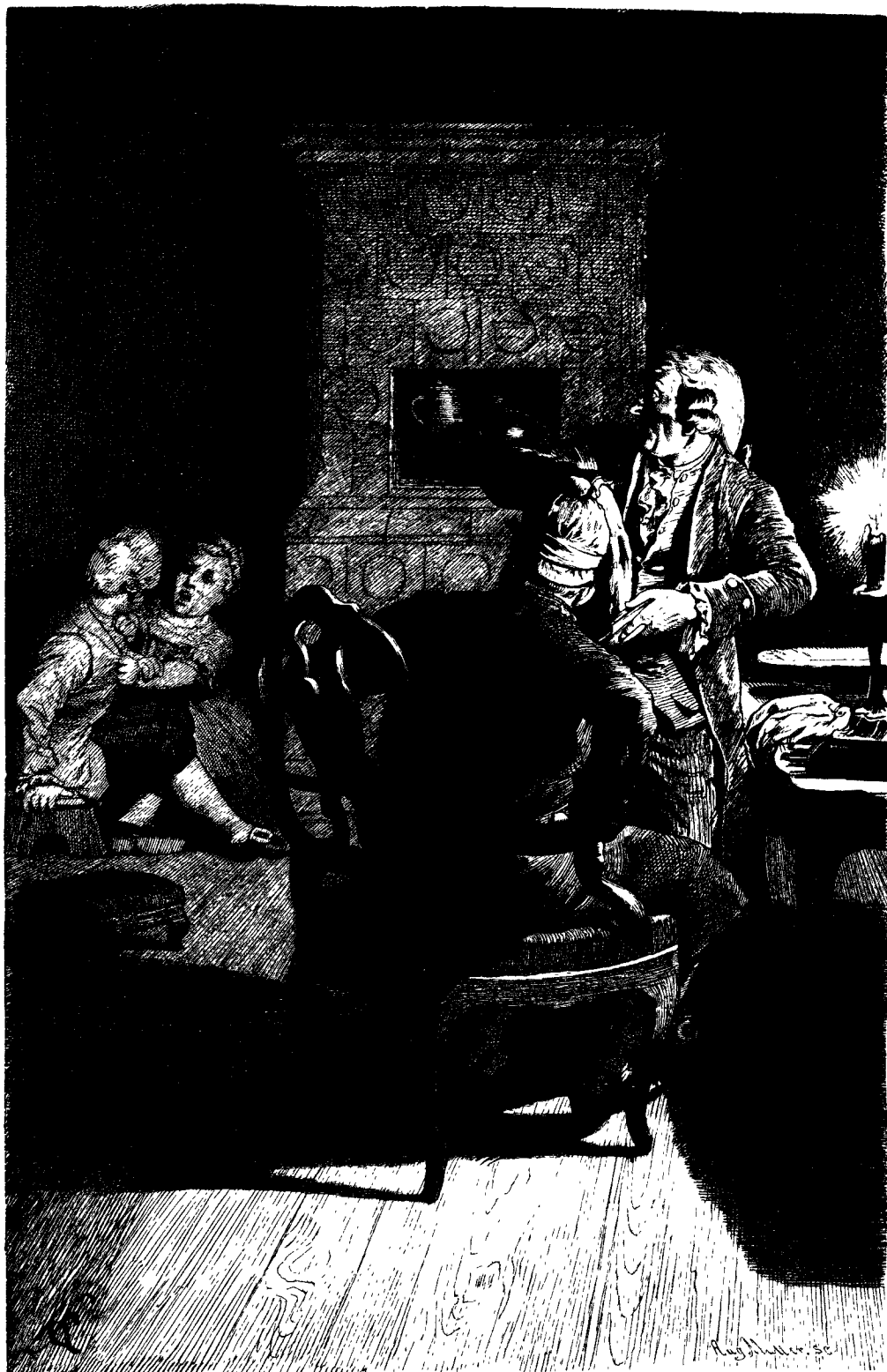


of life, for the comprehension of which a more than ordinary largeness of vision and grasp of intellect are required, is scarcely dreamed of by the herd of shallow, nimble-witted critics who pat him kindly on the shoulder and compare him blandly with Byron, Coleridge and Wordsworth.

Of English writers, only Carlyle seems to have had an adequate conception of Goethe's greatness, although he, too, was certainly at variance with the fundamental principles which underlay his hero's life and poetic activity. That he unconsciously distorted the meaning of "*Faust*" is very obvious to any student of Goethe who reads his essay on "*Helena*." And yet he said to Bayard Taylor, when the latter asked him what he thought of Goethe: "That man, sir, was my salvation!"—an answer which struck Taylor as being in no wise paradoxical. If Carlyle had been an exact thinker, to whom a rational solution of the riddle of existence had been an urgent need, it would have been easier to comprehend in what sense he owed his "salvation" to Goethe. It was the direct purpose of Goethe to be the intellectual deliverer of his age, as he distinctly avowed to Eckermann when he said that the name which he would prefer to all others was "*Befreier*." The tendency of his life and his writings, after his return from Italy, is all in the same direction. They all teach, even where no didactic purpose is apparent, that liberty is attainable, not by defiance of moral and physical law, but by obedience to it; that happiness is to be found only in a cheerful acquiescence in the rationality of existence. In this lesson there is deliverance to him who properly estimates and apprehends it. Thus barrenly stated it sounds commonplace enough to us of the nineteenth century; but it is largely due to Goethe's influence that it has become so generally accepted. Before "*Faust*" was written there were few who would have been able to defend such a proposition, even though they might profess to accept it.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28th, 1749. His family, a few generations back, had been plain artisans, and had by dint of talent and energy risen to prosperity and social importance. Goethe's father had inherited a respectable fortune, enjoyed a good education, and had travelled considerably in his own country and in Italy. He was a stern and methodical man, rigidly upright, impatient of all irregularities and somewhat pedantic in his habits and opinions. His bearing was dignified, his disposition despotic. At the age of thirty-eight he married Katharine Elizabeth, daughter of the Magistrate Textor, and bought the title of imperial counsellor. There were no duties connected with this





ARTIST: EUGEN KLIMSCH.

CORNELIA PROCLAIMING FROM KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

office, but it conferred a social rank which in those days was highly prized. The young wife whom the counsellor installed in his spacious house in the Hirschgraben was a contrast to him in almost everything. She was genial and full of wholesome mirth. Her culture was probably moderate enough, but she possessed a nature which readily compensated for all deficiencies of education. An exuberant fancy, inexhaustible good-humor, and an ever-ready mother-wit made her the most delightful of companions; and no one valued more highly her many charming gifts than her son Johann Wolfgang. As he grew out of infancy she became his playmate and friend, and the confidant of all his boyish sorrows. She listened with delight to his improvisations, and secretly took his part in his occasional rebellion against the paternal authority.

Goethe was a precocious child, richly endowed physically and mentally. He absorbed knowledge spontaneously and without effort. His fancy, too, was active, and he took delight in relating the most marvelous tales, which he himself invented, to a company of admiring friends. The two fairy tales, "*The New Paris*" and "*The New Melusine*," which he reprinted in a somewhat improved shape in his autobiography, belong to this period.

A charming anecdote is related of his fondness for Klopstock's biblical epic, "*The Messiah*," before he had yet emerged from the nursery. Frau Aja, his mother, had surreptitiously borrowed this book, and went about with it in her pocket, because her husband highly disapproved of Klopstock's wild and rebellious rhapsodies. Goethe and his younger sister Cornelia, sharing their mother's predilections, therefore committed the precious verses to memory, and amused themselves with personating the enraged Satan and his subordinate fiends. Standing on chairs in the nursery they would hurl the most delightfully polysyllabic maledictions at each other. One Saturday evening, while their father was receiving a professional visit from his barber, the two children (who were always hushed and subdued in his presence) were seated behind the stove whispering sonorous curses in each other's ears. Cornelia, however, carried away by the impetus of her inspiration, forgot her father's presence, and spoke with increasing violence:

"Help me! help! I implore thee, and if thou demand'st it  
Worship thee, outcast! Thou monster and black malefactor!  
Help me! I suffer the torments of death, the eternal avenger!" etc.

The barber, frightened out of his wits by such extraordinary language, poured the soap-lather over the counsellor's bosom. The culprits were



summoned for trial, and Klopstock was placed upon the *index expurgatorius*.

In 1765 Goethe was sent to the University of Leipsic, where he was matriculated as a student of law. It was his father's wish that he should fit himself for the legal profession, and in time inherit the paternal dignity as a counsellor and honored citizen of the free city of Frankfort. Agreeably to this plan Goethe attended lectures on logic and Roman law, but soon grew so heartily tired of these barren disciplines that he absented himself from lectures altogether. A brief and innocent love affair with Käthchen Schönkopf, the daughter of the lady with whom he took his dinners, may have tended to distract his attention. Loving your landladies' daughters is as a rule antagonistic both to law and logic. A serious illness further interfered with his studies, and in 1768, after three years' sojourn at the university, Goethe was called home to Frankfort, where he spent two years, regaining his health.

Goethe's earliest sojourn in Leipsic brought him into contact with the French rococo culture, which then predominated in all the higher circles of Germany. The periwig period, with its elaborately artificial manners and "elegant" sentiments, had set its monuments in German literature as in that of France. Gottsched, who was a servile imitator of the authors of the age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., was a professor in Leipsic while Goethe was there, though his influence as the dictator of taste was greatly on the wane. Nevertheless the tone of Leipsic society remained French, and it was natural that an impressible young poet like Goethe should assume the tone of his surroundings. We therefore see that his first literary efforts, a volume of poems published as texts for musical compositions, bear the rococo stamp and are as frivolous and full of artificial conceits as if they had been addressed to one of the beauties of Versailles. A youthful drama, "*The Accomplices*" ("*Die Mitschuldigen*"), is in the same strain, only more ingenious and more radically alien to German morality.

In April, 1770, Goethe was sufficiently restored to health to resume his studies. He did not, however, return to Leipsic, but went to the University of Strassburg, where the faculty of law was then in a flourishing condition. The city of Strassburg was then, as it has ever since remained, essentially German, though there was an infusion of Gallic life from the French officials who governed the conquered province. It was here, where Gallic and Teutonic life ran in friendly parallelism, that Goethe first discovered the distinctive features of each. It was here he met Herder, whose oracular

utterances on the subjects of poetry, religion and society powerfully affected him. Herder was a disciple of Rousseau, and had declared war, not against civilization in general, but against that phase of it which was represented by France. He detested the entire periwig spirit, and denounced in vigorous rhetoric the hollow frivolity which it had imparted to the literature of the day. He clamored for a return to nature, and selected from the literature of all nations certain books in which he detected the strong and uncorrupted voice of nature. Among these were the Bible, Homer, Shakespere, Ossian and the ballad literature of all nations. It is curious, indeed, to find Ossian in such a company, but it must be remembered that MacPherson's fraud had not then been exposed.

Goethe drank in eagerly these new and refreshing doctrines. He began to read the writers Herder recommended, and in his enthusiasm for Shakespere soon went beyond his teacher. He condemned his own frivolous imitations of French models, and wrestled with gigantic plans for future productions which should infuse new vigor into the enervated literature of the Fatherland. It was during this period of Titanic enthusiasm that he conceived the idea of "*Faust*," for the complete embodiment of which he labored, though with many interruptions, for sixty years, until a few months before his death. A lively interest in natural science also began to develop itself in him, while his disinclination for the law showed no signs of abating. At lectures he was not a frequent guest; but for all that his intellectual life was thoroughly aroused and he was by no means idle. With his great absorptive capacity he assimilated a large amount of the most varied knowledge, but insisted upon exercising his choice as to the kind of learning which his nature and faculties craved. The result was that when the time came for taking the doctor's degree, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, unquestionably the most brilliant intellect Germany has produced, failed to pass his examinations. He was, however, not ignominiously "flunked," but was permitted to depart with the more modest title of "Licentiate of the Law." This was not what the old gentleman in Frankfurt had looked forward to, and it is presumable that the reception he gave his son, when he returned in 1771 to the city of his fathers, was not over cordial. He was probably not wise enough to see that he himself was to blame for having compelled the boy to devote himself to a study for which he had neither taste nor inclination.

An incident of Goethe's life in Strassburg, which greatly influenced his literary activity, was his meeting with Frederika Brion, the daughter of

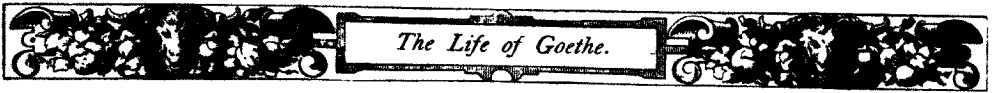
the parson at Sesenheim. The parsonage was about six hours' journey from the city, and Goethe was in the habit of visiting there with his friend Weigand, who was a relative of the family. The parson was a plain, God-fearing man, who went about in dressing-gown and slippers and with a long pipe in his mouth. His daughters Salome and Frederika were what the daughters of country clergymen are apt to be,—nice, domestic girls, who would make charming wives for almost anybody who would have the good sense to propose to them. Frederika was pretty, and moreover she had an unfortified heart. She possessed a few artless accomplishments—such as playing and singing—but when she was to show these off before company, everything went wrong. Her portrait, as drawn by Goethe in his autobiography, is one of the loveliest things in literature. Her simple talk and strictly practical interests, far removed from all sentimentality, seemed to be in perfect accord with her little “tip-tilted nose” and her half-rustic Alsatian costume. It is obvious that she appealed to Goethe's artistic nature; that he gloried in the romantic phases of his simple life at the parsonage. He had already then the keenest appreciation of what one might call the literary aspect of his experiences. He knew at once, and probably anticipated in spirit, how they would look in a book. But he was at the same time an inflammable youth, whose heart was readily touched through the medium of his fancy. By degrees, as he established himself in the favor of every member of the Brion family, his relation to Frederika became that of a lover. The father and the mother accepted him in this capacity, and Frederika herself was overflowing with deep and quiet happiness. By an unlucky chance, however, the two Brion sisters were invited to spend some time with friends in Strassburg. Goethe was charmed at the prospect. But, strange to say, torn out of the idyllic frame in which he had been wont to see her, Frederika seemed no longer so miraculous. She needed the rural parsonage and the yellow wheat-fields for a setting; amid the upholstered furniture and gilded conventionalities of the city she seemed only a simple-hearted country girl, perhaps, a little deficient in manners. From that time the charm was broken. Frederika returned to her home; Goethe, too, soon left Strassburg. Frederika waited for him month after month, but he did not come. He lacked courage to tell her of the changed state of his feelings, and left her to pine away between hope and cruel disappointment. A serious illness was the result, which came near costing her her life. Eight years later Goethe, then a world-renowned man, revisited Sesenheim and found her yet unmarried. She was as frank and friendly as

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ARTIST: EUGEN KLIMSCH.

YOUNG GOETHE IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.



ever, but her youthful gayety was gone; she was pale, hushed and subdued. She made no allusion to the relation which had once existed between them, but she conducted him silently to the arbor in the garden where they had spent so many rapturous hours together. There they sat down and talked of indifferent things; but many strange thoughts arose in the minds of both.

Frederika died of consumption in 1813.

After his return to Frankfort, in 1771, Goethe made an earnest effort to please his father by laying the foundation of a legal practice. The counsellor himself aided him in every possible way, looked up his authorities, and acted as a private referee in all doubtful questions. For all that, it was literature and not law which filled Goethe's mind and fashioned his visions of the future. In the intervals of business he paid visits to the city of Darmstadt, where he made the acquaintance of Herder's *fiancée*, Caroline Flachsland, and of Merck, who became his model for Mephistopheles. It was an interesting society which he here encountered, a society animated by an exalted veneration of poetic and intellectual achievements and devoted to a kind of emotional extravagance—an artificial heightening of every fine feeling and sentiment. Caroline Flachsland and her circle, recognizing Goethe's extraordinary endowment, and feeling, perhaps, doubly inclined in his favor by his beautiful exterior, accepted him, as it were, on trust, and honored him for what he was going to do rather than for anything which he had actually accomplished. His love affair with Frederika, which was here sentimentally discussed, also added to the interest with which he was regarded. A man who is known to have broken many hearts is naturally invested with a tantalizing charm to women who have yet hearts to be broken. At all events the great expectations which were entertained of him in the Darmstadt circle, stimulated him to justify the reputation which had been thrust upon him. In 1772 he published the drama, "*Götz von Berlichingen*," which at one stroke established his position as the foremost among German poets. It must be remembered, however, that Germany had at that time no really great creative poet. Lessing was, indeed, alive, and had written dramas which, in point of theatrical effectiveness and brilliancy, were superior to "*Götz*." But Lessing disclaimed the title of poet, and his prominence as a critic and polemic defender of rationalism overshadowed, in the minds of his contemporaries, his earlier activity in the service of the muses. Moreover, it is not to be denied that "*Götz*," with all its crudity of construction, is a warmer and more full-blooded production than any of the plays which Lessing had written

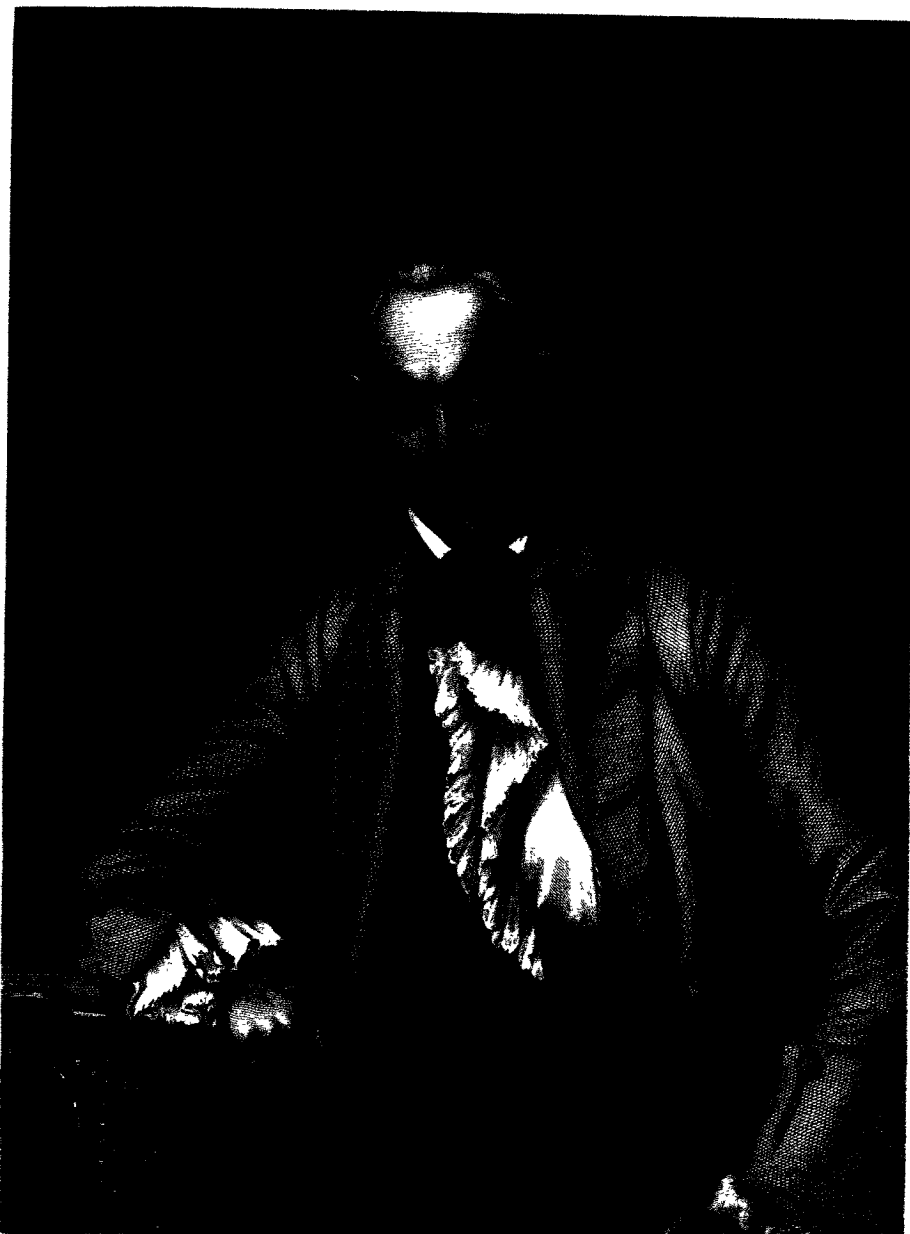


for the purpose of demonstrating the soundness of his canons of dramatic criticism.

As a stage play "*Götz*" is unquestionably very bad. It violates, whether purposely or not, every law of dramatic construction. It is a touching and poetical story, told in successive acts and scenes, full of deep psychological insight and vigorous characterization. But it takes a nimble fancy to keep up with the perpetual changes of scene; and even the tendency and *morale* of the piece are open to criticism. Goethe enlists the reader's sympathies in behalf of the law-breaker, whose sturdy manhood and stubborn independence bring him into conflict with the state. *Götz*, in spite of his personal merits, represents the wild and disorderly individualism of the Middle Ages, at war with the forces of order and social progress, represented by the Emperor and the free cities. Therefore it is scarcely proper to apostrophize him as the martyr of a noble cause.

After having practiced law in a leisurely fashion in Frankfort, Goethe removed, at his father's recommendation, to Wetzlar, where he was admitted as a practitioner at the Imperial Chamber of Justice. This removal took place in May, 1774. Among the first acquaintances which he made in this city were a young jurist named Kestner and his *fiancée*, Charlotte Buff. Kestner and Goethe became good friends, in spite of differences of temperament and character, and their friendship soon came to include Lotte. Kestner, who was a plain, practical man and the soul of honor, could see no danger in the daily association of his betrothed with a handsome and brilliant young poet, who confided to her his hopes and ambitions, romped with her small brothers and sisters, and captivated the entire family by the reckless grace and charm of his manners. Kestner did not suspect that there were depths in Lotte's nature which he had never sounded, regions of sentiment and fancy which he could never hope to explore. For Lotte, though she had a strong sense of duty, had by no means as well-regulated and business-like a heart as her practical lover. Thus the strange thing came to pass: Lotte fell in love with Goethe, and Goethe with Lotte. They made no confession of their secret even to each other, but they revelled in each other's company, undisturbed by Kestner's presence. At last, however, a crisis occurred. Goethe began to see that he was treading on dangerous ground. One evening as he was lounging at Lotte's feet, playing with the flounces on her dress, and the talk had taken a serious turn, he remarked, referring to a brief journey which he was about to undertake, that he hoped they would meet "*jenseits*" (beyond),





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meaning beyond the mountains which he was going to cross. Lotte misunderstood the allusion, and, quite forgetting Kestner's presence, answered, fervently, that she could well be reconciled to losing him in this world, if she could only be sure of being united to him in the hereafter. It was a sudden flash which revealed to Goethe the fact that Lotte loved him. He was Kestner's friend, was trusted by him, and could not act dishonorably. So he took his leave, packed his trunks that very night, and wrote three despairing letters to Kestner and Lotte—in which he avowed his love for the latter, and gave this as the reason of his departure. He made it appear, probably in order to shield Lotte, that his love was hopeless and that her happiness was dearer to him than his own. That this is the true version of the Wetzlar affair is made plain, beyond dispute, by the documents published by Herman Grimm, in his "*Lectures on Goethe.*"

This episode with Charlotte Buff and Kestner furnished Goethe with the material for his celebrated romance, "*The Sorrows of Werther,*" which he published in September, 1774. As was usual with him, and indeed with every great poet, he did not copy the actual relation, but he borrowed from it what was typical and immortal and left out what was accidental and insignificant. Thus Lotte in "*Werther*" is not Charlotte Buff, though she sat for her model and furnished the main features of the beautiful type. In a still less degree is the pitiful Albert the author's friend Kestner, though he is sufficiently like the latter to justify him in being offended. The character of Werther himself is more of a free creation, though his external fate was borrowed from that of a young secretary named Jerusalem, who shot himself for love of a married woman. In all other respects Werther is Goethe himself in his "Storm and Stress" period, while all the vital juices of his being were in ferment, while his youthful heart beat loudly in sympathy with the world's woe; while the tumultuous currents of emotion swayed him hither and thither and would not be made to run in the safe conventional channels. And yet, even in those days there was a still small voice of reason in Goethe's soul which restrained him from excesses—an undercurrent of sanity and sobriety which kept him always sound in his innermost core. If Werther had been like his prototype in this respect he would not have killed himself—in other words, he would not have been Werther.

The amazing popularity which "*The Sorrows of Werther*" attained, not only in Germany but throughout the civilized world, cannot be due to the story as such, which is as simple as any episode of daily life. It is only

explainable on the supposition, that the book for the first time voiced a sentiment which was well-nigh universal in Europe, during the eighteenth century. The Germans call it *Weltschmerz*—i.e., world-woe. It takes in "*Werther*" the form of a tender melancholy, a sense of poetic sadness, which, after the unhappy love affair, deepens into a gentle despair and leads to self-destruction. Psychologically this is a very interesting phenomenon. The pent-up energy of the nation, which was denied its natural sphere of action in public and political life, takes a morbid turn and wastes itself in unwholesome introspection, coddling of artificial sentiment, and a vague discontent with the world in general.

During the year 1774 Goethe also published the tragedy "*Clavigo*," which was a great disappointment to his friends. Its plot is borrowed from the Memoirs of Beaumarchais, and deals with the problem of faithlessness. In poetic intensity and fervor it is inferior to "*Götz*" and "*Werther*," while, in point of dramatic construction, it marks a distinct advance. It is his own faithlessness to Frederika which Goethe obviously has in mind and which he is endeavoring psychologically to justify. But even from this point of view the tragedy can scarcely be called a success; for the reader closes the book with the conviction that Clavigo was, if not a villain, at all events a weak poltroon, though as such a perfectly comprehensible one.

After his departure from Wetzlar Goethe once more took up his residence in his native city, and, before long, was again involved in a tender relation. This time, it was a rich and beautiful lady of society who attracted him,—quite a contrast to the rural Frederika and the amiable and domestic Lotte. Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, generally known as Lilli, was about sixteen years old, when Goethe fell a victim to her charms. She was a spoiled child, wilful and coquettish, but high-bred and with a charm of manner, when she chose to be agreeable, which fully explains the poet's devotion to her. Moreover, there was nothing meek and abjectly admiring about her. She teased her adorer, tormented him by her whims, and took delight in exercising her power over him. This was quite a new experience to a young man who had been accustomed to easy conquests and uncritical adoration. He was now drawn into general society, and, after his engagement with Lilli had been made public, was compelled to dance attendance upon her, early and late, at balls and dinner-parties. As an experience this might be valuable enough, but Goethe soon tired of it, and protested in prose and verse against his servitude. Lilli, however, though she was sincerely attached to him, could not be made to give up the youthful



ARTIST: EUGEN KLIMSCH.

GRETCHEN AND GOETHE.

gayety which seemed so attractive to her. Quarrels ensued, alienations and reconciliations, and finally a complete rupture. In many poems from this period Goethe chronicles the various stages of his love for Lilli and laments her loss. There is no doubt she had the making of a noble woman in her; her later life, and particularly her utterances concerning her relation to Goethe, show that she was neither frivolous nor shallow-hearted. But she was young and beautiful, and had a sense of power which it was but natural she should exercise. The meek and submissive maiden is in undue favor with men, and Goethe's biographers, being all men, have done their best to revile the memory of Lilli.

Among the friends who were warmly attached to Goethe at this time, Fritz Jacobi and Lavater demand a passing notice. Both presented a queer mixture of character, which accounts for their subsequent alienation from the poet. It is worthy of remark that scarcely any of the associates of Goethe's youth maintained their intimate relations with him through life. He valued a friend only as long as he was in sympathy with him, and as he outgrew his youthful self, the friends who had been identified with this self lapsed into the distance. He did not value fidelity in the ordinary sense of the term, when it involved a perpetual strain upon the heart—when it had become a matter of duty rather than of affection. As regards Lavater, he was, with all his ostentatious spirituality, a good deal of a charlatan, even so much so as to justify Goethe's epigram in the "*Xenien*:"

“Oh, what a pity that Nature but one man made out of you, friend!  
Besides for an honest man, there was also the stuff for a knave.”

He reminds one of Carlyle's friend Irving, who also started as an honest zealot and lapsed into emotional excesses, which leave one no choice but to question either his sanity or his honesty. The so-called science of physiognomy, which Lavater claimed to have discovered, at one time interested Goethe greatly; but later, when he became familiar with scientific methods of research, he could no longer accept Lavater as a guide.

Fritz Jacobi was an honest sentimentalist, who ardently revered Goethe for his great powers of mind and intellect. They travelled together, and revelled in the emotions of love and sympathy which welled forth from the souls of both. Everything that they saw filled them with ecstatic wonder, and furnished themes for extravagant discourses and poetic dreams. Jacobi, even though the years sobered him, never completely outgrew this



state, and when he published his sentimental romance "*Woldemar*," which Goethe could not admire, their friendship began to cool. They drifted slowly apart, though there was no rupture to signalize their estrangement.

In spite of all his efforts, Goethe could not obtain any lasting satisfaction from his occupation with the law, and he grew lax in his attention to professional duties. The counsellor was grievously disappointed, and the relation between father and son grew so strained that all the diplomacy of the mother was required to keep them from open disagreement. It was therefore a godsend to Goethe when, in 1775, the two princes of Saxe-Weimar arrived in Frankfort, and extended to him an invitation to visit their court. The eldest of the brothers, Karl August, took a great fancy to the author of "*Werther*," and made every effort to keep him as a friend and companion. To this end he conferred upon Goethe the title of Privy Counsellor, with an annual salary of twelve hundred thalers and a vote in the ducal cabinet. Goethe had thus at last got firm ground under his feet, and could now, without fear of the future, give himself up to his favorite pursuits. His arrival in Weimar made a great sensation. His fame, his extraordinary beauty and his winning manners gave him at once a *prestige*, which he maintained undiminished to the end of his days. The duke, who was a blunt and honest fellow, fond of pleasure and yet zealous for the welfare of his subjects, found in Goethe a firm support for his noblest endeavors. As a boon-companion in pleasure he found the poet no less attractive; though it is now conceded that the tales which were circulated concerning the excesses of the two friends, at court festivals and rural excursions, were greatly exaggerated. It is true, a pause occurs in Goethe's literary activity after his arrival in Weimar; but this was due not to pre-occupation with pleasure but to the zeal with which he devoted himself to his official duties. It was important to Goethe as a poet to gain a deeper insight into practical reality, and he seized the present opportunity to familiarize himself with many phases of life which hitherto had lain beyond his horizon. Strange as it may seem to those who identify with the name of poet everything that is fantastic and irregular, he made a model official—punctual and exact in all his dealings, painstaking, upright and inflexible.

During his early youth, Goethe had been identified with the school in German literature known as the "Storm and Stress" ("*Sturm und Drang*"). The members of this school had clamored for a return to Nature—meaning by Nature absence of civilization. Civilization was held responsible for all the ills to which flesh is heir, and the remedy was held to

be the abolishment of all the artificial refinements of life which interfered with the free expression of Nature. Goethe never went to the same length in these doctrines as some of his associates (Klinger, Lenz, Leisewitz), but he was for all that, like them, a disciple of Rousseau, and had, both in "*Götz*" and "*Werther*," made war upon civilized society. It is therefore notable that, after his arrival in Weimar and his closer contact with the actualities of life, a profound change came over him, which amounted to a revolution in his convictions. The wild ferment of his youth had found its natural expression in the fervid, tumultuous diction of the "Storm and Stress," but his maturer manhood demanded a clearer, soberer and more precise utterance. The change that took place in his style during the first ten years of his sojourn in Weimar was therefore a natural one, and ought to have caused no surprise to those who knew him.

A very exhaustive record of Goethe's inner and outer life during this period is contained in his correspondence with Frau von Stein, the wife of Baron von Stein, a nobleman in the duke's service. She was seven years older than the poet and the mother of seven children. Beautiful she was not, but she was a woman of exceptional culture and finely attuned mind, capable of comprehending subtle shades of thought and feeling. Her face, as the portraits show, was full of delicacy and refinement. Her marriage was unhappy, and, without any protest on the part of her husband, she sought in daily intercourse with Goethe a consolation for the miseries of her life. Whether the relation was anything more than a bond of sympathy and intellectual friendship it is difficult to determine. His letters, appointing interviews and overflowing with affectionate assurances, are those of a lover. Unfortunately Frau von Stein's own letters have not been preserved; she took the precaution to demand them back and burn them, when their friendship came to an end.

In September, 1786, Goethe started from Karlsbad for Italy, and arrived in October in Rome. For many years it had been his dearest desire to see the Eternal City, and to study with his own eyes the masterpieces of ancient art. In his trunk he carried several unfinished manuscripts, and in his head a number of literary plans which he here hoped to mature, in the presence of the marble gods and heroes of the ancient world. He associated chiefly with the artists Tischbein, Meyer, Philip Hackert and Angelica Kaufmann, and revelled in art talk and criticism. He took up again the study of Homer, and began to meditate upon an Homeric drama, to be called "*Nausicaa*." Italy, with its bright sky, its gently sloping mountains,

clad with silvery olive trees, and its shores washed by the blue Mediterranean waves, became a revelation to him, and he apprehended keenly her deepest poetic meaning. A cheerful paganism henceforth animates his writings, a delight in sensuous beauty and a certain impatience with the Christian ideal of self-abnegation. The Hellenic ideal of harmonious culture—an even development of all the powers of body and soul—appealed powerfully to him. He flung away his Gothic inheritance, undervaluing, in his devotion to the Greeks, what was noble and beautiful in the sturdy self-denying manhood of the North. His drama "*Iphigenia*," which he had first written in prose, he now rewrote in classical pentameters and sent it home to his friends in Weimar, who were completely mystified, and did not quite dare to say that they could make neither head nor tail of it. For all that, this drama is a very remarkable production, uniting, as it were, the Greek and the Germanic ideal, and being in spirit as close to the latter as it is in form to the former. Goethe dealt with this old classic tale as no Greek could ever have done it. He makes the gentle womanhood of Iphigenia soften the manners of the fierce Taurians, and by her noble character act as a civilizing influence in the midst of the barbarous race. The Greeks had not arrived at such an estimate of woman; nor would Euripides, who dealt with the same legend, have understood Goethe's version of it any better than did Herder and his friends in Weimar.

In June, 1788, Goethe again turned his face northward, after an absence of nearly two years. One of the first effects of his Italian experience was that he took a mistress, named Christiane Vulpius, whom many years later he married. Christiane was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, with an abundance of curly hair, in no wise intellectual, and belonging to a family in which drunkenness was hereditary. She was of redundant physical development, had always a bright smile, and was sufficiently intelligent to take a mild interest in her lover's literary and scientific pursuits. But that his *liaison* with her was, for all that, a deplorable mistake can scarcely be questioned. In the first place she developed, as she grew older, her hereditary vice, and was frequently unpresentable, on account of intoxication. The son whom she bore to Goethe inherited the same failing, and died suddenly in Rome, as has been surmised, from the effects of a carouse. The young man, who was handsome in person and well endowed, had been married some years before and was the father of two sons, both of whom died unmarried. Walter von Goethe, who lived until April, 1885,





ARTIST : K. KÖGLER.

GOETHE DISCUSSING WITH THE SHOEMAKER.

was a chamberlain at the Court of Weimar, and at one time cherished poetical aspirations. With his death the race of Goethe became extinct in the direct line. It is, indeed, true that the sins of the fathers avenge themselves upon the children.

Christiane's removal to Goethe's house, where he henceforth claimed for her the place and respect due to a wife, caused a grievous commotion in Weimar. Frau von Stein was the first to take offence, and a rupture of their former relation was the result. Herder also remonstrated, and soon ceased to count himself among Goethe's friends.

In 1789 Goethe completed a drama which, like the "*Iphigenia*," had existed in an earlier prose version. It was entitled "*Tasso*," and dealt with the history of the Italian poet of that name. Its purpose seems to be to protest against the over-estimation of a poet's calling, then in vogue, and to assert the rights of practical reason as against those of the imagination. Tasso is represented as an impulsive and warm-hearted man who is violently swayed by his emotions, while the cool-headed man of the world, Antonio, represents the opposite type. In the contest which arises between them Tasso is worsted; and it is Goethe's purpose to convince the reader that he deserves his fate. In this, however, he is not entirely successful. Antonio, the adroit and sagacious diplomat, is an unattractive character as compared with the noble and generous Tasso, who errs from inability to restrain his passionate adoration of the Princess Leonora. The world is apt to sympathize more with generous folly than with far-seeing sagacity and nicely-adjusted calculation. And yet, when we have advanced another century, I am inclined to think that we shall agree that Goethe's judgment was right.

As an acting play "*Tasso*" is even less effective than "*Götz*" and "*Iphigenia*," being rather a poetic and admirably conceived story, told in dramatic form, than a drama in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

If further proof were needed that Goethe was not a dramatist, "*Egmont*" furnishes the most conclusive evidence. Here were again a series of delightful characterizations, subtle, and yet vigorous; and picturesquely effective scenes, strung together most entertainingly, but only with remote reference to the requirements of the stage. There is no perceptible acceleration of the action, as it progresses, no sharp accentuation of motives and effects, and no inexorable necessity, either internal or external, which hurries the hero on to his destruction. No poet, however great, can emancipate himself from these laws, if he wishes to produce a

successful tragedy. As a mere literary production, "*Egmont*" is fully worthy of the author of "*Götz*" and "*Werther*," and deserves the immortality which it has earned. The types of Clärchen and Egmont have a perennial beauty, of which no critic can deprive them. The great elemental passion, which is the mainspring of their speech and action, appeals to all hearts alike, and invests them with a charm which can never grow old.

The critic who first expressed substantially the above opinion of "*Egmont*" was a young man named Frederick Schiller, who was just then glorying in his first fame as the author of "*The Robbers*" and other sensational dramas. He had had a great desire to make the acquaintance of Goethe, whom he profoundly revered; though he was probably aware of the dislike which Goethe entertained of the violent and declamatory school which he represented. At a meeting which took place in September, 1788, Schiller was quite grieved at the coolness with which the elder poet received him; and at a subsequent interview he likewise failed to make any advance in the latter's favor. It was not until six years later that a literary enterprise ("*Die Horen*"), which Schiller had started, brought them into closer contact; and Goethe learned to value the genius of the man whom he had politely repelled. From this time forth they saw much of each other, and remained in correspondence whenever chance separated them. A beautiful friendship, founded upon mutual respect and community of interests, sprung up between them, and deepened with every year, until death separated them. Literature has no more perfect relation to show between two great men than this between Goethe and Schiller. No jealousy, no passing disagreement, clouded the beautiful serenity of their intercourse. They met, as it were, only upon the altitudes of the soul, where no small and petty passions have the power to reach. Their correspondence, which has been published, is a noble monument to the worth of both. The earnestness with which they discuss the principles of their art, the profound conscientiousness and high-bred courtesy with which they criticize each other's works, and their generous rivalry in the loftiest excellence have no parallel in the entire history of literature.

It was chiefly due to the influence of Schiller that Goethe determined to resume work upon the fragment of "*Faust*," which he had kept for many years in his portfolio, and finally published incomplete in the edition of 1790. Schiller saw at once the magnificent possibilities of this theme, and the colossal dimensions of the thought which underlay the daring conception. Goethe, being preoccupied with the classical fancies which the

Italian journey had revived, was at first unwilling to listen to his friend's advice, and spoke disparagingly of the fragment as something too closely allied with his Gothic "Storm and Stress" period, which he had now outgrown. So long, however, did Schiller persevere, that Goethe's interest was reawakened, the plan widened and matured, and for the rest of his life Goethe reserved his best and noblest thought for this work, fully conscious that upon it his claim to immortality would rest. Still, it was not until 1808 that the First Part finally appeared in its present form. In the meanwhile several works of minor consequence occupied Goethe's mind besides the romance "*Wilhelm Meister*," the fundamental thought of which is kindred to that of "*Faust*." The satirical poem "*Reynard the Fox*," founded upon an older popular model, was published in 1794 and made some passing stir, and a rather prolix and uninteresting romance, entitled "*The Conversations of German Emigrants*," also engaged his attention. In 1795 the first two volumes of "*Wilhelm Meister*" were published, and were received with enthusiasm by some and with censure by many. The public at large, being unable to comprehend the philosophical purpose of the work, were puzzled. As a story the book was sufficiently entertaining, but it hinted everywhere at meanings which it did not fully reveal. It was obvious that it was this hidden significance which the author had at heart amid this bewildering panorama of shifting scenes and persons. The plot is altogether too complex to be unravelled here, but the philosophy of the book may be briefly stated.

"*Wilhelm Meister*" aims at nothing less than to portray the disintegration of feudal society, then visibly commencing—the transition from a feudal to an industrial civilization. The nobleman's prerogatives cannot endure unless they are founded upon qualities of mind and character which make him indispensable to the state. In other words, it is a man's utility which in the end must establish his place in society. All other distinctions are artificial and evanescent. That society had not yet reached this state Goethe was well aware, but he merely wished to indicate the direction which the development of the future must inevitably take. The quest for the ideal which drives Wilhelm from the routine of the paternal counting-house into a life of wild adventure, is merely the individual manifestation of the restless discontent which animates society at large, and is slowly revolutionizing it, in accordance with the changed conditions of modern life. The world's ideal, like that of Wilhelm Meister, is perpetually changing, and each achievement in social reform is but a stepping-stone to still nobler

achievements. Wilhelm when young seeks his ideal in a free and unrestrained life among actors and strolling vagabonds; then the freedom from care and the commanding position of a nobleman seem to offer the highest felicity, and at last, after having had this illusion dispelled, he finds happiness in self-forgetful devotion to duty. Not in freedom from labor but in devotion to labor; not in unrestrained pursuit of pleasure, but in a well-defined sphere of daily utility, can man alone find happiness. This is the lesson of "*Wilhelm Meister*," and a most noble lesson it is. The Second Part of the book, which was not completed until 1821, only emphasizes this same moral, though the moral is concealed under a mass of more or less obscure symbols, which often seem needlessly perplexing.

The first fruit of Goethe's union with Schiller was a series of satirical epigrams, called "*Die Xenien*," (1797). These were intended in part to punish the enemies and detractors of the literary firm of Goethe and Schiller, but, though they do not spare persons who are exponents of false and dangerous tendencies, they seem chiefly intended to attack pretence, charlatanism and unsound canons of criticism. They do not only tear down, they also build up. They praise what is noble and chastise what is ignoble. Witty in the French sense are but few of them; but all of them have a weighty meaning.

Immediately in the wake of the "*Xenien*" followed the rural idyl "*Hermann and Dorothea*" (1797), which suddenly revived Goethe's popularity with the mass of readers, who since his Italian journey had gradually drifted away from him. It was as if Goethe had meant to show them that he could be as simple and popular as anybody, if he chose. Here was a story of German rural life in which no one had seen any poetry before, except Voss, who in his "*Luise*" had delivered a turgid homily in hexameters on the rural virtues. Goethe well knew this poem, but he was not afraid of incurring the charge of having imitated Voss, because he knew that a literary subject belongs, not to him who deals with it first, but to him who deals with it best. There is a delightful Homeric flavor in his hexameters; they roll and march along with splendid resonance. In the characterization of the Landlord of the Golden Lion and his wife and neighbors, the same easy mastery is visible which gave the vivid form and color to the features of Egmont, Götz and Werther.

Far less successful, both in point of popularity and literary excellence, was the tragedy, "*The Natural Daughter*," which owed its origin to Goethe's excessive admiration of Sophocles and Æschylus. The types are



ARTIST: K. KÖGLER.

CHARLOTTE, GOETHE AND KESTNER.

here quite colorless—not because Goethe could not individualize them, but from conscientious motives—because the Greek poets deal merely with general types and avoid a too vivid individualization. Far more worthy specimens of Græco-Germanic art are the beautiful classical elegies “*Alexis and Dora*,” “*Euphrosyne*” and “*Amyntor*.” Also a host of fine, spirited ballads, vigorous in tone and exquisite in color, date from this period. Goethe had long ago discovered the charm of the German folk-song, and had estimated the poetic force of this simple national strain.

In 1805 Schiller died, and Goethe was once more alone; for among his neighbors and townsmen he found no more congenial companions. Scientific pursuits began more and more to occupy him, and the opinion became prevalent that he had now ceased to be a poet, and that his absurd ambition to be a scientist had disqualified him for further literary production. Goethe was not in the least disturbed by these rumors, but pursued his investigations in botany, geology and optics with undiminished zeal. All the while he worked quietly on “*Faust*” and his “*Doctrine of Color*,” and made experiments with the sun spectrum—in which he believed he had discovered phenomena which were at variance with the Newtonian theory of color. That he was here on a wrong track we may now freely admit, but Professor Tyndale asserts that his very mistakes afford evidences of his genius. The fact is, he was in advance of his age in the value he attached to scientific education; and having had no opportunities for such education in his youth, he made up for what he had missed by an increased zeal during his mature years. He saw Nature in her grand unity, and his penetrating vision saw the great causal chain which unites her most varied phenomena. In this, and in this alone, consisted his greatness as a scientist. He was the Faust who by a daring synthesis brought order into the chaos of dispersed facts, which a hundred pedantic and pains-taking Wagners had accumulated. The Wagners therefore did not love him, and their hostile opinions made enough noise in their day to have even reached as a faint echo down to the present. Nevertheless the scientists of to-day have recognized the value of Goethe’s theory of the typical plant, and of the leaf as the typical organ of plant life, which he has fully developed in his book on “*The Metamorphoses of Plants*.” A kindred thought, applied to the animal kingdom, led to the discovery of the intermaxillary bone, which finally established the identity of the human skeleton with that of other mammals; and in geology to his championing the so-called Neptunic theory of the development of the earth against Humboldt’s Vulcanism, which attributed to volcanic agencies



the principal influence in fashioning the globe's surface. In all these controversies he emphasized the essential identity of Nature in all her phenomena; the unity and organic coherence of all her varied life; and he did not, in the end, hesitate to draw the logical conclusion from these premises, and declare himself a believer in the theory of evolution, half a century before Darwin had advanced the same doctrine.

All these heterogeneous studies became tributary to Goethe's greatest work, "*Faust*" (1790 and 1808), in which the highest results of his colossal knowledge are deposited. It is his philosophy of life which he has here expounded, under a wealth of symbols and images which dazzle the eye, and to the superficial reader often obscure the profounder meaning. To the majority of English and American critics "*Faust*" is but a touching and beautiful love-story, and the opinion is unblushingly expressed by hoary wiseacres that the Second Part is a mistake of Goethe's old age, and in no wise worthy of the First. If nothing is worth saying except that which appeals to the ordinary intellect, trained in the common schools, then this criticism is not to be cavilled with; but Goethe had during the latter part of his life entered a realm of thought, where he was hidden from the multitude; where but a few congenial minds could follow him. To these I would endeavor to demonstrate what "*Faust*" means if the space permitted.\* All I can do here is briefly to indicate the fundamental thought.

Goethe borrowed from Spinoza the daring proposition that God is responsible for evil. He undertook to demonstrate that evil was not an afterthought on the part of God, which stole into his system of the universe by an unforeseen chance, but an essential part of that system from the beginning. In other words, as it is expressed in the "*Prologue in Heaven*," God gave Mephistopheles as a companion to Faust. Selfishness, which is merely another form of the instinct of self-preservation, is the lever of the world's history, and if a man were born who was entirely free from it he would be unable to maintain his place in the world as it is now constituted. He would be trampled down, and would perish. The unrestrained egoism of barbaric times has gradually been limited, as civilization has advanced, by laws, which in each age expresses the average moral sense, and are intended to secure the preservation of society. But egoism, though variously disguised and turned into useful channels, is yet the leading

\* I may refer any one who is interested in the subject to my book, "*Goethe and Schiller*," in which will be found an exhaustive commentary on "*Faust*."



motive in men's actions—Mephistopheles, though a most civilized gentleman, still is at Faust's elbow, and stimulates him to daring enterprise of which, without this unlovely companion, he would never have dreamed.

Faust, then, is meant to symbolize mankind, and Mephistopheles the devil, the principle of selfishness or of evil, in whatever way disguised. In the symbolic fable, Mephistopheles makes a wager with the Lord, that if the Lord will give him the right to accompany Faust, Faust will in the end be the devil's. This wager is accepted, and Mephistopheles proceeds to introduce Faust to all phases of sensual pleasure, in the hope of corrupting him. Faust, however, though he sins, is in no wise corrupted. The love affair and the subsequent tragedy with Margaret are merely episodes in Faust's development, from the author's point of view, cruel as it may seem. Faust, in his typical capacity, rises above the error which came near crippling him, to higher phases of being. His ideal changes; he goes in search of culture and intellectual achievement. Mephistopheles's attempts to lead him astray are turned directly to useful purposes. The devil, who in the sensual stage of his development had had a certain predominance over him, becomes now more and more subservient to him. Faust's intellectual powers are especially employed in statesmanship and political activity for the welfare of the state. Then comes the pursuit of the beautiful, regarded as an educational agency, symbolized in the quest of Helen of Troy and the pilgrimage to Greece. Particularly in the classical Walpurgis Night are the spiritual value and the ennobling influence of Greek art emphasized. The last and concluding phase of man's development, which is logically derived from the preceding ones, is *altruism*—a noble devotion to humanity, and self-forgetful labor for the common weal. In this activity Faust finds happiness, and exclaims to the flying moment, "Stay, thou art so fair."

It is scarcely necessary to add that *Faust* remained a sealed book to the majority of Goethe's contemporaries. Some few saw the scope and purpose of the work and valued it accordingly; others pretended to understand more than they did; and a whole literature of commentaries was supplied by the learned ingenuity and zeal of the Fatherland. Goethe sat at home and smiled at his critics, but never undertook either to confirm or to refute their theories.

In 1809 he again published a book which was a puzzle both to his admirers and his enemies. This was a novel entitled "*Elective Affinities*." He had at that time made the acquaintance of a young girl named Minna Herzlieb, an adopted daughter of the bookseller Frommann in Jena. He

became greatly interested in her, addressed sonnets to her, and quite turned her head. To be loved by Goethe, even though he was no longer young, was a distinction which no girl could contemplate with indifference. Moreover he was, apart from his celebrity, a man of majestic presence and a kind of serene Olympian beauty. Minna Herzlieb's parents fearing that she might lose her heart, as she already had her head, made haste to send her beyond the reach of Goethe's influence. Out of this relation, or rather out of its possibilities, grew "*Elective Affinities*." Goethe was married to Christiane, whose unfortunate propensity for drink had then already developed. Minna was young and fair, and attracted him strongly. Here were the elements for a tragedy. In the book the situation is essentially the same, though Charlotte, Edward's wife, is afflicted by no vice. It might be described as a four-cornered attachment, in which everybody loves the one he cannot have. These attachments are described by analogy, with chemical laws, as entirely irresponsible natural forces which assert themselves in the individual without any guilty agency of his own. The conclusion is, however, not that marriage, which interferes with the consummation of these elective affinities, is wrong, and ought to be abolished. If there is any moral at all (which is not perfectly obvious), it is that every man and woman should be aware of encouraging such relations, as they are sure to lead to unhappiness and disaster.

Christiane, Goethe's wife, died in 1816, and he mourned her sincerely. Habit had bred a certain attachment, of which, with all her failings, she was not entirely undeserving. In her early youth, before she had yet assumed the name of wife, she had inspired the immortal Roman "*Elegies*," in which her lover, with pagan unrestraint, had sung the delight of the senses. She had been his associate, too, in his botanical studies, and had assisted him in his search for the typical plant. But a wife in the noblest sense—a friend and a companion of her husband's higher life—she had not been and could not have been.

In the last decades of his life, Goethe was largely absorbed in scientific researches and in arranging and editing the labors of his early life. Of particular importance is his autobiography, "*Fact and Fiction*" ("*Aus Meinem Leben, Dichtung und Wahrheit*"), which relates with extraordinary vividness that portion of his life which preceded his removal to Weimar. The book is an historical document of the highest importance. It gives the intellectual and moral complexion of the eighteenth century in Germany, as no other work has ever done. Also his letters from Italy to Herder and

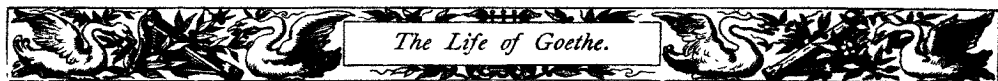


ARTIST: K. KÖLER.

GOETHE DESPATCHING THE MANUSCRIPT OF GOETZ.

Frau von Stein he carefully edited and collected under the title "*Italian Journey.*" Then, as if by a miracle, came a poetic Indian summer, a fresh flow of lyrical verse, full of youthful spontaneity and fervor. This collection, which was published in 1819 under the title "*The West-Eastern Divan,*" was a free imitation of Oriental models, translated into German by Hammer Purgstall (1813). The first half of the book is chiefly didactic, while the latter half contains love lyrics, which in freshness of fancy and sweetness of melody rival the productions of Goethe's best years. A few of these poems were written by Marianne Willemer, the wife of a merchant in Frankfort, and with her consent included in the collection. She cherished an ardent admiration for the old poet, and he highly valued her friendship. She is supposed to be "the beloved one" whom he celebrates in the book of "*Zuleika.*" The book of "*Timur*" is a free poetic moralization, concerning the rise and fall of Napoleon, disguised in Oriental forms. What is particularly remarkable in these melodious meditations is the novelty of their metres. Goethe discards, for the time, the classical measures in which his genius had moved with such sovereign ease, and adopts the strangely involved verse of an entirely alien civilization. It is the metrical forms which Platen, Heine, Rückert and Bodenstedt have made so familiar to German readers, and which German poets even to-day are assiduously cultivating. Although Goethe did not go into any such minute study of Oriental prosody as for instance Rückert, yet he was in this field, as in many other departments of literary labor, the path-breaking pioneer.

Another work which, though seemingly unassuming, gained, in the course of time, much importance for the intellectual life of Germany was the "*Italian Journey,*" which was given to the public in 1817. Altogether this collection of letters, containing only the simplest and most direct descriptions of what the writer saw, differs widely from every other description of Italy which has ever been published. It has no fine writing, and makes no pretentious display of knowledge. But for all that it is a model of good style. The words are absolutely transparent, and serve no purpose but to convey an accurate idea of the objects described. The marvelously many-sided knowledge of the author, and, above all, his wholesome and universal curiosity, are highly impressive. A fact, whether it belong to the realm of art or of nature, or of political history, commands his immediate interest. He has at all times and in all places a strong, healthful appetite for facts. On the Lido, near Venice, he sits and contemplates with a fascinated gaze the phenomena of marine life; with exactly the same



*The Life of Goethe.*

devotion he listens to the responsive song of the fishermen across the lagoons, or studies the architecture of Palladio and the paintings of Rafael and Titian. The Adriatic, with its blue isles reflected in the sun-bathed waves, furnishes him with a setting for the Homeric epics, and Homeric life becomes clear to him, by analogy, from the study of the physical conditions of the old Magna Græcia. In every direction his comment is pregnant with new meaning. He throws out with heedless prodigality seed-corns of thought, and they fall into good soil and bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in the distant future.

Of Goethe's other autobiographical works "*Fiction and Fact*" is the most important. The title is significant, because it implies that the author does not mean to tie himself down to the narration of the mere barren details of his life, but reserves for himself the right of artistic arrangement and poetical interpretation. It has, indeed, been proved that he has now and again reversed the sequence of events, where a more poetic effect could be attained at the expense of the true chronology. It was his purpose to emphasize the organic coherence of his life; its continuous and unbroken development, according to certain laws which presided over his destiny. His father and mother (upon whom he bestows the minutest description) being what they were, and the environment of his early life (which he likewise depicts with the most pains-taking exactness) being what it was, it was natural and necessary that he should become what he was. This seems to be the sum and moral of the whole. Law and organic evolution were the watchwords of his life. All that was accidental and appeared miraculous interested him only as an incentive to find in it the hidden law. So in every science which he approached his touch seemed creative—it brought order out of chaos. The slow and beautiful processes of the earth's cooling and preparation for the habitation of living creatures, the gradual growth and decay of the mountains, and the uses of all these agencies in the grand cosmic economy—these were things which in the latter half of his career most profoundly absorbed him. He loved to gather about him scientific specialists, and to hear from them the latest results of their investigations. As his isolation in Weimar grew more complete, he came to depend almost entirely upon such company as he could find in travelling artists and scientists. As an instance of his interest in scientific questions, an anecdote related by his friend Soret is highly characteristic. In the first days of August, 1830, Weimar was agitated by the intelligence which had just arrived from Paris of the breaking out of the July Revolu-

tion. Soret hurried to Goethe to discuss the political situation with him. The moment Goethe saw him he exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of this great event? The volcano has at last come to eruption; everything is in flames, and there is no longer any question of debate behind closed doors."

"It is a terrible story," answered Soret, "but what was to be expected under such conditions and with such a ministry, except that it would have to end with the expulsion of the royal family."

Goethe stared in the utmost astonishment. "We seem to misunderstand each other, my dear," he said after a moment's pause; "I am not talking of those people. What interests me is quite a different affair. I am referring to the quarrel which has just broken out in the Academy between Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hillaire, which is of the utmost significance to science. The matter is of the highest importance," he continued after another pause, "and you can have no idea of the feelings which the session of July 19th has aroused in me. We have now in St. Hillaire a mighty ally for a long time to come. . . . The best of all, however, is that the synthetic treatment of nature, introduced by him in France, can now no more be overthrown."

It is to me a most sublime trait, this lofty scientific absorption. Wars and revolutions and expulsions of kings are of small consequence compared to the great eternal laws which hold the planets in their spheres, and guide the progressive march of God's vast creation. Cuvier held that a series of violent catastrophes had taken place in the earth's history, sharply separating each geologic age from the subsequent and the preceding one. St. Hillaire, on the other hand, defended Goethe's proposition that the development of the earth and its life had been an uninterrupted sequence of progressive stages. How deeply Goethe felt upon this subject is further evident from his remark to Chancellor von Müller: "About aesthetic matters everyone may think and feel as he likes, but in natural science the false and the absurd are absolutely unendurable." "This friend," he remarked on the same occasion, referring to Alexander von Humboldt, who, as he thought, had given undue weight to volcanic agencies, "has, in fact, never had any higher method; only much common sense, zeal and persistence."

Goethe's attitude toward politics, and particularly toward the efforts of his countrymen to throw off the Napoleonic yoke, has been the subject of much heated controversy. The fact is, he was a German only in name:



because the German nationality was in his day not yet resuscitated. In the free city of Frankfort, where Goethe spent his childhood and early youth, there existed no such feeling as national pride and patriotism. A kind of local town-feeling was quite pronounced, and Goethe had his share of it. But the miserable separatistic policy of the petty German princes had begun to bear fruit long ago, and had extinguished all sense of responsibility to the empire at large and all devotion for the common nationality. Where there is no national life there can be no patriotism. It is responsibility which engenders devotion. When, finally, Napoleon's tyranny awakened this sentiment in the hearts of the scattered and dismembered nation, Goethe was too old to be affected by it. "Shake your fetters," he exclaimed to his struggling countrymen, "you cannot break them. The man is too strong for you."

That such language was resented by a bleeding people, fighting for its existence, is not to be wondered at. At the same time the apparent indifference of Goethe was not as serious a reflection upon his character as his friends then assumed. He was essentially a child of the eighteenth century, and had imbibed its individualism. All he demanded of the state was the right to pursue his own avocations in peace; and anything that broke in upon his literary and scientific meditation (even though it were a war of liberation) he was apt to resent as an intrusion. In 1813, when, after the battle of Jena, the French plundered Weimar and the grenadiers even stormed into his bed-room, he had a taste of the tribulations of war, and a deep horror of its terrific waste of life and barbarizing influence took possession of him. He stood no longer then, as he did in the campaign in France in 1792, watching the bursting shells with a purely scientific interest, taking down his observations in his note-book. The fiery rain was no longer a mere experiment in optics.

Goethe has somewhere remarked, that all his writings are one continued confession—his life entered into his work; every experience became transfused into the very life-blood of his thought, and gained in time its poetic expression. Only war remained so repugnant to him that he nowhere felt called upon to interpret the emotion which it aroused.

"How could I take up arms," he said to Soret, "without hatred; and how could I hate without youth? If such an emergency had befallen me when I was twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last. . . . To write military songs and sit in my room! That, for sooth, was my duty! To have written them in the bivouac, while the



ARTIST: P. GROTHJAHN.

GOETHE AT CARLSRUHE.



outposts of the enemy's horses are heard neighing in the night, would have been well enough! . . . But I am no warlike nature, and have no warlike sense; war-songs would have been a mask which would have fitted my face badly. I have never affected anything in poetry. I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced and which has not urged me to production. I have composed love-songs when I loved! How could I write songs of hate without hating? And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French; althought I thanked God when we were rid of them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism alone are of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so much of my own culture. Altogether, national hatred is a peculiar thing, and you will always find it strongest at the lowest stage of culture."

I have already alluded to the fact that Goethe in his old age found himself isolated from the society of friends and neighbors. Altogether, his relations with his great contemporaries need a word of comment. His friendship with Schiller, as we have seen, remained uninterrupted to the end; and with Wieland, who was a cheerful, easy-going epicurean, he also remained on amicable terms. But Wieland had never been very near to him; and a friendly acquaintance will take care of itself much more easily than a closer intimacy. With Herder, on the other hand, who in natural endowment was a worthier rival to Goethe than the prolific author of "*Oberon*," he had many misunderstandings which, finally, after the Vulpius affair, led to a lasting alienation. Herder was, with all his great qualities, testy and irritable, and could not conquer a certain envy of Goethe. He had largely influenced Goethe's intellectual life, and therefore resented his pupil's tendency to grow above his head. That he protested against Goethe's *liaison* is certainly to his honor; and Goethe would have saved himself and his posterity much unhappiness had he heeded Herder's advice. On the whole, it is obvious that Goethe, as he grew to his full intellectual stature, no longer desired relations of personal intimacy. He valued this friend for his proficiency in this branch of knowledge, and that friend for his proficiency in another; but he took pains, as it were, to confine each man to his own department in which he was likely to be useful and interesting. Even men with blots upon their reputations he invited to his house, if he had respect for their acquirements. But let them beware, if they desired to continue on an amicable footing, not to stray beyond their respective departments. Even in his relation to the duke, Karl August, Goethe

maintained in later years a reserve, which so old and tried a friend might have felt justified in resenting. But the duke understood Goethe, and thought his attitude natural. He found him a useful and highly ornamental figure in his small duchy; and did everything in his power to further the objects for which he lived. Perhaps he even liked the stately reserve of the old poet. "As genuine *grands seigneurs*," says Grimm, "they walked side by side, and the distance which separated them was exactly to their tastes. . . . From having been friends, Goethe and the duke became allies."

During the last years of his life it was chiefly the Second Part of "*Faust*" and his periodical "*For Art and Antiquity*" which occupied Goethe. Like the aged Faust, he marched serenely toward the Valley of the Shadow of Death, cheerfully awaiting whatever fate there might be in store for him :

"Yes, let me dare those gates to fling asunder,  
Which every man would fain go slinking by!  
'Tis time through deeds this word of truth to thunder:  
That with the height of Gods man's dignity may vie!  
Nor from that gloomy gulf to shrink affrighted  
Where Fancy damns herself to self-wrought woes.  
.  
.  
.  
Upon this step with cheerful heart resolving,  
If even into naught the risk were of dissolving." \*

His activity was as many-sided and unwearied as in his most vigorous manhood. Not only the scientific, but also the literary currents of thought in all civilized lands he watched with the liveliest interest. So great was the elasticity of his mind, that he was in his old age capable of appreciating what was good in the Romantic school, in spite of his former dislike and his diametrically opposed intellectual tendency. The reactionary spirit of the Romanticists, and their wild enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, remained as repugnant to Goethe as ever; and their morbid mysticism and predilection for Catholicism did not commend them to one to whom the cheerful sensuousness and innate saneness of the Greek civilization had always strongly appealed. But the efforts of the Romantic authors to revive the feeling for native art seemed to him praiseworthy; and Sulpiz Boisserée, who was laboring earnestly for the restoration of the Cologne Cathedral, actually succeeded in convincing him of the national importance of his

\* Faust, Part I.

undertaking. The drawings and paintings of Albrecht Dürer also began to impress him, and his entire attitude toward the Middle Ages underwent a gradual change.

As the years progressed, the effects of Goethe's activity began to be felt also in foreign lands, and he watched with interest and gratification his growing influence in every domain of human knowledge. Particularly in France, a school of rising authors, which also assumed the title of Romantic, strove through its organ, *The Globe*, to establish his authority beyond the Rhine. Although undoubtedly with the ulterior object of gaining a mighty ally against their enemies at home—the Academicians—these men, among whom Quinet, Ampère and Prosper Mérimée were the most prominent, paid their enthusiastic homage to the German poet, and, in spite of their defective comprehension of the spirit of his teachings, contributed not a little toward bringing his writings to the notice of the French public. In England also his writings were published, and commented upon with more or less intelligence in newspapers and reviews. Carlyle translated "*Wilhelm Meister*," Walter Scott "*Götz von Berlichingen*" (1799), and Byron borrowed his ideas with his usual nonchalance. In Italy, too, he gained many admirers, and entertained a desultory correspondence with Manzoni. The ready recognition which he thus found on all hands gradually developed in him the idea of a world literature, which, independently of race and country, should appeal to the highest sense of excellence which the most cultured in all countries have in common. He had himself gathered the chief intellectual currents of his age, and made them pulsate through his own being. National differences and conflicting interests, which drew the peoples apart, seemed to him of small consequence compared to the great and abiding interests which all mankind has in common. Truth has no nationality, and a great thought is great in whatever language it is uttered. In the upper regions of the intellect men meet merely as men—as poets, thinkers, scientists—and all accidental distinctions of party, rank and nationality vanish. The ancient Greeks, who were the only people whose culture had been founded upon this universally human basis, would always remain authorities in matters of art. They were not to be imitated, however, but the spirit of their work, if properly comprehended, would stimulate the modern poet and artist to noble and independent creation.

Thus, in brief, was Goethe's poetic creed. His prophecy of the world-literature is, however; yet far from fulfilment.



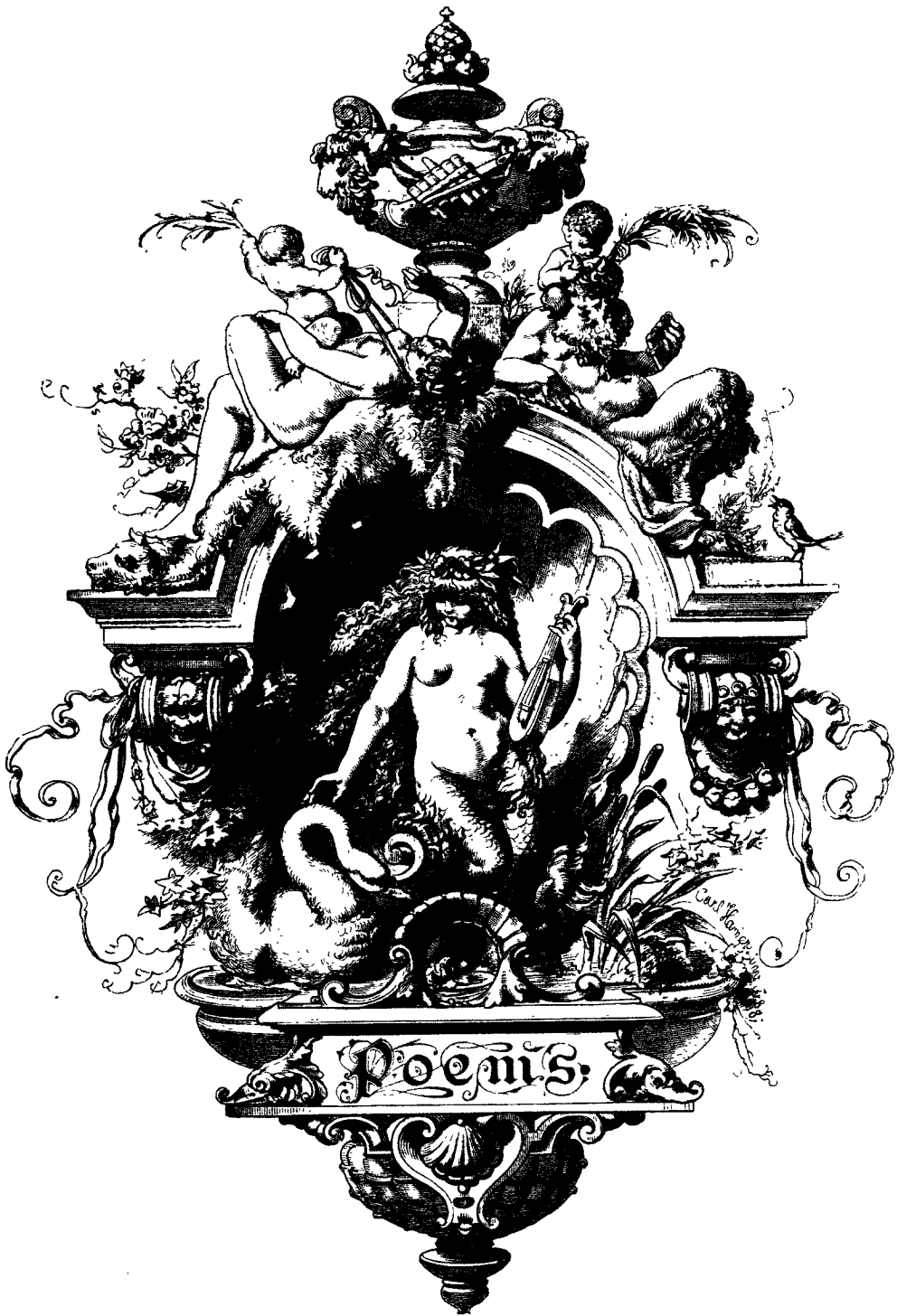
The Life of Goethe.

During the last years of Goethe's life death reaped a rich harvest among those who were dearest to him. In June, 1828, died his oldest friend, Duke Karl August. Frau von Stein had died a few years before (1825). But the hardest blow of all was the loss of his only son, August von Goethe, who died in Rome in 1830. His daughter-in-law Ottilia remained his faithful companion and did the honors of his household. She read aloud to him from Plutarch—who was one of his favorite authors. To Eckermann he said as he sealed the package containing the completed MS. of "*Faust*," "Henceforth I look upon my life purely as a gift; it is now really of little consequence what I do."

A few months later (March 22d, 1832), as he was seated in his cosy-chair, suffering from a slight cold, he expired quietly and without a struggle. His last words were: "Light! more light!"

"The morning after Goethe's death," says Eckermann, "a deep desire seized me to look upon his earthly remains. His faithful servant Frederick opened for me the chamber where he was lying. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and firmness reigned in the features of his sublime, noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbor thoughts. . . . The body lay naked, only wrapped in a winding-sheet. . . . The servant drew aside the sheet, and I marveled at the divine magnificence of those limbs. The breast was extraordinarily powerful, broad and arched; the arms and thighs were full and softly muscular; the feet shapely and of the purest form; nowhere on the whole body was there any trace of fat, or leanness, or decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the rapture occasioned by this sight made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I placed my hand on his heart; there was a deep stillness, and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears."

It is difficult to overestimate the value of Goethe's work to humanity. The bequest which he left to the world in his writings, and in the whole intellectual result of his life, is not as yet appreciated at its full worth; because, intellectually, the world has not yet caught up with him. His influence to-day asserts itself in a hundred minute ways—even where no one suspects it. The century has received the stamp and impress of his mighty personality. The intellectual currents of the age, swelled and amplified by later tributaries, flow to-day in the directions which Goethe indicated.







## DEDICATION.

THE morn arriv'd; his footstep quickly  
scar'd  
The gentle sleep that round my senses clung,  
And I, awak'ning, from my cottage far'd,  
And up the mountain's side with light heart  
sprung;  
At ev'ry step I felt my gaze ensnar'd  
By new-born flow'rs that full of dewdrops hung;  
The youthful day awoke with ecstasy,  
And all things quicken'd were, to quicken me.

And as I mounted, from the valley rose  
A streaky mist, that upward slowly spread,  
Then bent, as though my form it would en-  
close,  
Then, as on pinions, soar'd above my head:  
My gaze could now on no fair view repose,  
In mournful veil conceal'd, the world seem'd  
dead;  
The clouds soon clos'd around me, as a tomb,  
And I was left alone in twilight gloom.



At once the sun his lustre seem'd to pour,  
And through the mist was seen a radiant light;  
Here sank it gently to the ground once more,  
There parted it, and climb'd o'er wood and  
height.

How did I yearn to greet him as of yore,  
After the darkness waxing doubly bright!  
The airy conflict oftentimes was renew'd,  
Then blinded by a dazzling glow I stood.  
Ere long an inward impulse prompted me  
A hasty glance with boldness round to throw;  
At first mine eyes had scarcely strength to see,  
For all around appear'd to burn and glow.  
Then saw I, on the clouds borne gracefully,  
A godlike woman hov'ring to and fro.  
In life I ne'er had seen a form so fair—  
She gaz'd at me, and still she hover'd there.  
“Dost thou not know me?” were the words  
she said

In tones where love and faith were sweetly  
bound;  
“Knowest thou not Her who oftentimes hath  
shed

The purest balsam in each earthly wound?  
Thou know'st me well; thy panting heart I led  
To join me in a bond with rapture crown'd.  
Did I not see thee, when a stripling, yearning  
To welcome me with tears heartfelt and burn-  
ing?”

“Yes!” I exclaim'd, whilst, overcome with joy,  
I sank to earth: “I long have worshipp'd thee;  
Thou gav'st me rest, when passions rack'd the  
boy.

Pervading ev'ry limb unceasingly;  
Thy heav'nly pinions thou didst then employ  
The scorching sunbeams to ward off from me.  
From thee alone Earth's fairest gifts I gain'd,  
Through thee alone true bliss can be obtain'd.  
“Thy name I know not; yet I hear thee nam'd  
By many a one who boasts thee as his own;  
Each eye believes that tow'rd thy form 'tis  
aim'd,

Yet to most eyes thy rays are anguish-sown.  
Ah! whilst I err'd, full many a friend I claim'd,  
Now that I know thee, I am left alone;  
With but myself can I my rapture share,  
I needs must veil and hide thy radiance fair.”  
She smil'd, and answering said: “Thou seest  
how wise.

How prudent 'twas but little to unveil!  
Scarce from the clumsiest cheat are clear'd  
thine eyes,  
Scarce hast thou strength thy childish bars to  
scale,

When thou dost rank thee 'mongst the deities,  
And so man's duties to perform would'st fail!  
How dost thou differ from all other men?

Live with the world in peace, and know thee  
then!”

“Oh, pardon me!” I cried, “I meant it well;  
Not vainly didst thou bless mine eyes with light;  
For in my blood glad aspirations swell,  
The value of thy gifts I know aright!  
Those treasures in my breast for others dwell,  
The buried pound no more I'll hide from sight.  
Why did I seek the road so anxiously,  
If hidden from my brethren 'twere to be?”  
And as I answer'd, tow'rd me turn'd her face,  
With kindly sympathy, that godlike one;  
Within her eye full plainly could I trace  
What I had fail'd in, and what rightly done.  
She smil'd, and cur'd me with that smile's  
sweet grace,

To new-born joys my spirit soar'd anon;  
With inward confidence I now could dare  
To draw yet closer, and observe her there.  
Through the light cloud she then stretch'd  
forth her hand,

As if to bid the streaky vapor fly:  
At once it seem'd to yield to her command,  
Contracted, and no mist then met mine eye.  
My glance once more survey'd the smiling land,  
Unclouded and serene appear'd the sky.  
Nought but a veil of purest white she held,  
And round her in a thousand folds it swell'd.  
“I know thee, and I know thy wav'ring will,  
I know the good that lives and glows in  
thee!”—

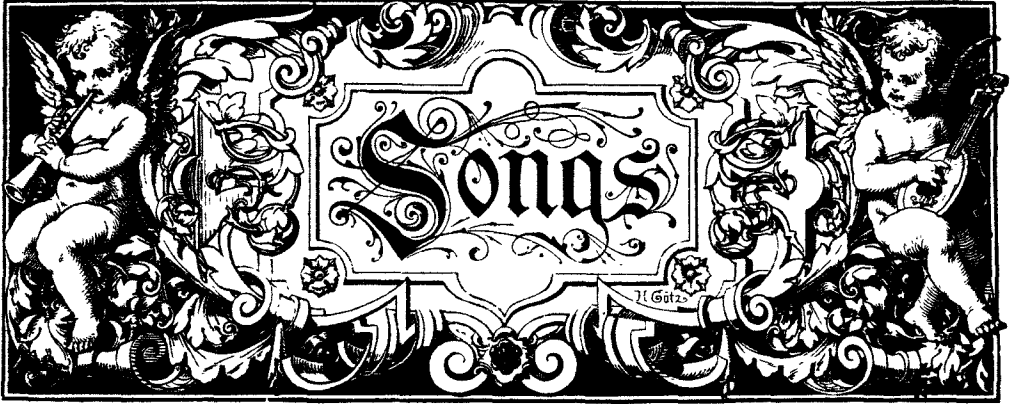
Thus spake she, and methinks I hear her still—  
“The prize long destin'd, now receive from  
me;

That bless'd one will be safe from ev'ry ill,  
Who takes this gift with soul of purity,—  
The veil of Minstrelsy from Truth's own hand,  
Of sunlight and of morn's sweet fragrance  
plann'd.

And when thou and thy friends at fierce  
noonday  
Are parch'd with heat, straight cast it in the air!  
Then Zephyr's cooling breath will round you  
play,

Distilling balm and flowers' sweet incense there;  
The tones of earthly woe will die away,  
The grave become a bed of clouds so fair,  
To sing to rest life's billows will be seen,  
The day be lovely, and the night serene.”—  
Come, then, my friends! and whensoe'er ye find  
Upon your way increase life's heavy load;  
If by fresh-waken'd blessings flowers are twin'd  
Around your path, and golden fruits bestow'd,  
We'll seek the coming day with joyous mind!  
Thus bless'd, we'll live, thus wander on our road,  
And when our grandsons sorrow o'er our tomb,  
Our love, to glad their bosoms, still shall bloom.





Late resounds the early strain ;  
Weal and woe in song remain.

## SOUND, SWEET SONG.



SOUND, sweet song, from some far land,  
Sighing softly close at hand,  
Now of joy, and now of woe !  
Stars are wont to glimmer so.  
Sooner thus will good unfold ;  
Children young and children old  
Gladly hear thy numbers flow.



## TO THE KIND READER.



One talks more than a Poet ;  
Fain he'd have the people know it,  
Praise or blame he ever loves ;  
None in prose confess an error,  
Yet we do so, void of terror,  
In the Muses' silent groves.

What I err'd in, what corrected,  
What I suffer'd, what effected,  
To this wreath as flow'rs belong ;  
For the ag'd, and the youthful,  
And the vicious, and the truthful,  
All are fair when view'd in song.



## THE NEW AMADIS

IN my boyhood's days so drear  
I was kept confin'd;  
There I sat for many a year,  
All alone I pin'd,  
As within the womb.

Yet thou drov'st away my gloom,  
Golden phantasy!  
I became a hero true,  
Like the Prince Pipi,  
And the world roam'd through;

Many a crystal palace built,  
Crush'd them with like art,  
And the Dragon's life-blood spilt  
With my glitt'ring dart.  
Yes! I was a man!

Next I form'd the knightly plan  
Princess Fish to free;  
She was much too *complaisant*,  
Kindly welcom'd me,—  
And I was gallant.

Heav'nly bread her kisses prov'd,  
Glowing as the wine;  
Almost unto death I lov'd.  
Suns appear'd to shine  
In her dazzling charms.

Who hath torn her from mine arms?  
Could no magic band  
Make her in her flight delay?  
Say, where now her land?  
Where, alas, the way?



## WHEN THE FOX DIES, HIS SKIN COUNTS.

WE young people in the shade  
Sat one sultry day;  
Cupid came, and "Dies the Fox"  
With us sought to play.

Each one of my friends then sat  
By his mistress dear;  
Cupid, blowing out the torch,  
Said: "The taper's here!"

Then we quickly sent around  
The expiring brand;  
Each one put it hastily  
In his neighbor's hand.

Dorilis then gave it me,  
With a scoffing jest;  
Sudden into flame it broke,  
By my fingers press'd.

And it sing'd my eyes and face,  
Set my breast on fire;  
Then above my head the blaze  
Mounted ever higher.

Vain I sought to put it out;  
Ever burn'd the flame;  
'Stead of dying, soon the Fox  
Livelier still became.





ARTIST: K. KÖGLER.

THE HEATHROSE.

## THE HEATHROSE.

ONCE a boy a Rosebud spi'd,  
 Heathrose fair and tender,  
 All array'd in youthful pride,—  
 Quickly to the spot he hi'd,  
 Ravish'd by her splendor.  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Heathrose fair and tender!

Said the boy, "I'll now pick thee,  
 Heathrose fair and tender!"  
 Said the rosebud, "I'll prick thee,  
 So that thou'lt remember me,  
 Ne'er will I surrender!"  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Heathrose fair and tender!

Now the cruel boy must pick  
 Heathrose fair and tender;  
 Rosebud did her best to prick,—  
 Vain 'twas 'gainst her fate to kick—  
 She must needs surrender.  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Heathrose fair and tender!



## BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

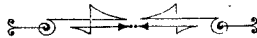


H, my Theresa dear!  
 Thine eyes I greatly fear  
 Can through the bandage see!  
 Although thine eyes are bound,  
 By thee I'm quickly found,  
 And wherefore should'st thou  
 catch but me?

Ere long thou held'st me fast,  
 With arms around me cast,  
 Upon thy breast I fell;

Scarce was thy bandage gone,  
 When all my joy was flown,  
 Thou coldly didst the blind repel.

He grop'd on ev'ry side,  
 His limbs he sorely tried,  
 While scoffs arose all round;  
 If thou no love wilt give,  
 In sadness I shall live,  
 As if mine eyes remain'd still bound.



## CHRISTEL.

MY senses oft-times are oppress'd,  
 Oft stagnant is my blood;  
 But when by Christel's sight I'm bless'd,  
 I feel my strength renew'd,  
 I see her here, I see her there,  
 And really cannot tell  
 The manner how, the when, the where,  
 The why I love her well.

If with the merest glance I view  
 Her black and roguish eyes,  
 And gaze on her black eyebrows too,  
 My spirit upward flies.  
 Has any one a mouth so sweet,  
 Such love-round cheeks as she?  
 Ah, when the eye her beauties meet,  
 It ne'er content can be.

And when in airy German dance  
 I clasp her form divine,  
 So quick we whirl, so quick advance,  
 What rapture then like mine !  
 And when she's giddy, and feels warm,  
 I cradle her, poor thing,  
 Upon my breast, and in mine arm,—  
 I'm then a very king !

And when she looks with love on me,  
 Forgetting all but this,  
 When press'd against my bosom, she  
 Exchanges kiss for kiss,

All through my marrow runs a thrill,  
 Runs e'en my foot along !  
 I feel so well, I feel so ill,  
 I feel so weak, so strong !

Would that such moments ne'er would end !  
 The day ne'er long I find ;  
 Could I the night too with her spend,  
 E'en that I should not mind.  
 If she were in mine arms but held,  
 To quench love's thirst I'd try ;  
 And could my torments not be quell'd,  
 Upon her breast would die.



## THE COY ONE.

ONE Spring morning bright and fair,  
 Roam'd a shepherdess and sang ;  
 Young and beauteous, free from care,  
 Through the fields her clear notes rang :  
 So, la, la ! le ralla, etc.

Of his lambs some two or three  
 Thyrsis offer'd for a kiss ;  
 First she ey'd him roguishly,  
 Then for answer sang but this :  
 So, la, la ! le ralla, etc.

Ribbons did the next one offer,  
 And the third, his heart so true ;  
 But, as with the lambs, the scoffer  
 Laugh'd at heart and ribbons too,—  
 Still 'twas la ! le ralla, etc.

## THE CONVERT.



BEFORE sunset I was straying  
Silently the wood along,  
Damon on his flute was playing.  
And the rocks gave back the song,  
So la, la! etc.

Softly tow'rds him then he drew me;  
Sweet each kiss he gave me then!  
And I said, "Play once more to me!"  
And he kindly play'd again,  
So la, la! etc.

All my peace for aye has fled,  
All my happiness has flown;  
Yet my ears are ever greeted  
With that olden, blissful tone,  
So la, la! etc.

## PRESERVATION.

MY maiden she prov'd false to me;  
To hate all joys I soon began,  
Then to a flowing stream I ran,—  
The stream ran past me hastily.

There stood I fix'd, in mute despair;  
My head swam round as in a dream;  
I well-nigh fell into the stream,  
And earth seem'd with me whirling there.

Sudden I heard a voice that cried—  
I had just turn'd my face from thence—  
It was a voice to charm each sense:  
"Beware, for deep is yonder tide!"

A thrill my blood pervaded now,  
I look'd, and saw a beauteous maid;—  
I ask'd her name—'twas Kate, she said—  
"Oh, lovely Kate! how kind art thou!"

"From death I have been sav'd by thee,  
'Tis through thee only that I live;  
Little 'twere life alone to give,  
My joy in life then deign to be!"

And then I told my sorrows o'er,  
Her eyes to earth she sweetly threw;  
I kiss'd her, and she kiss'd me too,  
And—then I talk'd of death no more.

## THE MUSES' SON.

THROUGH field and wood to stray,  
And pipe my tuneful lay,—  
'Tis thus my days are pass'd;  
And all keep tune with me,  
And move in harmony,  
And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have pow'r  
The garden's earliest flow'r,  
The tree's first bloom in Spring;

They hail my joyous strain,—  
When Winter comes again,  
Of that sweet dream I sing.

My song sounds far and near,  
O'er ice it echoes clear,  
Then Winter blossoms bright;  
And when his blossoms fly,  
Fresh raptures meet mine eye,  
Upon the well-till'd height.

When 'neath the linden tree,  
Young folks I chance to see,  
I set them moving soon ;  
His nose the dull lad curls,  
The formal maiden whirls,  
Obedient to my tune.

Wings to the feet ye lend,  
O'er hill and vale ye send  
The lover far from home ;  
When shall I, on your breast,  
Ye kindly Muses, rest,  
And cease at length to roam ?



## FOUND.

ONCE through the forest  
Alone I went ;  
To seek for nothing  
My thoughts were bent.

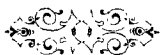
I saw in the shadow  
A flower stand there ;  
As stars it glisten'd,  
As eyes 'twas fair.



I sought to pluck it,—  
It gently said:  
“Shall I be gather’d  
Only to fade?”

With all its roots  
I dug it with care,  
And took it home  
To my garden fair.

In silent corner  
Soon it was set;  
There grows it ever,  
There blooms it yet.



## LIKE AND LIKE.

EARLY a bell-flower  
Sprang up from the ground;  
And sweetly its fragrance  
It shed all around;  
A bee came thither  
And sipp'd from its bell;—  
That they for each other  
Were made, we see well.



## RECIPROCAL INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

### THE INDIFFERENT.

COME to the dance with me, come with  
me, fair one!

Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.  
If thou my sweetheart art not, thou canst be so,  
But if thou wilt not, we still will dance on.  
Come to the dance with me, come with me,  
fair one!

Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.

### THE TENDER.

Lov'd one, without thee, what then would all  
feasts be?

Sweet one, without thee, what then were  
the dance?

If thou my sweetheart wert not, I would  
dance not,

If thou art still so, all life is one feast.

Lov'd one, without thee, what then would all  
feasts be?

Sweet one, without thee, what then were  
the dance?

### THE INDIFFERENT.

Let them but love, then, and leave us the  
dancing!

Languishing love cannot bear the glad  
dance.

Let us whirl round in the waltz's gay measure.  
And let *them* steal to the dim-lighted wood.

Let them but love, then, and leave us the  
dancing!

Languishing love cannot bear the glad  
dance.

### THE TENDER.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to  
wander!

Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.

Cupid, the near one, o'erhears their deriding,  
Vengeance takes suddenly, vengeance takes  
soon.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to  
wander!

Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.



## SELF-DECEIT.

MY neighbor's curtain, well I see,  
Is moving to and fro.  
No doubt she's list'ning eagerly,  
If I'm at home or no,

And if the jealous grudge I bore  
And openly confess'd,  
Is nourish'd by me as before,  
Within my inmost breast.

Alas! no fancies such as these  
E'er cross'd the dear child's thoughts.  
I see 'tis but the ev'ning breeze  
That with the curtain sports.



## DECLARATION OF WAR.

OH, would I resembl'd  
The country girls fair,  
Who rosy-red ribbons  
And yellow hats wear!

To believe I was pretty  
I thought was allow'd;  
In the town I believ'd it  
When by the youth vow'd.

Now that Spring hath return'd,  
All my joys disappear ;  
The girls of the country  
Have lured him from here.

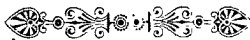
To change dress and figure  
Was needful I found ;  
My bodice is longer,  
My petticoat round.

My hat now is yellow,  
My bodice like snow ;  
The clover to sickle  
With others I go.

Something pretty, ere long  
Midst the troop he explores ;  
The eager boy signs me  
To go within doors.

I bashfully go,—  
Who I am, he can't trace ;  
He pinches my cheeks,  
And he looks in my face.

The town girl now threatens  
You maidens with war ;  
Her twofold charms pledges  
Of victory are.



## LOVER IN ALL SHAPES.



O be like a fish,  
Brisk and quick, is my wish ;  
If thou cam'st with thy line,  
Thou would'st soon make me  
thine.  
To be like a fish,  
Brisk and quick, is my wish.

Oh, were I a steed !  
Thou would'st love me indeed.  
Oh, were I a car  
Fit to bear thee afar !  
Oh, were I a steed !  
Thou would'st love me indeed.

I would I were gold  
That thy fingers might hold !  
If thou boughtest aught then,  
I'd return soon again.  
I would I were gold  
That thy fingers might hold !

I would I were true,  
And my sweetheart still new !  
To be faithful I'd swear,  
And would go away ne'er.  
I would I were true,  
And my sweetheart still new !

I would I were old,  
And wrinkled and cold,  
So that if thou said'st No,

I could stand such a blow !  
I would I were old,  
And wrinkled and cold.

An ape I would be,  
Full of mischievous glee ;  
If aught came to vex thee  
I'd plague and perplex thee.  
An ape I would be,  
Full of mischievous glee.

As a lamb I'd behave,  
As a lion be brave.  
As a lynx clearly see,  
As a fox cunning be.  
As a lamb I'd behave,  
As a lion be brave.

Whatever I were,  
All on *thee* I'd confer ;  
With the gifts of a prince  
My affection evince.  
Whatever I were,  
All on *thee* I'd confer.

As nought diff'rent can make me,  
As I *am* thou must take me !  
If I'm not good enough,  
Thou must cut thine own stuff.  
As nought diff'rent can make me,  
As I *am* thou must take me !



## THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

**M**Y neighbor, none can e'er deny,  
Is a most beauteous maid ;  
Her shop is ever in mine eye  
When working at my trade.

To ring and chain I hammer then  
The wire of gold assay'd,  
And think the while : " For Kate, oh, when  
Will such a ring be made ? "

And when she takes her shutters down,  
Her shop at once invade,  
To buy and haggle, all the town,  
For all that's there display'd.

I file, and maybe overfile  
The wire of gold assay'd ;

My master grumbles all the while,—  
Her shop the mischief made.

To ply her wheel she straight begins,  
When not engag'd in trade ;  
I know full well for what she spins,—  
'Tis hope guides that dear maid.

Her leg, while her small foot treads on,  
Is in my mind portray'd ;  
Her garter I recall anon.—  
I gave it that dear maid.

Then to her lips the finest thread  
Is by her hand convey'd.  
Were I there only in its stead,  
How I would kiss the maid !





*Portrait of a woman*

## JOY AND SORROW.

As a fisher-boy I far'd  
 To the black rock in the sea,  
 And, while false gifts I prepar'd,  
 Listen'd and sang merrily.  
 Down descended the decoy,  
 Soon a fish attack'd the bait ;  
 One exulting shout of joy,—  
 And the fish was captur'd straight:  
 Ah! on shore, and to the wood  
 Past the cliffs, o'er stock and stone,  
 One foot's traces I pursu'd,  
 And the maiden was alone.

Lips were silent, eyes downcast  
 As a clasp-knife snaps the bait,  
 With her snare she seiz'd me fast,  
 And the boy was captur'd straight.  
 Heav'n knows who's the happy swain  
 That she rambles with anew!  
 I must dare the sea again,  
 Spite of wind and weather too.  
 When the great and little fish  
 Wail and flounder in my net,  
 Straight returns my eager wish  
 In her arms to revel yet!



THE snow-flakes fall in  
 showers,  
 The time is absent still,  
 When all spring's beauteous flowers,  
 When all spring's beauteous flowers,  
 Our hearts with joy shall fill.

With lustre false and fleeting  
 The sun's bright rays are thrown ;  
 The swallow's self is cheating,  
 The swallow's self is cheating:  
 And why? He comes alone!

Can I e'er feel delighted  
 Alone, though spring is near?  
 Yet when we are united,  
 Yet when we are united,  
 The summer will be here.

## ANSWERS IN A GAME OF QUESTIONS.

## THE LADY.

IN the small and great world too,  
 What most charms a woman's heart?  
 It is doubtless what is new,  
 For its blossoms joy impart ;  
 Nobler far is what is true,  
 For fresh blossoms it can shoot  
 Even in the time of fruit.

## THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With the Nymphs in wood and cave  
 Paris was acquainted well,  
 Till Zeus sent, to make him rave,  
 Three of those in heav'n who dwell ;  
 And the choice more trouble gave  
 Than e'er fell to mortal lot,  
 Whether in old times or not.



THE EXPERIENCED.

Tenderly a woman view,  
And thou'lt win her, take my word ;  
He who's quick and saucy too,  
Will of all men be preferr'd ;  
Who ne'er seems as if he knew  
If he pleases, if he charms,—  
He 'tis injures, he 'tis harms.

THE CONTENTED.

Manifold is human strife,  
Human passion, human pain ;  
Many a blessing yet is rife,  
Many pleasures still remain.  
Yet the greatest bliss in life,  
And the richest prize we find,  
Is a good, contented mind.

THE MERRY COUNSEL.

He by whom man's foolish will  
Is each day review'd and blam'd,  
Who, when *others* fools are still,  
Is himself a fool proclaim'd,—  
Ne'er at mill was beast's back press'd  
With a heavier load than he.  
What I feel within my breast  
*That* in truth's the thing for me !



DIFFERENT EMOTIONS ON THE SAME SPOT.

THE MAIDEN.

I'VE seen him before me !  
What rapture steals o'er me !  
Oh, heavenly sight !  
He's coming to meet me ;  
Perplex'd, I retreat me,  
With shame take to flight.  
My mind seems to wander !  
Ye rocks and trees yonder,  
Conceal ye my rapture,  
Conceal my delight !

THE YOUTH.

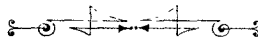
'Tis here I must find her,  
'Twas here she enshrin'd her,  
Here vanish'd from sight.  
She came, as to meet me,  
Then fearing to greet me,  
With shame took to flight.  
Is't hope? Do I wander?  
Ye rocks and trees yonder,  
Disclose ye the lov'd one,  
Disclose my delight !

THE LANGUISHING.

O'er my sad fate I sorrow,  
To each dewy morrow,  
Veil'd here from man's sight.  
By the many mistaken,  
Unknown and forsaken,  
Here wing I my flight !  
Compassionate spirit !  
Let none ever hear it,—  
Conceal my affliction,  
Conceal thy delight !

THE HUNTER.

To-day I'm rewarded ;  
Rich booty's afforded  
By Fortune so bright.  
My servant the pheasants  
And hares fit for presents  
Takes homeward at night ;  
Here see I enraptur'd  
In nets the birds captur'd !—  
Long life to the hunter !  
Long live his delight !



## WHO'LL BUY GODS OF LOVE?

OF all the beauteous wares  
 Expos'd for sale at fairs,  
 None will give more delight  
 Than those that to your sight  
 From distant lands we bring.  
 Oh, hark to what we sing!  
 These beauteous birds behold,  
 They're brought here to be sold.

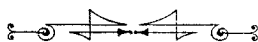
And first the big one see,  
 So full of roguish glee!  
 With light and merry bound  
 He leaps upon the ground;  
 Then springs up on the bough.  
 We will not praise him now.  
 The merry bird behold,—  
 He's brought here to be sold.

And now the small one see!  
 A modest look has he,  
 And yet he's such another  
 As his big roguish brother.

'Tis chiefly when all's still  
 He loves to show his will.  
 The bird so small and bold,—  
 He's brought here to be sold.

Observe this little love,  
 This darling turtle dove!  
 All maidens are so neat,  
 So civil, so discreet!  
 Let them their charms set loose,  
 And turn your love to use;  
 The gentle bird behold,—  
 She's brought here to be sold.

Their praises we won't tell;  
 They'll stand inspection well.  
 They're fond of what is new,—  
 And yet, to show they're true,  
 Nor seal nor letter's wanted;  
 To all have wings been granted.  
 The pretty birds behold,—  
 Such beauties ne'er were sold!



## THE MISANTHROPE.

AT first awhile sits he,  
 With calm, unruffled brow;  
 His features then I see,  
 Distorted hideously,—  
 An owl's they might be now.  
 What is it, askest thou?  
 Is't love, or is't ennui?  
 'Tis both at once, I vow.



## TRUE ENJOYMENT.

VAINLY would'st thou, to gain a heart,  
Heap up a maiden's lap with gold ;  
The joys of love thou must impart,  
Would'st thou e'er see those joys unfold.  
The voices of the throng gold buys,  
No single heart 'twill win for thee ;  
Would'st thou a maiden make thy prize,  
Thyself alone the bribe must be.

If by no sacred tie thou'rt bound,  
O youth, thou must thyself restrain !  
Well may true liberty be found,  
Tho' man may seem to wear a chain.  
Let One alone inflame thee e'er,  
And if her heart with love o'erflows,  
Let tenderness unite you there,  
If duty's self no fetter knows.



First *feel*, O youth! A girl then find  
 Worthy thy choice,—let *her* choose thee,—  
 In body fair, and fair in mind,  
 And then thou wilt be bless'd, like me.  
 I who have made this art mine own,  
 A girl have chosen such as this;  
 The blessing of the priest alone  
 Is wanting to complete our bliss.

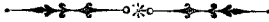
Nought but my rapture is her guide,  
 Only for me she cares to please,—  
 Ne'er wanton save when by my side,  
 And modest when the world she sees;  
 That time our glow may never chill,  
 She yields no right through frailty;  
 Her favor is a favor still,  
 And I must ever grateful be.

Yet I'm content, and full of joy,  
 If she'll but grant her smile so sweet,  
 Or if at table she'll employ,  
 To pillow hers, her lover's feet,

Give me the apple that she bit,  
 The glass from which she drank, bestow,  
 And when my kiss so orders it,  
 Her bosom, veil'd till then, will show.

And when she wills of love to speak,  
 In fond and silent hours of bliss,  
 Words from her mouth are all I seek,  
 Nought else I crave,—not e'en a kiss.  
 With what a soul her mind is fraught,  
 Wreath'd round with charms unceasingly!  
 She's perfect,—and she fails in nought,  
 Save in her deigning to love me.

My rev'ence throws me at her feet,  
 My longing throws me on her breast;  
*This*, youth, is rapture true and sweet,  
 Be wise, *thus* seeking to be bless'd.  
 When death shall take thee from her side,  
 To join th' angelic choir above,  
 In heaven's bright mansions to abide,—  
 No diff'rence at the change thou'lt prove.



## HAPPINESS AND VISION.

**T**OGETHER at the altar we  
 In vision oft were seen by thee,  
 Thyself as bride, as bridegroom I.  
 Oft from thy mouth full many a kiss  
 In an unguarded hour of bliss  
 I then would steal, while none were by.

The purest rapture we then knew,  
 The joy those happy hours gave too,  
 When tasted, fled, as time fleets on.  
 What now avails my joy to me?  
 Like dreams the warmest kisses flee,  
 Like kisses, soon all joys are gone.



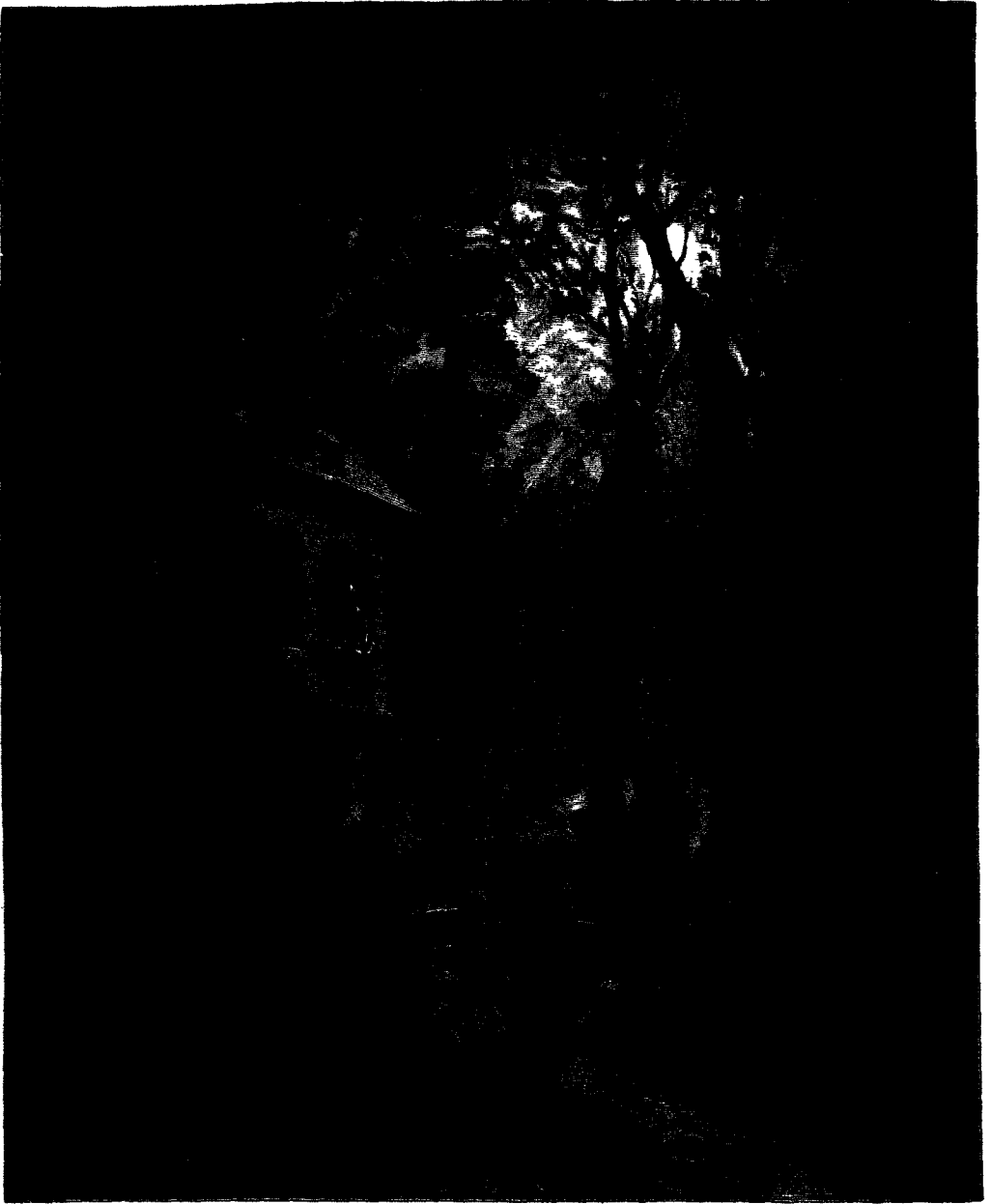
## THE FAREWELL.

**L**ET mine eye the farewell say,  
 That my lips can utter ne'er;  
 Fain I'd be a man to-day,  
 Yet 'tis hard, oh, hard to bear!

Mournful in an hour like this  
 Is love's sweetest pledge, I ween;  
 Cold upon thy mouth the kiss,  
 Faint thy fingers' pressure e'en.

Oh, what rapture to my heart  
 Us'd each stolen kiss to bring!  
 As the violets joy impart,  
 Gather'd in the early spring.

Now no garlands I entwine,  
 Now no roses pluck for thee.  
 Though 'tis springtime, Fanny mine,  
 Dreary autumn 'tis to me!



## THE BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

NOW I leave this cottage lowly,  
Where my love hath made her home,  
And with silent footstep slowly  
Through the darksome forest roam.  
Luna breaks through oaks and bushes,  
Zephyr hastes her steps to meet,  
And the waving birch tree blushes,  
Scattering round her incense sweet.

Grateful are the cooling breezes  
Of this beauteous summer night,  
Here is felt the charm that pleases,  
And that gives the soul delight.  
Boundless is my joy; yet, Heaven,  
Willingly I'd leave to thee  
Thousand such nights, were *one* given  
By my maiden lov'd to me!

## APPARENT DEATH.

WEEP, maiden, weep here o'er the tomb  
of Love;  
He died of nothing—by mere chance was  
slain.  
But is he really dead?—oh, *that* I cannot prove:  
A nothing, a mere chance, oft gives him life  
again.

## PROXIMITY.

I KNOW not, wherefore, dearest love,  
Thou often art so strange and coy!  
When 'mongst man's busy haunts we move,  
Thy coldness puts to flight my joy.  
But soon as night and silence round us reign,  
I know thee by thy kisses sweet again!



## LIVING REMEMBRANCE.

HALF vex'd, half pleas'd, thy love will feel,  
Should'st thou her knot or ribbon steal;  
To thee they're much—I won't conceal;  
Such self-deceit may pardon'd be;  
A veil, a kerchief, garter, rings,  
In truth are no mean trifling things,  
But still they're not enough for me.

She who is dearest to my heart,  
Gave me, with well-dissembl'd smart,  
Of her own life, a living part,  
No charm in aught beside I trace;  
How do I scorn thy paltry ware!  
A lock she gave me of the hair  
That wantons o'er her beauteous face.

If, lov'd one, we must sever'd be,  
Would'st thou not wholly fly from me,  
I still possess this legacy,  
To look at, and to kiss in play.  
My fate is to the hair's alli'd,  
We used to woo her with like pride,  
And now we both are far away.

Her charms with equal joy we press'd,  
Her swelling cheeks anon caress'd,  
Lur'd onward by a yearning bless'd,  
Upon her heaving bosom fell.  
Oh, rival, free from envy's sway,  
Thou precious gift, thou beauteous prey,  
Remain my joy and bliss to tell!



## THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

DRINK, O youth, joy's purest ray  
From thy lov'd one's eyes all day,  
And her image paint at night!  
Better rule no lover knows,  
Yet true rapture greater grows,  
When far sever'd from her sight.

Powers eternal, distance, time,  
Like the might of stars sublime,  
Gently rock the blood to rest.  
O'er my senses softness steals,  
Yet my bosom lighter feels,  
And I daily am more bless'd.

Though I can forget her ne'er,  
Yet my mind is free from care,  
I can calmly live and move;  
Unperceiv'd infatuation  
Longing turns to adoration,  
Turns to reverence my love.

Ne'er can cloud, however light,  
Float in ether's regions bright,  
When drawn upwards by the sun,  
As my heart in rapturous calm.  
Free from envy and alarm,  
Ever love I her alone!

## TO LUNA.

SISTER of the first-born light,  
 Type of sorrowing gentleness!  
 Quivering mists in silv'ry dress  
 Float around thy features bright;  
 When thy gentle foot is heard,  
 From the day-clos'd caverns then  
 Wake the mournful ghosts of men,  
 I, too, wake, and each night-bird.

O'er a field of boundless span  
 Looks thy gaze both far and wide.  
 Raise me upwards to thy side!  
 Grant this to a raving man!

And to heights of rapture rais'd,  
 Let the knight so crafty peep  
 At his maiden while asleep,  
 Through her lattice-window glaz'd.

Soon the bliss of this sweet view,  
 Pangs by distance caus'd allays;  
 And I gather all thy rays,  
 And my look I sharpen too.  
 Round her unveil'd limbs I see  
 Brighter still become the glow,  
 And she draws me down below,  
 As Endymion once drew thee.

## THE WEDDING NIGHT.



WITHIN the chamber, far away  
 From the glad feast, sits Love in dread  
 Lest guests disturb, in wanton play,  
 The silence of the-bridal bed.  
 His torch's pale flame serves to gild  
 The scene with mystic sacred glow;  
 The room with incense-clouds is fill'd,  
 That ye may perfect rapture know.

How beats thy heart, when thou dost hear  
 The chime that warns thy guests to fly!  
 How glow'st thou for those lips so dear,  
 That soon are mute, and nought deny!  
 With her into the holy place  
 Thou hast'nest then, to perfect all;  
 The fire the warder's hands embrace  
 Grows, like a night-light, dim and small.

How heaves her bosom, and how burns  
 Her face at every fervent kiss!  
 Her coldness now to trembling turns,  
 Thy daring now a duty is.  
 Love helps thee to undress her fast,  
 But thou art twice as fast as he;  
 And then he shuts both eyes at last  
 With sly and roguish modesty.

## MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

**A**s a butterfly renew'd,  
When in life I breath'd my last,  
To the spots my flight I wing,  
To the spots my flight I wing,  
Scenes of heav'nly rapture past,  
Over meadows, to the spring,  
Round the hill, and through the wood.

Soon a tender pair I spy,  
And I look down from my seat  
On the beauteous maiden's head—  
When embodied there I meet  
All I lost as soon as dead—  
Happy as before am I.

Him she clasps with silent smile,  
And his mouth the hour improves,  
Sent by kindly Deities ;  
First from breast to mouth it roves,  
Then from mouth to hands it flies,  
And I round him sport the while.

And she sees me hov'ring near ;  
Trembling at her lover's rapture,  
Up she springs—I fly away.  
"Dearest ! let's the insect capture !  
Come ! I long to make my prey  
Yonder pretty little dear !"



## FAREWELL.

O break one's word is pleasure-fraught,  
To do one's duty gives a smart ;  
While man, alas ! will promise nought,  
That is repugnant to his heart.

Using some magic strains of yore,  
Thou lurest him, when scarcely calm,  
On to sweet folly's fragile bark once more,  
Renewing, doubling chance of harm.

Why seek to hide thyself from me ?  
Fly not my sight—be open then !  
Known late or early it must be,  
And here thou hast thy word again.

My duty is fulfill'd to-day,  
No longer will I guard thee from surprise ;  
But, oh, forgive the friend who from thee turns away,  
And to himself for refuge flies !

## THE EXCHANGE.

**T**HE stones in the streamlet I make my  
bright pillow,  
And open my arms to the swift-rolling billow,  
That lovingly hastens to fall on my breast.  
Then fickleness soon bids it onward be flow-  
ing ;  
A second draws nigh, its caresses bestow-  
ing,—  
And so by a twofold enjoyment I'm bless'd.

And yet thou art trailing in sorrow and sadness  
The moments that life, as it flies, gave for  
gladness,  
Because by thy love thou'rt remember'd no  
more !  
Oh, call back to mind former days and their  
blisses !  
The lips of the second will give as sweet kisses  
As any the lips of the first gave before !



## NOVEMBER SONG.

**T**O the great archer—not to him  
To meet whom flies the sun,  
And who is wont his features dim  
With clouds to overrun—

But to the boy be vow'd these rhymes,  
Who 'mongst the roses plays,  
Who hears us, and at proper times  
To pierce fair hearts essays.

Through him the gloomy winter night,  
Of yore so cold and drear,  
Brings many a lov'd friend to our sight,  
And many a woman dear.

Henceforward shall his image fair  
Stand in yon starry skies,  
And, ever mild and gracious there,  
Alternate set and rise.



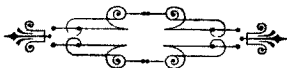
## TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

**H**AND in hand! and lip to lip:  
Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!  
Fare thee well! thy lover's ship  
Past full many a rock must steer;  
But should he the haven see,  
When the storm has ceas'd to break,  
And be happy, reft of thee,—  
May the Gods fierce vengeance take!

Boldly dar'd is well nigh won!  
Half my task is solv'd aright;  
Ev'ry star's to me a sun,  
Only cowards deem it night.

Stood I idly by thy side,  
Sorrow still would sadden me;  
But when seas our paths divide,  
Gladly toil I,—toil for thee!

Now the valley I perceive,  
Where together we will go,  
And the streamlet watch each eve,  
Gliding peacefully below.  
Oh, the poplars on yon spot!  
Oh, the beech trees in yon grove!  
And behind we'll build a cot,  
Where to taste the joys of love!



## FIRST LOSS.



H! who'll e'er those days re-  
store,  
Those bright days of early  
love!  
Who'll one hour again con-  
cede,

Of that time so fondly cherish'd!  
Silently my wounds I feed,  
And with wailing evermore  
Sorrow o'er each joy now perish'd.  
Ah! who'll e'er the days restore  
Of that time so fondly cherish'd!

## AFTER-SENSATIONS.

WHEN the vine again is blowing,  
Then the wine moves in the cask;  
When the rose again is glowing,  
Wherefore should I feel oppress'd?

Down my cheeks run tears all-burning,  
If I do, or leave my task;  
I but feel a speechless yearning,  
That pervades my inmost breast.

But at length I see the reason,  
When the question I would ask:  
'Twas in such a beauteous season,  
Doris glow'd to make me bless'd!

## PROXIMITY OF THE BELOVED ONE.



THINK of thee, whene'er the sun his beams  
O'er ocean flings;  
I think of thee, whene'er the moonlight gleams  
In silv'ry springs.

I see thee, when upon the distant ridge  
The dust awakes;  
At midnight's hour, when on the fragile bridge  
The wand'rer quakes.

I hear thee, when yon billows rise on high,  
With murmur deep.  
To tread the silent grove oft wander I,  
When all's asleep.

I'm near thee, though thou far away may'st be:  
Thou, too, art near!  
The sun then sets, the stars soon lighten me.  
Would thou wert here!

## PRESENCE.



ALL things give token of thee!  
As soon as the bright sun is shining,  
Thou too wilt follow, I trust.

When in the garden thou walkest,  
Thou then art the rose of all roses,  
Lily of lilies as well.

When thou dost move in the dance,  
Then each constellation moves also;  
With thee and round thee they move.

Night! oh, what bliss were the night!  
For then thou o'ershadow'st the lustre,  
Dazzling and fair, of the moon.

Dazzling and beauteous art thou,  
And flowers, and moon and the planets  
Homage pay, Sun, but to thee.

Sun! to *me* also be thou  
Creator of days bright and glorious;  
Life and Eternity this!

## TO THE DISTANT ONE.

AND have I lost thee evermore?  
Hast thou, O fair one, from me flown?  
Still in mine ear sounds, as of yore,  
Thine ev'ry word, thine ev'ry tone.

As when at morn the wand'rer's eye  
Attempts to pierce the air in vain,  
When, hidden in the azure sky,  
The lark high o'er him chants his strain:

So do I cast my troubl'd gaze  
Through bush, through forest, o'er the lea;  
Thou art invok'd by all my lays;  
Oh, come then, lov'd one, back to me!

## BY THE RIVER.

FLOW on, ye lays so lov'd, so fair,  
On to Oblivion's ocean flow!  
May no rapt boy recall you e'er,  
No maiden in her beauty's glow!

My love alone was then your theme,  
But now she scorns my passion true.  
Ye were but written in the stream;  
As it flows on, then, flow ye too!



## NIGHT SONG.

WHEN on thy pillow lying,  
 Half listen, I implore,  
 And at my lute's soft sighing,  
 Sleep on! what would'st thou more?

For at my lute's soft sighing  
 The stars their blessings pour  
 On feelings never-dying;  
 Sleep on! what would'st thou more?

Those feelings never-dying  
 My spirit aid to soar

From earthly conflicts trying;  
 Sleep on! what would'st thou more?

From earthly conflicts trying  
 Thou driv'st me to this shore;  
 Through thee I'm hither flying,—  
 Sleep on! what would'st thou more?

Through thee I'm hither flying,  
 Thou wilt not list before  
 In slumbers thou art lying:  
 Sleep on! what would'st thou more?



### CALM AT SEA.

SILENCE deep rules o'er the wa-  
 ters,  
 Calmly slumb'ring lies the main,  
 While the sailor views with trouble  
 Nought but one vast level plain.

Not a zephyr is in motion!  
 Silence fearful as the grave!  
 In the mighty waste of ocean  
 Sunk to rest is ev'ry wave.



## THE PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

DISPELL'D are the vapors,  
And radiant is heaven,  
Whilst Æolus loosens  
Our anguish-fraught bond ;  
The zephyrs are sighing,  
Alert is the sailor.  
Quick ! nimbly be plying !  
The billows are riven,  
The distance approaches ;  
I see land beyond !

## COURAGE.

CARELESSLY over the plain away,  
Where by the boldest man no  
path  
Cut before thee thou canst discern,  
Make for thyself a path !  
Silence, lov'd one, my heart !  
Cracking, let it not break !  
Breaking, break not with thee !

## ADMONITION.

WHEREFORE ever ramble on?  
For the Good is lying near.  
Fortune learn to seize alone,  
For that Fortune's ever here.

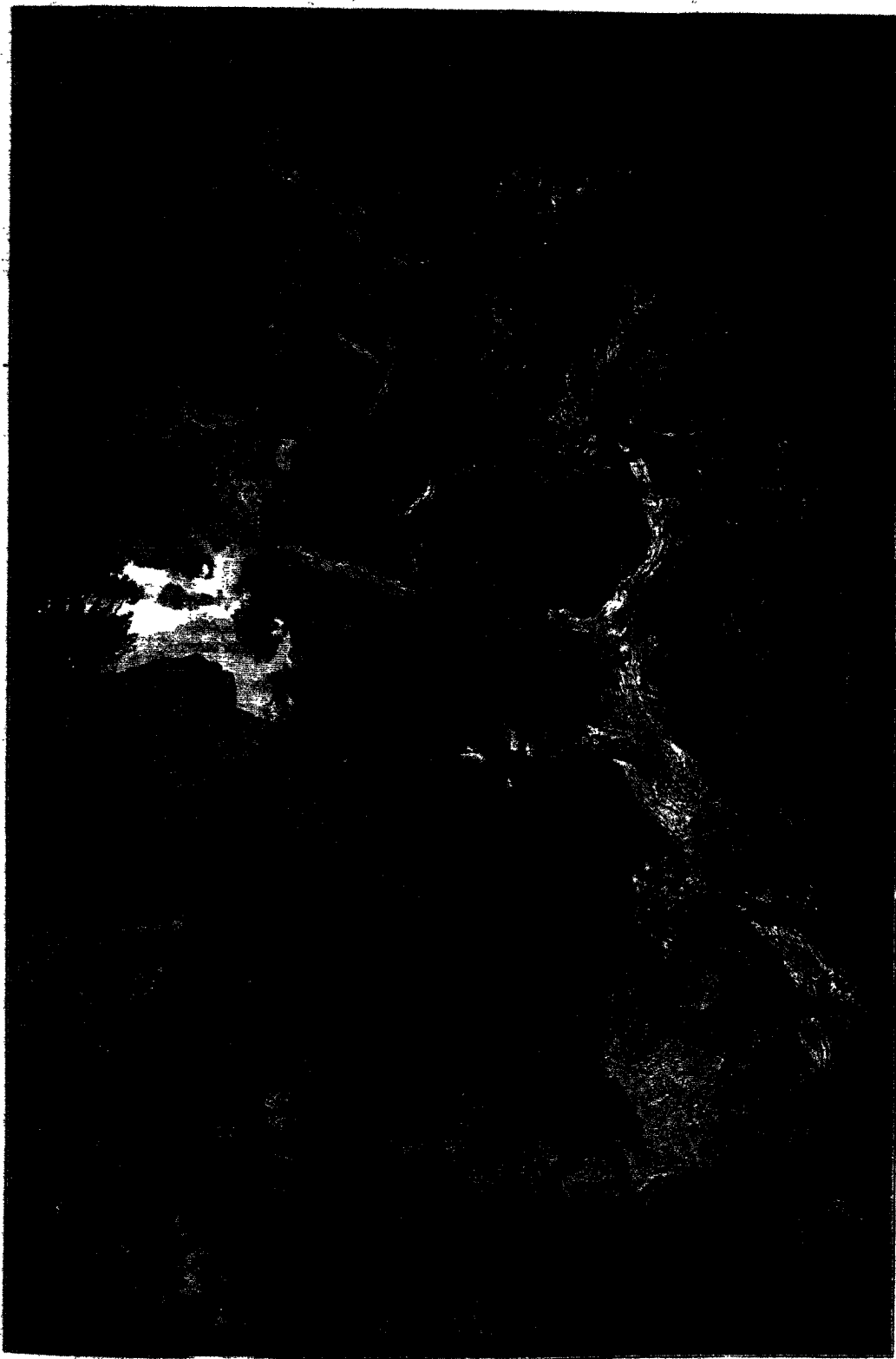
## WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

QUICK throbb'd my heart : to horse ! haste,  
haste !  
And lo ! 'twas done with speed of light ;  
The evening soon the world embrac'd,  
And o'er the mountains hung the night.  
Soon stood, in robe of mist, the oak,  
A tow'ring giant in his size,  
Where darkness through the thicket broke,  
And glar'd with hundred gloomy eyes.

From out a hill of clouds the moon  
With mournful gaze began to peer :  
The winds their soft wings flutter'd soon,  
And murmur'd in mine awe-struck ear ;  
The night a thousand monsters made,  
Yet fresh and joyous was my mind ;  
What fire within my veins then play'd !  
What glow was in my bosom shrin'd !

I saw thee, and with tender pride  
Felt thy sweet gaze pour joy on me ;  
While all my heart was at thy side,  
And ev'ry breath I breath'd for thee.  
The roseate hues that Spring supplies  
Were playing round thy features fair,  
And love for me—ye Deities !  
I hope it, I deserv'd it ne'er !

But when the morning sun return'd,  
Departure fill'd with grief my heart :  
Within thy kiss, what rapture burn'd !  
But in thy look, what bitter smart !  
I went—thy gaze to earth first rov'd—  
Thou follow'dst me with tearful eye :  
And yet, what rapture to be lov'd !  
And, gods, to love—what ecstasy !



ARTIST: E. KANDISKY.

WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

## NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

**H**EART! my heart! what means this feeling?  
 What oppresseth thee so sore?  
 What strange life is o'er me stealing!  
 I acknowledge thee no more.  
 Fled is all that gave thee gladness,  
 Fled the cause of all thy sadness,  
 Fled thy peace, thine industry—  
 Ah, why suffer it to be?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,  
 Does this form so fair and bright,  
 Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,  
 Chain thee with unceasing might?

Would I tear me from her boldly,  
 Courage take, and fly her coldly,  
 Back to her I'm forthwith led  
 By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I ne'er can sever,  
 For 'tis 'twin'd with magic skill,  
 Doth the cruel maid forever  
 Hold me fast against my will.  
 While those magic chains confine me,  
 To her will I must resign me.  
 Ah, the change in truth is great!  
 Love! kind love! release me straight!



## TO BELINDA.

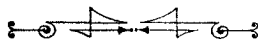
**W**HEREFORE drag me to yon glitt'ring  
 eddy,  
 With resistless might?  
 Was I, then, not truly bless'd already  
 In the silent night?

In my secret chamber refuge taking,  
 'Neath the moon's soft ray,  
 And her awful light around me breaking,  
 Musing there I lay.

And I dream'd of hours with joy o'erflow-  
 ing,  
 Golden, truly bless'd,  
 While thine image so belov'd was glowing  
 Deep within my breast.

Now to the card-table hast thou bound me,  
 'Midst the torches' glare?  
 Whilst unhappy faces are around me,  
 Dost thou hold me there?

Spring-flowers are to me more rapture-giving,  
 Now conceal'd from view;  
 Where thou, angel, art, is Nature living,  
 Love and kindness too.



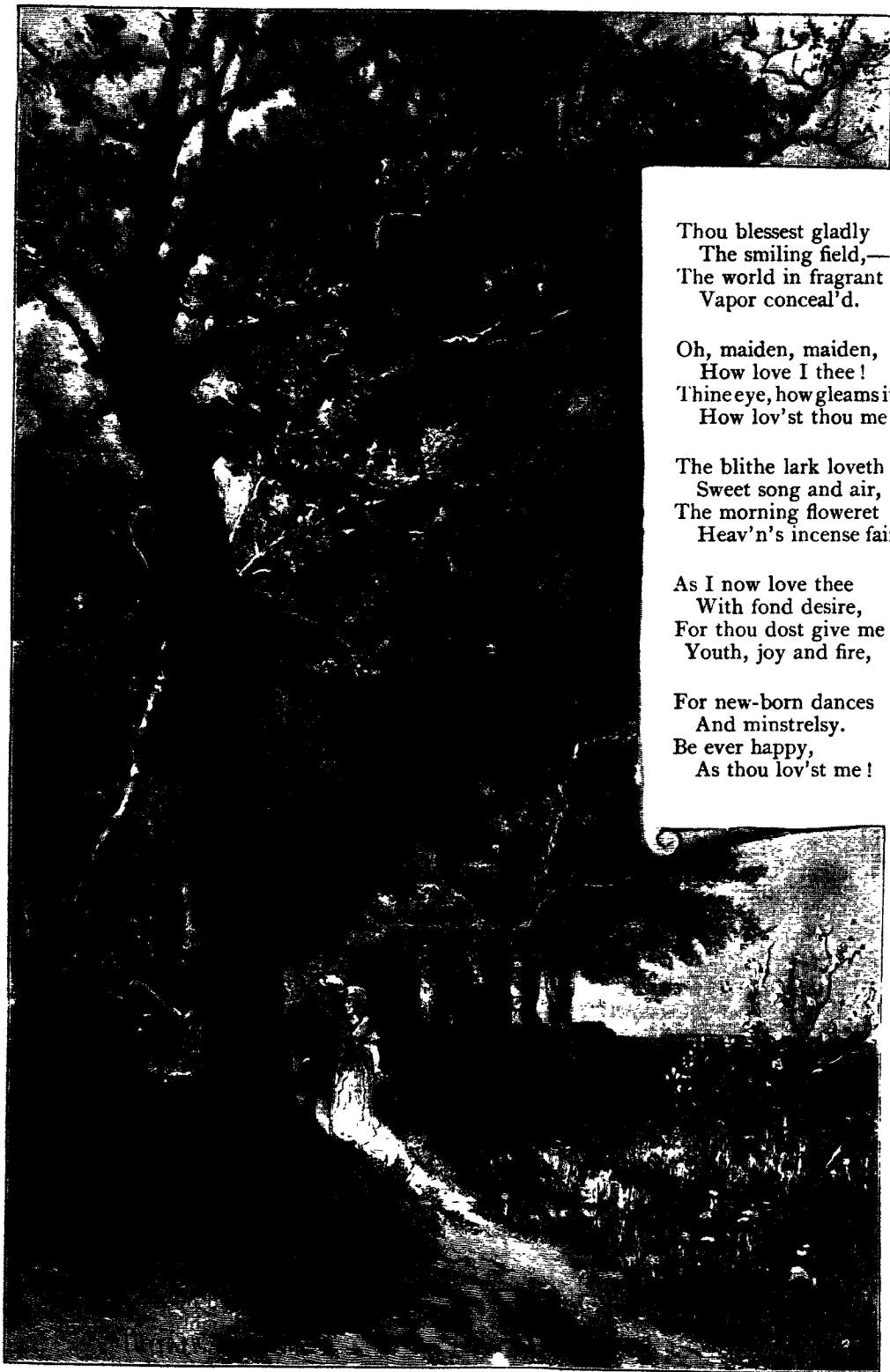
## MAY SONG.

**H**OW fair doth Nature  
 Appear again!  
 How bright the sunbeams!  
 How smiles the plain!

The flowers are bursting  
 From ev'ry bough,  
 And thousand voices  
 Each bush yields now.

And joy and gladness  
 Fill ev'ry breast:  
 O earth!—O sunlight!  
 Oh, rapture bless'd!

O love! O lov'd one!  
 As golden bright,  
 As clouds of morning  
 On yonder height!



Thou blestest gladly  
The smiling field,—  
The world in fragrant  
Vapor conceal'd.

Oh, maiden, maiden,  
How love I thee!  
Thine eye, how gleams it!  
How lov'st thou me!

The blithe lark loveth  
Sweet song and air,  
The morning floweret  
Heav'n's incense fair,

As I now love thee  
With fond desire,  
For thou dost give me  
Youth, joy and fire,

For new-born dances  
And minstrelsy.  
Be ever happy,  
As thou lov'st me!

## WITH A PAINTED RIBBON.

LITTLE leaves and flow'rets too,  
Scatter we with gentle hand,  
Kind young spring-gods to the view,  
Sporting on an airy band.

Zephyr, bear it on thy wing,  
Twine it round my lov'd one's dress ;  
To her glass then let her spring,  
Full of eager joyousness.

Roses round her let her see,  
She herself a youthful rose.  
Grant, dear life, one look to me !  
'Twill repay me all my woes.

What this bosom feels, feel thou,  
Freely offer me thy hand ;  
Let the band that joins us now  
Be no fragile rosy band !

## WITH A GOLDEN NECKLACE.



DEVOTION a chain to bring thee burns,  
That, train'd to suppleness of old,  
On thy fair neck to nestle, yearns,  
In many a hundred little fold.

To please the silly thing consent !  
'Tis harmless, and from boldness free !  
By day a trifling ornament,  
At night 'tis cast aside by thee.

But if the chain they bring thee ever,  
Heavier, more fraught with weal or woe,  
I'd then, Lisette, reproach thee never  
If thou should'st greater scruples show.

## TO CHARLOTTE.

'MIDST the noise of merriment and glee,  
'Midst full many a sorrow, many a care,  
Charlotte, I remember, *we* remember thee,  
How, at evening's hour so fair,  
Thou a kindly hand didst reach us,  
When thou, in some happy place  
Where more fair is Nature's face,  
Many a lightly-hidden trace  
Of a spirit lov'd didst teach us.

Well 'tis that thy worth I rightly knew,—  
That I, in the hour when first we met,  
While the first impression fill'd me yet,  
Call'd thee then a girl both good and true.

Rear'd in silence, calmly, knowing nought,  
On the world we suddenly are thrown ;  
Hundred thousand billows round us sport ;  
All things charm us—many please alone,  
Many grieve us, and as hour on hour is steal-  
ing,  
To and fro our restless natures sway ;  
First we feel, and then we find each feeling  
By the changeful world-stream borne away.

Well I know, we oft within us find  
Many a hope and many a smart.  
Charlotte, who can know our mind ?  
Charlotte, who can know our heart ?

Ah! 'twould fain be understood, 'twould fain  
o'erflow

In some creature's fellow-feelings bless'd,  
And, with trust, in twofold measure know  
All the grief and joy in Nature's breast.

Then thine eye is oft around thee cast,  
But in vain, for all seems clos'd forever;  
Thus the fairest part of life is madly pass'd  
Free from storm, but resting never;  
To thy sorrow thou'rt to-day repell'd  
By what yesterday obey'd thee.  
Can that world by thee be worthy held  
Which so oft betray'd thee?

Which, 'mid all thy pleasures and thy pains,  
Liv'd in selfish, unconcern'd repose?  
See, the soul its secret cells regains,  
And the heart—makes haste to close.

Thus found I thee, and gladly went to meet  
thee;  
"She's worthy of all love!" I cried,  
And pray'd that Heaven with purest bliss might  
greet thee,  
Which in thy friend it richly hath sup-  
plied.

## ON THE LAKE.

I DRINK fresh nourishment, new blood  
From out this world more free;  
The Nature is so kind and good  
That to her breast clasps me!  
The billows toss our bark on high,  
And with our oars keep time,  
While cloudy mountains tow'rd the sky  
Before our progress climb.

Say, mine eye, why sink'st thou down?  
Golden visions, are ye flown?  
Hence, thou dream, tho' golden-twin'd;  
Here, too, love and life I find.

Over the waters are blinking  
Many a thousand fair star;  
Gentle mists are drinking  
Round the horizon afar.  
Round the shady creek lightly  
Morning zephyrs awake,  
And the ripen'd fruit brightly  
Mirrors itself in the lake.

## FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

I F I, dearest Lily, did not love thee,  
How this prospect would enchant my  
sight!  
And yet if I, Lily, did not love thee,  
Could I find, or here or there, delight?



THIS nosegay,—'twas I dress'd it,—  
Greets thee a thousand times!  
Oft stoop'd I, and caress'd it,  
Ah! full a thousand times,  
And 'gainst my bosom press'd it  
A hundred thousand times!

## MAY SONG.

**B**ETWEEN wheatfield and corn,  
Between hedgerow and thorn,  
Between pasture and tree,  
Where's my sweetheart?  
Tell it me!

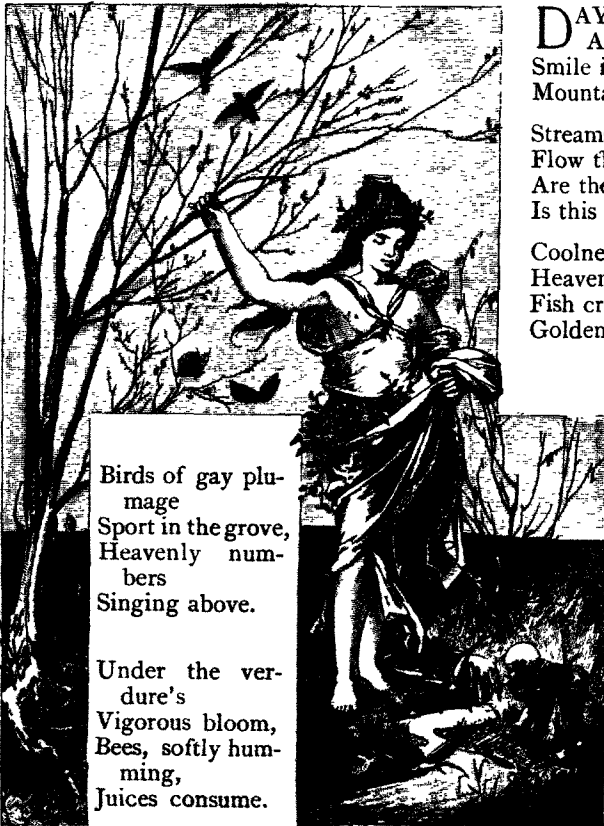
Sweetheart caught I  
Not at home;  
She's then, thought I,  
Gone to roam.

Fair and loving  
Blooms sweet May;  
Sweetheart's roving,  
Free and gay.

By the rock near the wave,  
Where her first kiss she gave,  
On the greensward, to me,—  
Something I see!  
Is it she?



## PREMATURE SPRING.



Birds of gay plu-  
mage  
Sport in the grove,  
Heavenly num-  
bers  
Singing above.

Under the ver-  
dure's  
Vigorous bloom,  
Bees, softly hum-  
ming,  
Juices consume.

**D**AYS full of rapture,  
Are ye renew'd?—  
Smile in the sunlight,  
Mountain and wood?

Streams richer laden  
Flow through the dale.  
Are these the meadows?  
Is this the vale?

Coolness cerulean!  
Heaven and height!  
Fish crowd the ocean,  
Golden and bright.

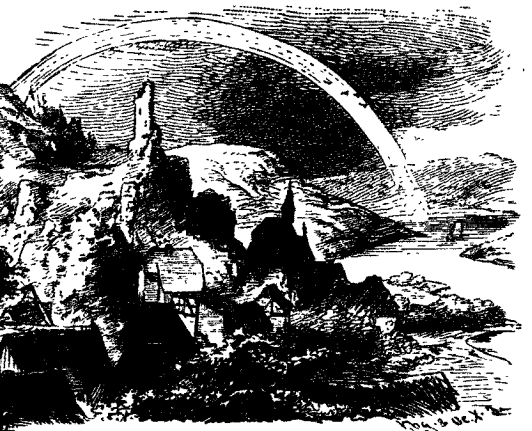
Gentle disturbance  
Quivers in air,  
Sleep-causing fragrance,  
Motion so fair.

Soon with more power  
Rises the breeze,  
Then in a moment  
Dies in the trees.

But to the bosom  
Comes it again.  
Aid me, ye Muses,  
Bliss to sustain!

Say what has happen'd  
Since yester e'en?  
Oh, ye fair sisters,  
*Her* I have seen!





## RESTLESS LOVE.

**T**HROUGH rain, through snow,  
 Through tempest go!  
 'Mongst steaming caves,  
 O'er misty waves,  
 On, on! still on!  
 Peace, rest have flown!

Sooner through sadness  
 I'd wish to be slain,  
 Than all the gladness  
 Of life to sustain;  
 All the fond yearning  
 That heart feels for heart,  
 Only seems burning  
 To make them both smart!

How shall I fly?  
 Forestwards hie?  
 Vain were all strife!  
 Bright crown of life,  
 Turbulent bliss,—  
 Love, thou art this!

**F**LOURISH greener, as ye clamber,  
 O ye leaves, to seek my chamber,  
 Up the trellis'd vine on high!  
 May ye swell, twin-berries tender,  
 Juicier far,—and with more splendor  
 Ripen, and more speedily!  
 O'er ye broods the sun at even  
 As he sinks to rest, and heaven  
 Softly breathes into your ear  
 All its fertilizing fulness,  
 While the moon's refreshing coolness,  
 Magic-laden, hovers near;  
 And, alas! ye're water'd ever  
 By a stream of tears that rill  
 From mine eyes,—tears ceasing  
 never,  
 Tears of love that nought can  
 still!

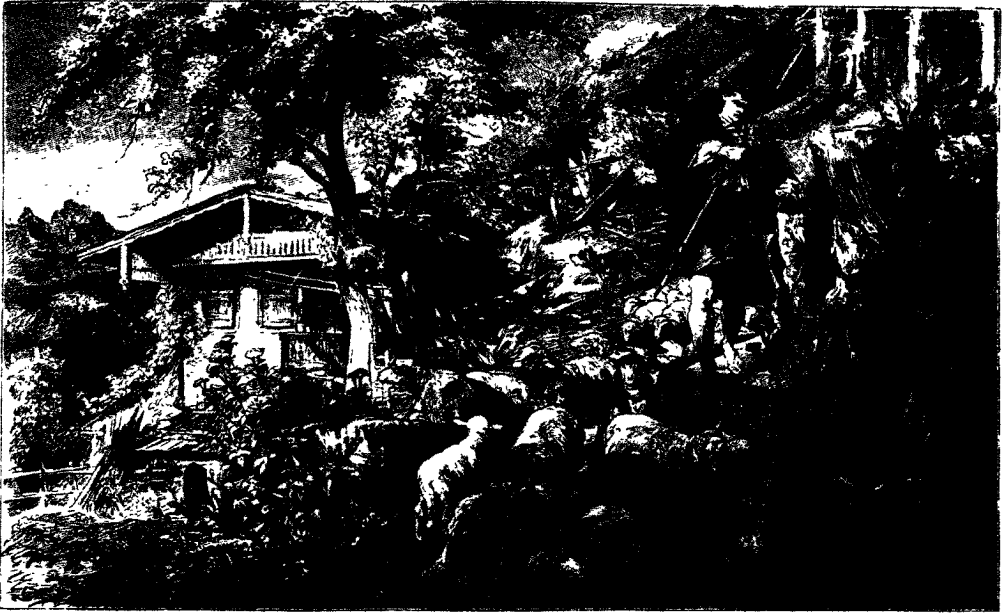
## THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

**O**N yonder lofty mountain  
 A thousand times I stand,  
 And on my staff reclining,  
 Look down on the smiling land.

My grazing flocks then I follow,  
 My dog protecting them well;  
 I find myself in the valley,  
 But how, I scarcely can tell.

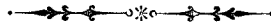
The whole of the meadow is cover'd  
 With flowers of beauty rare;  
 I pluck them, but pluck them unknowing  
 To whom the offering to bear.

In rain and storm and tempest,  
 I tarry beneath the tree,  
 But clos'd remaineth yon portal;  
 'Tis all but a vision to me.



High over yonder dwelling,  
 There rises a rainbow gay ;  
 But she from home hath departed,  
 And wander'd far, far away.

Yes, far away hath she wander'd,  
 Perchance e'en over the sea ;  
 Move onward, ye sheep, then, move onward !  
 Full sad the shepherd must be.



## COMFORT IN TEARS.

**H**OW happens it that thou art sad,  
 While happy all appear ?  
 Thine eye proclaims too well that thou  
 Hast wept full many a tear.

“If I have wept in solitude,  
 None other shares my grief,  
 And tears to me sweet balsam are,  
 And give my heart relief.”

Thy happy friends invite thee now,—  
 Oh, come, then, to our breast !  
 And let the loss thou hast sustain'd  
 Be there to us confess'd !

“Ye shout, torment me, knowing not  
 What 'tis afflicteth me ;  
 Ah, no ! I have sustain'd no loss,  
 Whate'er may wanting be.”

If so it is, arise in haste !  
 Thou'rt young and full of life.  
 At years like thine, man's bless'd with strength  
 And courage for the strife.

“Ah, no ! in vain 'twould be to strive,  
 The thing I seek is far ;  
 It dwells as high, it gleams as fair  
 As yonder glitt'ring star.”

The stars we never long to clasp,  
 We revel in their light,  
 And with enchantment upward gaze,  
 Each clear and radiant night.

“And I with rapture upward gaze,  
 On many a blissful day ;  
 Then let me pass the night in tears,  
 Till tears are wip'd away !”



## LONGING.



W<sup>H</sup>AT pulls at my heart so?  
 What tells me to roam?  
 What drags me and lures me  
 From chamber and home?  
 How round the cliffs gather  
 The clouds high in air!  
 I fain would go thither,  
 I fain would be there!

The sociable flight  
 Of the ravens comes back;  
 I mingle amongst them,  
 And follow their track.  
 Round wall and round mountain  
 Together we fly;  
*She* tarries below there,  
 I after her spy.

Then onward she wanders,  
 My flight I wing soon  
 To the wood fill'd with bushes,  
 A bird of sweet tune.

She tarries and hearkens,  
 And smiling, thinks she:  
 "How sweetly he's singing!  
 He's singing to me!"

The heights are illum'd  
 By the fast setting sun;  
 The pensive fair maiden  
 Looks thoughtfully on;  
 She roams by the streamlet,  
 O'er meadows she goes,  
 And darker and darker  
 The pathway fast grows.

I rise on a sudden,  
 A glimmering star;  
 "What glitters above me,  
 So near and so far?"  
 And when thou with wonder  
 Hast gaz'd on the light,  
 I fall down before thee,  
 Entranc'd by thy sight!

## TO MIGNON.

O<sup>VER</sup> vale and torrent far  
 Rolls along the sun's bright car.  
 Ah! he wakens in his course  
 Mine, as thy deep-seated smart  
 In the heart,  
 Ev'ry morning with new force.  
 Scarce avails night aught to me;  
 E'en the visions that I see  
 Come but in a mournful guise;  
 And I feel this silent smart  
 In my heart  
 With creative power arise.  
 During many a beauteous year  
 I have seen ships 'neath me steer,  
 As they seek the shelt'ring bay;

But, alas, each lasting smart  
 In my heart  
 Floats not with the stream away.  
 I must wear a gala dress,  
 Long stor'd up within my press,  
 For to-day to feasts is given;  
 None know with what bitter smart  
 Is my heart  
 Fearfully and madly riven.  
 Secretly I weep each tear,  
 Yet can cheerful e'en appear,  
 With a face of healthy red;  
 For if deadly were this smart  
 In my heart,  
 Ah, I then had long been dead!

## THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE

T<sup>H</sup>ERE stands on yonder high mountain  
 A castle built of yore,  
 Where once lurk'd horse and horseman  
 In rear of gate and of door.

Now door and gate are in ashes,  
 And all around is so still;  
 And over the fallen ruins  
 I clamber just as I will.

Below once lay a cellar,  
With costly wines well stor'd ;  
No more the glad maid with her pitcher  
Descends there to draw from the hoard.

No longer the goblet she places  
Before the guests at the feast ;  
The flask at the meal so hallow'd  
No longer she fills for the priest.



No more for the eager squire  
The draught in the passage is pour'd ;  
No more for the flying present  
Receives she the flying reward.

For all the roof and the rafters,  
They all long since have been burn'd,  
And stairs and passage and chapel  
To rubbish and ruins are turn'd.

Yet when with lute and with flagon,  
When day was smiling and bright,

I've watch'd my mistress climbing  
To gain this perilous height,

Then rapture joyous and radiant  
The silence so desolate broke,  
And all, as in days long vanish'd,  
Once more to enjoyment awoke ;

As if for guests of high station  
The largest rooms were prepar'd ;  
As if from those times so precious  
A couple thither had far'd ;

As if there stood in his chapel  
The priest in his sacred dress,  
And ask'd: "Would ye twain be united?"  
And we, with a smile, answer'd, "Yes!"

And songs that breath'd a deep feeling,  
That touch'd the heart's innermost chord,  
The music-fraught mouth of sweet echo,  
Instead of the many, outpour'd.

And when at eve all was hidden  
In silence unbroken and deep,  
The glowing sun then look'd upwards,  
And gaz'd on the summit so steep.

And squire and maiden then glitter'd  
As bright and gay as a lord,  
She seiz'd the time for her present,  
And he to give her reward.



### THE SPIRIT'S SALUTE.

THE hero's noble shade stands high  
On yonder turret gray;  
And as the ship is sailing by,  
He speeds it on his way.

"See with what strength these sinews thrill'd!  
This heart, how firm and wild!  
These bones, what knightly marrow fill'd!  
This cup, how bright it smil'd!"

"Half of my life I strove and fought,  
And half I calmly pass'd;  
And thou, oh, ship, with beings fraught,  
Sail safely to the last!"

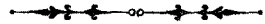


### TO A GOLDEN HEART THAT HE WORE ROUND HIS NECK.

OH, thou token lov'd of joys now perish'd  
That I still wear from my neck sus-  
pended,  
Art thou stronger than our spirit-bond so  
cherish'd?  
Or canst thou prolong love's days untimely  
ended?

Lily, I fly from thee! I still am doom'd to  
range,  
Thro' countries strange,  
Thro' distant vales and woods, link'd on to  
thee!  
Ah, Lily's heart could surely never fall  
So soon away from me!

As when a bird hath broken from his thrall,  
And seeks the forest green,  
Proof of imprisonment he bears behind him,  
A morsel of the thread once used to bind  
him;  
The free-born bird of old no more is seen,  
For he another's prey hath been.



### THE BLISS OF SORROW.

NEVER dry, never dry,  
Tears that eternal love sheddeth!  
How dreary, how dead doth the world still  
appear,  
When only half-dried on the eye is the tear!  
Never dry, never dry,  
Tears that unhappy love sheddeth!



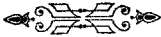
### THE WANDERER'S NIGHT- SONG.

THOU who comest from on high,  
Who all woes and sorrows stillest,  
Who, for twofold misery,  
Hearts with twofold balsam fillest,

Would this constant strife would cease!  
What are pain and rapture now?  
Blissful Peace,  
To my bosom hasten thou!

## THE SAME.

HUSH'D on the hill  
 Is the breeze ;  
 Scarce by the zephyr  
 The trees  
 Softly are press'd ;  
 The woodbird's asleep on the bough.  
 Wait, then, and thou  
 Soon wilt find rest.



## TO THE MOON.



HILL'D are bush and vale again  
 With thy misty ray,  
 And my spirit's heavy chain  
 Castest far away.

Thou dost o'er my fields extend  
 Thy sweet soothing eye,  
 Watching like a gentle friend,  
 O'er my destiny.

Vanish'd days of bliss and woe  
 Haunt me with their tone,  
 Joy and grief in turns I know,  
 As I stray alone.

Stream belov'd, flow on ! flow on !  
 Ne'er can I be gay !  
 Thus have sport and kisses gone,  
 Truth thus pass'd away.

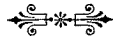
Once I seem'd the lord to be  
 Of that prize so fair !  
 Now, to our deep sorrow, we  
 Can forget it ne'er.

Murmur, stream, the vale along,  
 Never cease thy sighs ;  
 Murmur, whisper to my song  
 Answering melodies !

When thou in the winter's night  
 Overflow'st in wrath,  
 Or in spring-time sparklest bright,  
 As the buds shoot forth.

He who from the world retires,  
 Void of hate, is bless'd ;  
 Who a friend's true love inspires,  
 Leaning on his breast !

That which heedless man ne'er knew,  
 Or ne'er thought aright,  
 Roams the bosom's labyrinth through,  
 Boldly into night.



## THE HUNTER'S EVEN-SONG.

THE plain with still and wand'ring feet,  
 And gun full-charg'd, I tread,  
 And hov'ring see thine image sweet,  
 Thine image dear, o'erhead.

In gentle silence thou dost fare  
 Through field and valley dear ;  
 But doth my fleeting image ne'er  
 To thy mind's eye appear ?

*His* image, who, by grief oppress'd,  
 Roams through the world forlorn,  
 And wanders on from east to west  
 Because from thee he's torn ?

When I would think of none but thee,  
 Mine eyes the moon survey ;  
 A calm repose then steals o'er me,  
 But *how*, 'twere hard to say.

## MY ONLY PROPERTY.

I FEEL that I'm possess'd of nought,  
Saving the free unfetter'd thought  
Which from my bosom seeks to flow,  
And each propitious passing hour  
That suffers me in all its power  
A loving fate with truth to know.



## TO LINA.

SHOULD these songs, love, as they fleet,  
Chance again to reach thy hand,  
At the piano take thy seat,  
Where thy friend was wont to stand!

Sweep with finger bold the string,  
Then the book one moment see:  
But read not! do nought but sing!  
And each page thine own will be!

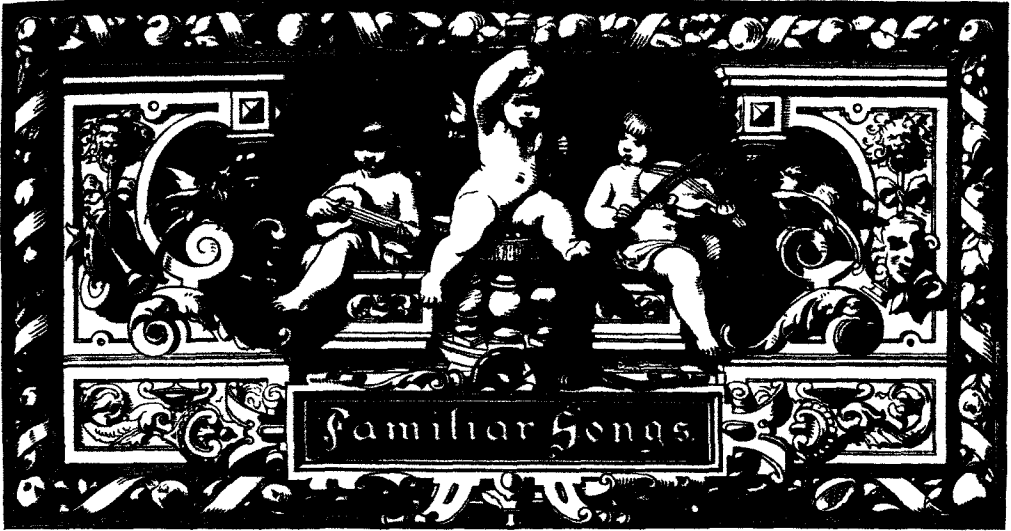
Ah, what grief the song imparts  
With its letters, black on white,  
That, when breath'd by thee, our hearts  
Now can break and now delight!





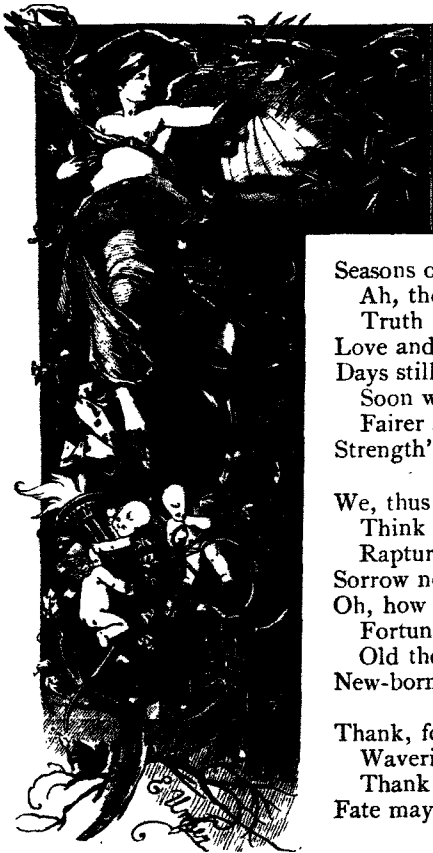
*'Gentle Woman'*





What we sing in company  
 Soon from heart to heart will fly.

## ON THE NEW YEAR.



**F**ATE now allows us,  
 'Twixt the departing  
 And the upstarting,  
 Happy to be ;  
 And at the call of  
 Memory cherish'd,  
 Future and perish'd  
 Moments we see.

Seasons of anguish,—  
 Ah, they must ever  
 Truth from woe sever,  
 Love and joy part ;  
 Days still more worthy  
 Soon will unite us,  
 Fairer songs light us,  
 Strength'ning the heart.

We, thus united,  
 Think of, with gladness,  
 Rapture and sadness,  
 Sorrow now flies.  
 Oh, how mysterious  
 Fortune's direction !  
 Old the connection,  
 New-born the prize !

Thank, for this, Fortune,  
 Wavering blindly !  
 Thank all that kindly  
 Fate may bestow !

Revel in change's  
 Impulses clearer,  
 Love far sincerer,  
 More heartfelt glow !

Over the old one,  
 Wrinkles collected,  
 Sad and dejected,  
 Others may view ;  
 But, on *us* gently  
 Shineth a true one,  
 And to the new one  
 We, too, are new.

As a fond couple  
 'Midst the dance veering,  
 First disappearing,  
 Then reappear,  
 So let affection  
 Guide thro' life's mazy  
 Pathways so hazy  
 Into the year !

## ANNIVERSARY SONG.

WHY paces thou, my neighbor fair,  
The garden all alone?  
If house and land thou seek'st to guard,  
I'd thee as mistress own.

My brother sought the cellar-maid,  
And suffer'd her no rest;  
She gave him a refreshing draught,  
A kiss, too, she impress'd.

My cousin is a prudent wight,  
The cook's by him ador'd;  
He turns the spit round ceaselessly,  
To gain love's sweet reward.

We six together then began  
A banquet to consume,  
When lo! a fourth pair singing came,  
And danc'd into the room.

Welcome were they,—and welcome too  
Was a fifth jovial pair,  
Brimful of news, and stor'd with tales  
And jests both new and rare.

For riddles, spirit, raillery,  
And wit, a place remain'd;  
A sixth pair then our circle join'd,  
And so that prize was gain'd.

And yet to make us truly bless'd,  
One miss'd we, and full sore;  
A true and tender couple came,—  
We needed then no more.

The social banquet now goes on,  
Unchequer'd by alloy;  
The sacred double-numbers then  
Let all at once enjoy!

## THE SPRING ORACLE.

OH, prophetic bird so bright,  
Blossom-songster, cuckoo hight!  
In the fairest time of year,  
Dearest bird, oh! deign to hear  
What a youthful pair would pray;  
Do thou call, if hope they may:  
Thy cuck-oo, thy cuck-oo,  
Ever more cuck-oo, cuck-oo!

Hearst thou? A loving pair  
Fain would to the altar fare;  
Yes! a pair in happy youth,  
Full of virtue, full of truth.  
Is the hour not fix'd by fate?  
Say, how long must they still wait?  
Hark! cuck-oo! hark! cuck-oo!  
Silent yet! for shame, cuck-oo!

'Tis not our fault, certainly!  
Only two years patient be!  
But if we ourselves please here,  
Will pa-pa-papas appear?

Know that thou'lt more kindness do us,  
More thou'lt prophesy unto us.  
One! cuck-oo! Two! cuck-oo!  
Ever, ever, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, coo!

If we've calculated clearly,  
We have half a dozen nearly.  
If good promises we'll give,  
Wilt thou say how long we'll live?  
Truly, we'll confess to thee,  
We'd prolong it willingly.  
Coo cuck-oo, coo cuck-oo,  
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!

Life is one continued feast—  
(If we keep no score, at least.)  
If now we together dwell,  
Will true love remain as well?  
For if *that* should e'er decay,  
Happiness would pass away.  
Coo cuck-oo, coo cuck-oo,  
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!  
(Gracefully *ad infinitum*.)



## THE HAPPY COUPLE.

AFTER these vernal rains  
That we so warmly sought,  
Dear wife, see how our plains  
With blessings sweet are fraught !

We cast our distant gaze  
Far in the misty blue ;  
Here gentle love still strays,  
Here dwells still rapture true.



Thou seest whither go  
Yon pair of pigeons white,  
Where swelling violets blow  
Round sunny foliage bright.  
'Twas there we gather'd first  
A nosegay as we rov'd ;  
There into flame first burst  
The passion that we prov'd.

Yet when, with plighted troth,  
The priest beheld us fare  
Home from the altar both,  
With many a youthful pair,—  
Then other moons had birth,  
And many a beauteous sun,  
Then we had gain'd the earth  
Whereon life's race to run.

A hundred thousand fold  
The mighty bond was seal'd ;  
In woods, on mountains cold,  
In bushes, in the field,  
Within the wall, in caves,  
And on the craggy height,  
And love, e'en o'er the waves,  
Bore in his tube the light.

Contented we remain'd,  
We deem'd ourselves a pair ;  
'Twas otherwise ordain'd,  
For, lo ! a third was there ;  
A fourth, fifth, sixth appear'd,  
And sat around our board ;  
And now the plants we've rear'd  
High o'er our heads have soar'd !

How fair and pleasant looks,  
On yonder beauteous spot,  
Embrac'd by poplar-brooks,  
The newly-finish'd cot !  
Who is it there that sits  
In that glad home above ?  
Is't not our darling Fritz  
With his own darling love ?

Beside yon precipice,  
Whence pent-up waters steal,  
And, leaving the abyss,  
Fall foaming through the wheel,—  
Though people often tell  
Of millers' wives so fair,  
Yet none can e'er excel  
Our dearest daughter there !

Yet where the thick-set green  
Stands round yon church and sod,  
Where the old fir tree's seen  
Alone tow'rd heaven to nod,—  
'Tis there the ashes lie  
Of our untimely dead ;  
From earth our gaze on high  
By their bless'd memory's led.

See how yon hill is bright  
With billowy-waving arms !  
The force returns, whose might  
Has vanquish'd war's alarms.  
Who proudly hastens here  
With wreath-encircl'd brow ?  
'Tis like our child so dear !—  
Thus Charles comes homeward now.

That dearest honor'd guest  
Is welcom'd by the bride ;  
She makes the true one bless'd,  
At the glad festal tide.  
And ev'ry one makes haste  
To join the dance with glee ;  
While thou with wreaths hast grac'd  
The youngest children three.

To sound of flute and horn  
The time appears renew'd,  
When we, in love's young morn,  
In the glad dance upstood ;  
And perfect bliss I know  
Ere the year's course is run,  
For to the font we go  
With grandson and with son !



## SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

**I**N ev'ry hour of joy  
 That love and wine prolong,  
 The moments we'll employ  
 To carol forth this song!  
 We're gather'd in His name,  
 Whose power hath brought us here;  
 He kindled first our flame,  
 He bids it burn more clear.

Then gladly glow to-night,  
 And let our hearts combine!  
 Up! quaff with fresh delight  
 This glass of sparkling wine!  
 Up! hail the joyous hour,  
 And let your kiss be true;  
 With each new bond of power  
 The old becomes the new!

Who in our circle lives,  
 And is not happy there?  
 True liberty it gives,  
 And brother's love so fair.

Thus heart and heart through life  
 With mutual love are fill'd;  
 And by no causeless strife  
 Our union e'er is chill'd.

Our hopes a God has crown'd  
 With life-discernment free,  
 And all we view around,  
 Renews our ecstasy.  
 Ne'er by caprice oppress'd,  
 Our bliss is ne'er destroy'd;  
 More freely throbs our breast,  
 By fancies ne'er alloy'd.

Where'er our foot we set,  
 The more life's path extends,  
 And brighter, brighter yet  
 Our gaze on high ascends.  
 We know no grief or pain,  
 Though all things fall and rise;  
 Long may we thus remain!  
 Eternal be our ties!

## CONSTANCY IN CHANGE.

**C**OULD this early bliss but rest  
 Constant for one single hour!  
 But e'en now the humid West  
 Scatters many a vernal shower.  
 Should the verdure give me joy?  
 'Tis to it I owe the shade;  
 Soon will storms its bloom destroy,  
 Soon will Autumn bid it fade.

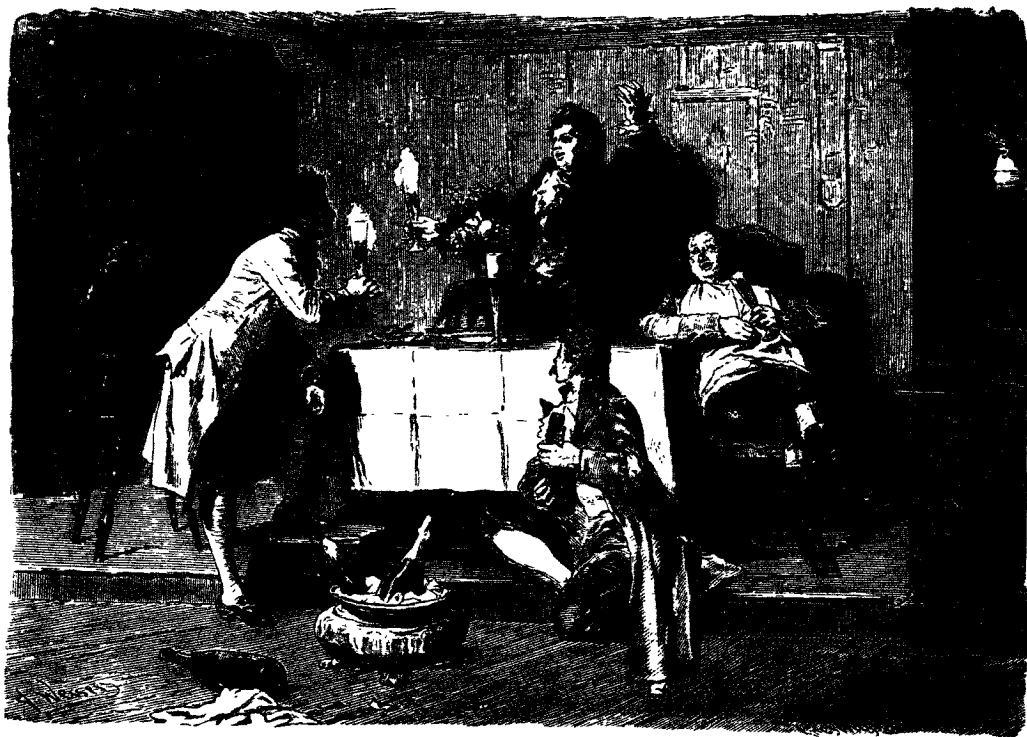
Eagerly thy portion seize,  
 If thou would'st possess the fruit!  
 Fast begin to ripen these,  
 And the rest already shoot.  
 With each heavy storm of rain  
 Change comes o'er thy valley fair;  
 Once, alas! but not again  
 Can the same stream hold thee e'er.

And thyself, what erst at least  
 Firm as rocks appear'd to be,  
 Walls and palaces thou seest  
 But with ever-changing eyes.

Fled forever now the lip  
 That with kisses used to glow,  
 And the foot, that used to skip  
 O'er the mountain, like the roe.

And the hand, so true and warm,  
 Ever rais'd in charity,  
 And the cunning-fashion'd form,—  
 All are now chang'd utterly.  
 And what used to bear thy name,  
 When upon yon spot it stood,  
 Like a rolling billow came,  
 Hast'ning on to join the flood.

**B**e then the beginning found  
 With the end in unison,  
 Swifter than the forms around  
 Are themselves now fleeting on!  
 Thank the merit in thy breast,  
 Thank the mould within thy heart,  
 That the Muses' favor bless'd  
 Ne'er will perish, ne'er depart.



## TABLE SONG.

O'ER me,—how I cannot say,—  
 Heav'nly rapture's growing.  
 Will it help to guide my way  
 To yon stars all-glowing?  
 Yet that here I'd sooner be,  
 To assert I'm able,  
 Where, with wine and harmony,  
 I may thump the table.

Wonder not, my dearest friends,  
 What 'tis gives me pleasure;  
 For of all that earth e'er lends,  
 'Tis the sweetest treasure.  
 Therefore solemnly I swear,  
 With no reservation,  
 That maliciously I'll ne'er  
 Leave my present station.

Now that here we're gather'd round,  
 Chasing cares and slumbers,  
 Let, methought, the goblet sound  
 To the bard's glad numbers!  
 Many a hundred mile away,  
 Go those we love dearly;  
 Therefore let us here to-day  
 Make the glass ring clearly!

Here's *His* health, through Whom we live!  
 I that faith inherit.  
 To our king the next toast give,  
 Honor is *his* merit,  
 'Gainst each in- and outward foe  
 He's our rock and tower.  
 Of his maintenance thinks he though,  
 More that grows his power.

Next to *her* good health I drink,  
 Who has stirr'd my passion;  
 Of his mistress let each think,  
 Think in knightly fashion.  
 If the beautiful maid but see  
 Whom 'tis I now call so,  
 Let her smiling nod to me:  
 "Here's my love's health also!"

To those friends,—the two or three,—  
 Be our next toast given,  
 In whose presence revel we,  
 In the silent even,—  
 Who the gloomy mist so cold  
 Scatter gently, lightly;  
 To those friends, then, new or old,  
 Let the toast ring brightly.

Broader now the stream rolls on,  
 With its waves more swelling,  
 While in higher, nobler tone,  
 Comrades, we are dwelling,—  
 We who with collected might,  
 Bravely cling together,  
 Both in fortune's sunshine bright,  
 And in stormy weather.

Just as we are gather'd thus,  
 Others are collected ;  
 On them, therefore, as on us,  
 Be Fate's smile directed !  
 From the springhead to the sea,  
 Many a mill's revolving,  
 And the world's prosperity  
 Is the task I'm solving.



## WONT AND DONE.

I HAVE lov'd ; for the first time with pas-  
 sion I rave !  
 I then was the servant, but now am the slave ;  
 I then was the servant of all :  
 By this creature so charming I now am fast  
 bound,  
 To love and love's guerdon she turns all around,  
 And her my sole mistress I call.

I've had faith ; for the first time my faith is  
 now strong !  
 And though matters go strangely, though  
 matters go wrong,  
 To the ranks of the faithful I'm true :  
 Though oftentimes 'twas dark and though oft-  
 times 'twas drear,  
 In the pressure of need, and when danger was  
 near,  
 Yet the dawning of light I now view.

I have eaten ; but ne'er have thus relish'd my  
 food !  
 For when glad are the senses, and joyous the  
 blood,  
 At table all else is effac'd :  
 As for youth, it but swallows, then whistles an  
 air ;  
 As for me, to a jovial resort I'd repair,  
 Where to eat, and enjoy what I taste.

I have drunk ; but have never thus relish'd  
 the bowl !  
 For wine makes us lords, and enlivens the  
 soul,  
 And loosens the trembling slave's tongue.  
 Let's seek not to spare then the heart-stirring  
 drink,  
 For though in the barrel the old wine may  
 sink,  
 In its place will fast mellow the young.

I have danc'd, and to dancing am pledg'd by  
 a vow !  
 Though no caper or waltz may be rav'd about  
 now,  
 In a dance that's becoming, whirl round.  
 And he who a nosegay of flowers has dress'd,  
 And cares not for one any more than the  
 rest,  
 With a garland of mirth is aye crown'd.

Then once more be merry, and banish all  
 woes !  
 For he who but gathers the blossoming rose,  
 By its thorns will be tickl'd alone.  
 To-day still, as yesterday, glimmers the star ;  
 Take care from all heads that hang down to  
 keep far,  
 And make but the future thine own.

## GENERAL CONFESSION.

**I**N this noble ring to-day  
 Let my warning shame ye !  
 Listen to my solemn voice,—  
 Seldom does it name ye.  
 Many a thing have ye intended,  
 Many a thing have badly ended,  
 And now I must blame ye.

At some moment in our lives  
 We must all repent us !  
 So confess, with pious trust,  
 All your sins momentous !  
 Error's crooked pathways shunning,  
 Let us, on the straight road running,  
 Honestly content us !

Yes ! we've oft, when waking, dream'd,  
 Let's confess it rightly ;  
 Left undrain'd the brimming cup,  
 When it sparkl'd brightly ;  
 Many a shepherd's-hour's soft blisses,  
 Many a dear mouth's flying kisses  
 We've neglected lightly.

Mute and silent have we sat,  
 Whilst the blockheads prated,  
 And above e'en song divine  
 Have their babblings rated ;  
 To account we've even call'd us  
 For the moments that enthral'd us,  
 With enjoyment freighted.

If thou'lt absolution grant  
 To thy true ones ever,  
 We, to execute thy will,  
 Ceaseless will endeavor,  
 From half-measures strive to wean us,  
 Wholly, fairly, well demean us,  
 Resting, flagging never.

At all blockheads we'll at once  
 Let our laugh ring clearly,  
 And the pearly-foaming wine  
 Never sip at merely.  
 Ne'er with eye alone give kisses,  
 But with boldness suck in blisses  
 From those lips lov'd dearly.

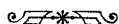


## COPTIC SONG.

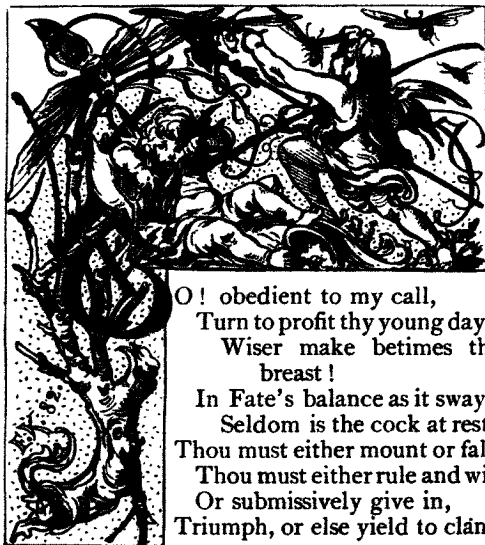
**L**EAVE we the pedants to quarrel and strive,  
 Rigid and cautious the teachers to be !  
 All of the wisest men e'er seen alive  
 Smile, nod, and join in the chorus with me :  
 "Vain 'tis to wait till the dolt grows less silly !  
 Play then the fool with the fool, willy-nilly,—  
 Children of wisdom,—remember the word !"

Merlin the old, from his glittering grave,  
 When I, a stripling, once spöke to him,—gave  
 Just the same answer as that I've preferr'd :  
 "Vain 'tis to wait till the dolt grows less silly !  
 Play then the fool with the fool, willy-nilly,—  
 Children of wisdom,—remember the word !"

And on the Indian breeze as it booms,  
 And in the depths of Egyptian tombs,  
 Only the same holy saying I've heard :  
 "Vain 'tis to wait till the dolt grows less silly !  
 Play then the fool with the fool, willy-nilly,—  
 Children of wisdom,—remember the word !"

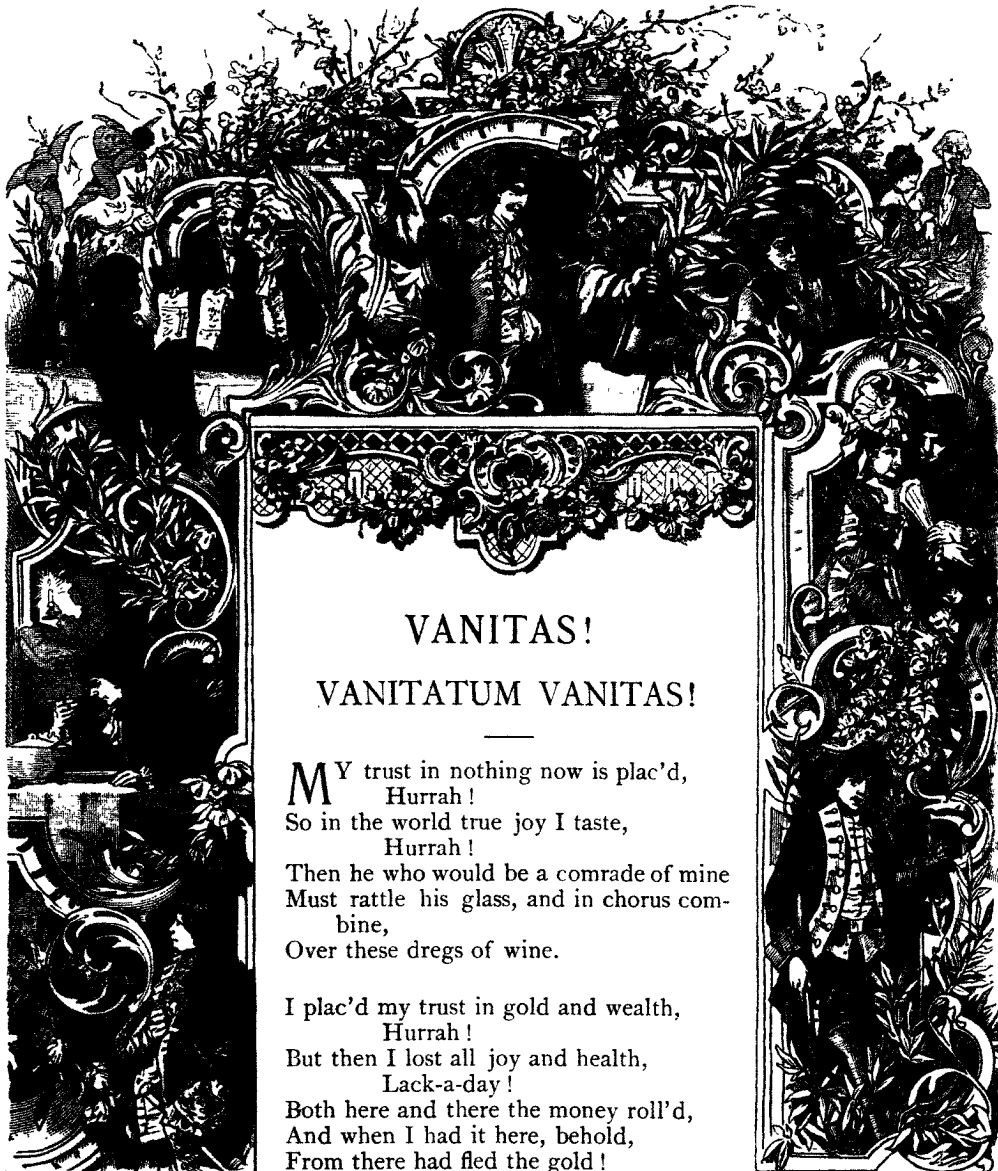


## ANOTHER.



O ! obedient to my call,  
 Turn to profit thy young days,  
 Wiser make betimes thy  
 breast !  
 In Fate's balance as it sways,  
 Seldom is the cock at rest ;  
 Thou must either mount or fall,  
 Thou must either rule and win  
 Or submissively give in,  
 Triumph, or else yield to clam-  
 or :  
 Be the anvil or the hammer.





## VANITAS!

### VANITATUM VANITAS!

**M**Y trust in nothing now is plac'd,  
     Hurrah!  
 So in the world true joy I taste,  
     Hurrah!  
 Then he who would be a comrade of mine  
 Must rattle his glass, and in chorus combine,  
     Over these dregs of wine.

I plac'd my trust in gold and wealth,  
     Hurrah!  
 But then I lost all joy and health,  
     Lack-a-day!  
 Both here and there the money roll'd,  
 And when I had it here, behold,  
 From there had fled the gold!

I plac'd my trust in women next,  
     Hurrah!  
 But there in truth was sorely vex'd,  
     Lack-a-day!  
 The False another portion sought,  
 The True with tediousness were fraught,  
 The Best could not be bought.

My trust in travels then I plac'd,  
     Hurrah!  
 And left my native land in haste,  
     Lack-a-day!

But not a single thing seem'd good,  
 The beds were bad, and strange the food,  
 And I not understood.

I plac'd my trust in rank and fame,  
     Hurrah!  
 Another put me straight to shame,  
     Lack-a-day!  
 And as I had been prominent,  
 All scowl'd upon me as I went,  
 I found not one content.

I plac'd my trust in war and fight,  
 Hurrah !  
 We gain'd full many a triumph bright,  
 Hurrah !  
 Into the foeman's land we cross'd,  
 We put our friends to equal cost,  
 And there a leg I lost.

My trust is plac'd in nothing now,  
 Hurrah !  
 At my command the world must bow,  
 Hurrah !  
 And as we've ended feast and strain,  
 The cup we'll to the bottom drain ;  
 No dregs must there remain !

SWISS SONG.

UP in the mountain  
 I was a-sitting,  
 With the bird there  
 As my guest,  
 Blithely singing,  
 Blithely springing,  
 And building  
 His nest.

In the garden  
 I was a-standing,  
 And the bee there  
 Saw as well,  
 Buzzing, humming,  
 Going, coming,  
 And building  
 His cell.

O'er the meadow  
 I was a-going,  
 And there saw the  
 Butterflies,  
 Sipping, dancing,  
 Flying, glancing,  
 And charming  
 The eyes.

And then came my  
 Dear Hansel,  
 And I show'd them  
 With glee,  
 Sipping, quaffing,  
 And he, laughing,  
 Sweet kisses  
 Gave me.

FORTUNE OF WAR.

NOUGHT more accurs'd in war I know  
 Than getting off scot-free ;  
 Inur'd to danger, on we go  
 In constant victory ;  
 We first unpack, then pack again,  
 With only this reward,  
 That when we're marching, we complain,  
 And when in camp, are bor'd.

The time for billeting comes next,—  
 The peasant curses it ;  
 Each nobleman is sorely vex'd,  
 'Tis hated by the cit.  
 Be civil, bad though be thy food,  
 The clowns politely treat ;  
 If to our hosts we're ever rude,  
 Jail-bread we're forc'd to eat.

And when the cannons growl around,  
 And small arms rattle clear,  
 And trumpet, trot, and drum resound,  
 We merry all appear ;

And as it in the fight may chance,  
 We yield, then charge amain,  
 And now retire, and now advance,  
 And yet a cross ne'er gain.

At length there comes a musket-ball,  
 And hits the leg, please Heaven ;  
 And then our troubles vanish all,  
 For to the town we're driven,  
 (Well cover'd by the victor's force,)—  
 Where we in wrath first came,—  
 The women, frighten'd then, of course,  
 Are loving now and tame.

Cellar and heart are open'd wide,  
 The cook's allow'd no rest ;  
 While beds with softest down suppli'd  
 Are by our members press'd.  
 The nimble lads upon us wait,  
 No sleep the hostess takes ;  
 Her shift is torn in pieces straight,—  
 What wondrous lint it makes !



If one has tended carefully  
The hero's wounded limb,  
Her neighbor cannot rest, for she  
Has also tended him.  
A third arrives in equal haste,  
At length they all are there,  
And in the middle he is plac'd  
Of the whole band so fair!

On good authority the king  
Hears how we love the fight,  
And bids them cross and ribbon bring,  
Our coat and breast to dight.  
Say if a better fate can e'er  
A son of Mars pursue!  
'Midst tears at length we go from there,  
Belov'd and honor'd too.

## OPEN TABLE.

MANY a guest I'd see to-day,  
Met to taste my dishes!  
Food in plenty is prepar'd,  
Birds, and game, and fishes.  
Invitations all have had,  
All propos'd attending.  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

Pretty girls I hope to see,  
Dear and guileless misses,  
Ignorant how sweet it is  
Giving tender kisses.  
Invitations all have had,  
All propos'd attending.  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

Women also I expect,  
Loving tow'rd their spouses,  
Whose rude grumbling in their breasts  
Greater love but rouses.  
Invitations they've had too,  
All propos'd attending!  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

I've too ask'd young gentlemen,  
Who are far from haughty,  
And whose purses are well-stock'd,  
Well-behav'd, not naughty.  
These especially I ask'd,  
All propos'd attending.  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

Men I summon'd with respect,  
Who their own wives treasure;  
Who in ogling *other* Fair  
Never take a pleasure.  
To my greetings they replied,  
All propos'd attending.  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

Then to make our joy complete,  
Poets I invited,  
Who love *other's* songs far more  
Than what *they've* indited.  
All acceded to my wish,  
All propos'd attending.  
Johnny, go and look around!  
Are they hither wending?

Not a single one appears,  
None seem this way posting.  
All the soup boils fast away,  
Joints are over-roasting.  
Ah, I fear that we have been  
Rather too unbending!  
Johnny, tell me what you think!  
None are hither wending.

Johnny, run and quickly bring  
Other guests to me now!  
Each arriving as he is—  
*That's* the plan, I see now.  
In the town at once 'tis known,  
Ev'ry one's commending.  
Johnny, open all the doors:  
All are hither wending!

## THE RECKONING.

LEADER.

LET no cares now hover o'er us!  
Let the wine unsparing run!  
Wilt thou swell our merry chorus?  
Hast thou all thy duty done?

SOLO.

Two young folks—the thing is curious—  
Lov'd each other; yesterday  
Both quite mild, to-day quite furious,  
Next day, quite the deuce to pay!

If her neck she there was stooping,  
He must *here* needs pull his hair.  
I reviv'd their spirits drooping,  
And they're now a happy pair.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
Let the bumper then go round!  
For all sighs and groans of anguish  
Thou to-day in joy hast drown'd.

## SOLO.

Why, young orphan, all this wailing?  
 "Would to heaven that I were dead!  
 For my guardian's craft prevailing  
 Soon will make me beg my bread."  
 Knowing well the rascal genus,  
 Into court I dragg'd the knave;  
 Fair the judges were between us,  
 And the maiden's wealth did save.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drown'd.

## SOLO.

To a little fellow, quiet,  
 Unpretending and subdu'd,  
 Has a big clown, running riot,  
 Been to-day extremely rude.  
 I bethought me of my duty,  
 And my courage swell'd apace,  
 So I spoil'd the rascal's beauty,  
 Slashing him across the face.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drown'd.

## SOLO.

Brief must be my explanation,  
 For I really have done nought.  
 Free from trouble and vexation,  
 I a landlord's business bought.  
 There I've done, with all due ardor,  
 All that duty order'd me;  
 Each one ask'd me for the larder,  
 And there was no scarcity.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drown'd.

## LEADER.

Each should thus make proclamation  
 Of what he did well to-day!  
 That's the match whose conflagration  
 Should inflame our tuneful lay.  
 Let it be our precept ever  
 To admit no waverer here!  
 For to act the good endeavor,  
 None but rascals meek appear.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 We have now in rapture drown'd.

## TRIO.

Let each merry minstrel enter,  
 He's right welcome to our hall!  
 'Tis but with the self-tormentor  
 That we are not liberal;  
 For we fear that his caprices,  
 That his eyebrows dark and sad,  
 That his grief that never ceases  
 Hide an empty heart, or bad.

## CHORUS.

No one now for wine shall languish!  
 Here no minstrel shall be found,  
 Who all sighs and groans of anguish,  
 Has not first in rapture drown'd!





## ERGO BIBAMUS!

FOR a praiseworthy object we're now  
gather'd here,

So, brethren, sing: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
Tho' talk may be hush'd, yet the glasses ring  
clear,

Remember then: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word,  
With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirr'd,  
And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,  
A glorious ERGO BIBAMUS!

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,  
And bethought me of: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
So I gently approach'd, and she let me stand  
there,

While I help'd myself, thinking: BIBAMUS!  
And when she's pleas'd, and will clasp you  
and kiss,

Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,  
Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,  
In the comforting ERGO BIBAMUS!

I am call'd by my fate far away from each  
friend;

Ye lov'd ones, then: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
With wallet light-laden from hence I must  
wend,

So double our ERGO BIBAMUS!  
Whate'er to his treasures the niggard may  
add,

Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,  
For gladness lends ever its charms to the  
glad,

So, brethren, sing: ERGO BIBAMUS!

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies?

I thought but of: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,  
So again and again sing: BIBAMUS!  
For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,  
Bright glitter the clouds, as the curtain divides,  
And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,  
While we thunder our: ERGO BIBAMUS!



## EPIPHANIAS.

THE three holy kings with their star's bright  
 ray,—  
 They eat and they drink, but had rather not pay;  
 They like to eat and drink away,  
 They eat and drink, but had rather not pay.

The three holy kings have all come here,  
 In number not four, but three they appear;  
 And if a fourth join'd the other three,  
 Increas'd by one their number would be.

The first am I,—the fair and the white,  
 I ought to be seen when the sun shines  
 bright!  
 But, alas! with all my spices and myrrh,  
 No girl now likes me,—I please not her.

The next am I,—the brown and the long,  
 Known well to women, known well to song.  
 Instead of spices, 'tis gold I bear,  
 And so I'm welcome everywhere.



The last am I,—the black and small,  
And fain would be right merry withal.  
I like to eat and to drink full measure,  
I eat and drink, and give thanks with pleasure.

The three holy kings are friendly and mild,  
They seek the Mother, and seek the Child ;  
The pious Joseph is sitting by,  
The ox and the ass on their litter lie.

We're bringing gold, we're bringing myrrh,  
The women incense always prefer ;  
And if we have wine of a worthy growth,  
We three to drink like six are not loth.

As here we see fair lads and lasses,  
But not a sign of oxen or asses,  
We know that we have gone astray  
And so go further on our way.



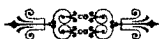
## FINNISH SONG.

**I**F the lov'd one, the well-known one,  
Should return as he departed,  
On his lips would ring my kisses,  
Though the wolf's blood might have dy'd them ;  
And a hearty grasp I'd give him,  
Though his finger-ends were serpents.

Wind ! Oh, if thou hadst but reason,  
Word for word in turns thou'dst carry,

E'en though some perchance might perish  
'Tween two lovers so far distant.

All choice morsels I'd dispense with,  
Table-flesh of priests neglect too,  
Sooner than renounce my lover,  
Whom, in Summer having vanquish'd,  
I in Winter tam'd still longer.



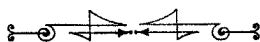
## GYPSY SONG.

**I**N the drizzling mist, with the snow high-pil'd,  
In the Winter night, in the forest wild,  
I heard the wolves with their ravenous howl,  
I heard the screaming note of the owl :  
    Wille wau wau wau !  
    Wille wo wo wo !  
    Wito hu !

I shot, one day, a cat in a ditch—  
The dear black cat of Anna the witch ;  
Upon me, at night, seven were-wolves came  
    down,  
Seven women they were, from out of the town.  
    Wille wau wau wau !  
    Wille wo wo wo !  
    Wito hu !

I knew them all ; ay, I knew them straight ;  
First, Anna, then Ursula, Eve and Kate,  
And Barbara, Lizzy and Bet as well ;  
And forming a ring, they began to yell :  
    Wille wau wau wau !  
    Wille wo wo wo !  
    Wito hu !

Then call'd I their names with angry threat :  
“ What would'st thou, Anna ? What would'st  
    thou, Bet ? ”  
At hearing my voice, themselves they shook,  
And howling and yelling, to flight they took.  
    Wille wau wau wau !  
    Wille wo wo wo !  
    Wito hu !







## From Wilhelm Meister.

### MIGNON.

WHO never eat with tears his bread,  
 Who never through night's heavy hours  
 Sat weeping on his lonely bed,—  
*He* knows you not, ye heavenly powers!  
 Through you the paths of life we gain,  
 Ye let poor mortals go astray,  
 And then abandon them to pain,—  
 E'en here the penalty we pay.



### THE SAME.

MY grief no mortals know,  
 Except the yearning!  
 Alone, a prey to woe,  
 All pleasure spurning,  
 Up tow'rds the sky I throw  
 A gaze discerning.  
 He who my love can know  
 Seems ne'er returning;  
 With strange and fiery glow  
 My heart is burning.  
 My grief no mortals know,  
 Except the yearning!



### THE HARPER.



HO gives himself to soli-  
 tude,  
 Soon lonely will re-  
 main;  
 Each lives, each loves  
 in joyous mood,  
 And leaves him to  
 his pain.

Yes! leave me to my grief!  
 Were solitude's relief  
 E'er granted me,  
 Alone I should not be.

A lover steals, on footstep light,  
 To learn if his love's alone;  
 Thus o'er me steals, by day and night,  
 Anguish before unknown,  
 Thus o'er me steals deep grief.  
 Ah, when I find relief  
 Within the tomb so lonely,  
 Will rest be met with only!



### PHILINE.

SING no more in mournful tones  
 Of the loneliness of night;  
 For 'tis made, ye beauteous ones,  
 For all social pleasures bright.

As of old to man a wife  
 As his better half was given,  
 So the night is half our life,  
 And the fairest under heaven.

How can ye enjoy the day,  
 Which obstructs our rapture's tide?  
 Let it waste itself away;  
 Worthless 'tis for aught beside.

But when in the darkling hours  
 From the lamp soft rays are glowing,  
 And from mouth to mouth sweet showers,  
 Now of jest, now love, are flowing,—



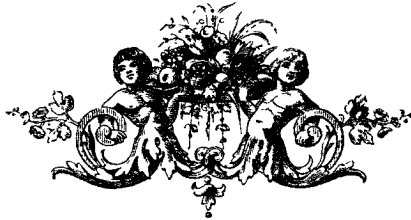
*From Wilhelm Meister.*

When the nimble, wanton boy,  
Who so wildly spends his days,  
Oft amid light sports with joy  
O'er some trifling gift delays,—

When the nightingale is singing  
Strains the lover holds so dear,  
Though like sighs and wailings ringing  
In the mournful captive's ear,—

With what heart-emotion bless'd  
Do ye hearken to the bell,  
Wont of safety and of rest  
With twelve solemn strokes to tell!

Therefore in each heavy hour,  
Let this precept fill your heart:  
O'er each day will sorrow lour,  
Rapture ev'ry night impart.







Poets' art is ever able  
To endow with truth mere fable.

## MIGNON.

KNOW'ST thou the land where the fair  
citron blows,  
Where the bright orange midst the foliage glows,  
Where soft winds greet us from the azure skies,  
Where silent myrtles, stately laurels rise,  
Know'st thou it well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
That I with thee, belov'd one, would repair!

Know'st thou the house? On columns rests its  
pile,

Its halls are gleaming, and its chambers smile,  
And marble statues stand and gaze on me:

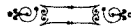
"Poor child! what sorrow hath befallen thee?"  
Know'st thou it well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
That I with thee, protector, would repair!

Know'st thou the mountain, and its cloudy  
bridge?

The mule can scarcely find the misty ridge;  
In caverns dwells the dragon's olden brood,  
The frowning crag obstructs the raging flood,  
Know'st thou it well?

'Tis there, 'tis there,  
Our path lies—Father—thither, oh, repair!



## THE HARPER.

"WHAT tuneful strains salute mine ear  
Without the castle walls?

Oh, let the song re-echo here,  
Within our festal halls!"

Thus spake the king, the page out-hied;  
The boy return'd; the monarch cried:

"Admit the old man yonder!"

"All hail, ye noble lords to-night!

All hail, ye beauteous dames!  
Star plac'd by star! What heavenly sight!

Who e'er can tell their names?  
Within this glittering hall sublime,  
Be clos'd, mine eyes! 'tis not the time  
For me to feast my wonder."

The minstrel straightway clos'd his eyes,  
And woke a thrilling tone;

The knights look'd on in knightly guise,  
Fair looks tow'rd earth were thrown.

The monarch, ravish'd by the strain,  
Bade them bring forth a golden chain,  
To be his numbers' guerdon.

"The golden chain give not to me,  
But give the chain to those

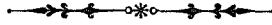
In whose bold face we shiver'd see  
The lances of our foes.

Or give it to thy chancellor there;  
With other burdens he may bear  
This one more golden burden.



“ I sing, like birds of blithesome note,  
That in the branches dwell ;  
The song that rises from the throat  
Repay the minstrel well.  
One boon I'd crave, if not too bold—  
One bumper in a cup of gold  
Be as my guerdon given.”

The bowl he rais'd, the bowl he quaff'd :  
“ Oh, drink, with solace fraught !  
Oh, house thrice-bless'd, where such a draught  
A trifling gift is thought !  
When Fortune smiles, remember me,  
And as I thank you heartily  
As warmly thank ye Heaven !”



## BALLAD

OF THE BANISHED AND RETURNING COUNT.

OH, enter, old minstrel, thou time-honor'd  
one !  
We children are here in the hall all alone,  
The portals we straightway will bar.  
Our mother is praying, our father is gone  
To the forest, on wolves to make war.  
Oh, sing us a ballad, the tale then repeat,  
'Till brother and I learn it right ;  
We long have been hoping a minstrel to meet,  
For children hear tales with delight.  
“ At midnight, when darkness its fearful veil  
weaves,  
His lofty and stately old castle he leaves,  
But first he has buried his wealth.  
What figure is that in his arms one perceives,  
As the Count quits the gateway by stealth ?  
O'er what is his mantle so hastily thrown ?  
What bears he along in his flight ?  
A daughter it is, and she gently sleeps on : ”—  
The children they hear with delight.  
“ The morning soon glimmers, the world is so  
wide,  
In valleys and forests a home is suppli'd,  
The bard in each village is cheer'd.  
Thus lives he and wanders, while years onward  
glide,  
And longer still waxes his beard ;  
But the maiden so fair in his arms grows amain,  
'Neath her star all-protecting and bright,  
Secur'd in the mantle from wind and from  
rain ”—  
The children they hear with delight.  
“ And year upon year with swift footstep now  
steals,  
The mantle it fades, many rents it reveals,  
The maiden no more it can hold.  
The father he sees her, what rapture he feels !  
His joy cannot now be controll'd.  
How worthy she seems of the race whence she  
springs,

How noble and fair to the sight !  
What wealth to her dearly-lov'd father she  
brings ! ”—  
The children they hear with delight.  
“ Then comes there a princely knight gallop-  
ing by,  
She stretches her hand out, as soon as he's nigh,  
But alms he refuses to give.  
He seizes her hand, with a smile in his eye :  
' Thou art mine ! ' he exclaims, ' while I  
live !'  
' When thou know'st, ' cries the old man, ' the  
treasure that's there,  
A princess thou'lt make her of right ;  
Betroth'd be she now, on this spot green and  
fair ’ ”—  
The children they hear with delight.  
“ So she's bless'd by the priest on the hallowed  
place,  
And she goes with a smiling but sorrowful face,  
From her father she fain would not part.  
The old man still wanders with ne'er-changing  
pace,  
He covers with joy his sad heart.  
So I think of my daughter, as years pass away,  
And my grandchildren far from my sight ;  
I bless them by night, and I bless them by  
day ”—  
The children they hear with delight.  
He blesses the children : a knocking they hear,  
The father it is ! They spring forward in fear,  
The old man they cannot conceal—  
“ Thou beggar, would'st lure, then, my chil-  
dren so dear ?  
Straight seize him, ye vassals of steel !  
To the dungeon most deep, with the fool-  
hardy knave ! ”  
The mother from far hears the fight ;  
She hastens with flatt'ring entreaty to crave—  
The children they hear with delight.



ARTIST: ERNST ROEDER.

THE BALLAD OF THE BANISHED COUNT.

The vassals they suffer the Bard to stand  
there,  
And mother and children implore him to  
spare,

The proud prince would stifle his ire,  
'Till driven to fury at hearing their prayer,  
His smouldering anger takes fire :  
"Thou pitiful race! Oh, thou beggarly crew!  
Eclipsing my star, once so bright!  
Ye'll bring me destruction, ye sorely shall  
rue!"—

The children they hear with affright.

The old man still stands there with dignified  
mien,

The vassals of steel quake before him, I ween,  
The Count's fury increases in power ;  
"My wedded existence a curse long has been,  
And these are the fruits from that flower!  
'Tis ever denied, and the saying is true,  
That to wed with the base-born is right ;  
The beggar has borne me a beggarly crew,"—  
The children they hear with affright.

"If the husband, the father, thus treats you  
with scorn,

If the holiest bonds by him rashly are torn,  
Then come to your father—to me!  
The beggar may gladden life's pathway forlorn,  
Though aged and weak he may be.  
This castle is mine! thou hast made it thy prey,  
Thy people 'twas put me to flight ;  
The tokens I bear will confirm what I say"—  
The children they hear with delight.

"The king who erst govern'd returneth again,  
And restores to the Faithful the goods that  
were ta'en,

I'll unseal all my treasures the while ;  
The laws shall be gentle, and peaceful the reign."

The old man thus cries with a smile—  
"Take courage, my son! all hath turn'd out for  
good,  
And each hath a star that is bright,  
Those the princess hath borne thee are princely  
in blood,"—  
The children they hear with delight.



## THE VIOLET.

XHALING sweet a violet stood,  
Retiring, and of modest mood,  
In truth, a violet fair.  
Then came a youthful shepherdess,  
And roam'd with sprightly joyousness,  
And blithely woo'd  
With carols sweet the air.

"Ah!" thought the violet, "had I been  
For but the smallest moment e'en  
Nature's most beautiful flower,  
'Till gather'd by my love, and press'd,  
When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast,  
For e'en, for e'en  
One quarter of an hour!"

Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh,  
The violet fail'd to meet her eye,  
She crush'd the violet sweet.  
It sank and died, yet murmur'd not :  
"And if I die, oh, happy lot,  
For her I die,  
And at her very feet!"

## THE FAITHLESS BOY.

THERE was a wooer blithe and gay,—  
A son of France was he,—  
Who in his arms for many a day,  
As though his bride were she,  
A poor young maiden had caress'd,  
And fondly kiss'd, and fondly press'd,  
And then at length deserted.

When this was told the nut-brown maid,  
Her senses straightway fled ;  
She laugh'd and wept, and vow'd and pray'd,  
And presently was dead.  
The hour her soul its farewell took,  
The boy was sad, with terror shook,  
Then sprang upon his charger.

He drove his spurs into his side,  
 And scour'd the country round ;  
 But wheresoever he might ride,  
 No rest for him was found.  
 For seven long days and nights he rode,  
 It storm'd, the waters overflow'd,  
 It bluster'd, lighten'd, thunder'd.

On rode he through the tempest's din,  
 Till he a building spied ;  
 In search of shelter crept he in,  
 When he his steed had tied.  
 And as he grop'd his doubtful way,  
 The ground began to rock and sway,—  
 He fell a hundred fathoms.

When he recover'd from the blow,  
 He saw three lights pass by ;  
 He sought in their pursuit to go,  
 The lights appear'd to fly.  
 They led his footsteps all astray,  
 Up, down, through many a narrow way  
 Through ruin'd desert cellars.

When lo ! he stood within a hall,  
 A hundred guests sat there,  
 With hollow eyes, and grinning all ;  
 They bade him taste the fare.  
 He saw his sweetheart 'midst the throng,  
 Wrapp'd up in grave-clothes white and long ;  
 She turn'd, and—\*

## THE ERL-KING.

WHO rides there so late through the night  
 dark and drear ?  
 The father it is, with his infant so dear ;  
 He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his  
 arm,  
 He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

“ My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus  
 to hide ? ”

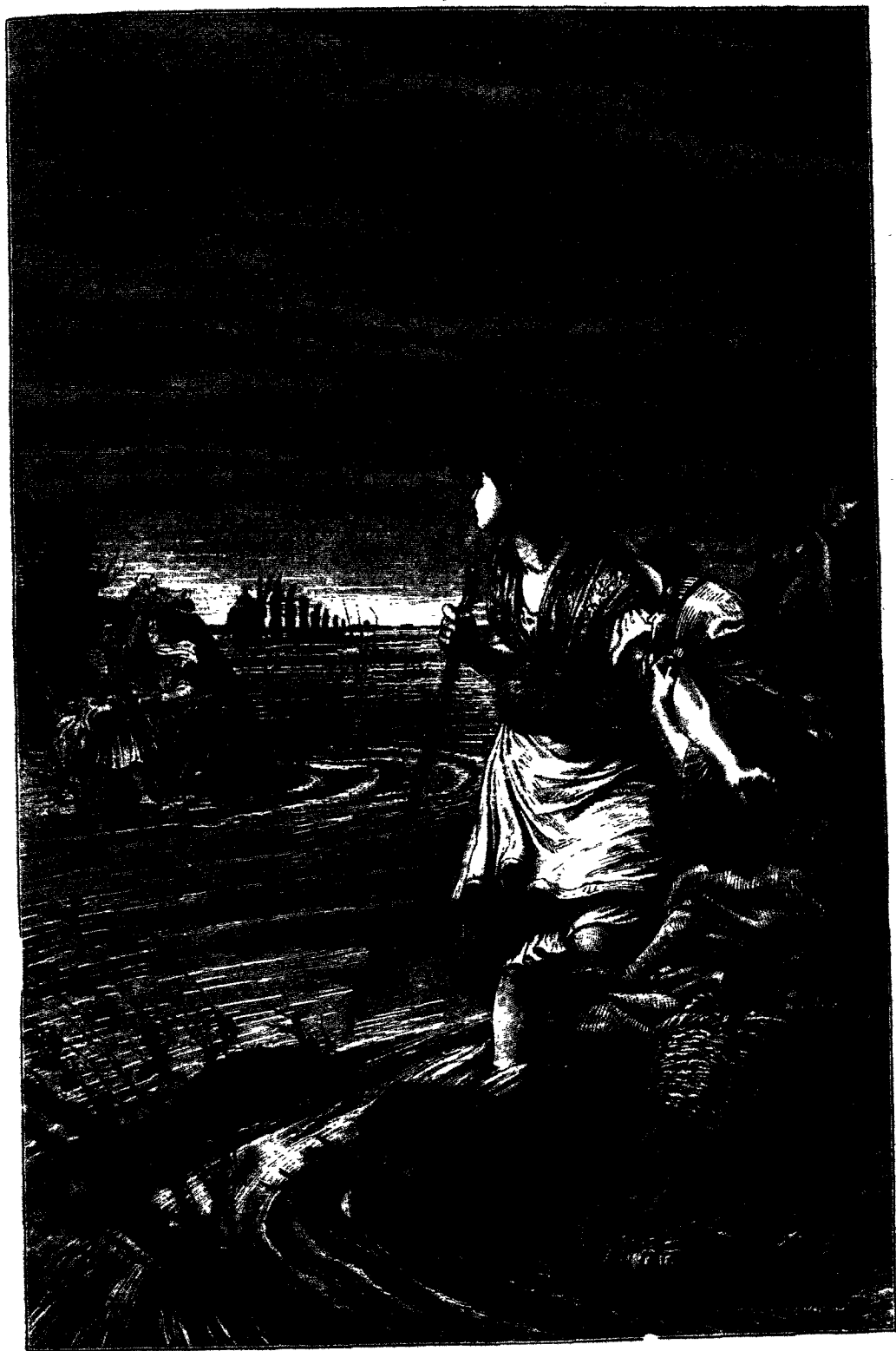
“ Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side !  
 Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and  
 with train ? ”

“ My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain. ”



\* This ballad is introduced in Act II. of *Claudino of Villa Bella*, where it is suddenly broken off, as it is here.





ARTIST: A. BAUR.

JOANNA SEBUS.

“Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh, come thou with me!  
Full many a game I will play there with thee;  
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,  
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold.”

“My father, my father, and dost thou not hear  
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?”

“Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;  
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves.”

“Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?”

My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care;  
My daughters by night their glad festival keep,  
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep.”

“My father, my father, and dost thou not see,  
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?”

“My darling, my darling, I see it aright,  
'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight.”

“I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy!  
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ.”

“My father, my father, he seizes me fast,  
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last.”

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,  
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child;

He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,—

The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

## JOHANNA SEBUS

THE DAM BREAKS DOWN, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,

THE FLOODS ARISE, THE WATER HOWLS.

“I'll bear thee, mother, across the swell,

'Tis not yet high, I can wade right well.”

“Remember us too! in what danger are we!

Thy fellow-lodger, and children three!

The trembling woman!—Thou'rt going away!”

She bears the mother across the spray.

“Quick! haste to the mound, and a while there wait,

I'll soon return, and all will be straight.

The mound's close by, and safe from the wet;

But take my goat too, my darling pet!”

THE DAM DISSOLVES, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,

THE FLOODS DASH ON, THE WATER HOWLS.

She places the mother safe on the shore;

Fair Susan then turns tow'rd the flood once more.

“Oh, whither? Oh, whither? The breadth fast grows,  
Both here and there the water o'erflows.

Wilt venture, thou rash one, the billows to brave?”

“THEY SHALL, AND THEY MUST BE PRESERVED FROM THE WAVE!”

THE DAM DISAPPEARS, THE WATER GROWLS,

LIKE OCEAN BILLOWS IT HEAVES AND HOWLS.

Fair Susan returns by the way she had tried,

The waves roar around, but she turns not aside;

She reaches the mound, and the neighbor straight,

But for her and the children, alas, too late!

THE DAM DISAPPEAR'D, LIKE A SEA IT GROWLS,  
ROUND THE HILLOCK IN CIRCLING EDDIES IT HOWLS.

The foaming abyss gapes wide, and whirls round,

The women and children are borne to the ground;

The horn of the goat by one is seiz'd fast,

But, ah, they all must perish at last!

Fair Susan still stands there, untouched by the wave;

The youngest, the noblest, oh, who now will save?

Fair Susan still stands there, as bright as a star,

But, alas! all hope, all assistance is far.

The foaming waters around her roar,

To save her, no bark pushes off from the shore.

Her gaze once again she lifts up to Heaven,

Then gently away by the flood she is driven.

NO DAM, NO PLAIN! TO MARK THE PLACE  
SOME STRAGGLING TREES ARE THE ONLY TRACE.

The rushing water the wilderness covers,

Yet Susan's image still o'er it hovers.—

The water sinks, the plains reappear.

Fair Susan's lamented with many a tear,—

May he who refuses her story to tell,

Be neglected in life and in death as well!

## THE FISHERMAN.

THE waters rush'd, the waters rose,  
 A fisherman sat by,  
 While on his line in calm repose  
 He cast his patient eye.  
 And as he sat, and hearken'd there,  
 The flood was cleft in twain,  
 And, lo! a dripping mermaid fair  
 Sprang from the troubled main.

She sang to him, and spake the while:  
 "Why lurest thou my brood,  
 With human wit and human guile  
 From out their native flood?  
 Oh, could'st thou know how gladly dart  
 The fish across the sea,  
 Thou would'st descend, e'en as thou art,  
 And truly happy be!

"Do not the sun and moon with grace  
 Their forms in ocean lave?  
 Shines not with twofold charms their face,  
 When rising from the wave?  
 The deep, deep heavens, then lure thee not,—  
 The moist yet radiant blue,—  
 Not thine own form,—to tempt thy lot  
 'Midst this eternal dew?"

The waters rush'd, the waters rose,  
 Wetting his naked feet;  
 As if his true love's words were those,  
 His heart with longing beat.  
 She sang to him, to him spake she,  
 His doom was fix'd, I ween;  
 Half drew she him, and half sank he,  
 And ne'er again was seen.

## THE KING OF THULE.



IN Thule liv'd a monarch,  
 Still faithful to the grave,  
 To whom his dying mistress  
 A golden goblet gave.

Beyond all price he deem'd it,  
 He quaff'd it at each feast;  
 And, when he drain'd that goblet,  
 His tears to flow ne'er ceas'd.

And when he felt death near him,  
 His cities o'er he told,  
 And to his heir left all things,  
 But not that cup of gold.

A regal banquet held he  
 In his ancestral hall,  
 In yonder sea-wash'd castle,  
 'Mongst his great nobles all.

There stood the aged reveller,  
 And drank his last life's-glow,  
 Then hurl'd the holy goblet  
 Into the flood below.

He saw it falling, filling,  
 And sinking 'neath the main,  
 His eyes then clos'd forever,  
 He never drank again.



*R. P. S. 1840. N. A.*

## THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

I KNOW a flower of beauty rare,  
Ah, how I hold it dear!  
To seek it I would fain repair,  
Were I not prison'd here.  
My sorrow sore oppresses me,  
For when I was at liberty,  
I had it close beside me.

Though from this castle's walls so steep  
I cast mine eyes around,  
And gaze oft from the lofty keep,  
The flower cannot be found.  
Whoe'er would bring it to my sight,  
Whether a vassal he, or knight,  
My dearest friend I'd deem him.

THE ROSE.

I blossom fair,—thy tale of woes  
I hear from 'neath thy grate.  
Thou doubtless meanest me, the rose,  
Poor knight of high estate!  
Thou hast in truth a lofty mind;  
The queen of flowers is then enshrin'd,  
I doubt not, in thy bosom.

COUNT.

Thy red, in dress of green array'd,  
As worth all praise I hold;  
And so thou'rt treasur'd by each maid,  
Like precious stones or gold.  
Thy wreath adorns the fairest face,  
But still thou'rt not the flower whose grace  
I honor here in silence.

THE LILY.

The rose is wont with pride to swell,  
And ever seeks to rise;  
But gentle sweethearts love full well  
The lily's charms to prize.  
The heart that fills a bosom true,  
That is, like me, unsullied too,  
My merit values duly.

COUNT.

In truth, I hope myself unstain'd,  
And free from grievous crime;  
Yet I am here a prisoner chain'd,  
And pass in grief my time.  
To me thou art an image sure  
Of many a maiden, mild and pure,  
And yet I know a dearer.

THE PINK.

That must be me, the pink, who scent  
 The warder's garden here ;  
 Or wherefore is he so intent  
 My charms with care to rear ?  
 My petals stand in beauteous ring,  
 Sweet incense all around I fling,  
 And boast a thousand colors.

COUNT.

The pink in truth we should not slight,  
 It is the gardener's pride ;  
 It now must stand expos'd to light,  
 Now in the shade abide.  
 Yet what can make the Count's heart glow  
 Is no mere pomp of outward show ;  
 It is a silent flower.

THE VIOLET.

Here stand I, modestly half hid,  
 And fain would silence keep ;  
 Yet since to speak I now am bid,  
 I'll break my silence deep.  
 If, worthy Knight, I am that flower,  
 It grieves me that I have not power  
 To breathe forth all my sweetness.

COUNT.

The violet's charms I prize indeed,  
 So modest 'tis, and fair,  
 And smells so sweet ; yet more I need  
 To ease my heavy care.  
 The truth I'll whisper in thine ear :  
 Upon these rocky heights so drear,  
 I cannot find the lov'd one.

The truest maiden 'neath the sky  
 Roams near the stream below,  
 And breathes forth many a gentle sigh,  
 Till I from hence can go.  
 And when she plucks a flow'ret blue,  
 And says " Forget-me-not !"—I, too,  
 Though far away, can feel it.

Ay, distance only swells love's might,  
 When fondly love a pair ;  
 Though prison'd in the dungeon's night,  
 In life I linger there ;  
 And when my heart is breaking nigh,  
 " Forget-me-not !" is all I cry,  
 And straightway life returneth.



SIR CURT'S WEDDING-JOURNEY.

WITH a bridegroom's joyous bearing,  
 Mounts Sir Curt his noble beast,  
 To his mistress' home repairing,  
 There to hold his wedding-feast ;  
 When a threatening foe advances  
 From a desert, rocky spot ;  
 For the fray they couch their lances,  
 Not delaying, speaking not.

Long the doubtful fight continues,  
 Victory then for Curt declares ;  
 Conqueror, though with wearied sinews,  
 Forward on his road he fares.  
 When he sees, though strange it may be,  
 Something 'midst the foliage move ;  
 'Tis a mother, with her baby,  
 Stealing softly through the grove !

And upon the spot she beckons—  
 " Wherefore, love, this speed so wild ?  
 Of the wealth thy storehouse reckons,  
 Hast thou nought to give thy child !"  
 Flames of rapture now dart through him,  
 And he longs for nothing more,  
 While the mother seemeth to him  
 Lovely as the maid of yore.

But he hears his servants blowing,  
 And bethinks him of his bride ;  
 And ere long, while onward going,  
 Chances past a fair to ride ;  
 In the booths he forthwith buys him  
 For his mistress many a pledge ;  
 But, alas ! some Jews surprise him,  
 And long-standing debts allege.



And the courts of justice duly  
 Send the knight to prison straight.  
 Oh, accursed story, truly!  
 For a hero, what a fate!

Can my patience such things weather?  
 Great is my perplexity.  
 Women, debts and foes together,—  
 Ah, no knight escapes scot free!



## WEDDING SONG.

THE tale of the Count our glad song shall  
 record

Who had in this castle his dwelling,  
 Where now ye are feasting the new-married  
 lord,

*His* grandson of whom we are telling.  
 The Count as Crusader had blazon'd his fame,  
 Through many a triumph exalted his name,  
 And when on his steed to his dwelling he came,

His castle still rear'd its proud head,  
 But servants and wealth had all fled.

'Tis true that thou, Count, hast return'd to thy  
 home,

But matters are faring there ill.  
 The winds through the chambers at liberty  
 roam,

And blow through the windows at will.  
 What's best to be done in a cold autumn night?  
 Full many I've pass'd in more piteous plight;  
 The morn ever settles the matter aright.

Then quick, while the moon shines so clear,  
 To bed on the straw, without fear.

And whilst in a soft pleasing slumber he lay,  
 A motion he feels 'neath his bed.  
 The rat, an he likes it, may rattle away!  
 Ay, had he but crumbs there outspread!  
 But lo! there appears a diminutive wight,  
 A dwarf 'tis, yet graceful, and bearing a light,  
 With orator-gestures that notice invite,  
 At the feet of the Count on the floor  
 Who sleeps not, though weary full sore.

“We've long been accustom'd to hold here our  
 feast,  
 Since thou from thy castle first went;  
 And as we believ'd thou wert far in the East,  
 To revel e'en now we were bent.  
 And if thou'lt allow it, and seek not to  
 chide,  
 We dwarfs will all banquet with pleasure and  
 pride,  
 To honor the wealthy, the beautiful bride”—  
 Says the Count with a smile, half-asleep:—  
 “Ye're welcome your quarters to keep!”

Three knights then advance, riding all in a  
 group,  
 Who under the bed were conceal'd;  
 And then is a singing and noise-making troop  
 Of strange little figures reveal'd;  
 And wagon on wagon with all kinds of things—  
 The clatter they cause through the ear loudly  
 rings—  
 The like ne'er was seen save in castles of kings;  
 At length, in a chariot of gold,  
 The bride and the guests too, behold!

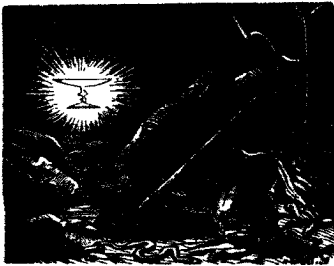
Then all at full gallop make haste to advance,  
 Each chooses his place in the hall;  
 With whirling and waltzing, and light joyous  
 dance,  
 They begin with their sweethearts the ball.  
 The fife and the fiddle all merrily sound,  
 They twine, and they glide, and with nimble-  
 ness bound,  
 They whisper, and chatter, and clatter around;  
 The Count on the scene casts his eye,  
 And seems in a fever to lie.

They hustle, and bustle, and rattle away  
 On table, on bench, and on stool;  
 Then all who had join'd in the festival gay  
 With their partners attempt to grow cool.  
 The hams and the sausages nimbly they bear,  
 And meat, fish and poultry in plenty are there,  
 Surrounded with wine of the vintage most rare;  
 And when they have revell'd full long,  
 They vanish at last with a song.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if we're to sing all that further occur'd,  
 Pray cease ye to bluster and prate;  
 For what he so gladly in *small* saw and heard,  
 He enjoy'd and he practis'd in *great*.  
 For trumpets, and singing, and shouts without  
 end  
 On the bridal-train, chariots and horsemen at-  
 tend,  
 They come and appear, and they bow and they  
 bend,  
 In merry and countless array.  
 Thus was it, thus is it to-day.

## THE TREASURE-DIGGER.



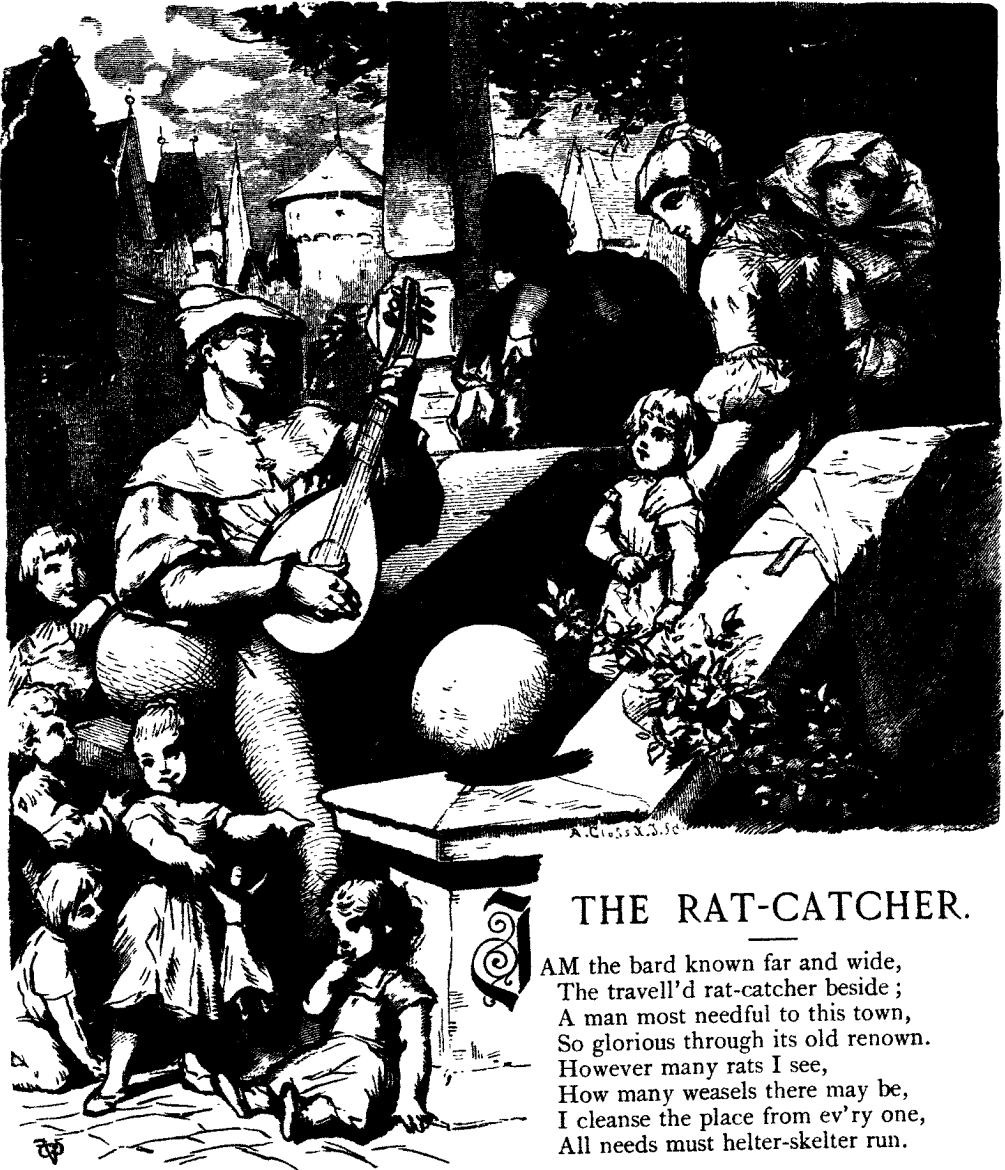
Ring round ring I forthwith drew,  
 Wondrous flames collected there,  
 Herbs and bones in order fair,  
 Till the charm had work'd aright.  
 Then, to learned precepts true,  
 Dug to find some treasure old,  
 In the place my art foretold:  
 Black and stormy was the night.

“All my weary days I pass'd  
 Sick at heart and poor in purse.  
 Poverty's the greatest curse,  
 Riches are the highest good!  
 And to end my woes at last,  
 Treasure-seeking forth I sped.  
 “Thou shalt have my soul instead!”  
 Thus I wrote, and with my blood.

Coming o'er the distant plain,  
 With the glimmer of a star,  
 Soon I saw a light afar,  
 As the hour of midnight knell'd.  
 Preparation was in vain.  
 Sudden all was lighted up  
 With the lustre of a cup  
 That a beautiful boy upheld.

Sweetly seem'd his eyes to laugh  
 'Neath his flow'ry chaplet's load ;  
 With the drink that brightly glow'd,  
 He the circle enter'd in.  
 And he kindly bade me quaff ;  
 Then methought : " This child can ne'er,  
 With his gift so bright and fair,  
 To the arch-fiend be akin."

" Pure life's courage drink !" cried he :  
 " This advice to prize then learn,—  
 Never to this place return  
 Trusting in thy spells absurd ;  
 Dig no longer fruitlessly.  
 Guests by night, and toil by day !  
 Weeks laborious, feast-days gay !  
 Be thy future magic-word !"



## THE RAT-CATCHER.

AM the bard known far and wide,  
 The travell'd rat-catcher beside ;  
 A man most needful to this town,  
 So glorious through its old renown.  
 However many rats I see,  
 How many weasels there may be,  
 I cleanse the place from ev'ry one,  
 All needs must helter-skelter run.





Sometimes the bard so full of cheer  
As a child-catcher will appear,  
Who e'en the wildest captive brings,  
Whene'er his golden tales he sings.  
However proud each boy in heart,  
However much the maidens start,  
I bid the chords sweet music make,  
And all must follow in my wake.

Sometimes the skilful bard ye view  
In form of maiden-catcher too ;  
For he no city enters e'er,  
Without effecting wonders there.  
However coy may be each maid,  
Howe'er the women seem afraid,  
Yet all will love-sick be ere long  
To sound of magic lute and song.



## THE SPINNER.

AS I calmly sat and span,  
Toiling with all zeal,  
Lo ! a young and handsome man  
Pass'd my spinning-wheel.

And he prais'd,—what harm was there?—  
Sweet the things he said—  
Prais'd my flax-resembling hair,  
And the even thread.

He with this was not content,  
But must needs do more ;  
And in twain the thread was rent,  
Though 'twas safe before.

And the flax's stonelike weight  
Needed to be told ;  
But no longer was its state  
Valu'd as of old.

When I took it to the weaver,  
Something felt I start,  
And more quickly, as with fever,  
Throbb'd my trembling heart.

Then I bear the thread at length  
Through the heat, to bleach ;  
But, alas, I scarce have strength  
To the pool to reach.

What I in my little room  
Span so fine and slight,—  
As was likely, I presume—  
Came at last to light.



## BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE father's name ye ne'er shall be told  
Of my darling unborn life ;  
"Shame, shame," ye cry, "on the strumpet  
bold !"  
Yet I'm an honest wife.

To whom I'm wedded, ye ne'er shall be told,  
Yet he's both loving and fair ;  
He wears on his neck a chain of gold,  
And a hat of straw doth he wear.

If scorn 'tis vain to seek to repel,  
On me let the scorn be thrown.  
I know him well, and he knows me well,  
And to God, too, all is known.

Sir Parson and Sir Bailiff, again,  
I pray you, leave me in peace !  
My child it is, my child 'twill remain,  
So let your questionings cease !



## THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

PAGE.

WHERE goest thou? Where?  
Miller's daughter so fair!  
Thy name, pray?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

'Tis Lizzy.

PAGE.

Where goest thou? Where?  
With the rake in thy hand?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Father's meadows and land  
To visit, I'm busy.



PAGE.

Dost go there alone ?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

By this rake, sir, 'tis shown  
That we're making the hay ;  
And the pears ripen fast  
In the garden at last,  
So I'll pick them to-day.

PAGE.

Is't a silent thicket I yonder view ?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh, yes ! there are two ;  
There's one on each side.

PAGE.

I'll follow thee soon ;  
When the sun burns at noon,

We'll go there, ourselves from his rays to  
hide.  
And then in some glade all-verdant and  
deep—

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, people would say—

PAGE.

Within mine arms thou gently wilt sleep.

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Your pardon, I pray !  
Whoever is kiss'd by the miller-maid,  
Upon the spot must needs be betray'd.  
'Twould give me distress  
To cover with white  
Your pretty dark dress.  
Equal with equal ! then all is right !  
That's the motto in which I delight.  
I am in love with the miller-boy ;  
He wears nothing that I could destroy.



## THE YOUTH AND THE MILLSTREAM.

YOUTH.

SAY, sparkling streamlet, whither thou  
Art going !  
With joyous mien thy waters now  
Are flowing.  
Why seek the vale so hastily ?  
Attend for once, and answer me !

MILLSTREAM.

Oh, youth, I was a brook indeed ;  
But lately  
My bed they've deepen'd, and my speed  
Swell'd greatly,  
That I may haste to yonder mill,  
And so I'm full and never still.

YOUTH.

The mill thou seekest in a mood  
Contented,  
And know'st not how my youthful blood  
'S tormented.  
But doth the miller's daughter fair  
Gaze often on thee kindly there ?

MILLSTREAM.

She opes the shutters soon as light  
Is gleaming ;  
And comes to bathe her features bright  
And beaming.  
So full and snow-white is her breast,—  
I feel as hot as steam suppress'd.

YOUTH.

If she in water can inflame  
Such ardor,  
Surely, then, flesh and blood to tame  
Is harder.  
When once is seen her beauteous face,  
One ever longs her steps to trace.

MILLSTREAM.

Over the wheel I, roaring, bound,  
All-proudly,  
And ev'ry spoke whirls swiftly round,  
And loudly.  
Since I have seen the miller's daughter,  
With greater vigor flows the water.

YOUTH.

Like others, then, can grief, poor brook,  
Oppress thee?  
"Flow on!"—thus she'll, with smiling look,  
Address thee.  
With her sweet loving glance, oh, say,  
Can she thy flowing current stay?

MILLSTREAM.

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to have to speed  
From yonder;  
I wind, and slowly through the mead  
Would wander;  
And if the choice remain'd with me,  
Would hasten back there presently.

YOUTH.

Farewell, thou who with me dost prove  
Love's sadness!  
Perchance some day thou'lt breathe of love  
And gladness.  
Go, tell her straight, and often too,  
The boy's mute hopes and wishes true.



## THE MAID OF THE MILL'S TREACHERY.

WHENCE comes our friend so hastily,  
When scarce the Eastern sky is gray?  
Hath he just ceas'd, though cold it be,  
In yonder holy spot to pray?  
The brook appears to hem his path,  
Would he barefooted o'er it go?  
Why curse his orisons in wrath,  
Across those heights beclad with snow?

Alas! his warm bed he hath left,  
Where he had look'd for bliss, I ween;  
And if his cloak too, had been reft,  
How fearful his disgrace had been!  
By yonder villain sorely press'd,  
His wallet from him has been torn;  
Our hapless friend has been undress'd,—  
Left well nigh naked as when born.

The reason why he came this road,  
Is that he sought a pair of eyes,  
Which, at the mill, as brightly glow'd  
As those that are in Paradise.  
He will not soon again be there;  
From out the house he quickly hied,  
And when he gain'd the open air,  
Thus bitterly and loudly cried:—

"Within her gaze, so dazzling bright,  
No word of treachery I could read;  
She seem'd to see me with delight,  
Yet plann'd e'en then this cruel deed!  
Could I, when basking in her smile,  
Dream of the treason in her breast?  
She bade kind Cupid stay awhile,  
And he was there, to make us bless'd.

"To taste of love's sweet ecstasy  
Throughout the night, that endless seem'd,  
And for her mother's help to cry  
Only when morning sunlight beam'd!  
A dozen of her kith and kin,  
A very human flood, in-press'd,  
Her cousins came, her aunts peer'd in,  
And uncles, brothers, and the rest.

"Then what a tumult, fierce and loud!  
Each seem'd a beast of prey to be;  
The maiden's honor all the crowd,  
With fearful shout, demand of me.  
Why should they, madmen-like, begin  
To fall upon a' guiltless youth?  
For he who such a prize would win,  
Far nimbler needs must be, in truth.

“The way to follow up with skill  
His freaks, by love betimes is known :  
He ne'er will leave, within a mill,  
Sweet flowers for sixteen years alone.—  
They stole my clothes away,—yes, all !  
And tried my cloak besides to steal.  
How strange that any house so small  
So many rascals could conceal !

“Then I sprang up, and rav'd and swore,  
To force a passage through them there.  
I saw the treacherous maid once more,  
And she was still, alas, *so* fair !  
They all gave way before my wrath,  
Wild outcries flew about pell-mell ;  
At length I manag'd to rush forth,  
With voice of thunder, from that hell.

“As maidens of the town we fly,  
We'll shun you maidens of the village !  
Leave it to those of quality,  
Their humble worshippers to pillage !  
Yet if ye are of practis'd skill,  
And of all tender ties afraid,  
Exchange your lovers, if ye will,  
But never let them be betray'd.”

Thus sings he in the winter-night,  
While not a blade of grass was green.  
I laugh'd to see his piteous plight,  
For it was well-deserv'd, I ween.  
And may this be the fate of all,  
Who treat by day their true loves ill,  
And, with foolhardy daring, crawl  
By night to Cupid's treacherous mill !



## THE MAID OF THE MILL'S REPENTANCE.

YOUTH.

AWAY, thou swarthy witch ! Go forth  
From out my house, I tell thee !  
Or else I needs must, in my wrath,  
Expel thee !  
What's this thou singest so falsely, forsooth,  
Of love and a maiden's silent truth ?  
Who'll trust to such a story !

GYPSY.

I sing of a maid's repentant fears,  
And long and bitter yearning ;  
Her levity's chang'd to truth and tears  
All-burning.  
She dreads no more the threats of her mother,  
She dreads far less the blows of her brother,  
Than the dearly-lov'd one's hatred.

YOUTH.

Of selfishness sing and treacherous lies,  
Of murder and thievish plunder !  
Such actions false will cause no surprise,  
Or wonder.  
When they share their booty, both clothes and  
purse,—  
As bad as you gypsies, and even worse,  
*Such* tales find ready credence.

GYPSY.

“Alas, alas ! oh, what have I done ?  
Can listening aught avail me ?

I hear him toward my room hasten on,  
To hail me.  
My heart beat high, to myself I said :  
‘O would that thou hadst never betray'd  
That night of love to thy mother !’”

YOUTH.

Alas ! I foolishly ventur'd there,  
For the cheating silence misled me ;  
Ah, sweetest ! let me to thee repair,—  
Nor dread me !  
When suddenly rose a fearful din,  
Her mad relations came pouring in ;  
My blood still boils in my body !

GYPSY.

“Oh, when will return an hour like this ?  
I pine in silent sadness ;  
I've thrown away my only true bliss  
With madness.  
Alas, poor maid ! O pity my youth !  
My brother was then full cruel in truth  
To treat the lov'd one so basely !”

THE POET.

The swarthy woman then went inside,  
To the spring in the courtyard yonder ;  
Her eyes from their stain she purified,  
And,—wonder !—



REBEND'AMOUR XA

Her face and eyes were radiant and bright,  
 And the maid of the mill was disclos'd to the sight  
 Of the startl'd and angry stripling !

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Thou sweetest, fairest, dearly-lov'd life !  
 Before thine anger I cower ;  
 But blows I dread not, nor sharp-edg'd  
 knife,—  
 This hour  
 Of sorrow and love to thee I'll sing,  
 And myself before thy feet I'll fling,  
 And either live or die there !

YOUTH.

Affection, say, why buried so deep  
 In my heart hast thou lain hidden ?  
 By whom hast thou now to awake from thy  
 sleep  
 Been bidden ?

Ah, love, that thou art immortal I see !  
 Nor knavish cunning nor treachery  
 Can destroy thy life so godlike.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

If still, with as fond and heartfelt love,  
 As thou once didst swear, I'm cherish'd,  
 Then nought of the rapture we used to prove  
 Is perish'd.  
 So take the woman so dear to thy breast !  
 In her young and innocent charms be bless'd,  
 For all are thine from henceforward !

BOTH.

Now, sun, sink to rest ! Now, sun, arise !  
 Ye stars, be now shining, now darkling !  
 A star of love now gleams in the skies,  
 All-sparkling !  
 As long as the fountain may spring and run,  
 So long will we two be blended in one,  
 Upon each other's bosoms !

THE TRAVELLER AND THE FARM-MAIDEN.

HE.

CANST thou give, oh, fair and matchless  
maiden,  
'Neath the shadow of the lindens yonder,—  
Where I'd fain one moment cease to wander,  
Food and drink to one so heavy laden?

SHE.

Would'st thou find refreshment, traveller weary,  
Bread, ripe fruit and cream to meet thy  
wishes,—  
None but Nature's plain and homely dishes,—  
Near the spring may soothe thy wanderings  
dreary.

HE.

Dreams of old acquaintance now pass through  
me,  
Ne'er-forgotten queen of hours of blisses:  
Likenesses I've often found, but *this* is  
One that quite a marvel seemeth to me!

SHE.

Travellers often wonder beyond measure,  
But their wonder soon see cause to smother;  
Fair and dark are often like each other,  
Both inspire the mind with equal pleasure.

HE.

Not now for the first time I surrender  
To this form, in humble adoration;  
It was brightest midst the constellation  
In the hall adorn'd with festal splendor.

SHE.

Be thou joyful that 'tis in my power  
To complete thy strange and merry story!  
Silks behind her, full of purple glory,  
Floated, when thou saw'st her in that hour.

HE.

No, in truth, thou hast not sung it rightly!  
Spirits may have told thee all about it;  
Pearls and gems they spoke of, do not doubt  
it,—  
By her gaze eclips'd,—it gleam'd so brightly!

SHE.

This one thing I certainly collected:  
That the fair one—(say nought, I entreat  
thee!)  
Fondly hoping once again to meet thee,  
Many a castle in the air erected.

HE.

By each wind I ceaselessly was driven,  
Seeking gold and honor, too, to capture!  
When my wand'rings end, then oh, what  
rapture,  
If to find that form again 'tis given!

SHE.

'Tis the daughter of the race now banish'd  
That thou seest, not her likeness only;  
Helen and her brother, glad though lonely,  
Till this farm of their estate now vanish'd.

HE.

But the owner surely is not wanting  
Of these plains, with ev'ry beauty teeming?  
Verdant fields, broad meads, and pastures  
gleaming,  
Gushing springs, all heav'nly and enchanting.

SHE.

Thou must hunt the world through, would'st  
thou find him!—  
We have wealth enough in our possession,  
And intend to purchase the succession,  
When the good man leaves the world behind  
him.

HE.

I have learn'd the owner's own condition,  
And, fair maiden, thou indeed canst buy it;  
But the cost is great, I won't deny it,—  
*Helen* is the price,—with thy permission!

SHE.

Did then fate and rank keep us asunder,  
And must Love take this road, and no other?  
Yonder comes my dear and trusty brother;  
What will *he* say to it all, I wonder?





## EFFECTS AT A DISTANCE.

THE queen in the lofty hall takes her place,  
The tapers around her are flaming;  
She speaks to the page: "With a nimble  
pace

Go, fetch me my purse for gaming.

'Tis lying, I'll pledge,  
On my table's edge."

Each nerve the nimble boy straineth,  
And the end of the castle soon gaineth.

The fairest of maidens was sipping sherbet  
Beside the queen that minute;  
Near her mouth broke the cup,—and she got  
so wet!

The very devil seem'd in it!

What fearful distress!

'Tis spoil'd, her gay dress!

She hastens, and ev'ry nerve straineth,  
And the end of the castle soon gaineth.

The boy was returning, and quickly came,  
And met the sorrowing maiden;  
None knew of the fact,—and yet with Love's  
flame,

Those two had their hearts full laden.

And, oh, the bliss

Of a moment like this!

Each falls on the breast of the other,  
With kisses that well nigh might smother.

They tear themselves asunder at last,  
To her chamber she hastens quickly;  
To reach the queen the page hies him fast,  
Midst the swords and the fans crowded  
thickly.

The queen spied amain  
On his waistcoat a stain;

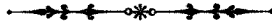
For nought was inscrutable to her,  
Like Sheba's queen—Solomon's wooer.





To her chief attendant she forthwith cried :  
 " We lately together contended,  
 And thou didst assert, with obstinate pride,  
 That the spirit through space never  
 wended,—  
 That traces alone  
 By the present were shown,—  
 That afar nought was fashion'd,—not even  
 By the stars that illumine yon heaven.

"Now see! while a goblet beside me they drain'd,  
 They spill'd all the drink in the chalice;  
 And straightway the boy had his waistcoat  
 stain'd  
 At the furthest end of the palace.—  
 Let them newly be clad!  
 And since I am glad  
 That it serv'd as a proof so decided,  
 The cost will by *me* be provided."



## THE WALKING BELL.



A CHILD refus'd to go betimes  
 To church like other people;  
 He roam'd abroad, when rang the chimes  
 On Sundays from the steeple.

His mother said: "Loud rings the bell,  
 Its voice ne'er think of scorning;  
 Unless thou wilt behave thee well,  
 'Twill fetch thee without warning."

The child then thought: "High overhead  
 The bell is safe suspended"—  
 So to the fields he straightway sped  
 As if 'twas school-time ended.

The bell now ceas'd as bell to ring,  
 Rous'd by the mother's twaddle;  
 But soon ensu'd a dreadful thing!—  
 The bell begins to waddle.

It waddles fast, though strange it seem;  
 The child, with trembling wonder,  
 Runs off, and flies, as in a dream;  
 The bell would draw him under.

He finds the proper time at last,  
 And straightway nimbly rushes

To church, to chapel, hastening fast  
 Through pastures, plains and bushes.

Each Sunday and each feast as well,  
 His late disaster heeds he;  
 The moment that he hears the bell,  
 No other summons needs he.



## FAITHFUL ECKART.

"OH, would we were further! Oh, would  
 we were home,  
 The phantoms of night tow'rd us hastily come,  
 The band of the Sorceress sisters.  
 They hitherward speed, and on finding us here,  
 They'll drink, though with toil we have fetch'd  
 it, the beer,  
 And leave us the pitchers all empty."

Thus speaking, the children with fear take to  
 flight,  
 When sudden an old man appears in their sight:  
 "Be quiet, child! children, be quiet!  
 From hunting they come, and their thirst they  
 would still,  
 So leave them to swallow as much as they will,  
 And the Evil Ones then will be gracious."



ARTIST: C. GEHRTS.

FAITHFUL ECKART.

As said, so 'twas done ! and the phantoms draw  
 near,  
 And shadowlike seem they, and gray they ap-  
 pear,  
 Yet blithely they sip and they revel :  
 The beer has all vanish'd, the pitchers are void ;  
 With cries and with shouts the wild hunters,  
 o'erjoy'd,  
 Speed onward o'er vale and o'er mountain.

The children in terror fly nimbly tow'rd home,  
 And with them the kind one is careful to come :  
 "My darlings, oh, be not so mournful!"—  
 "They'll blame us and beat us, until we are  
 dead."—  
 "No, no ! ye will find that all goes well," he  
 said ;  
 "Be silent as mice, then, and listen !  
 "And he by whose counsels thus wisely ye're  
 taught,  
 Is he who with children loves ever to sport,  
 The trusty and faithful old Eckart.  
 Ye have heard of the wonder for many a day,  
 But ne'er had a proof of the marvellous lay,—  
 Your hands hold a proof most convincing."

They arrive at their home, and their pitchers  
 they place  
 By the side of their parents, with fear on their  
 face,  
 Awaiting a beating and scolding.  
 But see what they're tasting: the choicest of  
 beer !  
 Though three times and four times they quaff  
 the good cheer,  
 The pitchers remain still unemptied.

The marvel it lasts till the dawning of day ;  
 All people who hear of it doubtless will say :  
 "What happen'd at length to the pitchers?"  
 In secret the children they smile, as they wait ;  
 At last, though, they stammer, and stutter, and  
 prate,  
 And straightway the pitchers were empty.  
 And if, children, with kindness address'd ye  
 may be,  
 Whether father, or master, or alderman he,  
 Obey him, and follow his bidding !  
 And if 'tis unpleasant to bridle the tongue,  
 Yet talking is bad, silence good for the young—  
 And then will the beer fill your pitchers !

THE PUPIL IN MAGIC.

I AM now,—what joy to hear it !  
 Of the old magician rid ;  
 And henceforth shall ev'ry spirit  
 Do whate'er by me is bid ;  
 I have watch'd with rigor  
 All he used to do,  
 And will now with vigor  
 Work my wonders too.

Wander, wander  
 Onward lightly,  
 So that rightly  
 Flow the torrent,  
 And with teeming waters yonder  
 In the bath discharge its current !

And now come, thou well-worn broom,  
 And thy wretched form bestir ;  
 Thou hast ever serv'd as groom,  
 So fulfil my pleasure, sir !  
 On two legs now stand,  
 With a head on top ;  
 Waterpail in hand,  
 Haste, and do not stop !

Wander, wander  
 Onward lightly,  
 So that rightly  
 Flow the torrent,  
 And with teeming waters yonder  
 In the bath discharge its current !

See ! he's running to the shore,  
 And has now attain'd the pool,  
 And with lightning speed once more  
 Comes here, with his bucket full !  
 Back he then repairs ;  
 See how swells the tide !  
 How each pail he bears  
 Straightway is supplied !

Stop, for, lo !  
 All the measure  
 Of thy treasure  
 Now is right !—  
 Ah, I see it ! woe, oh, woe !  
 I forget the word of might.

Ah, the word whose sound can straight  
 Make him what he was before !



Ah, he runs with nimble gait !  
 Would thou wert a broom once more !  
     Streams renew'd forever  
     Quickly bringeth he ;  
     River after river  
     Rusheth on poor me !

Now no longer  
 Can I bear him ;  
 I will snare him,  
     Knavish sprite !  
 Ah, my terror waxes stronger !  
     What a look ! what fearful sight !

Oh, thou villain child of hell !  
 Shall the house through thee be drown'd ?  
 Floods I see that wildly swell,  
 O'er the threshold gaining ground.

Wilt thou not obey,  
 Oh, thou broom accurs'd ?  
 Be thou still, I pray,  
 As thou wert at first !

Will enough  
 Never please thee ?  
 I will seize thee,  
     Hold thee fast,  
 And thy nimble wood so tough,  
     With my sharp axe split at last.

See, once more he hastens back !  
 Now, oh, Cobold, thou shalt catch it !  
 I will rush upon his track ;  
 Crashing on him falls my hatchet.

Bravely done, indeed !  
 See, he's cleft in twain !  
 Now from care I'm freed,  
 And can breathe again.



Woe, oh, woe !  
 Both the parts,  
 Quick as darts,  
 Stand on end,  
 Servants of my dreaded foe !  
 Oh, ye gods, protection send !

And they run ! and wetter still  
 Grow the steps and grows the hall.  
 Lord and master, hear me call !  
 Ever seems the flood to fill,  
 Ah, he's coming ! see,  
 Great is my dismay !  
 Spirits rais'd by me  
 Vainly would I lay !

“To the side  
 Of the room  
 Hasten, broom,  
 As of old !  
 Spirits I have ne'er untied  
 Save to act as they are told.”



## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THE warder looks down at the mid hour of  
 night,  
 On the tombs that lie scatter'd below ;  
 The moon fills the place with her silvery light,  
 And the churchyard like day seems to glow.  
 When see ! first one grave, then another opes  
 wide,  
 And women and men stepping forth are descried,  
 In cerements snow-white and trailing.  
 In haste for the sport soon their ankles they  
 twitch,  
 And whirl round in dances so gay ;  
 The young and the old, and the poor, and the  
 rich,  
 But the cerements stand in their way ;





And as modesty cannot avail them aught here,  
 They shake themselves all, and the shrouds soon appear  
 Scatter'd over the tombs in confusion.

Now waggles the leg, and now wriggles the thigh,  
 As the troop with strange gestures advance,  
 And a rattle and clatter anon rises high,  
 As of one beating time to the dance.  
 The sight to the warder seems wondrously queer,  
 When the villanous Tempter speaks thus in his ear :  
 "Seize one of the shrouds that lie yonder!"

Quick as thought it was done! and for safety he fled  
 Behind the church-door with all speed ;  
 The moon still continues her clear light to shed  
 On the dance that they fearfully lead.  
 But the dancers at length disappear one by one,  
 And their shrouds, ere they vanish, they carefully don,  
 And under the turf all is quiet.

But one of them stumbles and shuffles there still,  
 And gropes at the graves in despair ;  
 Yet 'tis by no comrade he's treated so ill ;—  
 The shroud he soon scents in the air.  
 So he rattles the door—for the warder 'tis well  
 That 'tis bless'd, and so able the foe to repel,  
 All cover'd with crosses in metal.

The shroud he must have, and no rest will allow,  
 There remains for reflection no time ;  
 On the ornaments Gothic the wight seizes now,  
 And from point on to point hastes to climb.  
 Alas for the warder! his doom is decreed!  
 Like a long-legged spider, with ne'er-changing speed,  
 Advances the dreaded pursuer.

The warder he quakes, and the warder turns pale,  
 The shroud to restore fain had sought ;  
 When the end,—now can nothing to save him avail,—  
 In a tooth form'd of iron is caught.  
 With vanishing lustre the moon's race is run,  
 When the bell thunders loudly a powerful One,  
 And the skeleton falls, crush'd to atoms.



## THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

ONCE a stranger youth to Corinth came,  
 Who in Athens liv'd, but hop'd that he  
 From a certain townsman there might claim,  
 As his father's friend, kind courtesy.  
 Son and daughter, they  
 Had been wont to say  
 Should thereafter bride and bridegroom be.

But can he that boon so highly priz'd,  
 Save 'tis dearly bought, now hope to get?  
 They are Christians and have been baptiz'd,  
 He and all of his are heathens yet.  
 For a newborn creed,  
 Like some loathsome weed,  
 Love and truth to root out oft will threaten.

Father, daughter, all had gone to rest,  
 And the mother only watches late ;  
 She receives with courtesy the guest,  
 And conducts him to the room of state.  
 Wine and food are brought,  
 Ere by him besought ;  
 Bidding him good-night, she leaves him straight.

But he feels no relish now, in truth,  
 For the dainties so profusely spread ;  
 Meat and drink forgets the wearied youth,  
 And, still dress'd, he lays him on the bed.  
 Scarce are clos'd his eyes,  
 When a form in-hies  
 Through the open door with silent tread.

By his glimmering lamp discerns he now  
 How, in veil and garment white ar-  
 ray'd,  
 With a black and gold band round her brow,  
 Glides into the room a bashful maid.  
 But she, at his sight,  
 Lifts her hand so white,  
 And appears as though full sore afraid.

“Am I,” cries she, “such a stranger here,  
 That the guest's approach they could not  
 name?”

Ah, they keep me in my cloister drear,  
 Well nigh feel I vanquish'd by my shame.  
 On thy soft couch now  
 Slumber calmly thou!  
 I'll return as swiftly as I came.”

“Stay, thou fairest maiden!” cries the boy,  
 Starting from his couch with eager haste:  
 “Here are Ceres', Bacchus' gifts of joy;  
 Amor bringest thou, with beauty grac'd!  
 Thou art pale with fear!  
 Lov'd one, let us here  
 Prove the raptures the Immortals taste.”

“Draw not nigh, O youth! afar remain!  
 Rapture now can never smile on me;  
 For the fatal step, alas! is ta'en,  
 Through my mother's sick-bed phantasy.  
 Cur'd, she made this oath:  
 ‘Youth and nature both  
 Shall henceforth to Heav'n devoted be.’

“From the house, so silent now, are driven  
 All the gods who reign'd supreme of  
 yore;

One Invisible now rules in heaven,  
 On the cross a Saviour they adore.  
 Victims slay they here,  
 Neither lamb nor steer,  
 But the altars reek with human gore.”

And he lists, and ev'ry word he weighs,  
 While his eager soul drinks in each sound:

“Can it be that now before my gaze  
 Stands my lov'd one on this silent ground?  
 Pledge to me thy troth!  
 Through our father's oath,  
 With Heav'n's blessing will our love be  
 crown'd.”

“Kindly youth, I never can be thine!  
 'Tis my sister they intend for thee.

When I in the silent cloister pine,  
 Ah, within her arms remember me!  
 Thee alone I love,  
 While love's pangs I prove;  
 Soon the earth will veil my misery.”

“No! for by this glowing flame I swear,  
 Hymen hath himself propitious shown:  
 Let us to my father's house repair,  
 And thou'lt find that joy is not yet flown.  
 Sweetest, here then stay,  
 And without delay  
 Hold we now our wedding-feast alone!”

Then exchange they tokens of their truth;  
 She gives him a golden chain to wear,  
 And a silver chalice would the youth  
 Give her in return of beauty rare.  
 “That is not for me;  
 Yet I beg of thee,  
 One lock only give me of thy hair.”

Now the ghostly hour of midnight knell'd,  
 And she seem'd right joyous at the sign;  
 To her pallid lips the cup she held,  
 But she drank of nought but blood-red  
 wine.  
 For to taste the bread  
 There before them spread,  
 Nought he spoke could make the maid in-  
 cline.

To the youth the goblet then she brought,—  
 He too quaff'd with eager joy the bowl.  
 Love to crown the silent feast he sought,  
 Ah! full love-sick was the stripling's soul.  
 From his prayer she shrinks,  
 Till at length he sinks  
 On the bed and weeps without control.

And she comes, and lays her near the boy:  
 “How I grieve to see thee sorrowing so!  
 If thou think'st to clasp my form with joy,  
 Thou must learn this secret sad to know:  
 Yes! the maid, whom thou  
 Call'st thy lov'd one now,  
 Is as cold as ice, though white as snow.”

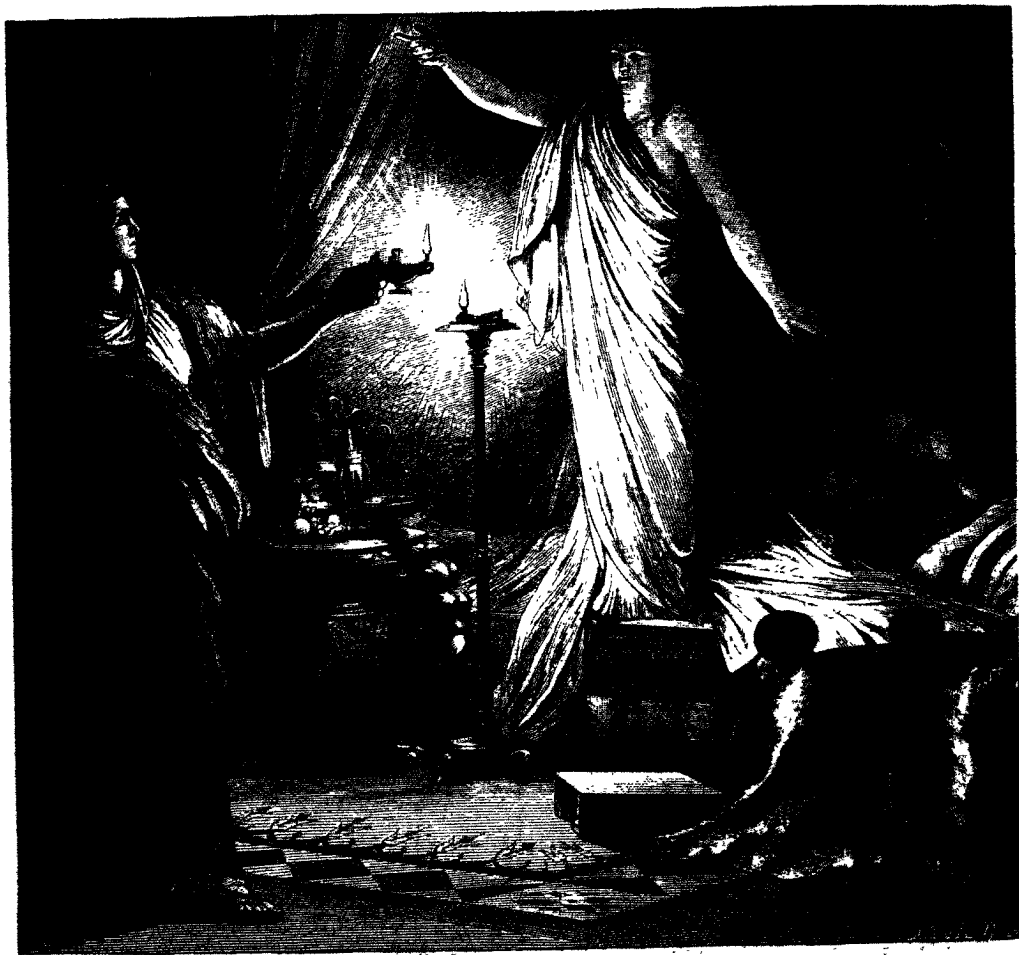
Then he clasps her madly in his arm,  
 While love's youthful might pervades his  
 frame:

“Thou might'st hope, when with me, to grow  
 warm,  
 E'en if from the grave thy spirit came!  
 Breath for breath, and kiss!  
 Overflow of bliss!  
 Dost not thou, like me, feel passion's flame?”

*Ballads.*

Love still closer rivets now their lips,  
Tears they mingle with their rapture blest,  
From his mouth the flame she wildly sips,  
Each is with the other's thought possess'd.  
His hot ardor's flood  
Warms her chilly blood,  
But no heart is beating in her breast.

In her care to see that nought went wrong,  
Now the mother happen'd to draw near ;  
At the door long hearkens she, full long,  
Wond'ring at the sounds that greet her ear.  
Tones of joy and sadness,  
And love's blissful madness,  
As of bride and bridegroom they appear.



From the door she will not now remove,  
'Till she gains full certainty of this ;  
And with anger hears she vows of love,  
Soft caressing words of mutual bliss.  
“Hush ! the cock's loud strain !  
But thou'lt come again,  
When the night returns !”—then kiss on  
kiss.

Then her wrath the mother cannot hold,  
But unfastens straight the lock with  
ease :—  
“In this house are girls become so bold,  
As to seek e'en strangers' lusts to please ?”  
By her lamp's clear glow  
Looks she in,—and oh !  
Sight of horror !—'tis her child she sees.



Fain the youth would, in his first alarm,  
 With the veil that o'er her had been spread,  
 With the carpet, shield his love from harm ;  
 But she casts them from her, void of  
 dread,  
 And with spirit's strength,  
 In its spectre length,  
 Lifts her figure slowly from the bed.

“Mother! mother!”—Thus her wan lips say:  
 “May not I one night of rapture share?  
 From the warm couch am I chas'd away?  
 Do I waken only to despair? .  
 It contents not thee  
 To have driven me  
 An untimely shroud of death to wear?”

“But from out my coffin's prison-bounds  
 By a wondrous fate I'm forc'd to rove,  
 While the blessings and the chaunting sounds  
 That your priests delight in, useless prove.  
 Water, salt, are vain  
 Fervent youth to chain,  
 Ah, e'en Earth can never cool down  
 love!”

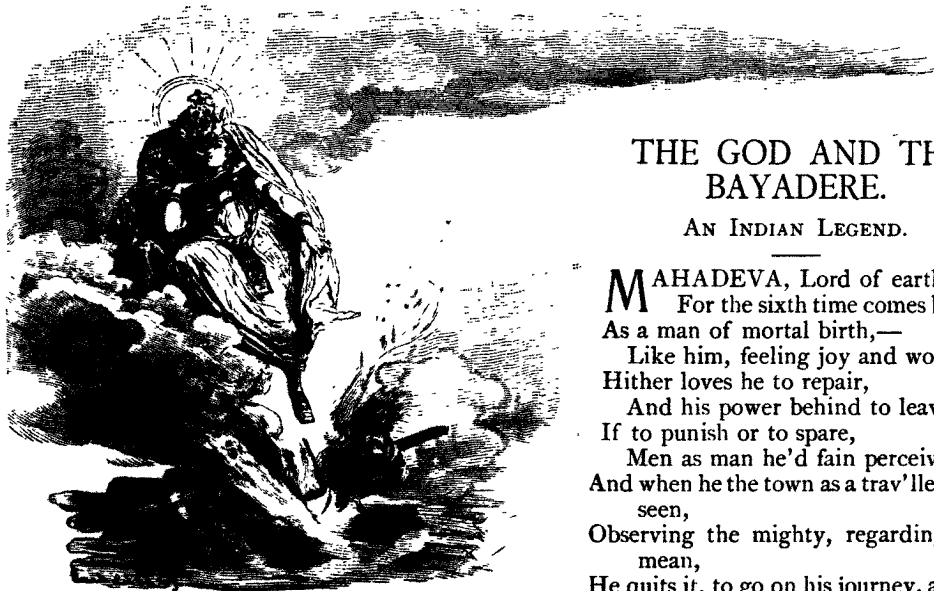
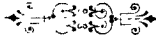
“When that infant vow of love was spoken,  
 Venus' radiant temple smiled on both.

Mother! thou that promise since hast broken,  
 Fetter'd by a strange, deceitful oath.  
 Gods, though, hearken ne'er,  
 Should a mother swear  
 To deny her daughter's plighted troth.

“From my grave to wander I am forc'd,  
 Still to seek The Good's long-sever'd link,  
 Still to love the bridegroom I have lost,  
 And the life-blood of his heart to drink ;  
 When his race is run,  
 I must hasten on,  
 And the young must 'neath my vengeance  
 sink.

“Beauteous youth! no longer may'st thou live;  
 Here must shrivel up thy form so fair ;  
 Did not I to thee a token give,  
 Taking in return this lock of hair?  
 View it to thy sorrow !  
 Gray thou'lt be to-morrow,  
 Only to grow brown again when *there*.

“Mother, to this final prayer give ear !  
 Let a funeral pile be straightway dress'd ;  
 Open then my cell so sad and drear,  
 That the flames may give the lovers rest !  
 When ascends the fire  
 From the glowing pyre,  
 To the gods of old we'll hasten, bless'd.”



## THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

**M**AHADEVA, Lord of earth,  
 For the sixth time comes below,  
 As a man of mortal birth,—  
 Like him, feeling joy and woe.  
 Hither loves he to repair,  
 And his power behind to leave ;  
 If to punish or to spare,  
 Men as man he'd fain perceive.  
 And when he the town as a trav'ler hath  
 seen,  
 Observing the mighty, regarding the  
 mean,  
 He quits it, to go on his journey, at eve.

He was leaving now the place,  
 When an outcast met his eyes,—  
 Fair in form, with painted face,—  
 Where some straggling dwellings rise.  
 “Maiden, hail!”—“Thanks! welcome here!  
 Stay!—I’ll join thee in the road.”—  
 “Who art thou!”—“A Bayadere,  
 And this house is love’s abode.”

The cymbal she hastens to play for the dance,  
 Well skill’d in its mazes the sight to entrance,  
 Then by her with grace is the nosegay be-  
 stow’d.

Then she draws him, as in play,  
 O’er the threshold eagerly :  
 “Beauteous stranger, light as day  
 Thou shalt soon this cottage see.  
 I’ll refresh thee, if thou’rt tir’d,  
 And will bathe thy weary feet ;  
 Take whate’er by thee’s desir’d,  
 Toying, rest, or rapture sweet.”—  
 She busily seeks his feign’d suff’rings to ease ;  
 Then smiles the Immortal ; with pleasure he  
 sees  
 That with kindness a heart so corrupted can  
 beat.

And he makes her act the part  
 Of a slave ; he’s straight obey’d.  
 What at first had been but art,  
 Soon is nature in the maid.  
 By degrees the fruit we find,  
 Where the buds at first obtain ;  
 When obedience fills the mind,  
 Love will never far remain.  
 But sharper and sharper the maiden to prove,  
 The Discerner of all things below and above,  
 Feigns pleasure, and horror, and maddening  
 pain.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,  
 And his vows her heart enthral ;  
 Feeling love’s sharp pangs and blisses,  
 Soon her tears begin to fall.  
 At his feet she now must sink,  
 Not with thoughts of lust or gain,—  
 And her slender members shrink,  
 And devoid of power remain.  
 And so the bright hours with gladness pre-  
 pare  
 Their dark, pleasing veil of a texture so fair,  
 And over the couch softly, tranquilly reign.

Late she falls asleep, thus bless’d,—  
 Early wakes, her slumbers fled,  
 And she finds the much-lov’d guest  
 On her bosom lying dead.  
 Screaming falls she on him there,  
 But, alas, too late to save !  
 And his rigid limbs they bear  
 Straightway to their fiery grave.

Then hears she the priests and the funeral song,  
 Then madly she runs, and she severs the throng :  
 “Why press tow’rd the pile thus? Why scream  
 thus, and rave?”

Then she sinks beside his bier,  
 And her screams through air resound :  
 “I must seek my spouse so dear,  
 E’en if in the grave he’s bound.  
 Shall those limbs of grace divine  
 Fall to ashes in my sight?  
 Mine he was! Yes, only mine!  
 Ah, one single blissful night!”

The priests chaunt in chorus: “We bear out  
 the old,  
 When long they’ve been weary, and late  
 they’ve grown cold ;  
 We bear out the young, too, so thoughtless  
 and light.

“To thy priests’ commands give ear!  
 This one was thy husband ne’er ;  
 Live still as a Bayadere,  
 And no duty thou need’st share.  
 To death’s silent realms from life,  
 None but shades attend man’s frame,  
 With the husband, none but wife,—  
 That is duty, that is fame.

Ye trumpets, your sacred lament haste to raise!  
 Oh, welcome, ye gods, the bright lustre of days!  
 Oh, welcome to heaven the youth from the  
 flame!”

Thus increas’d her torments are  
 By the cruel, heartless quire ;  
 And with arms outstretching far  
 Leaps she on the glowing pyre.  
 But the youth divine outsprings  
 From the flame with heav’nly grace,  
 And on high his flight he wings,  
 While his arms his love embrace.

In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy ;  
 Immortals delight thus their might to employ,  
 Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.



## THE PARIAH.

## THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.

DREADED Brama, lord of might !  
 All proceed from thee alone ;  
 Thou art he who judgeth right !  
 Dost thou none but Brahmins own ?  
 Do but Rajahs come from thee ?  
 None but those of high estate ?  
 Didst not thou the ape create,  
 Aye, and even such as we ?

We are not of noble kind,  
 For with woe our lot is rife ;  
 And what others deadly find  
 Is our only source of life.

Let this be enough for men,  
 Let them, if they will, despise us ;  
 But thou, Brama, thou should'st prize us,  
 All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,  
 As thy child acknowledge me ;  
 Or let one be born instead,  
 Who may link me on to thee !  
 Didst not thou a Bayadere  
 As a goddess heavenward raise ?  
 And we too, to swell thy praise,  
 Such a miracle would hear.



## LEGEND.

WATER-FETCHING goes the noble  
 Brahmin's wife, so pure and lovely ;  
*He* is honor'd, void of blemish,  
 And of justice rigid, stern.  
 Daily from the sacred river  
 Brings she back refreshment precious ;—  
 But where is the pail and pitcher ?  
 She of neither stands in need.  
 For with pure heart, hands unsullied,  
 She the water lifts, and rolls it  
 To a wondrous ball of crystal ;  
 This she bears with gladsome bosom,  
 Modestly, with graceful motion,  
 To her husband in the house.

She to-day at dawn of morning  
 Praying comes to Ganges' waters,  
 Bends her o'er the glassy surface—  
 Sudden, in the waves reflected,  
 Flying swiftly far above her,  
 From the highest heavens descending,  
 She discerns the beauteous form  
 Of a youth divine, created  
 By the God's primeval wisdom  
 In his own eternal breast.  
 When she sees him, straightway feels she  
 Wondrous, new, confus'd sensations

In her inmost, deepest being ;  
 Fain she'd linger o'er the vision,  
 Then repels it,—it returneth,—  
 And, perplex'd, she bends her floodwards  
 With uncertain hands to draw it ;  
 But, alas, she draws no more !  
 For the water's sacred billows  
 Seem to fly, to hasten from her ;  
 She but sees the fearful chasm  
 Of a whirlpool black disclos'd.

Arms drop down, and footsteps stumble,  
 Can this be the pathway homewards ?  
 Shall she fly, or shall she tarry ?  
 Can she think, when thought and counsel,  
 When assistance, all are lost ?  
 So before her spouse appears she—  
 On her looks he—look is judgment—  
 Proudly on the sword he seizes,  
 To the hill of death he drags her,  
 Where delinquents' blood pays forfeit.  
 What resistance could she offer ?  
 What excuses could she proffer,  
 Guilty, knowing not her guilt ?

And with bloody sword returns he,  
 Musing, to his silent dwelling,



When his son before him stands :  
 "Whose this blood? Oh, father! father!"  
 "The delinquent woman's!"—"Never!  
 For upon the sword it dries not,  
 Like the blood of the delinquent;  
 Fresh it flows, as from the wound.  
 Mother! mother! hither hasten!  
 Unjust never was my father,  
 Tell me what he now hath done."—  
 "Silence! silence! *hers* the blood is!"  
 "Whose, my father?"—"Silence! Si-  
 lence!"  
 "What! oh, what! my mother's blood!  
 What her crime? What did she? Answer!  
 Now, the sword! the sword now hold I;  
 Thou thy wife perchance might'st slaughter,  
 But my mother might'st not slay!  
 Through the flames the wife is able  
 Her beloved spouse to follow,  
 And his dear and only mother  
 Through the sword her faithful son."  
 "Stay! oh, stay!" exclaim'd the father:  
 "Yet 'tis time, so hasten, hasten!  
 Join the head upon the body,  
 With the sword then touch the figure,  
 And, alive, she'll follow thee."

Hastening, he, with breathless wonder,  
 Sees the bodies of two women  
 Lying crosswise, and their heads too;  
 Oh, what horror! which to choose!  
 Then his mother's head he seizes,—  
 Does not kiss it, deadly pale 'tis,—  
 On the nearest headless body  
 Puts it quickly, and then blesses  
 With the sword the pious work.  
 Then a giant form uprises.—  
 From the dear lips of his mother,  
 Lips all godlike—changeless—blissful,  
 Sound these words with horror fraught:  
 "Son, O son! what overhast'ning!  
 Yonder is thy mother's body,  
 Near it lies the impious head  
 Of the woman who hath fallen  
 Victim to the judgment-sword!  
 To her body I am grafted  
 By thy hand for endless ages;  
 Wise in counsel, wild in action,  
 I shall be amongst the gods.  
 E'en the heav'nly boy's own image,  
 Though in brow and eye so lovely,  
 Sinking downwards to the bosom  
 Mad and raging lust will stir.

“Twill return again forever,  
 Ever rising, ever sinking,  
 Now obscur'd, and now transfigur'd,—  
 So great Brama hath ordain'd,  
 He 'twas sent the beauteous pinions,  
 Radiant face, and slender members  
 Of the only God-begotten,  
 That I might be prov'd and tempted ;  
 For from high descends temptation,  
 When the gods ordain it so.  
 And so I, the Brahmin woman,  
 With my head in heaven reclining,  
 Must experience, as a Pariah,  
 The debasing power of earth.

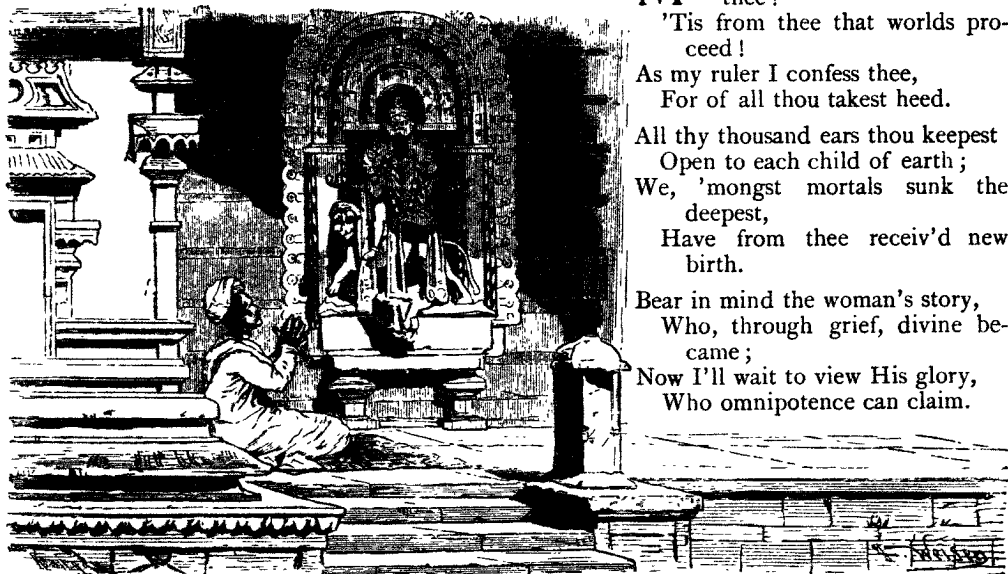
“Son, I send thee to thy father !  
 Comfort him ! Let no sad penance,  
 Weak delay, or thought of merit,  
 Hold thee in the desert fast ;  
 Wander on through ev'ry nation,  
 Roam abroad throughout all ages,  
 And proclaim to e'en the meanest,  
 That great Brama hears his cry !

“None is in his eyes the meanest—  
 He whose limbs are lame and palsied,  
 He whose soul is wildly riven,  
 Worn with sorrow, hopeless, helpless,  
 Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah,  
 If tow'rd heaven he turns his gaze,  
 Will perceive, will learn to know it :  
 Thousand eyes are glowing yonder,  
 Thousand ears are calmly list'ning,  
 From which nought below is hid.

“If I to his throne soar upward,  
 If he sees my fearful figure  
 By his might transform'd to horror,  
 He forever will lament it,—  
 May it to your good be found !  
 And I now will kindly warn him,  
 And I now will madly tell him  
 Whatsoe'er my mind conceiveth,  
 What within my bosom heaveth.  
 But my thoughts, my inmost feelings—  
 'Those a secret shall remain.'”



## THE PARIAH'S THANKS.



**M**IGHTY Brama, now I'll bless  
 thee !

'Tis from thee that worlds proceed !

As my ruler I confess thee,  
 For of all thou takest heed.

All thy thousand ears thou keepest  
 Open to each child of earth ;  
 We, 'mongst mortals sunk the  
 deepest,  
 Have from thee receiv'd new  
 birth.

Bear in mind the woman's story,  
 Who, through grief, divine be-  
 came ;

Now I'll wait to view His glory,  
 Who omnipotence can claim.



## THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

A DRUID.

SWEET smiles the May!  
The forest gay  
From frost and ice is freed;  
No snow is found,  
Glad songs resound  
Across the verdant mead.  
Upon the height  
The snow lies light,  
Yet thither now we go,  
There to extol our Father's name,  
Whom we for ages know.  
Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;  
Thus pure the heart will grow.

THE DRUIDS.

Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;  
Extol we now our Father's name,  
Whom we for ages know!  
Up, up, then, let us go!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Would ye, then, so rashly act?  
Would ye instant death attract?  
Know ye not the cruel threats  
Of the victors we obey?  
Round about are plac'd their nets  
In the sinful heathen's way.  
Ah! upon the lofty wall  
Wife and children slaughter they;  
And we all  
Hasten to a certain fall.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Ay, upon the camp's high wall  
All our children lov'd they slay.  
Ah, what cruel victors they!  
And we all  
Hasten to a certain fall.

A DRUID.

Who fears to-day  
His rites to pay,  
Deserves his chains to wear.  
The forest's free!  
This wood take we,  
And straight a pile prepare!

Yet in the wood  
To stay 'tis good  
By day, till all is still,  
With watchers all around us plac'd,  
Protecting you from ill.  
With courage fresh, then, let us haste  
Our duties to fulfil.

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Ye valiant watchers, now divide  
Your numbers through the forest wide,  
And see that all is still,  
While they their rites fulfil.

A WATCHER.

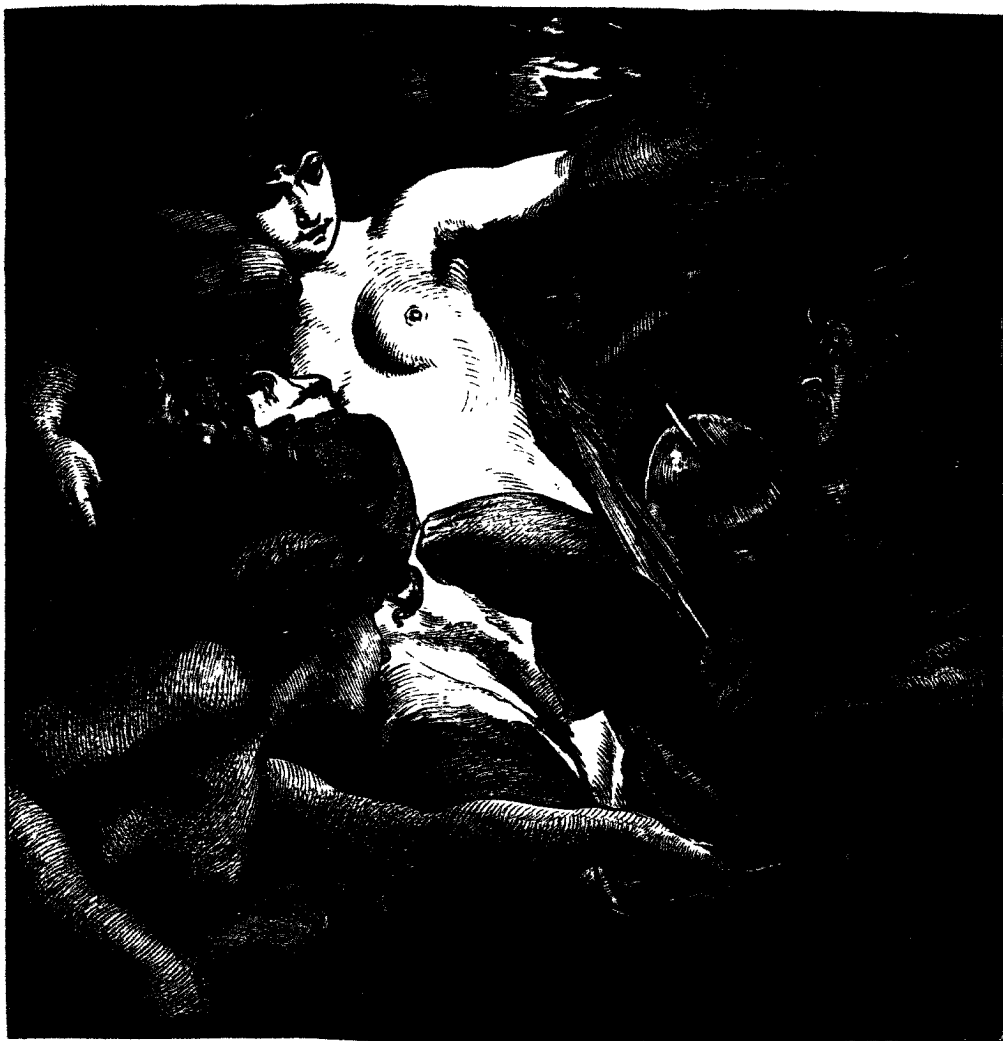
Let us, in a cunning wise,  
Yon dull Christian priests surprise!  
With the devil of their talk  
We'll those very priests confound.  
Come with prong, and come with fork,  
Raise a wild and rattling sound  
Through the livelong night, and prow!  
All the rocky passes round.  
Screech-owl, owl,  
Join in chorus with our howl!

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Come with prong, and come with fork  
Like the devil of their talk,  
And with wildly rattling sound,  
Prowl the desert rocks around!  
Screech-owl, owl,  
Join in chorus with our howl!

A DRUID.

Thus far 'tis right,  
That we by night  
Our Father's praises sing;  
Yet when 'tis day,  
To Thee we may  
A heart unsullied bring.  
'Tis true that now,  
And often, Thou  
Fav'rest the foe in fight.  
As from the smoke is freed the blaze,  
So let our faith burn bright!  
And if they crush our olden ways,  
Who e'er can crush Thy light?



A CHRISTIAN WATCHER.

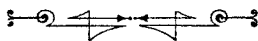
Comrades, quick! your aid afford!  
All the brood of hell's abroad:  
See how their enchanted forms  
Through and through with flames are glowing!  
Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms,  
On in quick succession going!  
Let us, let us haste to fly!  
Wilder yet the sounds are growing,  
And the arch-fiend roars on high;  
From the ground  
Hellish vapors rise around.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN WATCHERS.

Terrible enchanted forms,  
Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms!  
Wilder yet the sounds are growing!  
See, the arch-fiend comes, all-glowing!  
From the ground  
Hellish vapors rise around.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

As from the smoke is freed the blaze,  
So let our faith burn bright!  
And if they crush our olden ways,  
Who e'er can crush Thy light?





## DEATH-LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF ASAN AGA.

**W**HAT is yonder white thing in the forest?  
Is it snow, or can it swans perchance be?  
Were it snow, ere this it had been melted,  
Were it swans, they all away had hasten'd.  
Snow, in truth, it is not, swans it is not;  
'Tis the shining tents of Asan Aga.  
He within is lying, sorely wounded;  
To him come his mother and his sister;  
Bashfully his wife delays to come there.

When the torment of his wounds had lessen'd,  
To his faithful wife he sent this message:  
"At my court no longer dare to tarry,  
At my court, or e'en amongst my people."

When the woman heard this cruel message,  
Mute and full of sorrow stood that true one.  
At the doors she hears the feet of horses,  
And bethinks that Asan comes,—her husband,  
To the tower she springs, to leap thence head-  
long.

Her two darling daughters follow sadly,  
And whilst weeping bitter tears, exclaim they:  
"These are not our father Asan's horses;  
'Tis thy brother Pintorowich coming!"

So the wife of Asan turns to meet him,  
Clasps her arms in anguish round her brother:  
"See thy sister's sad disgrace, O brother!  
How I'm banish'd—mother of five children!"  
Silently her brother from his wallet,  
Wrapp'd in deep red silk, and ready written,  
Draweth forth the letter of divorcement,  
To return home to her mother's dwelling,  
Free to be another's wife thenceforward.

When the woman saw that mournful letter,  
Fervently she kiss'd her two sons' foreheads,  
And her two girls' cheeks with fervor kiss'd  
she.

But she from the suckling in the cradle  
Could not tear herself, so deep her sorrow!

So she's torn thence by her fiery brother;  
On his nimble steed he lifts her quickly,  
And so hastens, with the heart-sad woman,  
Straightway tow'rd his father's lofty dwelling.

Short the time was—seven days had pass'd not,  
Yet enough 'twas; many mighty princes

Sought the woman in her widow's mourning,  
Sought the woman,—as their wife they sought  
her.

And the mightiest was Imoski's Cadi,  
And the woman weeping begg'd her brother:  
"By thy life, my brother, I entreat thee,  
Let me not another's wife be ever,  
Lest my heart be broken at the image  
Of my poor, my dearly-cherish'd children!"

To her prayer her brother would not hearken,  
Fix'd to wed her to Imoski's Cadi.

Yet the good one ceaselessly implor'd him:  
"Send, at least a letter, O my brother,  
With this message to Imoski's Cadi:  
'The young widow sends thee friendly greet-  
ing;

Earnestly she prays thee, through this letter,  
That, when thou com'st hither, with thy Sua-  
tians,

A long veil thou'lt bring me, 'neath whose  
shadow

I may hide, when near the house of Asan,  
And not see my dearly-cherish'd orphans."

Scarcely had the Cadi read this letter,  
Than he gather'd all his Suatians round him,  
And then tow'rd the bride his course directed,  
And the veil she ask'd for, took he with him.

Happily they reach'd the princess' dwelling,  
From the dwelling happily they led her.  
But when they approach'd the house of Asan,  
Lo! the children saw from high their mother,  
And they shouted: "To thy halls return thou!  
Eat thy supper with thy darling children!"  
Mournfully the wife of Asan heard it,  
Tow'rd the Suatian prince then turn'd she,  
saying:

"Let, I pray, the Suatians and the horses  
At the lov'd ones' door a short time tarry,  
That I may give presents to my children."

And before the lov'd ones' door they tarried,  
And she presents gave to her poor children,  
To the boys gave gold-embroider'd buskins,  
To the girls gave long and costly dresses,  
To the suckling, helpless in the cradle,  
Gave a garment, to be worn hereafter.



This aside saw Father Asan Aga,—  
 Sadly cried he to his darling children :  
 “ Hither come, ye dear unhappy infants,  
 For your mother’s breast is turn’d to iron,  
 Lock’d forever, clos’d to all compassion !”

When the wife of Asan heard him speak thus,  
 On the ground, all pale and trembling, fell  
 she,  
 And her spirit fled her sorrowing bosom  
 When she saw her children flying from her.



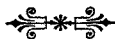
*H. Bred'ameur X. L.*



## LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

1785.

**T**HOU wert forcibly seiz'd by the hoary  
 lord of the river,—  
 Holding thee, ever he shares with thee his  
 streaming domain.  
 Calmly sleepest thou near his urn as it silently  
 trickles,  
 Till thou to action art rous'd, wak'd by the  
 swift-rolling flood.  
 Kindly be to the people, as when thou still  
 wert a mortal,  
 Perfecting that as a god, which thou didst  
 fail in, as man.



## TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

**S**MOOTHLY and lightly the golden seed  
 by the furrow is cover'd;  
 Yet will a deeper one, friend, cover thy  
 bones at the last.  
 Joyously plough'd and sow'd! Here food all  
 living is budding,  
 E'en from the side of the tomb Hope will  
 not vanish away.



## ANACREON'S GRAVE.

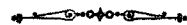
**H**ERE where the roses blossom, where vines  
 round the laurels are twining,  
 Where the turtle-dove calls, where the blithe  
 cricket is heard,  
 Say, whose grave can this be, with life by all  
 the Immortals  
 Beauteously planted and deck'd?—Here  
 doth Anacreon sleep!

Spring and summer and autumn rejoic'd the  
 thrice-happy minstrel,  
 And from the winter this mound kindly  
 hath screen'd him at last.



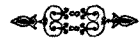
## THE BRETHREN.

**S**LUMBER and Sleep, two brethren or-  
 dain'd by the gods to their service,  
 Were by Prometheus implor'd, comfort to  
 give to his race;  
 But though so light to the gods, too heavy for  
 man was their burden,  
*We* in their slumber find sleep, we in their  
 sleep meet with death.



## MEASURE OF TIME.

**E**ROS, what mean'st thou by this? In each  
 of thine hands is an hourglass!  
 What, O thou frivolous god! twofold thy  
 measure of time?  
 "Slowly run from . . . the hours of lovers  
 when parted;  
 While through the other they rush swiftly,  
 as soon as they meet."



## WARNING.

**W**AKEN not Amor from sleep! The  
 beauteous urchin still slumbers;  
 Go, and complete thou the task, that to the  
 day is assign'd!  
 Thus doth the prudent mother with care turn  
 time to her profit,  
 While her babe is asleep, for 'twill awake  
 but too soon.



## SAKÓNTALA.

WOULD'ST thou the blossoms of spring,  
as well as the fruits of the autumn,  
Would'st thou what charms and delights,  
would'st thou what plenteously feeds,

Would'st thou include both heaven and earth in  
*one* designation,  
All that is needed is done, when I Sakóntala  
name.

### SOLITUDE.

O ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst  
the rocks and the thickets,  
Grant unto each whatsoe'er he may in silence  
desire!

Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to  
the doubter instruction,  
And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss  
that he craves.

For from the gods ye receiv'd what they ever  
denied unto mortals,  
Power to comfort and aid all who in you may  
confide.

### THE CHOSEN CLIFF.

HERE in silence the lover fondly mus'd on  
his lov'd one;

Gladly he spake to me thus: "Be thou my  
witness, thou stone!

Yet thou must not be vainglorious, thou hast  
many companions;

Unto each rock on the plain, where I, the  
happy one, dwell,

Unto each tree of the wood that I cling to, as  
onward I ramble,

'Be thou a sign of my bliss!' shout I, and  
then 'tis ordain'd.

Yet to thee only I lend a voice, as a Muse from  
the people

Chooseth one for herself, kissing his lips as  
a friend."

### THE CONSECRATED SPOT.

WHEN in the dance of the Nymphs, in the  
moonlight so holy assembl'd,

Mingle the Graces, down from Olympus in se-  
cret descending,

Here doth the minstrel hide, and list to their  
numbers entralling,

Here doth he watch their silent dances' myste-  
rious measure.

All that is glorious in heaven, and all that the  
earth in her beauty

Ever hath brought into life, the dreamer awake  
sees before him;  
All he repeats to the Muses, and lest the gods  
should be anger'd,  
How to tell of secrets discreetly, the Muses  
instruct him.

### THE INSTRUCTORS.

WHEN Diogenes quietly sunn'd himself in  
his barrel,

When Calanus with joy leap'd in the flame-  
breathing grave,

Oh, what noble lessons were those for the rash  
son of Philip,

Were not the lord of the world e'en for in-  
struction too great!

### THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

EVEN this heavenly pair were unequally  
match'd when united:

Psyche grew older and wise, Amor remain'd  
still a child.

### EXCUSE.

THOU dost complain of woman for chang-  
ing from one to another?

Censure her not: for she seeks one who will  
constant remain.

### THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

EARLY one day, the Muse, when eagerly  
bent on adornment,

Follow'd a swift-running streamlet, the quiet-  
est nook by it seeking.



Quickly and noisily flowing, the changeful  
 surface distorted  
 Ever her moving form ; the goddess departed  
 in anger.  
 Yet the stream call'd mockingly after her,  
 saying : "What, truly !  
 Wilt thou not view, then, the truth, in my  
 mirror so clearly depicted ?"  
 But she already was far away, on the brink of  
 the ocean,  
 In her figure rejoicing, and duly arranging  
 her garland.



### PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

**D**ELOS' stately ruler, and Maïa's son, the  
 adroit one,  
 Warmly were striving, for both sought the  
 great prize to obtain.  
 Hermes the lyre demanded, the lyre was  
 claim'd by Apollo,  
 Yet were the hearts of the foes fruitlessly  
 nourish'd by hope.  
 For on a sudden Ares burst in, with fury deci-  
 sive,  
 Dashing in twain the gold toy, brandishing  
 wildly his sword.  
 Hermes, malicious one, laugh'd beyond meas-  
 ure ; yet deep-seated sorrow  
 Seiz'd upon Phœbus's heart, seiz'd on the  
 heart of each Muse.



### THE NEW AMOR.

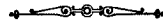
**A**MOR, not the child, the youthful lover of  
 Psyche,  
 Look'd round Olympus one day, boldly, to  
 triumph inur'd ;  
 There he espied a goddess, the fairest amongst  
 the immortals,—  
 Venus Urania she,—straight was his passion  
 inflam'd.  
 Even the holy one powerless prov'd, alas !  
 'gainst his wooing,—  
 Tightly embrac'd in his arm, held her the  
 daring one fast.

Then from their union arose a new, a more  
 beauteous Amor,  
 Who from his father his wit, grace from his  
 mother derives.  
 Ever thou'lt find him join'd in the kindly  
 Muses' communion,  
 And his charm-laden bolt foundeth the love  
 of the arts.



### THE GARLANDS.

**K**LOPSTOCK would lead us away from  
 Pindus ; no longer for laurel  
 May we be eager—the homely acorn alone  
 must content us ;  
 Yet he himself his more-than-epic crusade is  
 conducting  
 High on Golgotha's summit, that foreign gods  
 he may honor !  
 Yet, on what hill he prefers, let him gather  
 the angels together,  
 Suffer deserted disciples to weep o'er the grave  
 of the just one :  
 There where a hero and saint hath died, where  
 a bard breath'd his numbers,  
 Both for our life and our death an ensample  
 of courage resplendent  
 And of the loftiest human worth to be-  
 queath,—ev'ry nation  
 There will joyously kneel in devotion ecstatic,  
 revering  
 Thorn and laurel garland, and all its charms  
 and its tortures.



### THE SWISS ALPS.

**Y**ESTERDAY brown was still thy head, as  
 the locks of my lov'd one,  
 Whose sweet image so dear silently beckons  
 afar.  
 Silver-gray is the early snow to-day on thy  
 summit,  
 Through the tempestuous night streaming  
 fast over thy brow.  
 Youth, alas, throughout life as closely to age  
 is united.  
 As, in some changeable dream, yesterday  
 blends with to-day.





## ROMAN ELEGIES.

### I.

**S**PEAK, ye stones, I entreat! Oh, speak,  
 ye palaces lofty!  
 Utter a word, O ye streets! Wilt thou  
 not, Genius, awake?  
 All that thy sacred walls, eternal Rome, hold  
 within them  
 Teemeth with life; but to *me*, all is still  
 silent and dead.  
 Oh, who will whisper unto me,—when shall I  
 see at the casement  
 That one beauteous form, which, while it  
 scorseth, revives?  
 Can I as yet not discern the road on which I  
 forever  
 To her and from her shall go, heeding not  
 time as it flies?  
 Still do I mark the churches, palaces, ruins  
 and columns,  
 As a wise traveller should, would he his  
 journey improve.  
 Soon all this will be past; and then will there  
 be but *one* temple,  
 Amor's temple alone, where the Initiate  
 may go.  
 Thou art indeed a world, O Rome; and yet,  
 were Love absent,  
 Then would the world be no world, then  
 would e'en Rome be no Rome.

### II.

**D**O not repent, mine own love, that thou so  
 soon didst surrender!  
 Trust me, I deem thee not bold! reverence  
 only I feel.  
 Manifold workings the darts of Amor possess;  
 some but scratching,  
 Yet with insidious effect, poison the bosom  
 for years.  
 Others mightily feather'd, with fresh and  
 newly-born sharpness  
 Pierce to the innermost bone, kindle the  
 blood into flame.  
 In the heroical times, when lov'd each god  
 and each goddess,  
 Longing attended on sight; then with  
 fruition was bless'd.  
 Think'st thou the goddess had long been  
 thinking of love and its pleasures  
 When she, in Ida's retreats, own'd to An-  
 chises her flame?  
 Had but Luna delay'd to kiss the beautiful  
 sleeper,  
 Oh, by Aurora, ere long, he had in envy  
 been rous'd!  
 Hero Leander espied at the noisy feast, and  
 the lover  
 Hotly and nimbly, ere long, plung'd in the  
 night-cover'd flood.



1765

W. P. JOHNSON & F. B. JOHNSON

1765

*Portrait of a Gentleman*

Rhea Silvia, virgin princess, roam'd near the  
Tiber,  
Seeking there water to draw, when by the  
god she was seiz'd.  
Thus were the sons of Mars begotten! The  
twins did a she-wolf  
Suckle and nurture,—and Rome call'd her-  
self queen of the world.

III.

ALEXANDER, and Cæsar, and Henry, and  
Frederick, the mighty,  
On me would gladly bestow half of the glory  
they earn'd,

Could I but grant unto each one night on the  
couch where I'm lying;  
But they, by Orcus's night, sternly, alas!  
are held down.  
Therefore rejoice, O thou living one, bless'd  
in thy love-lighted homestead,  
Ere the dark Lethe's sad wave wetteth thy  
fugitive foot.

IV.

THESE few leaves, O ye Graces, a bard  
presents in your honor,  
On your altar so pure, adding sweet rose-  
buds as well,





And he does it with hope. The artist is glad  
 in his workshop,  
 When a Pantheon it seems round him for-  
 ever to bring.  
 Jupiter knits his godlike brow,—hers, Juno  
 uplifteth;  
 Phœbus strides on before, shaking his curly-  
 lock'd head;  
 Calmly and dryly Minerva looks down, and  
 Hermes, the light one,  
 Turneth his glances aside, roguish and tender  
 at once.  
 But towards Bacchus, the yielding, the dream-  
 ing, raiseth Cythere  
 Looks both longing and sweet, e'en in the  
 marble yet moist.  
 Of his embraces she thinks with delight, and  
 seems to be asking:  
 "Should not our glorious son take up his  
 place by our side?"

## V.

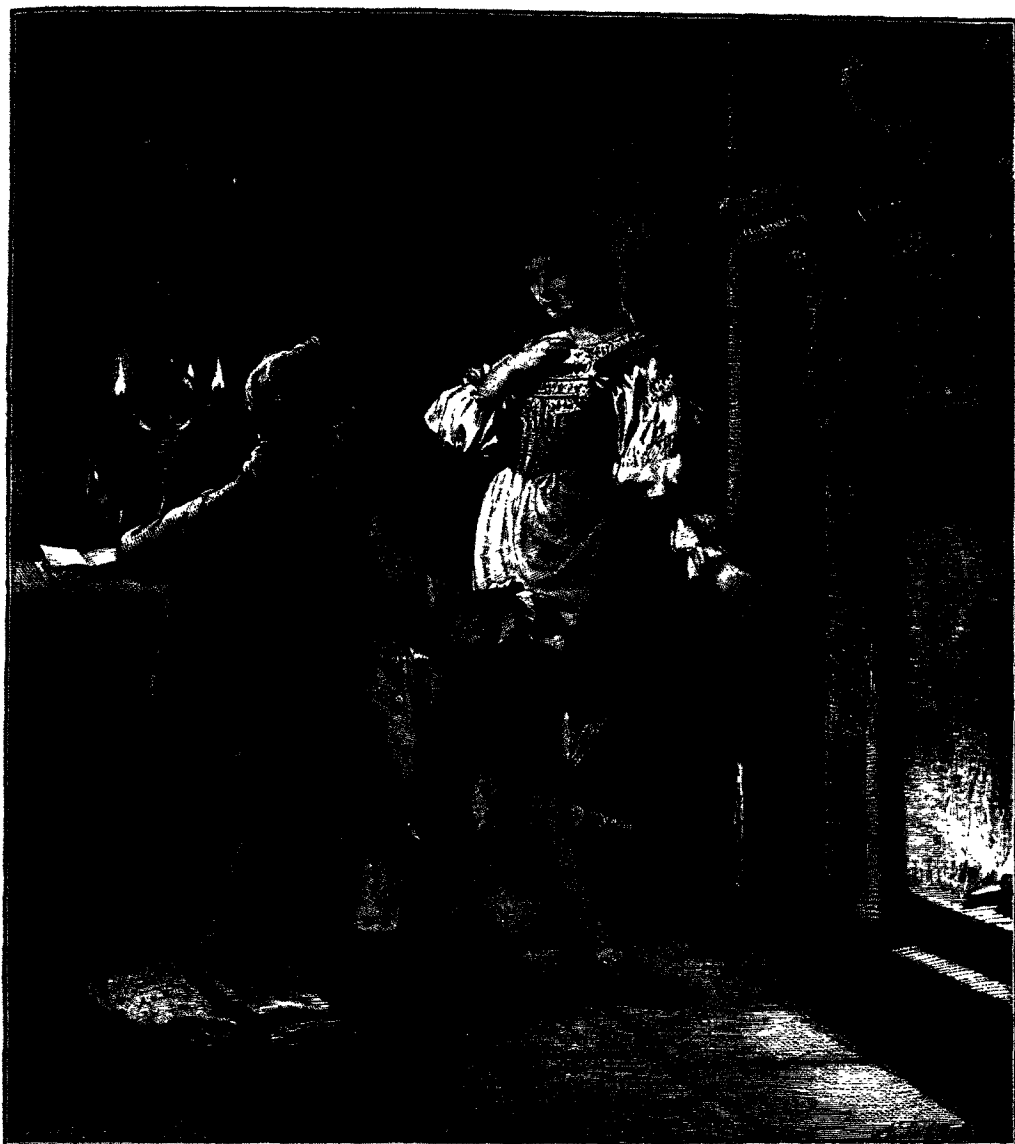
**A**MOR is ever a rogue, and all who believe  
 him are cheated!  
 To me the hypocrite came: "Trust me, I  
 pray thee, this once.  
 Honest is now my intent,—with grateful thanks  
 I acknowledge  
 That thou thy life and thy works hast to my  
 worship ordain'd.  
 See, I have follow'd thee hither, to Rome, with  
 kindly intention,  
 Hoping to give thee mine aid, e'en in the  
 foreigner's land.  
 Ev'ry trav'ler complains that the quarters he  
 meets with are wretched;  
 Happily lodg'd, though, is he, who is by  
 Amor receiv'd.  
 Thou dost observe the ruins of ancient build-  
 ings with wonder,  
 Thoughtfully wandering on, over each time-  
 hallow'd spot.  
 Thou dost honor still more the worthy relics  
 created  
 By the few artists whom I lov'd in their  
 studios to seek.  
 I 'twas fashion'd those forms! thy pardon,—  
 I boast not at present;  
 Presently thou shalt confess that what I tell  
 thee is true.  
 Now that thou serv'st me more idly, where are  
 the beauteous figures,  
 Where are the colors, the light, which thy  
 creations once fill'd?  
 Hast thou a mind again to form? The school  
 of the Grecians

Still remains open, my friend; years have  
 not barr'd up its doors.  
 I, the teacher, am ever young, and love all the  
 youthful,  
 Love not the subtle and old. Mother, ob-  
 serve what I say!  
 Still was new the Antique, when yonder bless'd  
 ones were living;  
 Happily live,—and, in thee, ages long van-  
 ish'd will live!  
 Food for song, where hopest thou to find it?  
 I only can give it,  
 And a more excellent style, love, and love  
 only can teach."  
 Thus did the Sophist discourse. What mortal,  
 alas! could resist him?  
 And when a master commands, I have been  
 train'd to obey.  
 Now he deceitfully keeps his word, gives food  
 for my numbers,  
 But, while he does so, alas! robs me of time,  
 strength and mind.  
 Looks, and pressure of hands, and words of  
 kindness, and kisses,  
 Syllables teeming with thought, by a fond  
 pair are exchang'd.  
 Then becomes whispering, talk,—and stam-  
 mering, a language enchanting;  
 Free from all prosody's rules, dies such a  
 hymn on the ear.  
 Thee, Aurora, I used to own as the friend of  
 the Muses;  
 Hath, then, Amor the rogue cheated, Au-  
 rora, e'en thee?  
 Thou dost appear to me now as his friend, and  
 again dost awake me  
 Unto a day of delight, while at his altar I  
 kneel.  
 All her locks I find on my bosom, her head is  
 reposing,  
 Pressing with softness the arm, which round  
 her neck is entwin'd;  
 Oh! what a joyous awak'ning, ye hours so  
 peaceful, succeeded,  
 Monument sweet of the bliss which had first  
 rock'd us to sleep!  
 In her slumber she moves, and sinks, while her  
 face is averted,  
 Far on the breadth of the couch, leaving her  
 hand still in mine.  
 Heartfelt love unites us forever, and yearnings  
 unsullied,  
 And our cravings alone claim for themselves  
 the exchange.  
 One faint touch of the hand, and her eyes so  
 heavenly see I



ARTIST: A. TSCHAUTSCH.

THE SIXTEENTH ELEGY.



Once more open. Ah, no! let me still look  
 on that form!  
 Clos'd still remain! Ye make me confus'd  
 and drunken, ye rob me  
 Far too soon of the bliss pure contemplation  
 affords.  
 Mighty, indeed, are these figures! these limbs,  
 how gracefully rounded!  
 Theseus, could'st thou e'er fly, whilst Ariadne  
 thus slept?  
 Only one single kiss on these lips! Oh, The-  
 seus, now leave us!  
 Gaze on her eyes! she awakes!—Firmly she  
 holds thee embrac'd!

VI.

**P**ORTENT of Autumn, the flame in the  
 sociable country-side mansion  
 Crackles and gleams on the earth. Quickly  
 the brushwood takes fire.  
 How it delights my soul this evening! for now,  
 ere the fagots  
 Crumble to glowing coals, fall into ashes  
 gray,  
 Comes my favorite maiden! Then flame the  
 billets and brushwood,  
 And the comforting night warms us with fes-  
 tival joy.



When it is early morn the couch of Love she  
forsaketh,  
Wakes from the ashes again agile, passionate  
flames.  
For above all things Amor the power to the  
flatterer granted  
Joy to awake which as yet scarcely to ashes  
had fallen.

VII.

“WHY, belov’d, didst thou not come  
to-day to the vineyard?  
Alone, as I promis’d, I stood waiting for  
thee on the hill!”  
“Dearest! scarce had I come when by chance  
I sighted thy uncle,

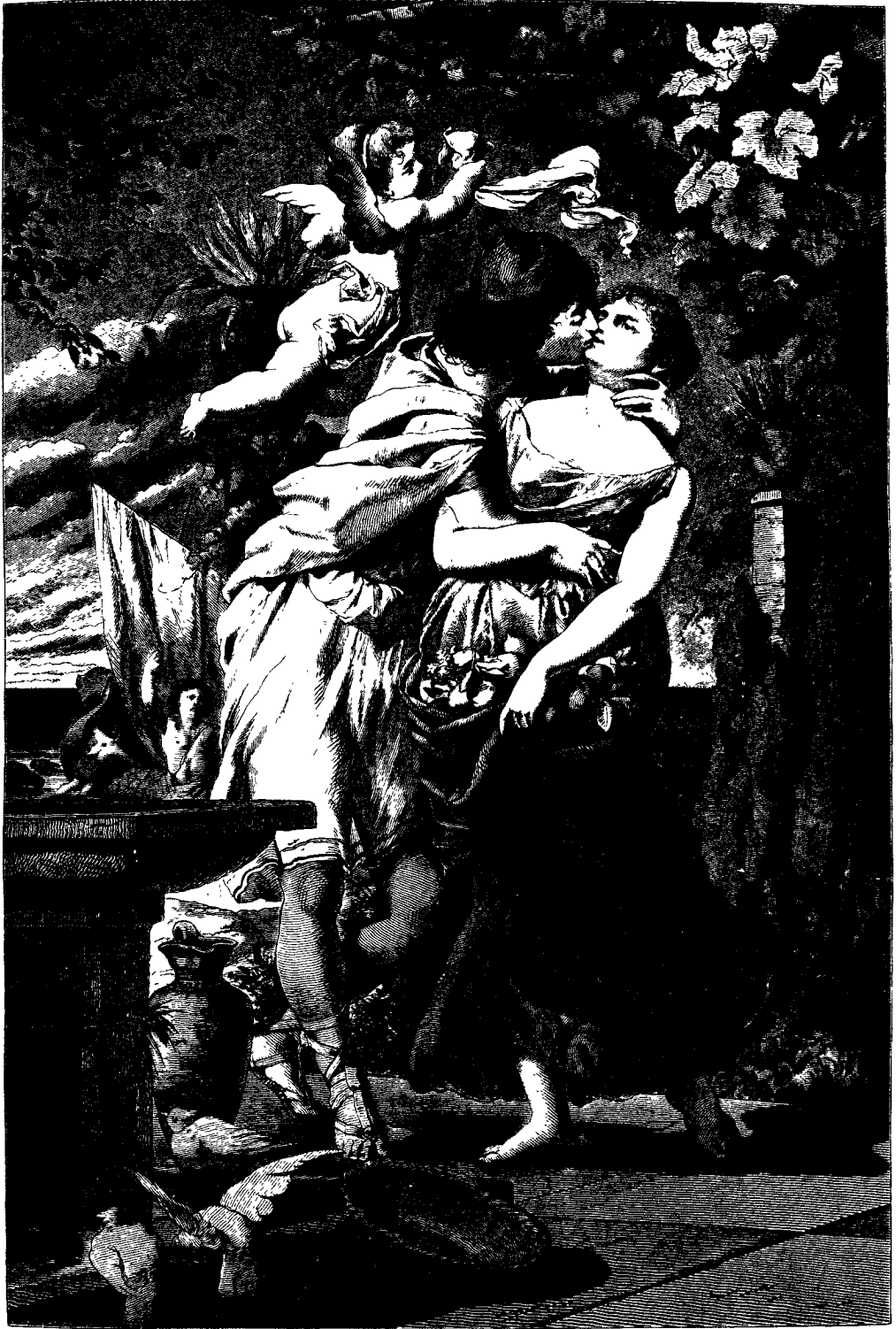
Watching close to the vines, turning this  
way and that!  
Slyly I hurried away.” “Oh, what an error  
deceiv’d thee!  
Only a scarecrow it was that thou sawest!  
The form  
Skilfully fashion’d we made of reeds and  
ragged old raiment;  
I myself lent a hand: how my work has  
recoil’d!  
Now the old man’s wish is fulfill’d: to-day he  
has frightened  
From his preserves the bird stealing his  
garden and niece.”



## ALEXIS AND DORA.

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each  
moment the vessel  
Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the  
foam-cover’d flood!  
Long is the track plough’d up by the keel  
where dolphins are sporting,  
Following fast in its rear, while it seems  
flying pursuit.  
All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor  
with calmness  
Leans ’gainst the sail, which alone all that  
is needed performs.  
Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like  
colors and streamers;  
Backward one only is seen, mournfully fix’d  
near the mast,  
While on the blue-ting’d mountains, which  
fast are receding, he gazeth,  
And as they sink in the sea, joy from his  
bosom departs.  
Vanish’d from thee, too, O Dora, is now the  
vessel that robs thee  
Of thine Alexis, thy friend,—ah, thy be-  
trothed as well!  
Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our  
hearts are still throbbing,  
Though, for each other, yet ah! ’gainst one  
another no more.

Oh, thou single moment, wherein I found life!  
thou outweighest  
Every day which had else coldly from mem-  
ory fled.  
’Twas in that moment alone, the last, that  
upon me descended  
Life, such as deities grant, though thou per-  
ceivedst it not.  
Phœbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe  
the ether in glory:  
Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is  
to me.  
Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there, in  
the silence,  
Strive to recover the time when she appear’d  
with each day.  
Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not  
feel it?  
Work’d not those heavenly charms e’en on  
a mind dull as thine?  
Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth  
the bard an enigma  
Thus propose to the throng, skilfully hidden  
in words.  
Each one enjoys the strange commingling of  
images graceful,  
Yet still is wanting the word which will dis-  
cover the sense.



ARTIST: C. BRÜNNER

ROMAN ELEGIES.

ALEXIS AND DORA.

When at length it is found, the heart of each  
 hearer is gladden'd,  
 And in the poem he sees meaning of two-  
 fold delight.  
 Wherefore so late didst thou remove the band-  
 age, O Amor,  
 Which thou hadst plac'd o'er mine eyes,—  
 wherefore remove it so late?  
 Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting  
 for favoring breezes,  
 Till in kindness the wind blew from the  
 land o'er the sea.  
 Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams  
 of the future!  
 Ye all vanish, and nought, saving the mo-  
 ment, remains.  
 Yes! it remains,—my joy still remains! I  
 hold thee, my Dora,  
 And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is  
 disclos'd.  
 Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad,  
 to the temple,  
 While thy mother so dear solemnly went by  
 thy side.  
 Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy  
 fruit to the market,  
 Boldly the pail from the well didst thou  
 sustain on thy head.  
 Then was reveal'd thy neck, then seen thy  
 shoulders so beauteous,  
 Then, before all things, the grace filling  
 thy motions was seen.  
 Oft have I fear'd that the pitcher perchance  
 was in danger of falling,  
 Yet it ever remain'd firm on the circular  
 cloth.  
 Thus, fair neighbor, yes, thus I oft was wont  
 to observe thee,  
 As on the stars I might gaze, as I might  
 gaze on the moon,  
 Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within  
 my calm bosom  
 Not the remotest desire ever to call them  
 mine own.  
 Years thus fled away! Although our houses  
 were only  
 Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold  
 ne'er cross'd.  
 Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou  
 liest to heaven,  
 Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark  
 as the night.  
 All were now in movement; a boy to the house  
 of my father  
 Ran at full speed and exclaim'd: "Hasten  
 thee quick to the strand!

Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the  
 wind it is flutt'ring,  
 While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up  
 from the sand;  
 Come, Alexis, oh, come!"—My worthy stout-  
 hearted father  
 Press'd, with a blessing, his hand down on  
 my curly-lock'd head,  
 While my mother carefully reach'd me a newly-  
 made bundle;  
 "Happy may'st thou return!" cried they—  
 "both happy and rich!"  
 Then I sprang away, and under my arm held  
 the bundle,  
 Running along by the wall. Standing I  
 found thee hard by,  
 At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly  
 saidst then:—"Alexis!  
 Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy  
 comrades to be?  
 Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious  
 merchandise purchase,  
 Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who  
 dwell in the town.  
 Bring me, also, I pray thee, a light chain;  
 gladly I'll pay thee,  
 Oft have I wish'd to possess some such a  
 trinket as that."  
 There I remain'd, and ask'd, as merchants  
 are wont, with precision  
 After the form and the weight which thy  
 commission should have.  
 Modest, indeed, was the price thou didst  
 name! I meanwhile was gazing  
 On thy neck which deserv'd ornaments  
 worn but by queens.  
 Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then  
 kindly thou spakest:—  
 "Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of  
 the garden, my friend!  
 Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest;  
 the ocean  
 Beareth no fruit, and, in truth, 'tis not pro-  
 duc'd by each land."  
 So I enter'd in. Thou pluck'dst the fruit  
 from the branches,  
 And the burden of gold was in thine apron  
 upheld.  
 Oft did I cry, Enough! But fairer fruits were  
 still falling  
 Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy  
 touch.  
 Presently didst thou reach the arbor; there  
 a basket lay,  
 Sweet blooming myrtle trees wav'd, as we  
 drew nigh, o'er our heads.



*Elegies.*

Then thou beganst to arrange the fruit with  
skill and in silence :  
First the orange, which lay heavy as though  
'twere of gold,  
Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure  
disfigur'd,  
And with myrtle the gift soon was both  
cover'd and grac'd.  
But I rais'd it not up. I stood. Our eyes  
met together,  
And my eyesight grew dim, seeming ob-  
scur'd by a film.  
Soon I felt thy bosom on mine ! Mine arm  
was soon twining  
Round thy beautiful form ; thousand times  
kiss'd I thy neck.  
On my shoulder sank thy head ; thy fair arms,  
encircling,  
Soon render'd perfect the ring knitting the  
rapturous pair.  
Amor's hands I felt : he press'd us together  
with ardor,  
And, from the firmament clear, thrice did it  
thunder ; then tears  
Stream'd from mine eyes in torrents ; thou  
weptest, I wept, both were weeping,  
And, 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the  
world seem'd to die.  
Louder and louder they call'd from the strand ;  
my feet would no longer  
Bear my weight, and I cried :—" Dora !  
and art thou not mine ?"  
"Thine forever !" thou gently didst say.  
Then the tears we were shedding  
Seem'd to be wip'd from our eyes, as by  
the breath of a god.  
Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis !" The  
stripling who sought me  
Suddenly peep'd through the door. How  
he the basket snatch'd up !  
How he urg'd me away ! how press'd I thy  
hand ! Would'st thou ask me  
How the vessel I reach'd ? Drunken I  
seem'd, well I know.  
Drunken my shipmates believ'd me, and so  
had pity upon me ;  
And as the breeze drove us on, distance the  
town soon obscur'd.  
"Thine forever !" thou, Dora, didst murmur ;  
it fell on my senses  
With the thunder of Zeus ! while by the  
thunderer's throne  
Stood his daughter, the Goddess of Love ;  
the Graces were standing  
Close by her side ! so the bond beareth an  
impress divine !

Oh, then hasten, thou ship, with every favor-  
ing zephyr !  
Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the  
waves as they foam !  
Bring me unto the foreign harbor, so that the  
goldsmith  
May in his workshop prepare straightway  
the heavenly pledge !  
Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a  
chain, O my Dora !  
Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely  
around it entwined.  
Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee ;  
gold-mounted bracelets,  
Richly and skilfully wrought, also shall  
grace thy fair hand.  
There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the  
sapphire so lovely  
Be to the jacinth oppos'd, seeming its foil ;  
while the gold  
Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous  
union commingled.  
Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he  
adorns his betroth'd !  
Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me ; each  
ring that is shown me  
Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful  
and tapering form.  
I will barter and buy ; the fairest of all shalt  
thou choose thee,  
Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to  
thee.  
Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy lov'd  
one procuring ;  
With them he brings thee whate'er gives to  
a housewife delight.  
Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an  
edging of purple,  
Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly,  
gently may rest ;  
Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and  
sewest, and clothest  
Me, and thyself, and, perchance, even a  
third with it too.  
Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart ! Ye  
kindly Immortals,  
Softens this fierce-raging flame, wildly per-  
vading my breast !  
Yet how I long to feel them again, those rap-  
turous torments,  
When, in their stead, care draws nigh,  
coldly and fearfully calm.  
Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of  
hell with their barking  
Awe the delinquent so much, down in the  
plains of despair,

As by the motionless spectre I'm awed, that  
 shows me the fair one  
 Far away : of a truth, open the garden-door  
 stands !  
 And another one cometh ! For him the fruit,  
 too, is falling,  
 And for him, also, the fig-strengthening  
 honey doth yield !  
 Doth she entice him as well to the arbor ? He  
 follows ? Oh, make me  
 Blind, ye Immortals ! efface visions like this  
 from my mind !  
 Yes, she is but a maiden ! And she who to  
 one doth so quickly  
 Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will  
 turn herself round.  
 Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so  
 cruelly broken !

Thunder more fearfully ! Strike !—Stay—  
 thy fierce lightnings withhold !  
 Hurl at me thy quivering bolt ! In the dark-  
 ness of midnight  
 Strike with thy lightning this mast ! make it  
 a pitiful wreck !  
 Scatter the planks all around, and give to the  
 boisterous billows  
 All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins  
 a prey !—  
 Now, ye Muses, enough ! In vain would ye  
 strive to depicture  
 How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alter-  
 nates with bliss.  
 Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love  
 hath inflicted ;  
 Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones,  
 comfort and balm.







VENICE, 1790.



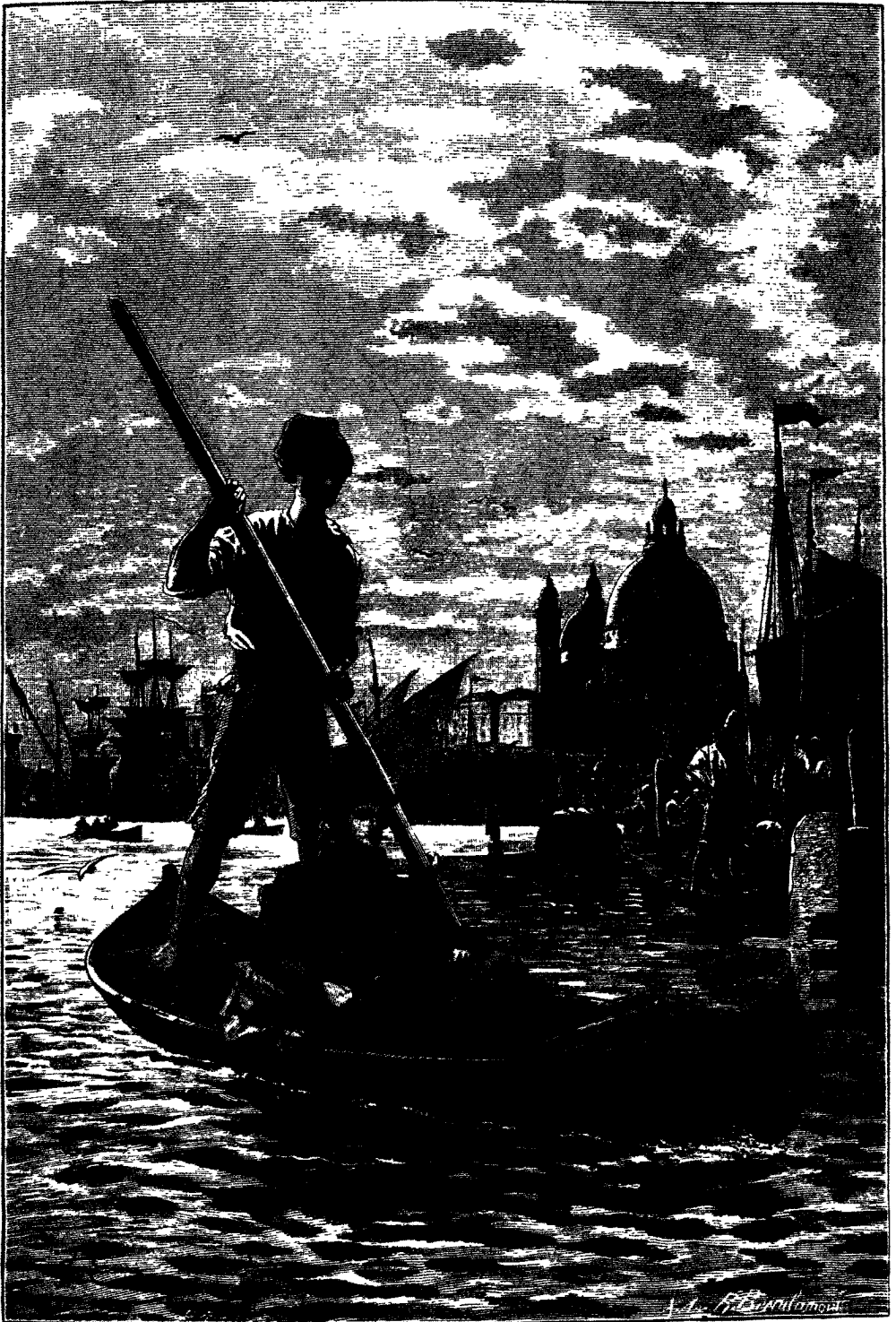
I.

**S**ARCOPHAGUS and urn erst  
were with life adorn'd by the  
heathen:  
Fauns are dancing around, while with the  
Bacchanal troop  
Chequer'd circles they trace; and the goat-  
footed, puffy-cheek'd player  
Wildly produceth hoarse tones out of the  
clamorous horn.  
Cymbals and drums resound; we see and we  
hear, too, the marble.  
Fluttering bird! Oh, how sweet tastes the  
ripe fruit to thy bill!  
Noise there is none to disturb thee, still less to  
scare away Amor,  
Who, in the midst of the throng, learns to  
delight in his torch.  
Thus doth fulness overcome death; and the  
ashes there cover'd  
Seem, in that silent domain, still to be glad-  
den'd with life.

Thus may the minstrel's sarcophagus be here-  
after surrounded  
With such a scroll, which himself richly  
with life has adorn'd.

II.

**C**LASP'D in my arms forever eagerly hold  
I my mistress,  
Ever my panting heart throbs wildly against  
her dear breast,  
And on her knees forever is leaning my head,  
while I'm gazing  
Now on her sweet-smiling mouth, now on  
her bright sparkling eyes.  
"O thou effeminate!" spake one, "and  
thus, then, thy days thou art spending?"  
Ah, they in sorrow are spent. List while  
I tell thee my tale:  
Yes! I have left my only joy in life far be-  
hind me,  
Twenty long days hath my car borne me  
away from her sight.  
*Vetturini* defy me, while crafty chamberlains  
flatter,  
And the sly *Valet de place* thinks but of lies  
and deceit.  
If I attempt to escape, the Postmaster fastens  
upon me,  
Postboys the upper hand get, custom-house  
duties enrage.  
"Truly, I can't understand thee! thou talkest  
enigmas! thou seemest  
Wrapp'd in a blissful repose, glad as Rinaldo  
of yore:"—  
Ah, I myself understand full well; 'tis my  
body that travels,  
And 'tis my spirit that rests still in my mis-  
tress's arms.



ARTIST: TH. VON ECKENBRECHER.

FIFTH EPIGRAM.

III.

I WOULD liken this gondola unto the soft-rocking cradle,  
 And the chest on its deck seems a vast coffin to be.  
 Yes! 'tween the cradle and coffin, we totter and waver forever  
 On the mighty canal, careless our lifetime is spent.

IV.

WHY are the people thus busily moving?  
 For food they are seeking,  
 Children they fain would beget, feeding them well as they can.  
 Traveller, mark this well, and when thou art home, do thou likewise!  
 More can no mortal effect, work with what ardor he will.

V.

I WOULD compare to the land this anvil, its lord to the hammer,  
 And to the people the plate, which in the middle is bent.  
 Sad is the poor tin-plate's lot, when the blows are but given at random:  
 Ne'er will the kettle be made, while they uncertainly fall.

VI.

WHAT is the life of a man? Yet thousands are ever accustom'd  
 Freely to talk about man,—what he has done, too, and how.  
 Even less is a poem; yet thousands read and enjoy it,  
 Thousands abuse it.—My friend, live and continue to rhyme!

VII.

MERRY'S the trade of a poet; but somewhat a dear one, I fear me;  
 For, as my book grows apace, all of my sequins I lose.

VIII.

I F thou'rt in earnest, no longer delay, but render me happy;  
 Art thou in jest? Ah, sweet love! time for all jesting is past.

IX.

ART thou, then, vex'd at my silence? What shall I speak of? Thou markest  
 Neither my sorrowful sigh, nor my soft eloquent look.  
 Only one goddess is able the seal of my lips to unloosen,—  
 When by Aurora I'm found, slumbering calm on thy breast.  
 Ah, then my hymn in the ears of the earliest gods shall be chaunted,  
 As the Memnonian form breath'd forth sweet secrets in song.

X.

I N the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the mountain,—  
 Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day,—  
 And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler of heaven,—  
 Youthful delight, oh, how oft lurest thou me out in the night!  
 O ye heralds of day, ye heavenly eyes of my mistress,  
 Now ye appear, and the sun evermore riseth too soon.

XI.

THOU art amaz'd, and dost point to the ocean. It seems to be burning,  
 Flame-crested billows in play dart round our night-moving bark.  
 Me it astonisheth not,—of the ocean was born Aphrodite,—  
 Did not a flame, too, proceed from her for us, in her son?

XII.

GLEAMING the ocean appear'd, the beautiful billows were smiling,  
 While a fresh, favoring wind, filling the sails, drove us on.  
 Free was my bosom from yearning; yet soon my languishing glances  
 Turn'd themselves backward in haste, seeking the snow-cover'd hills.  
 Treasures unnumber'd are southwards lying.  
 Yet one to the northwards  
 Draws me resistlessly back, like the strong magnet in force.

XIII.

**S**PACIOUS and fair is the world; yet oh,  
 how I thank the kind heavens  
 That I a garden possess, small though it be,  
 yet mine own.  
 One which enticeth me homewards; why  
 should a gardener wander?  
 Honor and pleasure he finds when to his  
 garden he looks.

XIV.

**A**H, my maiden is going! she mounts the  
 vessel! My monarch,  
 Æolus! potentate dread! keep every storm  
 far away!

“O thou fool!” cried the god: “ne'er fear  
 the blustering tempest;  
 When Love flutters his wings, then may'st  
 thou dread the soft breeze.”

XV.

**W**ILT thou enjoy the pleasures of Love  
 with purest of feelings?  
 Keep conceit from thy heart—banish solemn-  
 nity!  
 Love is scared by the one, the other hopes  
 vainly to chain him:  
 Ill-affected to both smiles the mischievous  
 god.





ARTIST: A. SCHMITZ.

EIGHTY-FOURTH EPIGRAM.



# The Four Seasons.

Lovely children large and small  
All the Four our hearts enthral.

## SPRING.

I.

Oh! All ye Distichs, awake!  
Ye lively youths in  
your joyance!  
Rich are gardens and  
fields! Bring ye blos-  
soms for wreaths.

II.

Rich is the meadow in flowers; yet the eye  
cannot claim all their beauty.  
Others bloom for the heart. Reader, now  
choose for thyself!

III.

Rosebud! thou art the flower of the maiden,  
rosy and blooming;  
Symbol of queenly guise, symbol of modest  
deport.

IV.

Violets cluster'd together and bound in a deli-  
cate nosegay  
Making one flower; 'tis thou, home-loving  
maiden, I mean!

V.

One whom I knew, like a lily was slender.  
Purity cloth'd her  
Pridelike. Such splendor of garb Solomon  
sure never saw.

VI.

Lovely the Columbine stands and hangs his  
radiant head down:  
Petulance is it, or pride? Answer me now  
if you can!

VII.

Many odorous bells thou swingest, O Hyacinth,  
gayly,  
Yet nor fragrance or bells have the gift to  
attract.

VIII.

Hesperus! thee in the garish day men pass  
without noting;  
When the nightingale sings, then thy glory  
appears.

IX.

Thou, Tuberoses, art haughty, and thou rejoicest  
in freedom,  
Yet—away from my sight! Come not nigh  
to my heart!

X.

Glowing the Poppy I see in the distance;  
when I come nearer,  
Ah! then I learn thee too late! thou that  
apest the Rose.

XI.

Tulips, I know ye are scorn'd by those who  
take pride in æsthetics;  
Courage! a thought that's robust needs a  
lusty leaf.



XII.

Pinks! how lovely ye are! Yet ye all resemble each other.  
Who can distinguish? Not I! How then, pray, can I choose?

XIII.

Flush with the colors of dawn Ranunculus,  
Tulips and Asters!  
Here is a dark fragrant flower, puts you all to the blush.

XIV.

Crowsfoot! none of thy sisters attract me;  
desire ye awake not;  
Yet, commingled in beds, pleasure ye give to the eye.

XV.

Tell me what perfumes the chamber? Mignonette, fragrant and pleasing,

Colorless, shapeless and still, modest and sensible plant.

XVI.

Ornament fit for the garden, where'er thou appearest, thou sayest:  
"Ceres, the Queen, with her hand scatter'd me forth with the grain."

XVII.

Sweetest of dainty flowers! thy eyes so tender they whisper  
Always, "Forget-me-not!" always, "Forget not thy friend!"

XVIII.

If from the eye of the mind the forms of the flowers should all vanish,  
Eleonore! thy face would'st ever remain in my heart!

---

## SUMMER.

XIX.

**T**ERRIBLE, Love shows himself unto me!  
Ye Muses, awaken  
Harmonies out of the pain stirr'd by the God in my heart.

XX.

Written scrolls I possess which scholars and monarchs might covet.  
For my beloved she writes words that I turn into verse!

XXI.

As in Winter the grain only slowly sprouts, but in Summer  
Hastens to push into bloom, so was my yearning for thee!

XXII.

Ever it seem'd to me that forests, fields, mountains and gardens  
Were but symbols of space; Love, thou makest them real.

XXIII.

Space and Time to my mind are idle phantoms  
of fancy;  
But the corner with thee, dearest, seems  
without bounds.

XXIV.

Care, she sits in the saddle with thee; she em-  
barks in the vessel.  
Zealous is Care, but Love follows us up with  
more zeal.

XXV.

Hard is the conquest of Passion, but if she be  
strengthen'd by Custom,  
Ancient ally and friend, she's an invincible  
foe!

XXVI.

What is the scroll that twice and thrice I read  
in succession?  
Manuscripts sent by my love, written warm  
from her heart.

XXVII.

She is my joy, but perchance she deceives me.  
O poets and singers,  
Mimics! much ye might learn, knowing my  
sweetheart, my love!

XXVIII.

All the joy of the poet in shaping his verse to  
perfection,  
Sympathizing Love, that inspir'd him, feels.

XXIX.

Think you an epigram short to express a senti-  
ment for thee?  
Why, Love, how can that be! Isn't a kiss  
far more short?

XXX.

Know'st thou, O friend, the splendid poison  
of love unrequited?  
Burning, it gives fresh strength; wasting the  
flesh it renews.

XXXI.

Know'st thou the splendid working of love  
that has found its ideal?  
Bodies it binds in sweet union, spirits are  
freed.

XXXII.

True love is that which always and ever re-  
mains without changing  
When it is granted all, all things being de-  
nied.

XXXIII.

All the world I would like, so all to share with  
my darling;  
All the world would I give, if she were only  
mine.

XXXIV.

When a loving heart is pain'd and must suffer  
in silence,  
Rhadamanthus himself could not imagine  
such pangs.





XXXV.

“Why do I fade so soon, O Zeus?” ask’d  
Beauty in sorrow.  
“Ah,” said the father of gods, “only the  
beautiful fades.”

XXXVI.

Love and youth and the dew and the flowers  
heard the hard saying;

All turn’d their faces away, weeping, from  
Jupiter’s throne.

XXXVII.

Live while we may and love; for life and love  
are both fleeting.  
Fate, thou cuttest the threads! Both must  
come to an end!



## AUTUMN.

XXXVIII.

LIFE brings fruits unto man! Yet rarely  
they hang from the branches,  
Rosy and bright in the sun, greeting, like  
apples, the eye.

XXXIX.

Hold the staff of direction o’er life and all its  
transactions.  
Leave unto Love and the Muse chance for  
jovial sport!

XL.

Preach, for it seemeth you well; we also honor  
the custom;  
Yet will the Muse not allow orders peremp-  
torily given.

XLI.

Seize the lighted torch from Prometheus, O  
Muse, and inspire us!  
Seize it from Love, and torment us with  
ravishing joy.

XLII.

All creation is Nature’s work. From Zeus on  
Olympos  
Flashes the wonderful bolt, building and  
crushing the world.

XLIII.

Brothers! do all that ye do with zeal and with  
love. Both are virtues  
Lovely for German hearts, easily turn’d from  
the path.

XLIV.

Children toss the ball to the wall and catch it  
rebounding;  
This is a game that I like play’d by the  
friend of my choice.

XLV.

Ever strive for the whole, and if the whole  
should escape thee,  
Be, as thou canst, a part useful in forming  
the whole.

XLVI.

Knowledge of self is fine, yet when one is  
treasur’d by others,  
Object of honor and love, is it not better  
by far?

XLVII.

What controls the youth, holds the man, em-  
braces the graybeard,  
That be thy portion of joy all thy life, lovely  
child.

XLVIII.

Willingly age clings to youth, and youth for  
age has affection;  
Yet all over the world like is attracted by  
like.

XLIX.

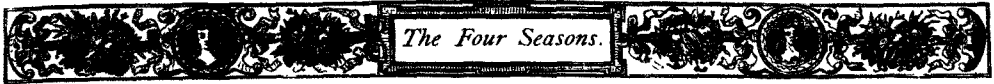
Keep in thy heart the vision of worthies: bright  
constellations,  
Nature scatter’d them forth, out of meas-  
ureless space.

L.

Who is the luckiest man? ’Tis he who has  
wisdom to welcome  
Service of others and feel joy like his own  
in his friend’s.

LI.

Time gives us much and robs us of much; but  
the love of thy betters,  
Graciously bestowed, ever should be thy de-  
light.



LII.

Were ye, foolish dreamers, able to grasp your  
ideals,  
Honor to Nature ye'd pay as her merits de-  
serve.

LIII.

Honest friend, I will tell thee what thou canst  
safely believe in:  
Life is the only thing teaching better than  
books.

LIV.

Ev'ry blossom must fall before the fruit will  
rejoice us;  
Blossoms and fruit at once only the Muses  
can give.

LV.

Truth that hurts I prefer to falsehood giving  
advantage.  
Truth, it assuages the pain which perchance  
it has caus'd.

LVI.

Does an error hurt? Not always; but making  
the error  
Always hurts, and how sore only the sequel  
can tell.

LVII.

Never so dear to us seem as our own the chil-  
dren of others;  
Error, the child of our hearts, claims so  
much of our love.

LVIII.

Error is ever at hand. Yet a higher necessity  
draws us  
Gently and steadily on, strive as we will,  
towards Truth.

LIX.

No one resembles another, yet each resembles  
the Highest.  
How can this be explain'd? Each is com-  
plete in himself!

LX.

Why are Genius and Taste so seldom blended  
in union?  
Genius hates the curb; Taste is timid at  
force.

LXI.

Helpless for moving the world are all the dis-  
courses of Reason;  
Impotent also is she, crush'd in the pres-  
ence of Art.

LXII.

Whom do I wish for a reader? He who is  
freest from bias,  
Losing himself and the world, living alone  
in my book.

LXIII.

He is my dearest friend who walks with me as  
I struggle;  
If he invite me to sit, forth I wander alone.

LXIV.

Ah, how it goes to my heart, that this most  
excellent spirit,  
Bent on seeking the goal, uses me as a  
means.

LXV.

Praise the child for the toys on which it squan-  
ders its pennies  
Recklessly! Truth, thou wilt be godlike to  
trader and child.

LXVI.

What is the method of Nature in joining the  
good and the evil,  
Forming man? She thrusts vanity deftly  
between.

LXVII.

In susceptible people no good have I ever dis-  
cover'd.  
Give them only the chance, rascals they  
readily turn.

LXVIII.

Gallomania checks in this degenerate epoch  
Peaceful culture as once Lutheranism did.

LXIX.

Whatever in France is past the Germans take  
up and encourage;  
For the proudest man flatters the rabble and  
crawls.

LXX.

"Darest thou call it the rabble? Where is  
the rabble?" The people,  
Could ye get your own way, soon a rabble  
would be.

LXXI.

Wherever parties arise each holds itself this  
side and that side;  
Many years will elapse ere their centres unite.

LXXII.

“Those men there are starting a party; what a ridiculous notion! But our party indeed! That is a different thing!”

LXXIII.

Son, wilt thou always be free? then learn something useful, remaining Quite content with thy lot, never aspiring too high.

Spirits in sympathy close, union of soul unto soul.

LXXVIII.

Who is the worthiest man in the state? A respectable burgher; Under whatever rule he is the solidest prop.

LXXIX.

Who then is really a prince? My own observation has taught me



LXXIV.

Who is the nobler man in ev'ry station? Who- ever Gives impartial advice, scorning advantage for self.

LXXV.

Know'st thou how even the small may be great? By doing their duty, Small though it be; the great needs must do just the same.

LXXVI.

What is holy? 'Tis that which binds many spirits in union. Bond, though ever so slight, like the grass on a wreath.

LXXVII.

What is the holiest? That which binds to-day and forever,

He alone is a prince who has it in him to be.

LXXX.

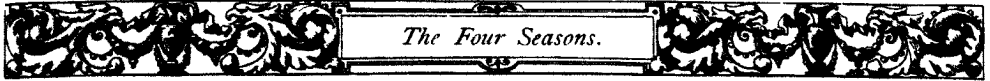
Wisdom failing in rulers, right good-will in the people, Force must grasp the helm, else will destruction ensue.

LXXXI.

Many states have I seen, and that stands high above others, Where the rulers must serve, leaving to others the gain.

LXXXII.

Only let every being fairly use his advantage, Granting to others their share; then will peace ever reign.



The Four Seasons.

LXXXIII.

But if none is content with the share that Fate has allotted,  
Then is the train ready laid always and ever for war.

LXXXIV.

Twain are the methods of speaking the truth if truth be unwelcome:  
Frankly that people may know, secretly unto the prince.

LXXXV.

If thou findest fault with the individual loudly,  
He will harden his heart as the throng do at praise.

LXXXVI.

Thou art monarch and knight and thou canst rule and do battle;  
But if treaties are made call the chancellor's aid.

LXXXVII.

Wise, industrious, firm, acquainted with all, understanding

High and low alike, thus the minister stands.

LXXXVIII.

What is the courtier I honor? The keenest and shrewdest. Whatever  
Yet that he fails to possess comes to his service as man.

LXXXIX.

Whether thou art the wisest or not who gives an opinion?  
But—be the upright man both at home and abroad.

XC.

Whether thou wakest or not we care not, provided thou singest.  
Sing, O watchman, thy song, sleeping, as multitudes do.

XCI.

Now, O Autumn, thou strewest only yellowing leaflets.  
Give me another year full-ripen'd fruit instead.

WINTER.

XCII.

**W**ATER is body and substance in flux.  
The stage that is newest  
Shines in the glow of the sun held by the shimmering shores.

XCIII.

Truly it seems like a vision! Life in significant pictures  
Hovers earnest and fair over the far-gleaming plains.

XCIV.

Countless centuries frozen, like ice, stretch off in our vision;  
Reason and Sympathy glide dim in the background away.

XCV.

Only the level plain conditions the whirl of existence:  
If it be smooth we all reckon not of danger at hand.

XCVI.

All are striving and hastening, seeking and fleeing each other;  
Yet our courses are fixed over the slippery plain.

XCVII.

Hither and thither they glide, the pupils and master together,  
And the common folk holding the middle way.

XCVIII.

Every one must show what he can; not praise and not glory  
Kept this man from the goal, drove that other one on.

XCIX.

You who praise the bungler, the Master's detractors, I see you,  
Dumb with impotent rage, standing here on the shore.

*The Four Seasons.*

C.

Novice! thou totterest clumsily shunning, the  
dangerous mirror.  
Keep up thy heart! thou wilt be soon the  
pride of the course.

CI.

Wilt thou already show prowess, and art not  
confident? Nonsense!  
Only from well-pois'd force gleams true  
happiness forth.

CII.

Falls are the fortune of man; the pupil must  
fall, and the master  
Also will meet with mishaps; let him be-  
ware how he strikes.

CIII.

If the skilfullest skater but fall, the idle spec-  
tators  
Laugh, as over their cups men boast of  
whipping their foes.

CIV.

Glide away joyfully, giving advice to the  
novice beginning;  
Take full pride in thy leadership, joy in the  
day.

CV.

See! already the Spring is at hand. The  
hurrying waters  
Waste the ice from below, gentler sunbeams  
above.

CVI.

This generation is vanish'd, scatter'd the  
radiant circles.  
Fishers and sailors once more claim the  
swift-rolling stream.

CVII.


Swim, thou wonderful floe, away, and if thou  
shalt never  
Join the sea as a floe, drop by drop thou  
may'st come.





Lovingly I'll sing of love;  
Ever comes she from above.

### THE FRIENDLY MEETING.



NROB'D with mantle to my chin conceal'd,  
I trod the rocky path, so steep and gray,  
Then to the wintry plain I bent my way  
Uneasily, to flight my bosom steel'd.

But sudden was the newborn day reveal'd:  
A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,  
Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay  
In realms of song. My yearning heart was  
heal'd.

Yet turn'd I thence, till she had onward  
pass'd,  
While closer still the folds to draw I tried,  
As though with heat self-kindled to  
grow warm;

But follow'd her. She stood. The die was  
cast!  
No more within my mantle could I hide;  
I threw it off,—she lay within mine arm.

## IN A WORD.

THUS to be chain'd forever can I bear?  
 A very torment that, in truth, would be.  
 This very day my new resolve shall see,—  
 I'll not go near the lately-worshipp'd Fair.

Yet what excuse, my heart, can I prepare  
 In such a case, for not consulting thee?  
 But courage! while our sorrows utter we  
 In tones where love, grief, gladness have a  
 share.

But see! the minstrel's bidding to obey,  
 Its melody pours forth the sounding lyre,  
 Yearning a sacrifice of love to bring.

Scarce would'st thou think it—ready is the lay;  
 Well, but what then? Methought in the first  
 fire  
 We to her presence flew, that lay to sing.



## THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

HOW grave thou lookest, lov'd one! where-  
 fore so?  
 Thy marble image seems a type of thee;  
 Like it, no sign of life thou giv'st to me;  
 Compar'd with thee, the stone appears to  
 glow.

Behind his shield in ambush lurks the foe,  
 The friend's brow all-unruffled we should  
 see.  
 I seek thee, but thou seek'st away to flee;  
 Fix'd as this sculptur'd figure, learn to grow!

Tell me, to which should I the preference pay?  
 Must I from both with coldness meet alone?  
 The one is lifeless, thou with life art bless'd.

In short, no longer to throw words away,  
 I'll fondly kiss and kiss and kiss this stone,  
 Till thou dost tear me hence with envious  
 breast.

## GROWTH.

O'ER field and plain, in childhood's artless  
 days,  
 Thou sprang'st with me, on many a spring-  
 morn fair.

“For such a daughter, with what pleasing care,  
 Would I, as father, happy dwellings raise!”

And when thou on the world didst cast thy  
 gaze,

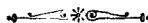
Thy joy was then in household toils to share.  
 “Why did I trust her, why she trust me e'er?  
 For such a sister, how I Heaven should  
 praise!”

Nothing can now the beauteous growth retard;  
 Love's glowing flame within my breast is  
 fann'd.

Shall I embrace her form, my grief to end?

Thee as a queen must I, alas, regard:  
 So high above me plac'd thou seem'st to  
 stand;

Before a passing look I meekly bend.



## FOOD IN TRAVEL.

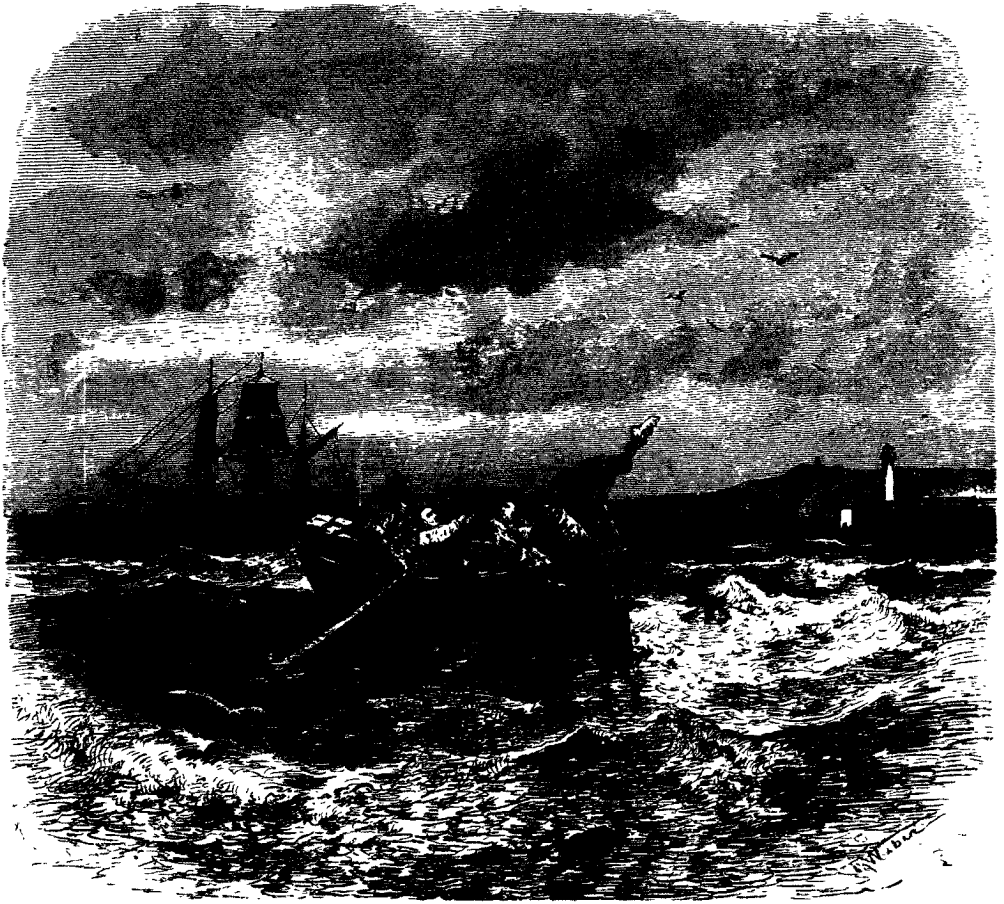
IF to her eyes' bright lustre I were blind,  
 No longer would they serve my life to gild.  
 The will of destiny must be fulfill'd,—  
 This knowing, I withdrew with sadden'd mind.

No further happiness I now could find;  
 The former longings of my heart were still'd:  
 I sought her looks alone, whereon to build  
 My joy in life,—all else was left behind.

Wine's genial glow, the festal banquet gay,  
 Ease, sleep, and friends, all wonted pleasures  
 glad

I spurn'd, till little there remain'd to prove.

Now calmly through the world I wend my way:  
 That which I crave may everywhere be had,  
 With me I bring the one thing needful—  
 love.



## DEPARTURE.

WITH many a thousand kiss not yet content,

At length with One kiss I was forc'd to go ;  
After that bitter parting's depth of woe,  
I deem'd the shore from which my steps I bent,

Its hills, streams, dwellings, mountains, as I  
went,

A pledge of joy, till daylight ceas'd to glow ;  
Then on my sight did blissful visions grow  
In the dim-lighted, distant firmament.

And when at length the sea confin'd my gaze,  
My ardent longing fill'd my heart once  
more ;  
What I had lost, unwillingly I sought.

Then Heaven appear'd to shed its kindly rays ;  
Methought that all I had possess'd of yore  
Remain'd still mine—that I was rest of nought.

## THE LOVING ONE WRITES.

THE look that thy sweet eyes on mine im-  
press,

The pledge thy lips to mine convey,—the  
kiss,—

He who, like me, hath knowledge sure of this,  
Can he in aught beside find happiness?

Remov'd from thee, friend-sever'd, in distress,  
These thoughts I vainly struggle to dismiss :  
They still return to that one hour of bliss,  
The only one ; then tears my grief confess.

But unawares the tear makes haste to dry :  
He loves, methinks, e'en to these glades so  
still,—

And shalt not thou to distant lands extend ?

Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh ;  
My only joy on earth is in thy will,  
Thy kindly will tow'rd me ; a token send !



## THE LOVING ONE ONCE MORE.

WHY do I o'er my paper once more bend?  
Ask not too closely, dearest one, I pray:  
For, to speak truth, I've nothing now  
to say;

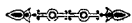
Yet to thy hands at length 'twill come, dear friend.

Since I can come not with it, what I send  
My undivided heart shall now convey,  
With all its joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, to-day:  
All this hath no beginning, hath no end.

Henceforward I may ne'er to thee confide  
How, far as thought, wish, fancy, will, can reach,  
My faithful heart with thine is surely blended.

Thus stood I once enraptur'd by thy side,  
Gaz'd on thee, and said nought. What need of speech?

My very being in itself was ended.



## SHE CANNOT END.

WHEN unto thee I sent the page all white,  
Instead of first thereon inscribing aught,  
The space thou doubtless filledst up in  
sport,

And sent it me, to make my joy grow bright.

As soon as the blue cover met my sight,  
As well becomes a woman, quick as thought  
I tore it open, leaving hidden nought,  
And read the well-known words of pure delight:

MY ONLY BEING! DEAREST HEART! SWEET  
CHILD!

How kindly thou my yearning then didst  
still

With gentle words, entralling me to thee.

In truth methought I read thy whispers mild  
Wherewith thou lovingly my soul didst fill,  
E'en to myself for aye ennobling me.



## NEMESIS.

WHEN through the nations stalks contagion wild,  
We from them cautiously should steal away.  
E'en I have oft with ling'ring and delay  
Shunn'd many an influence, not to be defil'd.

And e'en though Amor oft my hours beguil'd,  
At length with him preferr'd I not to play,  
And so, too, with the wretched sons of clay,  
When four and three-lin'd verses they compil'd.

But punishment pursues the scoffer straight,  
As if by serpent-torch of furies led  
From hill to vale, from land to sea to fly.

I hear the genie's laughter at my fate;  
Yet do I find all power of thinking fled  
In sonnet-rage and love's fierce ecstasy.



## THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

THIS box, mine own sweet darling, thou wilt find

With many a varied sweetmeat's form supplied;

The fruits are they of holy Christmas tide,  
But bak'd indeed, for children's use design'd.

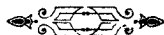
I'd fain, in speeches sweet with skill combin'd,

Poetic sweetmeats for the feast provide;  
But why in such frivolities confide?

Perish the thought, with flattery to blind!

One sweet thing there is still, that from within,  
Within us speaks,—that may be felt afar;  
This may be wafted o'er to thee alone.

If thou a recollection fond canst win,  
As if with pleasure gleam'd each well-known star,  
The smallest gift thou never wilt disown.



## THE WARNING.

WHEN sounds the trumpet at the Judgment-Day,  
 And when forever all things earthly die,  
 We must a full and true account supply  
 Of ev'ry useless word we dropp'd in play.

But what effect will all the words convey  
 Wherein with eager zeal and lovingly,  
 That I might win thy favor, labor'd I,  
 If on thine ear alone they die away?

Therefore, sweet love, thy conscience bear in  
 mind,  
 Remember well how long thou hast delay'd,  
 So that the world such sufferings may not  
 know.

If I must reckon, and excuses find  
 For all things useless I to thee have said,  
 To a full year the Judgment-Day will grow.

THE DOUBTERS AND THE  
LOVERS.

## THE DOUBTERS.

YE love, and sonnets write! Fate's strange  
 behest!  
 The heart, its hidden meaning to declare,  
 Must seek for rhymes, uniting pair with pair:  
 Learn, children, that the will is weak, at best.

Scarcely with freedom the o'erflowing breast  
 As yet can speak, and well may it beware;  
 Tempestuous passions sweep each chord that's  
 there,  
 Then once more sink to night and gentle rest.

Why vex yourselves and us, the heavy stone  
 Up the steep path but step by step to roll?  
 It falls again, and ye ne'er cease to strive.

## THE LOVERS.

But we are on the proper road alone!  
 If gladly is to thaw the frozen soul  
 The fire of love must aye be kept alive.

## THE EPOCHS.

ON Petrarch's heart, all other days before,  
 In flaming letters written, was impress'd  
 GOOD FRIDAY. And on mine, be it con-  
 fess'd,  
 Is this year's ADVENT, as it passeth o'er.

I do not now begin,—I *still* adore  
 Her whom I early cherish'd in my breast,  
 Then once again with prudence disposess'd,  
 And to whose heart I'm driven back once  
 more.

The love of Petrarch, that all-glorious love,  
 Was unrequited, and, alas, full sad;  
 One long Good Friday 'twas, one heartache  
 drear;

But may my mistress' Advent ever prove,  
 With its palm-jubilee, so sweet and glad,  
 One endless Mayday, through the livelong  
 year!

## CHARADE.

TWO words there are, both short, of beauty  
 rare,  
 Whose sounds our lips so often love to  
 frame,  
 But which with clearness never can pro-  
 claim  
 The things whose own peculiar stamp they  
 bear.

'Tis well in days of age and youth so fair  
 One on the other boldly to inflame;  
 And if those words together link'd we name,  
 A blissful rapture we discover there.

But now to give them pleasure do I seek;  
 And in myself my happiness would find;  
 I hope in silence, but I hope for this:

Gently, as lov'd one's names, those words to  
 speak,  
 To see them both within one image shrin'd,  
 Both in one being to embrace with bliss.



In the wares before you spread,  
Types of all things may be read.

## THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

'NEATH the shadow  
Of these bushes,  
On the meadow  
Where the cooling water gushes,  
Phœbus gave me, when a boy,  
All life's fulness to enjoy.  
So, in silence, as the God  
Bade them with his sov'reign nod,  
Sacred Muses train'd my days  
To his praise,—  
With the bright and silv'ry flood  
Of Parnassus stirr'd my blood,  
And the seal so pure and chaste  
By them on my lips was plac'd.

With her modest pinions, see,  
Philomel encircles me!  
In these bushes, in yon grove,  
Calls she to her sister-throng,  
And their heavenly choral song  
Teaches me to dream of love.

Fulness waxes in my breast  
Of emotions social, bless'd;  
Friendship's nurtur'd,—love awakes,—  
And the silence Phœbus breaks  
Of his mountains, of his vales,—  
Sweetly blow the balmy gales;  
All for whom he shows affection,  
Who are worthy his protection,  
Gladly follow his direction.

*This* one comes with joyous bearing  
And with open, radiant gaze;  
*That* a sterner look is wearing,  
*This* one, scarcely cured, with daring  
Wakes the strength of former days;

For the sweet, destructive flame  
Pierc'd his marrow and his frame.  
That which Amor stole before  
Phœbus only can restore,—  
Peace, and joy, and harmony,  
Aspirations pure and free.

Brethren, rise ye!  
Numbers prize ye!  
Deeds of worth resemble they.  
Who can better than the bard  
Guide a friend when gone astray?  
If his duty he regard  
More he'll do than others may.

Yes! afar I hear them sing!  
Yes! I hear them touch the string,  
And with mighty godlike stroke  
Right and duty they inspire,  
And evoke,  
As they sing, and wake the lyre,  
Tendencies of noblest worth  
To each type of strength give birth.

Phantasies of sweetest power  
Flower  
Round about on ev'ry bough,  
Bending now,  
Like the magic wood of old,  
'Neath the fruit that gleams like gold.

What we feel and what we view  
In the land of highest bliss,—  
This dear soil, a sun like this,—  
Lures the best of women too.  
And the Muses' breathings bless'd  
Rouse the maiden's gentle breast,



ARTIST : W FRIEDRICH.

THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

Tune the throat to minstrelsy,  
 And with cheeks of beauteous dye,  
 Bid it sing a worthy song,  
 Sit the sister-band among;  
 And their strains grow softer still  
 As they vie with earnest will.

One amongst the band betimes  
 Goes to wander  
 By the beeches, 'neath the limes,  
 Yonder seeking, finding yonder  
 That which in the morning-grove  
 She had lost through roguish Love,  
 All her breast's first aspirations,  
 And her heart's calm meditations.  
 To the shady wood so fair  
 Gently stealing,  
 Takes she that which man can ne'er  
 Duly merit,—each soft feeling,—  
 Disregards the noontide ray  
 And the dew at close of day,—  
 In the plain her path she loses.  
 Ne'er disturb her on her way!  
 Seek her silently, ye Muses!

Shouts I hear wherein the sound  
 Of the waterfall is drown'd.  
 From the grove loud clamors rise;  
 Strange the tumult, strange the cries.  
 See I rightly? Can it be?  
 To the very sanctuary,  
 Lo, an impious troop in-hies!

O'er the land  
 Streams the band;  
 Hot desire,  
 Drunken fire  
 In their gaze  
 Wildly plays,—  
 Makes their hair  
 Bristle there.  
 And the troop,  
 With fell swoop,  
 Women, men,  
 Coming then,  
 Ply their blows  
 And expose,  
 Void of shame,  
 All the frame.  
 Iron shot,  
 Fierce and hot,  
 Strike with fear  
 On the ear;  
 All they slay  
 On their way.  
 O'er the land  
 Pours the band;

All take flight  
 At their sight.

Ah, o'er ev'ry plant they rush!  
 Ah, their cruel footsteps crush  
 All the flowers that fill their path!  
 Who will dare to stem their wrath?

Brethren, let us venture all!  
 Virtue in your pure cheek glows.  
 Phœbus will attend our call  
 When he sees our heavy woes;  
 And that we may have aright  
 Weapons suited to the fight,  
 He the mountain shaketh now—  
 From its brow  
 Rattling down  
 Stone on stone  
 Through the thicket spread appear.  
 Brethren, seize them! Wherefore fear?  
 Now the villain crew assail  
 As though with a storm of hail,  
 And expel the strangers wild  
 From these regions soft and mild  
 Where the sun has ever smil'd!

What strange wonder do I see?  
 Can it be?  
 All my limbs of power are reft,  
 And all strength my hand has left.  
 Can it be?  
 None are strangers that I see!  
 And our brethren 'tis who go  
 On before, the way to show!  
 Oh, the reckless impious ones!  
 How they, with their jarring tones,  
 Beat the time as on they hie!  
 Quick, my brethren!—let us fly!

To the rash ones, yet a word!  
 Ay, my voice shall now be heard  
 As a peal of thunder, strong!  
 Words as poets' arms were made,—  
 When the god will be obey'd,  
 Follow fast his darts ere long.

Was it possible that ye  
 Thus your godlike dignity  
 Should forget? The Thyrsus rude  
 Must a heavy burden feel  
 To the hand but wont to steal  
 O'er the lyre in gentle mood.  
 From the sparkling waterfalls,  
 From the brook that purling calls,  
 Shall Silenus' loathsome beast  
 Be allow'd at will to feast?  
 Aganippe's wave he sips  
 With profane and spreading lips,—

With ungainly feet stamps madly,  
Till the waters flow on sadly.

Fain I'd think myself deluded  
In the sadd'ning sounds I hear ;  
From the holy glades secluded  
Hateful tones assail the ear.  
Laughter wild (exchange how mournful !)  
Takes the place of love's sweet dream ;  
Women-haters and the scornful  
In exulting chorus scream.  
Nightingale and turtle-dove  
Fly their nests so warm and chaste,  
And, inflam'd with sensual love,  
Holds the Faun the Nymph embrac'd.  
Here a garment's torn away,  
Scoffs succeed their sated bliss,  
While the god, with angry ray,  
Looks upon each impious kiss.

Vapor, smoke, as from a fire,  
And advancing clouds I view ;  
Chords not only grace the lyre,  
For the bow its chords hath too.  
Even the adorer's heart  
Dreads the wild advancing band,  
For the flames that round them dart  
Show the fierce destroyer's hand.  
Oh, neglect not what I say,  
For I speak it lovingly !  
From our boundaries haste away,  
From the god's dread anger fly !

Cleanse once more the holy place,  
Turn the savage train aside !  
Earth contains upon its face  
Many a spot un sanctified ;  
Here we only prize the good.  
Stars unsullied round us burn.

If ye, in repentant mood,  
From your wanderings would return,—  
If ye fail to find the bliss  
That ye found with *us* of yore,—  
Or when lawless mirth like this  
Gives your hearts delight no more,—  
Then return in pilgrim guise,  
Gladly up the mountain go,  
While your strains repentant rise,  
And our brethren's advent show.

Let a new-born wreath entwine  
Solemnly your temples round ;  
Rapture glows in hearts divine  
When a long-lost sinner's found.  
Swifter e'en than Lethe's flood  
Round Death's silent house can play  
Ev'ry error of the good  
Will love's chalice wash away.  
All will haste your steps to meet  
As ye come in majesty,—  
Men your blessing will entreat ;—  
Ours ye thus will doubly be !



## MAHOMET'S SONG.

SEE the rock-born stream !  
Like the gleam  
Of a star so bright !  
Kindly spirits  
High above the clouds  
Nourish'd him while youthful  
In the copse between the cliffs.

Young and fresh,  
From the clouds he danceth  
Down upon the marble rocks ;  
Then tow'rd heaven  
Leaps exulting.

Through the mountain-passes  
Chaseth he the color'd pebbles,  
And, advancing like a chief,  
Tears his brother streamlets with him  
In his course.

In the valley down below  
'Neath his footsteps spring the flowers,  
And the meadow  
In his breath finds life.

Yet no shady vale can stay him  
Nor can flowers,

Round his knees all-softly twining,  
With their loving eyes detain him ;  
To the plain his course he taketh,  
Serpent-winding.

Social streamlets  
Join his waters. And now moves he  
O'er the plain in silv'ry glory,  
And the plain in him exults,  
And the rivers from the plain,  
And the streamlets from the mountain,  
Shout with joy, exclaiming : " Brother,  
Brother, take thy brethren with thee,  
With thee to thine aged father,  
To the everlasting ocean,  
Who, with arms outstretching far,  
Waiteth for us ;  
Ah, in vain those arms lie open  
To embrace his yearning children ;  
For the thirsty sand consumes us  
In the desert waste ; the sunbeams  
Drink our life-blood ; hills around us  
Into lakes would dam us ! Brother,  
Take thy brethren of the plain,

Take thy brethren of the mountain  
With thee, to thy father's arms !"—

Let all come, then !—  
And now swells he  
Lordlier still ; yea, e'en a people  
Bears his regal flood on high !  
And in triumph onward rolling  
Names to countries gives he,—cities  
Spring to light beneath his foot.

Ever, ever, on he rushes,  
Leaves the towers' flame-tipp'd summits,  
Marble palaces, the offspring  
Of his fulness, far behind.

Cedar-houses bears the Atlas  
On his giant shoulders ; flutt'ring  
In the breeze far, far above him  
Thousand flags are gayly floating,  
Bearing witness to his might.

And so beareth he his brethren  
All his treasures, all his children,  
Wildly shouting, to the bosom  
Of his long-expectant sire.

## SPIRIT SONG OVER THE WATERS.

THE soul of man  
Resembleth water :  
From heaven it cometh,  
To heaven it soareth,  
And then again  
To earth descendeth,  
Changing ever.

Down from the lofty  
Rocky wall  
Streams the bright flood,  
Then spreadeth gently  
In cloudy billows  
O'er the smooth rock,  
And welcomed kindly,  
Veiling, on roams it,  
Soft murmuring,  
Toward the abyss.

Cliffs projecting  
Oppose its progress,—

Angrily foams it  
Down to the bottom,  
Step by step.

Now, in flat channel,  
Through the meadowland steals it,  
And in the polish'd lake  
Each constellation  
Joyously peepeth.

Wind is the loving  
Wooer of waters ;  
Wind blends together  
Billows all-foaming.

Spirit of man,  
Thou art like unto water !  
Fortune of man,  
Thou art like unto wind !

## MY GODDESS.

SAY, which Immortal  
Merits the highest reward?  
With none contend I,  
But I will give it  
To the aye-changing,  
Ever-moving  
Wondrous daughter of Jove,  
His best-beloved offspring,  
Sweet Phantasy.

For unto her  
Hath he granted  
All the fancies which erst  
To none allow'd he  
Saving himself;  
Now he takes his pleasure  
In the mad one.

She may, crown'd with roses,  
With staff twined round with lilies,  
Roam through flow'ry valleys,  
Rule the butterfly-people,  
And soft-nourishing dew  
With bee-like lips  
Drink from the blossom:

Or else she may  
With fluttering hair  
And gloomy looks  
Sigh in the wind  
Round rocky cliffs,  
And thousand-hued,  
Like morn and even,  
Ever changing,  
Like moonbeam's light,  
To mortals appear.

Let us all, then,  
Adore the Father!  
The old, the mighty,  
Who such a beauteous  
Ne'er-fading spouse  
Deigns to accord  
To perishing mortals!

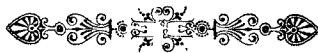
To us alone  
Doth he unite her  
With heavenly bonds,  
While he commands her,  
In joy and sorrow,  
As a true spouse  
Never to fly us.

All the remaining  
Races so poor  
Of life-teeming earth,  
In children so rich,  
Wander and feed  
In vacant enjoyment,  
And 'mid the dark sorrows  
Of evanescent  
Restricted life,—  
Bow'd by the heavy  
Yoke of Necessity.

But unto us he  
Hath his most versatile,  
Most cherish'd daughter  
Granted,—what joy!  
Lovingly greet her  
As a belov'd one!  
Give her the woman's  
Place in our home!

And oh, may the aged  
Stepmother Wisdom  
Her gentle spirit  
Ne'er seek to harm!

Yet know I her sister,  
The older, sedater,  
Mine own silent friend;  
Oh, may she never,  
Till life's lamp is quench'd,  
Turn away from me,—  
That noble inciter,  
Comforter,—Hope!







ARTIST: E. UNGER.

SPIRIT SONG OVER THE WATERS.

## WINTER JOURNEY OVER THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.



LIKE the vulture  
Who on heavy morning clouds  
With gentle wing reposing  
Looks for his prey,—  
Hover, my song!

For a God hath  
Unto each prescrib'd

His destin'd path,  
Which the happy one  
Runs o'er swiftly  
To his glad goal:  
He whose heart cruel  
Fate hath contracted,  
Struggles but vainly  
Against all the barriers



The brazen thread raises,  
But which the harsh shears  
Must one day sever.

Through gloomy thickets  
Presseth the wild deer on,  
And with the sparrows  
Long have the wealthy  
Settled themselves in the marsh.

Easy 'tis following the chariot  
That by Fortune is driven,  
Like the baggage that moves  
Over well-mended highways  
After the train of a prince.

But who stands there apart?  
In the thicket, lost is his path;  
Behind him the bushes  
Are closing together,  
The grass springs up again,  
The desert engulfs him.

Ah, who'll heal his afflictions  
To whom balsam was poison,  
Who, from love's fulness,  
Drank in misanthropy only?  
First despis'd, and now a despiser,  
He, in secret, wasteth  
All that he is worth  
In a selfishness vain.

If there be, on thy psaltery,  
Father of Love, but one tone  
That to his ear may be pleasing,  
Oh, then, quicken his heart!  
Clear his cloud-envelop'd eyes  
Over the thousand fountains  
Close by the thirsty one  
In the desert.

Thou who createst much joy,  
For each a measure o'erflowing,  
Bless the sons of the chase  
When on the track of the prey,  
With a wild thirsting for blood,  
Youthful and joyous,  
Avenging late the injustice  
Which the peasant resisted  
Vainly for years with his staff.

But the lonely one veil  
Within thy gold clouds!  
Surround with wintergreen  
Until the roses bloom again  
The humid locks,  
Oh, Love, of thy minstrel!

With thy glimmering torch  
Lightest thou him  
Through the fords when 'tis night,  
Over bottomless places,  
On desert-like plains;  
With the thousand colors of morning  
Gladd'nest his bosom;  
With the fierce-biting storm  
Bearest him proudly on high;  
Winter torrents rush from the cliffs,—  
Blend with his psalms;  
An altar of grateful delight  
He finds in the much-dreaded mountain's  
Snow-begirded summit,  
Which foreboding nations  
Crown'd with spirit-dances.

Thou stand'st with breast inscrutable,  
Mysteriously disclos'd,  
High o'er the wondering world,  
And look'st from clouds  
Upon its realms and its majesty,  
Which thou from the veins of thy brethren  
Near thee dost water.

## TO FATHER KRONOS.

**H**ASTEN thee, Kronos!  
On with clattering trot!  
Downhill goeth thy path;  
Loathsome dizziness ever,  
When thou delayest, assails me.  
Quick, rattle along,  
Over stock and stone let thy trot  
Into life straightway lead!

Now once more  
Up the toilsome ascent  
Hasten, panting for breath!  
Up, then, nor idle be.—  
Striving and hoping, up, up!

Wide, high, glorious the view  
Gazing round upon life,

While from mount unto mount  
Hovers the spirit eterne,  
Life eternal foreboding.

Sideways a roof's pleasant shade  
Attracts thee,  
And a look that promises coolness  
On the maidenly threshold.  
There refresh thee! And, maiden,  
Give me this foaming draught also,  
Give me this health-laden look!

Down, now! quicker still, down!  
See where the sun sets!  
Ere he sets, ere old age  
Seizeth me in the morass,

Ere my toothless jaws mumble,  
And my useless limbs totter;

While drunk with his farewell beam  
Hurl me,—a fiery sea  
Foaming still in mine eye,—  
Hurl me, while dazzled and reeling,  
Down to the gloomy portal of hell.

Blow, then, gossip, thy horn!  
Speed on with echoing trot,  
So that Orcus may know we are coming;  
So that our host may with joy  
Wait at the door to receive us.

## THE WANDERER'S STORM-SONG.

**H**E whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Feels no dread within his heart  
At the tempest or the rain.  
He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Will to the rain-clouds,  
Will to the hail-storm,  
Sing in reply  
As the lark sings,  
Oh, thou on high!

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Thou wilt raise above the mud-track  
With thy fiery pinions.  
He will wander  
As, with flowery feet,  
Over Deucalion's dark flood,  
Python-slaying, light, glorious,  
Pythius Apollo.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Thou wilt place upon thy fleecy pinion  
When he sleepeth on the rock,—  
Thou wilt shelter with thy guardian wing  
In the forest's midnight hour.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Thou wilt wrap up warmly  
In the snow-drift;  
Tow'rd the warmth approach the Muses,  
Tow'rd the warmth approach the Graces.

Ye Muses, hover round me!  
Ye Graces also!  
That is water, that is earth,  
And the son of water and of earth  
Over which I wander  
Like the gods.

Ye are pure, like the heart of the water;  
Ye are pure, like the marrow of earth,  
Hov'ring round me, while I hover  
Over water, o'er the earth  
Like the gods.

Shall he then return,  
The small, the dark, the fiery peasant?  
Shall he then return, awaiting  
Only thy gifts, O Father Bromius,  
And brightly gleaming, warmth-spreading  
fire?

Return with joy?  
And I, whom ye attended,  
Ye Muses and ye Graces,  
Whom all awaits that ye,  
Ye Muses and ye Graces,  
Of circling bliss in life  
Have glorified—shall I  
Return dejected?

Father Bromius!  
Thou'rt the Genius,

Genius of ages,  
Thou'rt what inward glow  
To Pindar was,  
What to the world  
Phœbus Apollo.

Woe! woe! Inward warmth,  
Spirit-warmth,  
Central point!  
Glow, and vie with  
Phœbus Apollo!  
Coldly soon  
His regal look  
Over thee will swiftly glide,—  
Envy-struck  
Linger o'er the cedar's strength,  
Which to flourish  
Waits him not.

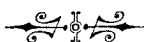
Why doth my lay name thee the last?  
Thee, from whom it began,  
Thee, in whom it endeth,  
Thee, from whom it flows,  
Jupiter Pluvius!  
Tow'rd thee streams my song,  
And a Castalian spring  
Runs as a fellow-brook,  
Runs to the idle ones,  
Mortal, happy ones,  
Apart from thee,  
Who cov'rest me around,  
Jupiter Pluvius!

Not by the elm tree  
Him didst thou visit,

With the pair of doves  
Held in his gentle arm,—  
With the beauteous garland of roses,—  
Caressing him, so bless'd in his flowers,  
Anacreon,  
Storm-breathing godhead!

Not in the poplar grove  
Near the Sybaris' strand,  
Not on the mountain's  
Sun-illumined brow  
Didst thou seize him,  
The flower-singing,  
Honey-breathing,  
Sweetly nodding  
Theocritus.

When the wheels were rattling,  
Wheel on wheel tow'rd the goal,  
High arose  
The sound of the lash  
Of youths with victory glowing,  
In the dust rolling,  
As from the mountain fall  
Showers of stones in the vale—  
Then thy soul was brightly glowing,  
Pindar—  
Glowing? Poor heart!  
There, on the hill,—  
Heavenly might!  
But enough glow  
Thither to wend  
Where is my cot!



## THE SEA-VOYAGE.

**M**ANY a day and night my bark stood  
ready laden;  
Waiting fav'ring winds, I sat with true friends  
round me  
Pledging me to patience and to courage  
In the haven.

And they spoke thus with impatience twofold:  
"Gladly pray we for thy rapid passage,  
Gladly for thy happy voyage; fortune  
In the distant world is waiting for thee,  
In our arms thou'lt find thy prize, and love too,  
When returning."

And when morning came arose an uproar,  
And the sailors' joyous shouts awoke us;  
All was stirring, all was living, moving,  
Bent on sailing with the first kind zephyr.

And the sails soon in the breeze are swelling,  
And the sun with fiery love invites us;  
Fill'd the sails are, clouds on high are floating,  
On the shore each friend exulting raises  
Songs of hope, in giddy joy expecting  
Joy the voyage through as on the morn of  
sailing  
And the earliest starry nights so radiant.



ARTIST: F. C. WELSCH.

THE WANDERER'S STORM-SONG.

But by God-sent changing winds ere long he's  
driven  
Sideways from the course he had intended,  
And he feigns as though he would surrender  
While he gently striveth to outwit them.

To his goal, e'en when thus press'd, still faithful.  
But from out the damp gray distance rising  
Softly now the storm proclaims its advent,  
Presseth down each bird upon the waters,  
Presseth down the throbbing hearts of mortals.  
And it cometh. At its stubborn fury  
Wisely ev'ry sail the seaman striketh ;  
With the anguish-laden ball are sporting  
Wind and water.

And on yonder shore are gather'd, standing,  
Friends and lovers, trembling for the bold  
one :

“ Why, alas, remain'd he here not with us !  
Ah, the tempest ! Cast away by fortune !  
Must the good one perish in this fashion ?  
Might not he perchance . . . Ye great im-  
mortals ! ”

Yet he, like a man, stands by his rudder ;  
With the bark are sporting wind and water,  
Wind and water sport not with his bosom :  
On the fierce deep looks he as a master,—  
In his gods, or shipwreck'd or safe landed,  
Trusting ever.



## PROMETHEUS.

COVER thy spacious heavens, Zeus,  
With clouds of mist,  
And, like the boy who lops  
The thistles' heads,  
Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks ;  
Yet thou must leave  
My earth still standing ;  
My cottage too, which was not rais'd by thee ;  
Leave me my hearth,  
Whose kindly glow  
By thee is envied.

I know naught poorer  
Under the sun than ye gods !  
Ye nourish painfully,  
With sacrifices  
And votive prayers,  
Your majesty ;  
Ye would e'en starve  
If children and beggars  
Were not trusting fools.

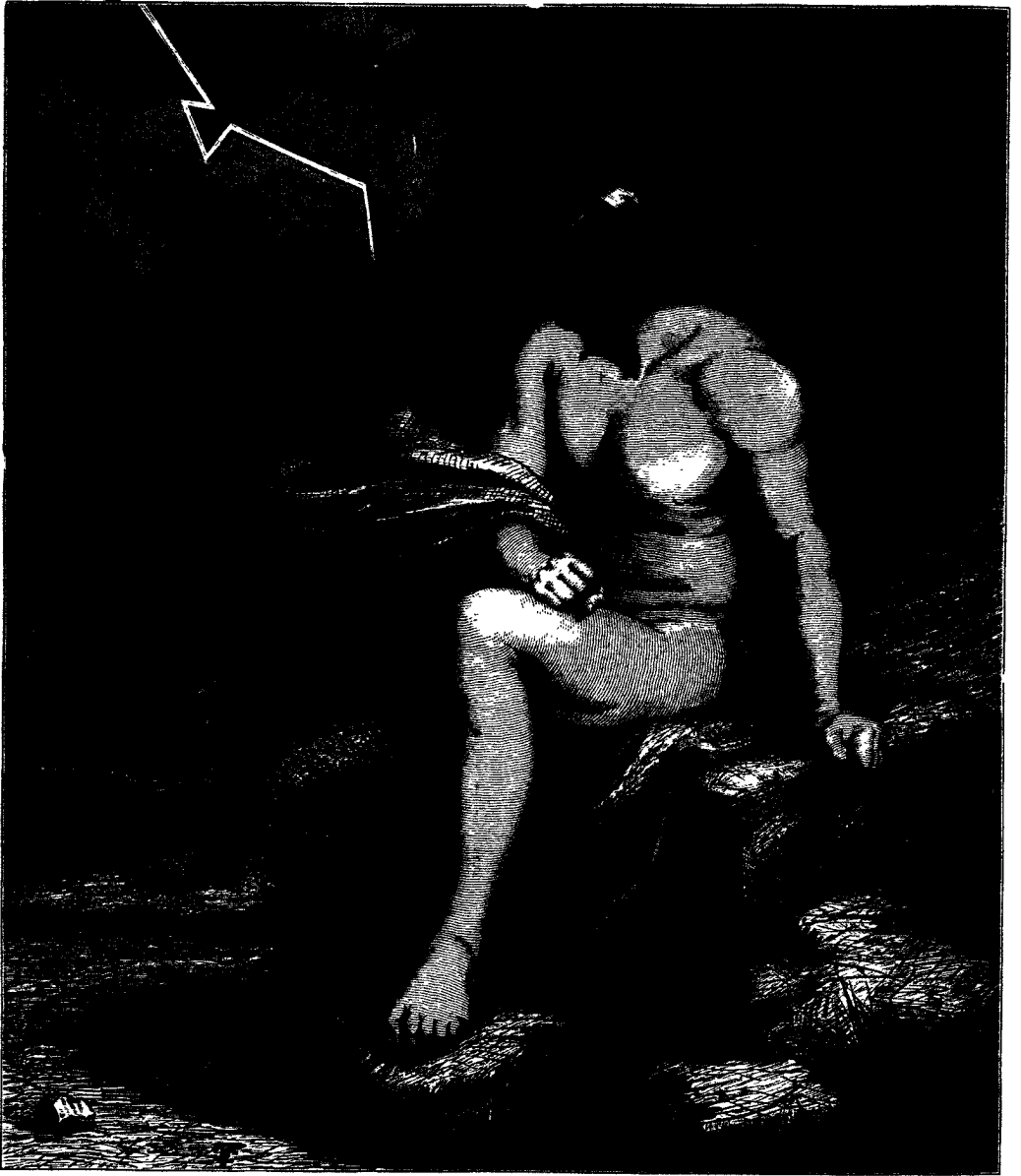
While yet a child  
And ignorant of life  
I turn'd my wandering gaze  
Up tow'rd the sun, as if with him

There were an ear to hear my wailings,  
A heart like mine  
To feel compassion for distress.

Who help'd me  
Against the Titans' insolence ?  
Who rescued me from certain death,  
From slavery ?  
Didst thou not do all this thyself,  
My sacred glowing heart ?  
And glow'dst, young and good,  
Deceiv'd with grateful thanks,  
To yonder slumbering one ?

I honor thee ! and why ?  
Hast thou e'er lighten'd the sorrows  
Of the heavy-laden ?  
Hast thou e'er dried up the tears  
Of the anguish-stricken ?  
Was I not fashion'd to be a man  
By omnipotent Time  
And by eternal Fate,  
Masters of me and thee ?

Didst thou e'er fancy  
That life I should learn to hate



And fly to deserts,  
Because not all  
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I, forming mortals  
After my image;

A race resembling me,  
To suffer, to weep,  
To enjoy, to be glad,  
And thee to scorn  
As I!





## THE EAGLE AND DOVE.



IN search of prey once rais'd his pinions  
 An eaglet ;  
 A huntsman's arrow came and reft  
 His right wing of all motive power.  
 Headlong he fell into a myrtle grove,  
 For three long days on anguish fed,  
 In torment writh'd  
 Throughout three long, three weary nights ;  
 And then was cured,  
 Thanks to all-healing Nature's  
 Soft, omnipresent balm.  
 He crept away from out the copse  
 And stretch'd his wing—alas !  
 Lost is all power of flight—  
 He scarce can lift himself

From off the ground  
 To catch some mean, unworthy prey,  
 And rests, deep-sorrowing,  
 On the low rock beside the stream.  
 Up to the oak he looks,  
 Looks up to heaven,  
 While in his noble eye there gleams a tear.  
 Then, rustling through the myrtle boughs, behold,

There comes a wanton pair of doves  
 Who settle down, and, nodding, strut  
 O'er the gold sands beside the stream,  
 And gradually approach ;  
 Their red-tinged eyes so full of love  
 Soon see the inward-sorrowing one.  
 The male, inquisitively social, leaps  
 On the next bush, and looks  
 Upon him kindly and complacently.  
 "Thou sorrowest," murmurs he :  
 "Be of good cheer, my friend !

All that is needed for calm happiness  
 Hast thou not here ?  
 Hast thou not pleasure in the golden bough  
 That shields thee from the day's fierce glow ?  
 Canst thou not raise thy breast to catch  
 On the soft moss beside the brook  
 The sun's last rays at even ?  
 Here thou may'st wander through the flowers'  
 fresh dew,  
 Pluck from the overflow  
 The forest-trees provide  
 The choicest food,—may'st quench  
 Thy light thirst at the silvery spring.  
 O friend, true happiness  
 Lies in contentedness,  
 And that contentedness  
 Finds everywhere enough."  
 "O wise one !" said the eagle, while he sank  
 In deep and ever-deep'ning thought—  
 "O Wisdom ! like a dove thou speakest !"

## GANYMEDE.

HOW in the light of morning  
 Round me thou glowest,  
 Spring, thou beloved one !  
 With thousand-varying loving bliss  
 The sacred emotions

Born of thy warmth eternal  
 Press 'gainst my bosom,  
 Thou endlessly fair one !  
 Could I but hold thee clasp'd  
 Within mine arms !

Ah! upon thy bosom  
Lay I pining,  
And then thy flowers, thy grass,  
Were pressing against my heart.  
Thou coolest the burning  
Thirst of my bosom,  
Beauteous morning breeze!  
The nightingale then calls me  
Sweetly from out of the misty vale.  
I come, I come!  
Whither? Ah, whither?

Up, up, lies my course.  
While downward the clouds  
Are hovering, the clouds  
Are bending to meet yearning love.  
For me  
Within thine arms  
Upwards!  
Embrac'd and embracing!  
Upwards into thy bosom,  
O Father all-loving!



## THE BOUNDARIES OF HUMANITY.

HEN the primeval  
All-holy Father  
Sows with a tranquil hand  
From clouds, as they roll,  
Bliss-spreading lightnings  
Over the earth,  
Then do I kiss the last  
Hem of his garment,  
While by a childlike awe  
Fill'd is my breast.

For with immortals  
Ne'er may a mortal  
Measure himself.  
If he soar upwards  
And if he touch  
With his forehead the stars,  
Nowhere will rest then  
His insecure feet,  
And with him sport  
Tempest and cloud.

Though with firm sinewy  
Limbs he may stand  
On the enduring  
Well-grounded earth,

All he is ever  
Able to do  
Is to resemble  
The oak or the vine.  
Wherein do gods  
Differ from mortals?  
In that the former  
See endless billows  
Heaving before them;

Us doth the billow  
Lift up and swallow,  
So that we perish.  
Small is the ring  
Enclosing our life,  
And whole generations  
Link themselves firmly  
On to existence's  
Chain never-ending.



*Lionel*

## LILY'S MENAGERIE.

THERE'S no menagerie, I vow,  
 Excels my Lily's at this minute ;  
 She keeps the strangest creatures in it,  
 And catches them, she knows not how.  
 Oh, how they hop, and run, and rave,  
 And their clipp'd pinions wildly wave,—  
 Poor princes, who must all endure  
 The pangs of love that naught can cure.

What is the fairy's name?—Is't Lily?—Ask  
 not me !  
 Give thanks to Heaven if she's unknown to  
 thee.

Oh, what a cackling, what a shrieking,  
 When near the door she takes her stand  
 With her food-basket in her hand !  
 Oh, what a croaking, what a squeaking !  
 Alive all the trees and the bushes appear,  
 While to her feet whole troops draw near ;  
 The very fish within the water clear  
 Splash with impatience and their heads pro-  
 trude ;  
 And then she throws around the food  
 With such a look !—the very gods delighting  
 (To say naught of beasts). There begins  
 then a biting,  
 A picking, a pecking, a sipping,  
 And each o'er the legs of another is tripping,  
 And pushing, and pressing, and flapping,  
 And chasing, and fuming, and snapping,  
 And all for one small piece of bread,  
 To which, though dry, her fair hands give a  
 taste,  
 As though it in ambrosia had been plac'd.

And then her look ! the tone  
 With which she calls : Pipi ! Pipi !  
 Would draw Jove's eagle from his throne ;  
 Yes, Venus' turtle-doves, I ween,  
 And the vain peacock e'en,  
 Would come, I swear,  
 Soon as that tone had reach'd them through  
 the air.

E'en from a forest dark had she  
 Entic'd a bear, unlick'd, ill-bred,  
 And by her wiles alluring led  
 To join the gentle company,  
 Until as tame as they was he :  
 (Up to a certain point, be't understood !)  
 How fair, and, ah, how good

She seem'd to be ! I would have drain'd my  
 blood  
 To water e'en her flow'rets sweet.

Thou sayest : "I! Who? How? And  
 where?"—  
 Well, to be plain, good Sirs—I am the bear ;  
 In a net-apron caught, alas !  
 Chain'd by a silk-thread at her feet.  
 But how this wonder came to pass  
 I'll tell some day, if ye are curious ;  
 Just now, my temper's much too furious.

Ah, when I'm in the corner plac'd,  
 And hear afar the creatures snapping,  
 And see the flipping and the flapping,  
 I turn around  
 With growling sound,  
 And backward run a step in haste,  
 And look around  
 With growling sound,  
 Then run again a step in haste,  
 And to my former post go round.

But suddenly my anger grows,  
 A mighty spirit fills my nose,  
 My inward feelings all revolt.  
 A creature such as thou ! a dolt !  
 Pipi, a squirrel able nuts to crack !  
 I bristle up my shaggy back,  
 Unused a slave to be.  
 I'm laugh'd at by each trim and upstart tree  
 To scorn. The bowling-green I fly,  
 With neatly-mown and well-kept grass ;  
 The box makes faces as I pass,—  
 Into the darkest thicket hasten I,  
 Hoping to 'scape from the ring,  
 Over the palings to spring !  
 Vainly I leap and climb ;  
 I feel a leaden spell  
 That pinions me as well ;  
 And when I'm fully wearied out in time  
 I lay me down beside some mock cascade,  
 And roll myself half dead, and foam, and  
 cry,  
 And, ah ! no Oreads hear my sigh  
 Excepting those of china made !

But, ah, with sudden power  
 In all my members blissful feelings reign !  
 'Tis she who singeth yonder in her bower !  
 I hear that darling, darling voice again.

## THE GODLIKE.

**N**OBLE be man,  
Helpful and good !  
For that alone  
Distinguisheth him  
From all the beings  
Unto us known.

Hail to the beings,  
Unknown and glorious,  
Whom we forebode !  
From *his* example  
Learn we to know them !

For unfeeling  
Nature is ever :  
On bad and on good  
The sun alike shineth ;  
And on the wicked  
As on the best  
The moon and stars gleam.

Tempest and torrent,  
Thunder and hail,  
Roar on their path,  
Seizing the while,  
As they haste onward,  
One after another.

Even so fortune  
Gropes 'mid the throng—  
Innocent boyhood's  
Curly head seizing.—  
Seizing the hoary  
Head of the sinner.

After laws mighty,  
Brazen, eternal,  
Must all we mortals  
Finish the circuit  
Of our existence.

Man and man only  
Can do the impossible ;  
He 'tis distinguisheth,  
Chooseth and judgeth ;  
He to the moment  
Endurance can lend.

He and he only  
The good can reward,  
The bad can he punish,  
Can heal and can save ;  
All that wanders and strays  
Can usefully blend.

And we pay homage  
To the immortals  
As though they were men,  
And did in the great,  
What the best, in the small,  
Does or might do.

Be the man that is noble,  
Both helpful and good,  
Unweariedly forming  
The right and the useful,  
A type of those beings  
Our mind hath foreshadow'd



## ROYAL PRAYER.

**H**A, I am the lord of earth ! The noble,  
Who 're in my service, love me.  
Ha, I am the lord of earth ! The noble,  
O'er whom my sway extendeth, love I.  
Oh, grant me, God in heaven, that I may ne'er  
Dispense with loftiness and love !

## HUMAN FEELINGS.

**A**H, ye gods ! ye great immortals  
In the spacious heavens above us !  
Would ye on this earth but give us  
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage  
We, O kindly ones, would leave you  
All your spacious heavens above us !



ARTIST : E WAGNER.

LILI'S MENAGERIE.

The air is warm, and teems with fragrance  
clear,  
Sings she perchance for me alone to hear?  
I haste, and trample down the shrubs amain;  
The trees make way, the bushes all retreat,  
And so—the beast is lying at her feet.

She looks at him: “The monster’s droll  
enough!  
He’s for a bear too mild,  
Yet for a dog too wild,  
So shaggy, clumsy, rough!”  
Upon his back she gently strokes her foot;  
He thinks himself in Paradise.  
What feelings through his seven senses shoot!  
But she looks on with careless eyes.  
I lick her soles, and kiss her shoes,  
As gently as a bear well may;  
Softly I rise, and with a clever ruse  
Leap on her knee.—On a propitious day  
She suffers it; my ears then tickles she,  
And hits me a hard blow in wanton play;  
I growl with new-born ecstasy;  
Then speaks she in a sweet vain jest, I wot:  
“*Allons tout doux! eh! la menotte!  
Et faites serviteur  
Comme un joli seigneur.*”

Thus she proceeds with sport and glee;  
Hope fills the oft-deluded beast;  
Yet if one moment he would lazy be  
Her fondness all at once hath ceas’d.

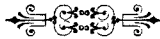
She doth a flask of balsam-fire possess  
Sweeter than honey-bees can make,  
One drop of which she’ll on her finger take,  
When soften’d by his love and faithfulness,  
Wherewith her monster’s raging thirst to  
slake;  
Then leaves me to myself, and flies at last,  
And I, unbound, yet prison’d fast  
By magic, follow in her train,  
Seek for her, tremble, fly again.  
The hapless creature thus tormenteth she,  
Regardless of his pleasure or his woe;  
Ha! oft half-open’d does she leave the door  
for me,  
And sideways looks to learn if I will fly or no.  
And I—O gods! your hands alone  
Can end the spell that’s o’er me thrown;  
Free me, and gratitude my heart will fill;  
And yet from heaven ye send me down no  
aid—  
Not quite in vain doth life my limbs pervade:  
I feel it! Strength is left me still.



## LOVE'S DISTRESSES.

WHO will hear me? Whom shall I lament  
to?  
Who would pity me that heard my sorrows?  
Ah, the lip that erst so many raptures  
Used to taste, and used to give responsive,  
Now is cloven, and it pains me sorely;  
And it is not thus severely wounded  
By my mistress having caught me fiercely,  
And then gently bitten me, intending

To secure her friend more firmly to her:  
No, my tender lip is crack'd thus only  
By the winds, o'er rime and frost proceeding,  
Pointed, sharp, unloving, having met me.  
Now the noble grape's bright juice commingled  
With the bee's sweet juice, upon the fire  
Of my hearth, shall ease me of my torment.  
Ah, what use will all this be if with it  
Love adds not a drop of his own balsam?



### TO HIS COY ONE.

SEEST thou yon smiling Orange?  
Upon the tree still hangs it;  
Already March hath vanish'd,  
And new-born flow'rs are shooting.  
I draw nigh to the tree then,  
And there I say: O Orange,  
Thou ripe and juicy Orange,  
Thou sweet and luscious Orange—  
I shake the tree, I shake it—  
Oh, fall into my lap!

### PETITION.

OH, thou sweet maiden fair,  
Thou with the raven hair,  
Why to the window go?  
While gazing down below,  
Art standing vainly there?  
Oh, if thou stood'st for me,  
And lett'st the latch but fly,  
How happy should I be!  
How soon would I leap high!



## THE MUSAGETES.

IN the deepest nights of winter  
To the Muses kind oft cried I:  
"Not a ray of morn is gleaming,  
Not a sign of daylight breaking;  
Bring then, at the fitting moment,  
Bring the lamp's soft glimm'ring lustre  
'Stead of Phœbus and Aurora,  
To enliven my still labors!"  
Yet they left me in my slumbers,  
Dull and unrefreshing, lying,  
And to each late-waken'd morning  
Follow'd days devoid of profit.

When at length return'd the springtime  
To the nightingales thus spake I:  
"Darling nightingales, oh, beat ye  
Early, early at my window,—

Wake me from the heavy slumber  
That chains down the youth so strongly!"  
Yet the love-o'erflowing songsters  
Their sweet melodies protracted  
Through the night before my window,  
Kept awake my loving spirit,  
Rousing new and tender yearnings  
In my newly-waken'd bosom.  
And the night thus fled o'er me,  
And Aurora found me sleeping,—  
Ay, the sun could scarce arouse me.

Now at length is come the summer,  
And the early fly so busy  
Draws me from my pleasing slumbers  
At the first-born morning-glimmer.  
Mercilessly then returns she,



Though the half-aroused one often  
 Scares her from him with impatience,  
 And she lures her shameless sisters,  
 So that from my weary eyelids  
 Kindly sleep ere long is driven.  
 From my couch then boldly spring I,  
 And I seek the darling Muses,

In the beechen-grove I find them  
 Full of pleasure to receive me ;  
 And to the tormenting insects  
 Owe I many a golden hour.  
 Thus be ye, unwelcome beings,  
 Highly valued by the poet  
 As the flies my numbers tell of.



## MORNING LAMENT.

○ THOU cruel deadly-lovely maiden,  
 Tell me what great sin have I committed  
 That thou keep'st me to the rack thus fasten'd,  
 That thou hast thy solemn promise broken ?

'Twas but yestere'en that thou with fondness  
 Press'd my hand, and these sweet accents  
 murmur'd :

“Yes, I'll come, I'll come when morn ap-  
 proacheth,  
 Come, my friend, full surely to thy chamber.”

On the latch I left my doors, unfasten'd,  
 Having first with care tried all the hinges,  
 And rejoic'd right well to find they creak'd  
 not.

What a night of expectation pass'd I !  
 For I watch'd, and ev'ry chime I number'd ;  
 If perchance I slept a few short moments  
 Still my heart remain'd awake forever,  
 And awoke me from my gentle slumbers.

Yes, then bless'd I night's o'erhanging dark-  
 ness  
 That so calmly cover'd all things round me ;  
 I enjoy'd the universal silence,  
 While I listen'd ever in the silence  
 If perchance the slightest sounds were stirring.

“Had she only thoughts *my* thoughts resem-  
 bling,  
 Had she only feelings like *my* feelings,  
 She would not await the dawn of morning,  
 But ere this would surely have been with me.”

Skipp'd a kitten on the floor above me,  
 Scratch'd a mouse a panel in the corner,  
 Was there in the house the slightest motion,

Ever hoped I that I heard thy footstep,  
 Ever thought I that I heard thee coming.

And so lay I long, and ever longer,  
 And already was the daylight dawning,  
 And both here and there were signs of move-  
 ment.

“Is it *yon* door? Were it *my* door only !”  
 In my bed I lean'd upon my elbow,  
 Looking tow'rd the door, now half-apparent,  
 If perchance it might not be in motion.  
 Both the wings upon the latch continued,  
 On the quiet hinges calmly hanging.

And the day grew bright and brighter ever ;  
 And I heard my neighbor's door unbolted  
 As he went to earn his daily wages ;  
 And ere long I heard the wagons rumbling,  
 And the city gates were also open'd,  
 While the market-place in ev'ry corner  
 Teem'd with life and bustle and confusion.

In the house was going now and coming  
 Up and down the stairs, and doors were creak-  
 ing  
 Backwards now, now forwards, — footsteps  
 clatter'd ;  
 Yet, as though it were a thing all-living,  
 From my cherish'd hope I could not tear me.

When at length the sun, in hated splendor,  
 Fell upon my walls, upon my windows,  
 Up I sprang, and hasten'd to the garden,  
 There to blend my breath, so hot and yearn-  
 ing,  
 With the cool refreshing morning breezes.  
 And, it might be, even there to meet thee :  
 But I cannot find thee in the arbor,  
 Or the avenue of lofty lindens.



## THE VISIT.

FAIN had I to-day surpris'd my mistress,  
 But soon found I that her door was fasten'd.  
 Yet I had the key safe in my pocket,  
 And the darling door I open'd softly !

In the parlor found I not the maiden,  
 Found the maiden not within her closet,  
 Then her chamber-door I gently open'd,  
 When I found her wrapp'd in pleasing slumbers,  
 Fully dress'd, and lying on the sofa.

While at work had slumber stolen o'er her ;  
 For her knitting and her needle found I  
 Resting in her folded hands so tender ;

And I placed myself beside her softly,  
 And held counsel whether I should wake her.

Then I look'd upon the beauteous quiet  
 That on her sweet eyelids was reposing ;  
 On her lips was silent truth depicted,  
 On her cheeks had loveliness its dwelling,  
 And the pureness of a heart unsullied  
 In her bosom evermore was heaving.  
 All her limbs were gracefully reclining,  
 Set at rest by sweet and godlike balsam.  
 Gladly sat I, and the contemplation  
 Held the strong desire I felt to wake her  
 Firmer and firmer down with mystic fetters.

“O thou love,” methought, “I see that  
slumber,  
Slumber that betrayeth each false feature,  
Cannot injure thee, can naught discover  
That could serve to harm thy friend’s soft feel-  
ings.

“Now thy beauteous eyes are firmly closed,  
That, when open, form mine only rapture.  
And thy sweet lips are devoid of motion,  
Motionless for speaking or for kissing ;  
Loosen’d are the soft and magic fetters  
Of thine arms, so wont to twine around me,  
And the hand, the ravishing companion  
Of thy sweet caresses, lies unmoving.

“Were my thoughts of thee but based on  
error,  
Were the love I bear thee self-deception,

I must now have found it out, since Amor  
Is, without his bandage, placed beside me.”

Long I sat thus, full of heartfelt pleasure  
At my love, and at her matchless merit ;  
She had so delighted me while slumbering  
That I could not venture to awake her.

Then I on the little table near her  
Softly placed two oranges, two roses ;  
Gently, gently stole I from her chamber.  
When her eyes the darling one shall open  
She will straightway spy these color’d presents,  
And the friendly gift will view with wonder,  
For the door will still remain unopen’d.

If perchance I see to-night the angel,  
How will she rejoice!—reward me doubly  
For this sacrifice of fond affection!



## THE MAGIC NET.

DO I see a contest yonder?  
See I miracles or pastimes?  
Beauteous urchins, five in number,  
'Gainst five sisters fair contending,—  
Measur'd is the time they're beating—  
At a bright enchantress' bidding.

Glitt'ring spears by some are wielded,  
Threads are others nimbly twining,  
So that in their snares the weapons  
One would think must needs be captured.  
Soon, in truth, the spears are prison'd ;  
Yet they, in the gentle war-dance,  
One by one escape their fetters  
In the row of loops so tender  
That make haste to seize a free one  
Soon as they release a captive.

So with contests, strivings, triumphs,  
Flying now, and now returning,  
Is an artful net soon woven,  
In its whiteness like the snow-flakes  
That, from light amid the darkness,

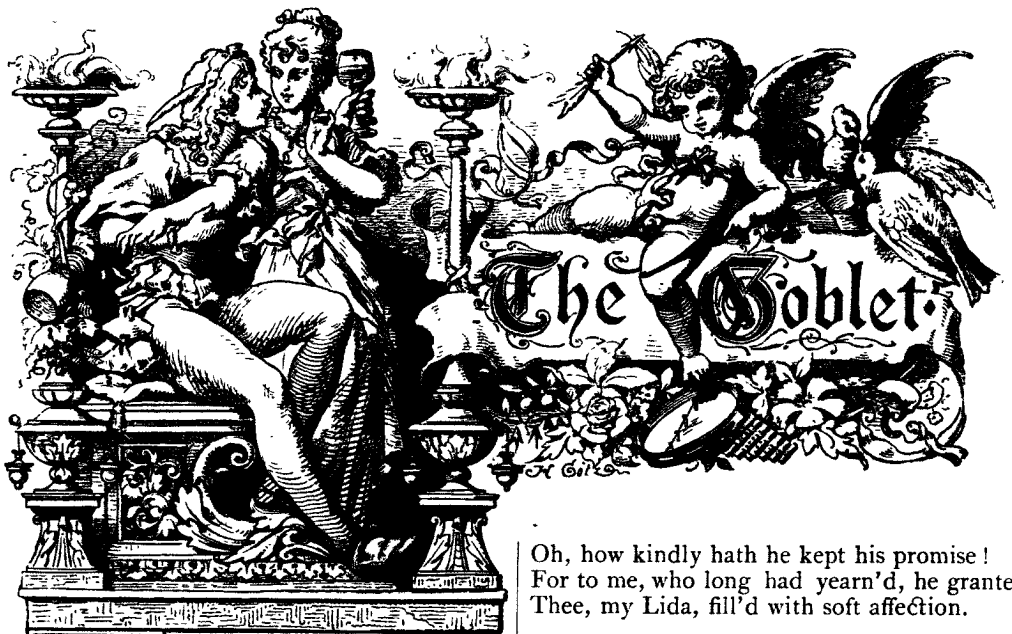
Draw their streaky lines so varied  
As e'en colors scarce can draw them.

Who shall now receive that garment  
Far beyond all others wish'd for?  
Whom our much-lov'd mistress favor  
As her own acknowledg'd servant?  
I am bless'd by kindly Fortune's  
Tokens true, in silence pray'd for!  
And I feel myself held captive,  
To her service now devoted.

Yet, e'en while I, thus enraptured,  
Thus adorn'd, am proudly wand'ring,  
See! yon wantons are entwining,  
Void of strife, with secret ardor,  
Other nets, each fine and finer,  
Threads of twilight interweaving,  
Moonbeams sweet, night-violets' balsam.

Ere the net is noticed by us  
Is a happier one imprison'd.  
Whom we, one and all, together  
Greet with envy and with blessings.





AGERLY a well-carv'd brim-  
ming goblet  
In my two hands tightly  
clasp'd I lifted ;  
Ardently the sweet wine  
sipp'd I from it,

Seeking there to drown all care and sorrow.

Amor enter'd in, and found me sitting,  
And he gently smiled in modest fashion,  
Smiled as though the foolish one he pitied.

“ Friend, I know a far more beauteous vessel,  
One wherein to sink thy spirit wholly ;  
Say, what wilt thou give me, if I grant it,  
And with other nectar fill it for thee ?”

Oh, how kindly hath he kept his promise !  
For to me, who long had yearn'd, he granted  
Thee, my Lida, fill'd with soft affection.

When I clasp mine arms around thee fondly,  
When I drink in love's long-hoarded balsam  
From thy darling lips so true, so faithful,  
Fill'd with bliss thus speak I to my spirit :—

“ No ! a vessel such as this, save Amor,  
Never god hath fashion'd or been lord of !  
Such a form was ne'er produc'd by Vulcan  
With his cunning, reason-gifted hammers !  
On the leaf-crown'd mountains may Lyæus  
Bid his Fauns, the oldest and the wisest,  
Pass the choicest clusters through the wine-  
press,  
And himself watch o'er the fermentation :  
Such a draught no toil can e'er procure  
him !”



## NIGHT THOUGHTS.

O UNHAPPY stars ! your fate I mourn ;  
Ye by whom the sea-toss'd sailor's lighted,  
Who with radiant beams the heavens adorn,  
But by gods and men are unrequited :  
For ye love not,—ne'er have learn'd to love !  
Ceaselessly in endless dance ye move,  
In the spacious sky your charms displaying.  
What far travels ye have hasten'd through,  
Since, within my lov'd one's arms delaying,  
I've forgotten you and midnight too !

## TO LIDA.

THE only one whom, Lida, thou canst love,  
Thou claim'st, and rightly claim'st, for  
only thee ;  
He too is wholly thine ; since doom'd to rove  
Far from thee, in life's turmoils naught I see  
Save a thin veil, through which thy form I view  
As though in clouds ; with kindly smile and true  
It cheers me, like the stars eterne that gleam  
Across the northern lights' far-flick'ring  
beam.

FOREVER.

THE happiness that man, whilst prison'd here,  
 Is wont with heavenly rapture to compare,—  
 The harmony of Truth, from wavering clear,—  
 Of Friendship that is free from doubting care,—  
 The light which in stray thoughts alone can cheer  
 The wise,—the bard alone in visions fair,—  
 In my best hours I found in *her* all this,  
 And made mine own, to mine exceeding bliss.

FROM AN ALBUM OF 1604.

HOPE provides wings to thought, and love  
 to hope.  
 Rise up to Cynthia, love, when night is clear-  
 est,  
 And say, that as on high her figure changeth,  
 So, upon earth, my joy decays and grows.  
 And whisper in her ear with modest softness  
 How doubt oft hung its head, and truth oft  
 wept.  
 And O ye thoughts, distrustfully inclin'd,  
 If ye are therefore by the lov'd one chided,  
 Answer: 'tis true ye change, but alter not,

As she remains the same, yet changeth ever.  
 Doubt may invade the heart, but poisons not,  
 For love is sweeter, by suspicion flavor'd.  
 If it with anger overcasts the eye,  
 And heaven's bright purity perversely blackens,  
 Then zephyr-sighs straight scare the clouds  
 away,  
 And chang'd to tears dissolve them into rain.  
 Thought, hope, and love remain there as be-  
 fore,  
 Till Cynthia gleams upon me as of old.

TO THE RISING FULL MOON.

DORNBERG, August 25th, 1828.

WILT thou suddenly enshroud thee,  
 Who this moment wert so nigh?  
 Heavy rising masses cloud thee,  
 Thou art hidden from mine eye.

Yet my sadness thou well knowest,  
 Gleaming sweetly as a star!  
 That I'm lov'd, 'tis *thou* that showest,  
 Though my lov'd one may be far.

Upward mount then! clearer, milder,  
 Rob'd in splendor far more bright!  
 Though my heart with grief throbs wilder,  
 Fraught with rapture is the night!



## BETROTHED.

I SLEPT,—'twas midnight,—in my bosom  
 woke,  
 As though 'twere day, my love-o'erflowing  
 heart ;  
 To me it seem'd like night when day first  
 broke ;  
 What is't to me, whate'er it may impart ?

She was away ; the world's unceasing strife  
 For her alone I suffer'd through the heat  
 Of sultry day. Oh, what refreshing life  
 At cooling eve!—my guerdon was com-  
 plete.

The sun now set, and wand'ring hand in hand  
 His last and blissful look we greeted then ;  
 While spake our eyes, as they each other  
 scann'd :  
 "From the far east, let's trust, he'll come  
 again !"

At midnight!—the bright stars in vision bless'd  
 Guide to the threshold where she slumbers  
 calm :  
 Oh, be it mine, there too at length to rest,—  
 Yet howsoe'er this prove, life's full of  
 charm !

## AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

AT midnight hour I went, not willingly,  
 A little, little boy, yon churchyard past,  
 To Father Vicar's house ; the stars on high  
 On all around their beauteous radiance  
 cast,  
 At midnight hour.

And when, in journeying o'er the path of life,  
 My love I follow'd, as she onward mov'd,  
 With stars and northern lights o'er head in  
 strife,  
 Going and coming, perfect bliss I prov'd  
 At midnight hour.

Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,  
 Burst through the gloom wherein she was enshrin'd ;  
 And then the willing, active, rapid thought  
 Around the past, as round the future twin'd,  
 At midnight hour.

## LINES ON SEEING SCHILLER'S SKULL.

WITHIN a gloomy charnel-house one day  
 I view'd the countless skulls, so strangely  
 mated,  
 And of old times I thought, that now were gray.  
 Close pack'd they stand that once so fiercely  
 hated,  
 And hardy bones that to the death contended  
 Are lying cross'd,—to lie forever, fated.

What held those crooked shoulder-blades sus-  
 pended ?  
 No one now asks ; and limbs with vigor fired,  
 The hand, the foot—their use in life is ended.  
 Vainly ye sought the tomb for rest when tired ;  
 Peace in the grave may not be yours ; ye're  
 driven  
 Back into daylight by a force inspir'd ;

But none can love the wither'd husk, though  
 even  
 A glorious noble kernel it contained.  
 To me, an adept, was the writing given  
 Which not to all its holy sense explained,  
 When 'mid the crowd, their icy shadows fling-  
 ing,  
 I saw a form, that glorious still remained,  
 And even there, where mould and damp were  
 clinging,  
 Gave me a bless'd, a rapture-fraught emotion,  
 As though from death a living fount were  
 springing.  
 What mystic joy I felt! What rapt devo-  
 tion!

That form, how pregnant with a godlike trace!  
 A look, how did it whirl me tow'rd that  
 ocean  
 Whose rolling billows mightier shapes em-  
 brace!  
 Mysterious vessel! Oracle how dear!  
 Even to grasp thee is my hand too base,  
 Except to steal thee from thy prison here  
 With pious purpose, and devoutly go  
 Back to the air, free thoughts, and sunlight  
 clear.  
 What greater gain in life can man e'er know  
 Than when God-Nature will to him explain  
 How into Spirit steadfastness may flow,  
 How steadfast, too, the Spirit-Born remain.

Trilogy of Passion.

TO WERTHER.

ONCE more, then, much-wept shadow, thou  
 dost dare  
 Boldly to face the day's clear light,  
 To meet me on fresh blooming meadows fair,  
 And dost not tremble at my sight.  
 Those happy times appear return'd once more.  
 When on one field we quaff'd refreshing  
 dew,  
 And, when the day's unwelcome toils were  
 o'er,  
 The farewell sunbeams bless'd our ravish'd  
 view;  
 Fate bade thee go—to linger here was mine—  
 Going the first, the smaller loss was thine.  
 The life of man appears a glorious fate:  
 The day how lovely, and the night how great!  
 And we, 'mid paradise-like raptures plac'd,  
 The sun's bright glory scarce have learn'd to  
 taste,  
 When strange contending feelings dimly  
 cover,  
 Now us, and now the forms that round us  
 hover;  
 One's feelings by no other are supplied;

'Tis dark without, if all is bright inside;  
 An outward brightness veils my sadden'd  
 mood,  
 When Fortune smiles,—how seldom under-  
 stood!  
 Now think we that we know her, and with  
 might  
 A woman's beauteous form instils delight;  
 The youth, as glad as in his infancy,  
 The spring-time treads, as though the spring  
 were he.  
 Ravish'd, amaz'd, he asks, how this is done?  
 He looks around, the world appears his own.  
 With careless speed he wanders on through  
 space,  
 Nor walls, nor palaces can check his race;  
 As some gay flight of birds round tree-tops  
 plays,  
 So 'tis with him who round his mistress strays;  
 He seeks from Æther, which he'd leave behind  
 him,  
 The faithful look that fondly serves to bind  
 him.  
 Yet first too early warn'd, and then too late,  
 He feels his flight restrain'd, is captur'd  
 straight;

To meet again is sweet, to part is sad,  
 Again to meet again is still more glad,  
 And years in one short moment are enshrin'd ;  
 But oh, the harsh farewell is hid behind !

Thou smilest, friend, with fitting thoughts in-  
 spir'd ;

By a dread parting was thy fame acquir'd ;  
 Thy mournful destiny we sorrow'd o'er ;  
 For weal and woe thou left'st us evermore ;  
 And then again the passions' wavering force  
 Drew us along in labyrinthine course ;  
 And we, consum'd by constant misery,  
 At length must part—and parting is to die !  
 How moving is it, when the minstrel sings,  
 To 'scape the death that separation brings !  
 Oh, grant, some god, to one who suffers so,  
 To tell, half-guilty, his sad tale of woe !



### ELEGY.

When man had ceased to utter his lament,  
 A god then let me tell my tale of sorrow.

WHAT hope of once more meeting is there  
 now

In the still-closed blossoms of this day ?  
 Both heaven and hell thrown open seest thou ;  
 What wav'ring thoughts within the bosom  
 play !—

No longer doubt ! Descending from the sky,  
 She lifts thee in her arms to realms on high.

And thus thou into paradise wert brought,  
 As worthy of a pure and endless life ;  
 Nothing was left, no wish, no hope, no thought,  
 Here was the boundary of thine inmost  
 strife :

And seeing one so fair, so glorified,  
 The fount of yearning tears was straightway  
 dried.

No motion stirr'd the day's revolving wheel ;  
 In their own front the minutes seem'd to go ;  
 The evening kiss, a true and binding seal,  
 Ne'er changing till the morrow's sunlight  
 glow.

The hours resembled sisters as they went,  
 Yet each one from another different.

The last hour's kiss, so sadly sweet, effac'd  
 A beauteous network of entwining love.  
 Now on the threshold pause the feet, now haste,  
 As though a flaming cherub bade them move ;

The unwilling eye the dark road wanders o'er,  
 Backward it looks, but clos'd it sees the door.

And now within itself is clos'd this breast,  
 As though it ne'er were open, and as though,  
 Vying with ev'ry star, no moments bless'd  
 Had, in its presence, felt a kindling glow ;  
 Sadness, reproach, repentance, weight of care,  
 Hang heavy on it in the sultry air.

Is not the world still left ? The rocky steeps.  
 Are they with holy shades no longer crown'd ?  
 Grows not the harvest ripe ? No longer creeps  
 Th' espalier by the stream,—the copause  
 around ?

Doth not the wondrous arch of heaven still  
 rise,  
 Now rich in shape, now shapeless to the eyes ?

As, seraph-like, from out the dark clouds'  
 chorus,

With softness woven, graceful, light and fair.  
 Resembling Her, in the blue ether o'er us,  
 A slender figure hovers in the air,—  
 Thus didst thou see her joyously advance,  
 The fairest of the fairest in the dance.

Yet but a moment dost thou boldly dare  
 To clasp an airy form instead of hers ;  
 Back to thine heart ! thou'lt find it better  
 there,

For there in changeful guise her image stirs :  
 What erst was one, to many turneth fast,  
 In thousand forms, each dearer than the last.

As at the door on meeting linger'd she,  
 And step by step my faithful ardor bless'd,  
 For the last kiss herself entreated me,  
 And on my lips the last, last kiss impress'd—  
 Thus clearly trac'd, the lov'd one's form we  
 view,

With flames engraven on a heart so true,—

A heart that, firm as some embattled tower,  
 Itself for her, her in itself reveres,  
 For her rejoices in its lasting power,  
 Conscious alone, when she herself appears  
 Feels itself freer in so sweet a thrall,  
 And only beats to give her thanks in all.

The power of loving, and all yearning sighs  
 For love responsive were effac'd and  
 drown'd ;

While longing hope for joyous enterprise  
 Was form'd, and rapid action straightway  
 found ;

If love can e'er a loving one inspire,  
 Most lovingly it gave me now its fire.





ARTIST: C. UNGER.

ELEGY.

And 'twas through *her*!—an inward sorrow lay  
 On soul and body, heavily oppress'd ;  
 To mournful phantoms was my sight a prey,  
 In the drear void of a sad tortured breast ;  
 Now on the well-known threshold Hope hath  
 smil'd,  
 Herself appeareth in the sunlight mild.

Unto the peace of God, which, as we read,  
 Blesseth us more than reason e'er hath done,  
 Love's happy peace would I compare indeed,  
 When in the presence of the dearest one.  
 There rests the heart, and there that sweetest  
 thought,  
 The thought of being hers, is check'd by  
 naught.

In the pure bosom doth a yearning float,  
 Unto a holier, purer, unknown Being  
 Its grateful aspirations to devote,  
 The Ever-Nameless then unriddled seeing ;  
 We call it piety!—such bless'd delight  
 I feel a share in when before her sight.

Before her sight, as 'neath the sun's hot ray,  
 Before her breath, as 'neath the Spring's soft  
 wind,  
 In its deep wintry cavern melts away  
 Self-love, so long in icy chains confin'd ;  
 No selfishness and no self-will are nigh,  
 For at her advent they were forc'd to fly.

It seems as though she said : " As hours pass  
 by  
 They spread before us life with kindly plan ;  
 Small knowledge did the yesterday supply,  
 To know the morrow is conceal'd from man ;  
 And if the thought of evening made me start,  
 The sun at setting gladden'd straight my heart.

" Act, then, as I, and look, with joyous mind,  
 The moment in the face ; nor linger thou !  
 Meet it with speed, so fraught with life, so  
 kind  
 In action, and in love so radiant now ;  
 Let all things be where thou art, childlike  
 ever,  
 Thus thou'lt be all, thus thou'lt be vanquish'd  
 never."

Thou speakest well, methought, for as thy  
 guide  
 The moment's favor did a god assign,  
 And each one feels himself, when by thy side,  
 Fate's fav'rite in a moment so divine ;  
 I tremble at thy look that bids me go ;  
 Why should I care such wisdom vast to know?

Now am I far ! And what would best befit  
 The present minute? I could scarcely tell ;  
 Full many a rich possession offers it,  
 These but offend, and I would fain repel.  
 Yearnings unquenchable still drive me on ;  
 All counsel, save unbounded tears, is gone.

Flow on, flow on in never-ceasing course,  
 Yet may ye never quench my inward fire !  
 Within my bosom heaves a mighty force,  
 Where death and life contend in combat  
 dire.

Medicines may serve the body's pangs to still ;  
 Naught but the spirit fails in strength of will,—

Fails in conception ; wherefore fails it so ?  
 A thousand times her image it portrays ;  
 Enchanting now, and now compell'd to go,  
 Now indistinçt, now cloth'd in purest rays !  
 How could the smallest comfort here be flow-  
 ing ?  
 The ebb and flood, the coming and the going !

\* \* \* \* \*

Leave me here now, my life's companions  
 true !  
 Leave me alone on rock, in moor and heath ;  
 But courage ! open lies the world to you,  
 The glorious heavens above, the earth be-  
 neath ;  
 Observe, investigate, with searching eyes,  
 And Nature will disclose her mysteries.

To me is all, I to myself am lost,  
 Who the immortals' fav'rite erst was thought ;  
 They, tempting, sent Pandoras to my cost,  
 So rich in wealth, with danger far more  
 fraught ;  
 They urged me to those lips, with rapture  
 crown'd,  
 Deserted me, and hurl'd me to the ground.

## ATONEMENT.

PASSION brings reason,—who can pacify  
 An anguish'd heart whose loss hath been  
 so great ?  
 Where are the hours that fled so swiftly by ?  
 In vain the fairest thou didst gain from  
 Fate ;  
 Sad is the soul, confus'd the enterprise ;  
 The glorious world, how on the sense it dies !

In million tones entwin'd for evermore,  
Music with angel-pinions hovers there,  
To pierce man's being to its inmost core,  
Eternal beauty as its fruit to bear ;  
The eye grows moist, in yearnings bless'd re-  
veres  
The godlike worth of music as of tears.

And so the lighten'd heart soon learns to see  
That it still lives, and beats, and ought to  
beat,  
Off'ring itself with joy and willingly,  
In grateful payment for a gift so sweet.  
And then was felt—oh, may it constant prove!—  
The twofold bliss of music and of love.

APRIL.

TELL me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking ;  
For ye're saying something sweet,  
Fit the ravish'd ear to greet,  
Eloquently, softly speaking.

Yet I see now why ye're roving ;  
For behind those eyes so bright,  
To itself abandon'd quite,  
Lies a bosom, truthful, loving,—

One that it must fill with pleasure  
'Mongst so many, dull and blind,  
One true look at length to find,  
That its worth can rightly treasure.

Whilst I'm lost in studying ever  
To explain these cyphers duly,—  
To unravel *my* looks truly  
In return be your endeavor !

MAY.

LIGHT and silv'ry cloudlets hover  
In the air, as yet scarce warm ;  
Mild, with glimmer soft tinged over,  
Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.

Gently rolls and heaves the ocean  
As its waves the bank o'erflow,  
And with ever-restless motion  
Moves the verdure to and fro,  
Mirror'd brightly far below.



What is now the foliage moving?  
Air is still, and hush'd the breeze,  
Sultriness, this fulness loving,  
Through the thicket, from the trees.

Now the eye at once gleams brightly,  
See! the infant band with mirth  
Moves and dances nimbly, lightly,  
As the morning gave it birth,  
Flutt'ring two and two o'er earth.

## JUNE.

SHE behind yon mountain lives,  
Who my love's sweet guerdon gives.  
Tell me, mount, how this can be!  
Very glass thou seem'st to me,  
And I seem to be close by,  
For I see her drawing nigh;  
Now, because I'm absent, sad.  
Now, because she sees me, glad!

Soon between us rise to sight  
Valleys cool, with bushes light,  
Streams and meadows; next appear  
Mills and wheels, the surest token  
That a level spot is near,  
Plains far-stretching and unbroken.  
And so onward, onward roam,  
To my garden and my home!

But how comes it then to pass?  
All this gives no joy, alas!—  
I was ravish'd by her sight,  
By her eyes so fair and bright,  
By her footstep soft and light.  
How her peerless charms I prais'd,  
When from head to foot I gaz'd!  
I am here, she's far away,—  
I am gone with her to stay.

If on rugged hills she wander,  
If she haste the vale along,  
Pinions seem to flutter yonder,  
And the air is fill'd with song;  
With the glow of youth still playing,  
Joyous vigor in each limb,  
One in silence is delaying,  
She alone 'tis blesses him.

Love, thou art too fair, I ween!  
Fairer I have never seen!  
From the heart full easily  
Blooming flowers are cull'd by thee.  
If I think: "Oh, were it so,"  
Bone and marrow seem to glow!  
If rewarded by her love,  
Can I greater rapture prove?

And still fairer is the bride,  
When in me she will confide,  
When she speaks and lets me know  
All her tale of joy and woe.  
All her lifetime's history  
Now is fully known to me.  
Who in child or woman e'er  
Soul and body found so fair?

## EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

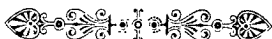
FAR explore the mountain hollow,  
High in air the clouds then follow!  
To each brook and vale the Muse  
Thousand times her call renews.

Soon as a flow'ret blooms in spring,  
It wakens many a strain;  
And when Time spreads his fleeting wing  
The seasons come again.

## NEXT YEAR'S SPRING.

THE bed of flowers  
 Loosens amain,  
 The beauteous snowdrops  
 Droop o'er the plain ;  
 The crocus opens  
 Its glowing bud,  
 Like emeralds others,  
 Others like blood.  
 With saucy gesture  
 Primroses flare,  
 And roguish violets,  
 Hidden with care,  
 And whatsoever  
 There stirs and strives,  
 The Spring's contented,  
 It works and thrives.

'Mongst all the blossoms  
 That fairest are,  
 My sweetheart's sweetness  
 Is sweetest far ;  
 Upon me ever  
 Her glances light,  
 My song they waken,  
 My words make bright.  
 An ever open  
 And blooming mind,  
 In sport, unsullied,  
 In earnest, kind.  
 Though roses and lilies  
 By Summer are brought,  
 Against my sweetheart  
 Prevails he naught.



## SUCH, SUCH IS HE WHO PLEASETH ME.

FLY, dearest, fly ! He is not nigh !  
 He who found thee one fair morn in spring  
 In the wood where thou thy flight didst  
 wing.  
 Fly, dearest, fly ! He is not nigh !  
 Never rests the foot of evil spy.

Hark ! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains  
 Reach the lov'd one, borne there by the wind,  
 In the soft heart open doors they find.  
 Hark ! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains,  
 Hark !—yet blissful love their echo pains.

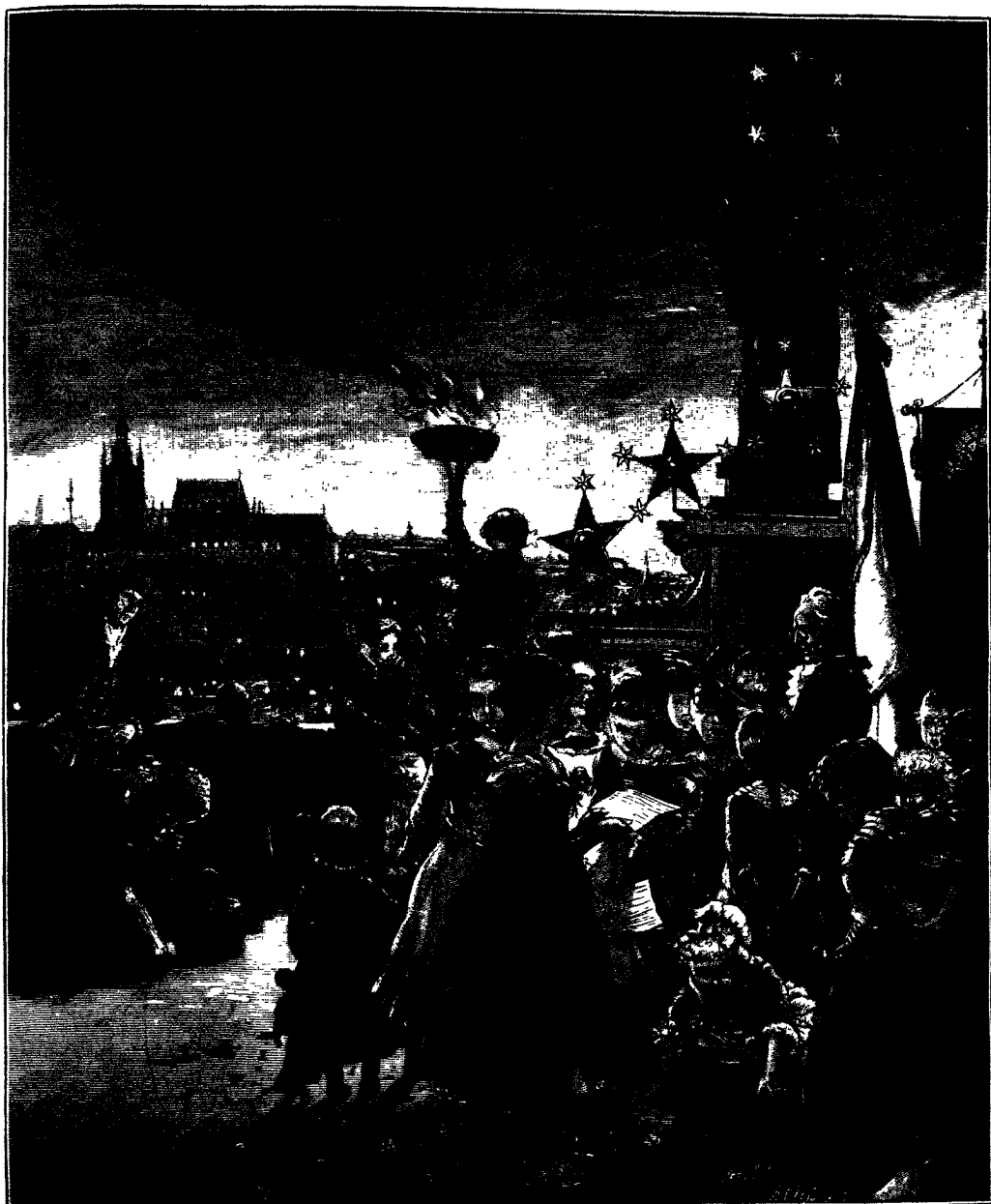
Ereft his head, and firm his tread,  
 Raven hair around his smooth brow strays,  
 On his cheeks a spring eternal plays.  
 Ereft his head, and firm his tread,  
 And by grace his ev'ry step is led.

Happy his breast, with pureness bless'd,  
 And the dark eyes 'neath his eyebrows placed,  
 With full many a beauteous line are graced.  
 Happy his breast, with pureness bless'd,  
 Soon as seen, thy love must be confess'd.

His mouth is red—its power I dread,  
 On his lips morn's fragrant incense lies,  
 Round his lips the cooling zephyr sighs.  
 His mouth is red—its power I dread,  
 With one glance from him, all sorrow's fled.

His blood is true, his heart bold too,  
 In his soft arms, strength, protection,  
 dwells,  
 And his face with noble pity swells.  
 His blood is true, his heart bold too,  
 Bless'd the one whom those dear arms may woo !





## ST. NEPOMUK'S EVE.

CARLSBAD, May 15, 1820.

**C**HILDREN on the bridge are singing,  
On the river lights are glancing,  
The cathedral bells are ringing  
For devotion's joy entrancing.

Lights and stars flash out and vanish :  
Thus our martyr's soul unfeared

Took its flight. Force could not banish  
Secrets trusted to his hearing.

Glance, ye lights! Sing, youthful chorus!  
Children, raise your tuneful voices!  
If ye can, make plain before us  
How one star the rest rejoices.

THE FREEBOOTER.

NO door has my house,  
 No house has my door ;  
 And in and out ever  
 I carry my store.

No grate has my kitchen,  
 No kitchen my grate ;  
 Yet roasts it and boils it  
 Both early and late.

My bed has no trestles,  
 My trestles no bed ;  
 Yet merrier moments  
 No mortal e'er led.

My cellar is lofty,  
 My barn is full deep,  
 From top to the bottom,—  
 There lie I and sleep.

And soon as I waken,  
 All moves on its race ;  
 My place has no fixture,  
 My fixture no place.

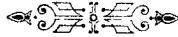
RECIPROCAL.

MY mistress, where sits she ?  
 What is it that charms ?  
 The absent she's rocking,  
 Held fast in her arms.

In pretty cage prison'd  
 She holds a bird still ;  
 Yet lets him fly from her,  
 Whenever he will.

He pecks at her finger,  
 And pecks at her lips,  
 And hovers and flutters,  
 And round her he skips.

Then hasten thou homeward,  
 In fashion to be ;  
 If thou hast the maiden,  
 She also hath thee.



SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS.

HALTING, hurrying, hurrying, halting.  
 Be henceforth like men of worth :  
 Useful labor is exalting  
 And deserves to rule the earth.  
 Thee to follow is a pleasure ;  
 He who heeds thee finds the treasure  
 Of a glorious fatherland !  
 Hail the leader ! Hail the band !

Thou the strength and burden bearest,  
 Thou art patron of our lives,  
 Honor with the old thou sharest,  
 Givest young men work and wives ;  
 Mutual confidence arouses  
 Men to build them cosy houses,  
 Neat with gardens, lawns and woods,  
 Strong in helpful neighborhoods.

On the highways wisely planted  
 Men find comfort in new inns,  
 And the immigrant is granted  
 All the land his courage wins.  
 Therefore let us hasten, brothers,  
 Let us settle with the others  
 In the new-found fatherland !  
 Hail, O leader ! Hail, O band !





ARTIST: K. KÖGLER.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT.



EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT WOODCUT

REPRESENTING

HANS SACHS' POETICAL MISSION.

EARLY within his workshop here,  
On Sundays stands our master dear ;  
His dirty apron he puts away,  
And a cleanly doublet wears to-day ;  
Lest wax'd thread, hammer and pincers rest,  
And lays his awl within his chest ;  
The seventh day he takes repose  
From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring sun meets his view  
Repose begets him labor anew ;  
He feels that he holds within his brain  
A little world, that broods there amain,  
And that begins to act and to live,  
Which he to others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,  
And was full kind and loving too.  
For contemplation, clear and pure,—  
For making all his own again, sure ;  
He had a tongue that charm'd when 'twas  
heard,  
And graceful and light flow'd ev'ry word ;  
Which made the Muses in him rejoice,  
The Master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden enter'd there,  
With swelling breast, and body fair ;  
With footing firm she took her place,  
And mov'd with stately, noble grace ;  
She did not walk in wanton mood,  
Nor look around with glances lewd.  
She held a measure in her hand,  
Her girdle was a golden band,  
A wreath of corn was on her head,  
Her eye the day's bright lustre shed ;  
Her name is honest Industry,  
Else, Justice, Magnanimity.

She enter'd with a kindly greeting ;  
He felt no wonder at the meeting,  
For, kind and fair as she might be,  
He long had known her, fancied he.

"I have selected thee," she said,  
"From all who earth's wild mazes tread,  
That thou should'st have clear-sighted sense,  
And naught that's wrong should'st e'er com-  
mence.

When others run in strange confusion,  
Thy gaze shall see through each illusion ;  
When others dolefully complain,  
Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,  
Honor and right shalt value duly,  
In everything act simply, truly,—  
Virtue and godliness proclaim,  
And call all evil by its name,  
Naught soften down, attempt no quibble,  
Naught polish up, naught vainly scribble.  
The world shall stand before thee, then,  
As seen by Albert Dürer's ken,  
In manliness and changeless life,  
In inward strength, with firmness rife.  
Fair Nature's Genius by the hand  
Shall lead thee on through every land,  
Teach thee each different life to scan,  
Show thee the wondrous ways of man,  
His shifts, confusions, thrustings and drub-  
bings,  
Pushings, tearings, pressings and rubbings ;  
The varying madness of the crew,  
The anthill's ravings bring to view ;  
But thou shalt see all this express'd  
As though 'twere in a magic chest.  
Write these things down for folks on earth,  
In hopes they may to wit give birth."—  
Then she a window open'd wide,  
And show'd a motley crowd outside,  
All kinds of beings 'neath the sky,  
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was, after this,  
On Nature thinking, full of bliss,  
When tow'rd him, from the other side,  
He saw an aged woman glide ;  
The name she bears, Historia,  
Mythologia, Fabula ;  
With footstep tottering and unstable  
She dragg'd a large and wooden carv'd table,  
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien,  
The Lord was catechizing seen ;  
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,  
Gomorrhah and Sodom's awful destruction,  
The twelve illustrious women, too,  
That mirror of honor brought to view ;  
All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder and sin ;  
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,



F. FREEDMANOOR XA

And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law;  
 Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,  
 With the world's ways dissatisfied,  
 And by our Lord with power supplied.  
 Her train and dress, behind and before,  
 And e'en the seams, were painted o'er  
 With tales of worldly virtue and crime.—  
 Our master view'd all this for a time;  
 The sight right gladly he survey'd,  
 So useful for him in his trade,  
 Whence he was able to procure  
 Example good and precept sure,  
 Recounting all with truthful care,  
 As though he had been present there.  
 His spirit seem'd from earth to fly,  
 He ne'er had turn'd away his eye;  
 Did he not just behind him hear  
 A rattle of bells approaching near?

And now a fool doth catch his eye,  
 With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh,  
 A merry interlude preparing  
 With fooleries and jests unsparing.  
 Behind him, in a line drawn out,  
 He dragg'd all fools, the lean and stout,

The great and little, the empty and full,  
 All too witty, and all too dull;  
 A lash he flourish'd overhead,  
 As though a dance of apes he led,  
 Abusing them with bitterness,  
 As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gaz'd,  
 His head was growing well-nigh craz'd:  
 What words for all could he e'er find,  
 Could such a medley be combin'd?  
 Could he continue with delight  
 For evermore to sing and write?  
 When lo, from out a cloud's dark bed  
 In at the upper window sped  
 The Muse, in all her majesty,  
 As fair as our lov'd maids we see.  
 With clearness she around him threw  
 Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

"I to ordain thee come," she spake:  
 "So prosper, and my blessing take!  
 The holy fire that slumb'ring lies  
 Within thee, in bright flames shall rise;

Yet that thine ever-restless life  
 May still with kindly strength be rife,  
 I, for thine inward spirit's calm,  
 Have granted nourishment and balm,  
 That rapture may thy soul imbue,  
 Like some fair blossom bath'd in dew."—

Behind his house then secretly  
 Outside the doorway pointed she,  
 Where, in a shady garden-nook,  
 A beauteous maid with downcast look  
 Was sitting where a stream was flowing,  
 With elder bushes near it growing.  
 She sat beneath an apple tree,  
 And naught around her seem'd to see.  
 Her lap was full of roses fair,  
 Which in a wreath she twin'd with care,  
 And, with them, leaves and blossoms blended:  
 For whom was that sweet wreath intended?  
 Thus sat she, modest and retir'd,  
 Her bosom throbb'd, with hope inspir'd;  
 Such deep forebodings fill'd her mind,  
 No room for wishing could she find,  
 And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,  
 Perchance a sigh was mingled too.

"But why should sorrow cloud thy brow?  
 That, dearest love, which fills thee now  
 Is fraught with joy and ecstasy,  
 Prepar'd in one alone for thee,  
 That he within thine eye may find  
 Solace when fortune proves unkind,  
 And be newborn through many a kiss,  
 That he receives with inward bliss;  
 Whene'er he clasps thee to his breast  
 May he from all his toils find rest;  
 When he in thy dear arms shall sink  
 May he new life and vigor drink:  
 Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,  
 In merry jest rejoice again.  
 With raillery and roguish spite  
 Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.  
 Thus Love will nevermore grow old,  
 Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold!"

While he thus lives, in secret bless'd,  
 Above him in the clouds doth rest  
 An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,  
 Placed on his brow in after-time;  
 While they are banish'd to the slough,  
 Who their great master disavow.

## THOUGHTS ON JESUS CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

WHAT wondrous noise is heard around!  
 Through heaven exulting voices sound,  
 A mighty army marches on.  
 By thousand millions follow'd, lo,  
 To yon dark place makes haste to go  
 God's Son, descending from His throne!  
 He goes—the tempests round Him break,  
 As Judge and Hero cometh He;  
 He goes—the constellations quake,  
 The sun, the world quake fearfully.

I see Him in His victor-car,  
 On fiery axles borne afar,  
 Who on the cross for us expir'd.  
 The triumph to yon realms He shows,—  
 Remote from earth, where star ne'er glows,—  
 The triumph He for us acquir'd.  
 He cometh, Hell to extirpate,  
 Whom He, by dying, well nigh kill'd;  
 He shall pronounce her fearful fate:  
 Hark! now the curse is straight fulfill'd.

Hell sees the victor come at last,  
 She feels that now her reign is past,  
 She quakes and fears to meet His sight;  
 She knows His thunders' terrors dread,  
 In vain she seeks to hide her head,  
 Attempts to fly, but vain is flight;  
 Vainly she hastes to 'scape pursuit  
 And to avoid her Judge's eye;  
 The Lord's fierce wrath restrains her foot  
 Like brazen chains,—she cannot fly.

Here lies the Dragon, trampled down,  
 He lies, and feels God's angry frown,  
 He feels, and grinneth hideously;  
 He feels Hell's speechless agonies;  
 A thousand times he howls and sighs:  
 "O burning flames! quick, swallow me!"  
 There lies he in the fiery waves,  
 By torments rack'd and pangs infernal,  
 Instant annihilation craves,  
 And hears those pangs will be eternal.

Those mighty squadrons, too, are here,  
The partners of his curs'd career,  
Yet far less bad than he were they.  
Here lies the countless throng combin'd,  
In black and fearful crowds entwin'd,  
While round him fiery tempests play ;  
He sees how they the Judge avoid,  
He sees the storm upon them feed,  
Yet is not at the sight o'erjoy'd,  
Because his pangs e'en theirs exceed.

The Son of Man in triumph passes  
Down to Hell's wild and black morasses,  
And there unfolds His majesty.  
Hell cannot bear the bright array,  
For, since her first created day,  
Darkness alone e'er govern'd she.  
She lay remote from ev'ry light,  
With torments fill'd in Chaos here ;  
God turn'd forever from her sight  
His radiant features' glory clear.

Within the realms she calls her own,  
She sees the splendor of the Son,  
His dreaded glories shining forth ;  
She sees Him clad in rolling thunder,  
She sees the rocks all quake with wonder  
When God before her stands in wrath.  
She sees He comes her Judge to be,  
She feels the awful pangs inside her,  
Herself to slay endeavors she,  
But e'en this comfort is denied her.

Now looks she back, with pains untold,  
Upon those happy times of old,  
When all these glories gave her joy ;  
When yet her heart revered the truth,  
When her glad soul, in endless youth  
And rapture dwelt, without alloy.  
She calls to mind with madden'd thought  
How over man her wiles prevail'd ;  
To take revenge on God she sought,  
And feels the vengeance it entail'd.

God was made man, and came to earth.  
Then Satan cried with fearful mirth :  
"E'en He my victim now shall be!"  
He sought to slay the Lord Most High,  
The world's Creator now must die ;  
But, Satan, endless woe to thee!  
Thou thought'st to overcome Him then,  
Rejoicing in His suffering ;  
But He in triumph comes again  
To bind thee : Death ! where is thy sting ?

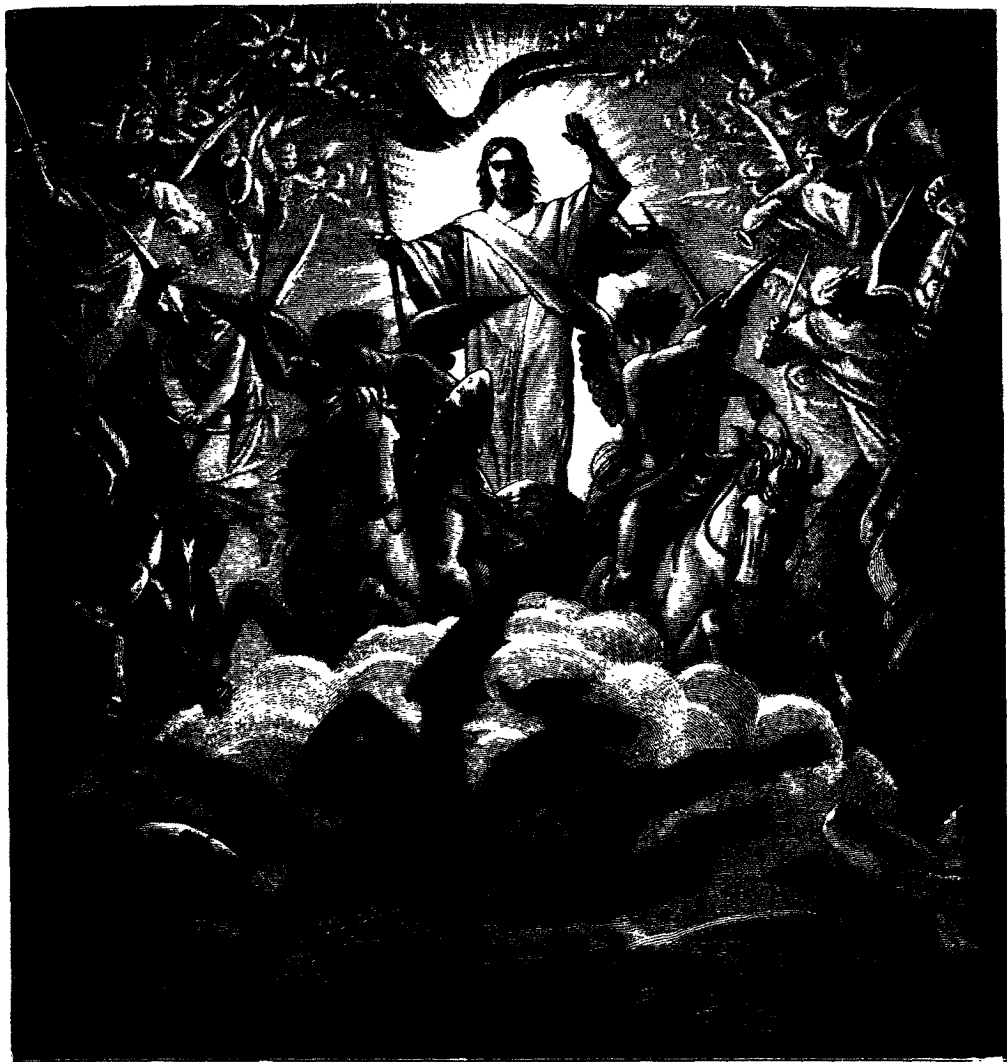
Speak, Hell ! where is thy victory ?  
Thy power destroy'd and scatter'd see !  
Know'st thou not now the Highest's might ?  
See, Satan, see thy rule o'erthrown !  
By thousand-varying pangs weigh'd down,  
Thou dwell'st in dark and endless night.  
As though by lightning struck thou liest,  
No gleam of rapture far or wide ;  
In vain ! no hope thou there descriest,—  
For me alone Messiah died !

A howling rises through the air,  
A trembling fills each dark vault there,  
When Christ to Hell is seen to come.  
She snarls with rage, but needs must cower  
Before our mighty Hero's power ;  
He signs—and Hell is straightway dumb.  
Before His voice the thunders break,  
On high His victor-banner blows ;  
E'en angels at His fury quake,  
When Christ to the dread judgment goes.

Now speaks He, and His voice is thunder,  
He speaks, the rocks are rent in sunder,  
His breath is like devouring flames.  
Thus speaks He : "Tremble, ye accurs'd !  
He who from Eden hurl'd you erst,  
Your kingdom's overthrow proclaims.  
Look up ! My children once were ye,  
Your arms against Me then ye turn'd,  
Ye fell, that ye might sinners be,  
Ye've now the wages that ye earn'd.

"My greatest foemen from that day,  
Ye led My dearest friends astray,—  
As ye had fallen, man must fall.  
To kill him evermore ye sought,  
'They all shall die the death,' ye thought ;  
But how ! for Me I've won them all.  
For them alone did I descend,  
For them pray'd, suffer'd, perish'd I.  
Ye ne'er shall gain your wicked end ;  
Who trusts in Me shall never die.

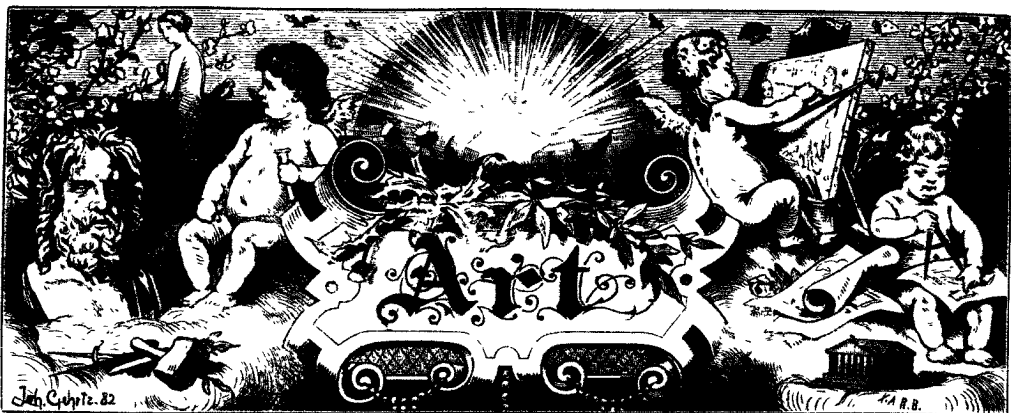
"In endless chains here lie ye now,  
Nothing can save you from the slough,  
Not boldness, not regret for crime.  
Lie, then, and writhe in brimstone fire !  
'Twas ye yourselves drew down Mine ire,  
Lie and lament throughout all time !  
And also ye, whom I selected,  
E'en ye forever I disown,  
For ye My saving grace reject ;  
Ye murmur ? blame yourselves alone !



“Ye might have liv’d with Me in bliss,  
For I of yore had promis’d this ;  
Ye sinn’d, and all My precepts slighted.  
Wrapp’d in the sleep of sin ye dwelt,  
Now is My fearful judgment felt,  
By a just doom your guilt requited.”  
Thus spake He, and a fearful storm  
From Him proceeds, the lightnings glow,  
The thunders seize each wicked form,  
And hurl them in the gulf below.

The God-man closeth Hell’s sad doors ;  
In all His majesty He soars  
From those dark regions back to light :  
He sitteth at the Father’s side.  
O friends, what joy doth this betide !  
For us, for us He still will fight !  
The angels’ sacred choir around  
Rejoice before the mighty Lord,  
So that all creatures hear the sound :  
“Zebaoth’s God be aye ador’d !”





Artist, fashion! talk not long!  
Be a breath thine only song!

## THE DROPS OF NECTAR.



WHEN Minerva, to give pleasure  
To Prometheus, her well-lov'd one,  
Brought a brimming bowl of nectar  
From the glorious realms of heaven  
As a blessing for his creatures,  
And to pour into their bosoms  
Impulses for arts ennobling,  
She with rapid footstep hasten'd,  
Fearing Jupiter might see her,  
And the golden goblet trembled,  
And there fell a few drops from it  
On the verdant plain beneath her.

Then the busy bees flew thither  
Straightway, eagerly to drink them,

And the butterfly came quickly  
That he, too, might find a drop there;  
Even the misshapen spider  
Thither crawl'd and suck'd with vigor.

To a happy end they tasted,  
They, and other gentle insects!  
For with mortals now divide they  
Art—that noblest gift of all.

## THE WANDERER.

WANDERER.

YOUNG woman, may God bless thee,  
Thee and the sucking infant  
Upon thy breast!  
Let me, 'gainst this rocky wall,  
'Neath the elm tree's shadow,  
Lay aside my burden,  
Near thee take my rest.

WOMAN.

What vocation leads thee,  
While the day is burning,  
Up this dusty path?  
Bring'st thou goods from out the town  
Round the country?  
Smil'st thou, stranger,  
At my question?

WANDERER.

From the town no goods I bring.  
Cool is now the evening ;  
Show to me the fountain  
Whence thou drinkest,  
Woman young and kind !

WOMAN.

Up the rocky pathway mount ;  
Go thou first ! Across the thicket  
Leads the pathway tow'rd the cottage  
That I live in,  
To the fountain  
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Signs of man's arranging hand  
See I 'mid the trees !  
Not by thee these stones were join'd,  
Nature, who so freely scatterest !

WOMAN.

Up, still up !

WANDERER.

Lo, a mossy architrave is here !  
I discern thee, fashioning spirit !  
On the stone thou hast impress'd thy seal.

WOMAN.

Onward, stranger !

WANDERER.

Over an inscription am I treading !  
'Tis effaced !  
Ye are seen no longer,  
Words so deeply graven,  
Who your master's true devotion  
Should have shown to thousand grandsons !

WOMAN.

At these stones, why  
Start'st thou, stranger ?  
Many stones are lying yonder  
Round my cottage.

WANDERER.

Yonder ?

WOMAN.

Through the thicket,  
Turning to the left,  
Here !

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces !

WOMAN.

This, then, is my cottage.

WANDERER.

'Tis a ruin'd temple !

WOMAN.

Just below it, see,  
Springs the fountain  
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Thou dost hover  
O'er thy grave, all glowing,  
Genius ! while upon thee  
Hath thy masterpiece  
Fallen crumbling,  
Thou Immortal One !

WOMAN.

Stay, a cup I'll fetch thee  
Whence to drink.

WANDERER.

Ivy circles thy slender  
Form so graceful and godlike.  
How ye rise on high  
From the ruins,  
Column-pair !  
And thou, their lonely sister yonder,—  
How thou,  
Dusky moss upon thy sacred head,—  
Lookest down in mournful majesty  
On thy brethren's figures  
Lying scatter'd  
At thy feet !  
In the shadow of the bramble  
Earth and rubbish veil them,  
Lofty grass is waving o'er them !  
Is it thus thou, Nature, prizest  
Thy great masterpiece's masterpiece ?  
Carelessly destroyest thou  
Thine own sanctuary,  
Sowing thistles there ?

WOMAN.

How the infant sleeps !  
Wilt thou rest thee in the cottage,  
Stranger ? Would'st thou rather  
In the open air still linger ?



Now 'tis cool! take thou the child  
While I go and draw some water.  
Sleep on, darling! sleep!

WANDERER.

Sweet is thy repose!  
How, with heaven-born health imbued,  
Peacefully he slumbers!  
O thou, born among the ruins

Spread by great antiquity,  
On thee rest her spirit!  
He whom it encircles  
Will, in godlike consciousness,  
Ev'ry day enjoy.  
Full of germ, unfold,  
As the smiling springtime's  
Fairest charm,  
Outshining all thy fellows!





And when the blossom's husk is faded,  
 May the full fruit shoot forth  
 From out thy breast,  
 And ripen in the sunshine !

WOMAN.

God bless him !—Is he sleeping still ?  
 To the fresh draught I naught can add,  
 Saving a crust of bread for thee to eat.

WANDERER.

I thank thee well.  
 How fair the verdure all around !  
 How green !

WOMAN.

My husband soon  
 Will home return  
 From labor. Tarry, tarry, man,  
 And with us eat our evening meal.

WANDERER.

Is't here ye dwell ?

WOMAN.

Yonder, within those walls we live.  
 My father 'twas who built the cottage  
 Of tiles and stones from out the ruins.  
 'Tis here we dwell.  
 He gave me to a husbandman,  
 And in our arms expir'd.—  
 Hast thou been sleeping, dearest heart ?  
 How lively, and how full of play !  
 Sweet rogue !

WANDERER.

Nature, thou ever budding one,  
 Thou formest each for life's enjoyments,  
 And, like a mother, all thy children dear,  
 Blessest with that sweet heritage,—a home !  
 The swallow builds the cornice round,  
 Unconscious of the beauties  
 She plasters up.  
 The caterpillar spins around the bough,  
 To make her brood a winter house ;  
 And thou dost patch, between antiquity's

Most glorious relics,  
 For thy mean use,  
 O man, an humble cot,—  
 Enjoyest e'en 'mid tombs !—  
 Farewell, thou happy woman !

WOMAN.

Thou wilt not stay, then ?

WANDERER.

May God preserve thee,  
 And bless thy boy !

WOMAN.

A happy journey !

WANDERER.

Whither conducts the path  
 Across yon hill ?

WOMAN.

To Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far from hence ?

WOMAN.

'Tis full three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell !  
 O Nature, guide me on my way !  
 The wandering stranger guide,  
 Who o'er the tombs  
 Of holy bygone times  
 Is passing,  
 To a kind sheltering place,  
 From North winds safe,  
 And where a poplar grove  
 Shuts out the noontide ray !  
 And when I come  
 Home to my cot  
 At evening,  
 Illumin'd by the setting sun,  
 Let me embrace a wife like this,  
 Her infant in her arms !





## LOVE AS A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

ON a rocky peak once sat I early,  
Gazing on the mist with eyes unmoving;  
Stretch'd out like a pall of grayish texture,  
All things round, and all above it cover'd.

Suddenly a boy appear'd beside me,  
Saying, "Friend, what meanest thou by gazing

On the vacant pall with such composure?  
Hast thou lost for evermore all pleasure  
Both in painting cunningly, and forming?"  
On the child I gaz'd, and thought in secret:  
"Would the boy pretend to be a master?"

"Would'st thou be forever dull and idle,"  
Said the boy, "no wisdom thou'lt attain to;  
See, I'll straightway paint for thee a figure,—  
How to paint a beauteous figure, show thee."

And he then extended his fore-finger,—  
(Ruddy was it as a youthful rosebud)  
Tow'rd the broad and far outstretching carpet,  
And began to draw there with his finger.

First on high a radiant sun he painted,  
Which upon mine eyes with splendor glisten'd,  
And he made the clouds with golden border,  
Through the clouds he let the sunbeams enter;  
Painted then the soft and feathery summits  
Of the fresh and quicken'd trees, behind them  
One by one with freedom drew the mountains;  
Underneath he left no lack of water,  
But the river painted so like Nature,  
That it seem'd to glitter in the sunbeams,  
'That it seem'd against its banks to murmur.

Ah, there blossom'd flowers beside the river.  
And bright colors gleam'd upon the meadow.  
Gold, and green, and purple, and enamell'd.  
All like carbuncles and emeralds seeming!  
Bright and clear he added then the heavens,  
And the blue-tinged mountains far and farther,  
So that I, as though newborn, enraptur'd  
Gaz'd on, now the painter, now the picture.

Then spake he: "Although I have convinc'd  
thee  
That this art I understand full surely,  
Yet the hardest still is left to show thee."



*El Poché del*

THE SHEET BY CL. BAY. 1862.

1862. 1862.

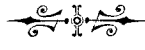
*Tratado de*



Thereupon he trac'd, with pointed finger,  
 And with anxious care, upon the forest,  
 At the utmost verge, where the strong sun-  
 beams  
 From the shining ground appear'd reflected,  
 Trac'd the figure of a lovely maiden,  
 Fair in form, and clad in graceful fashion,  
 Fresh the cheeks beneath her brown locks'  
 ambush,  
 And the cheeks possess'd the selfsame color  
 As the finger that had serv'd to paint  
 them.

"O thou boy!" exclaim'd I then, "what  
 master  
 In his school receiv'd thee as his pupil,

Teaching thee so truthfully and quickly  
 Wisely to begin, and well to finish?"  
 Whilst I still was speaking, lo, a zephyr  
 Softly rose, and set the tree-tops moving,  
 Curling all the wavelets on the river,  
 And the perfect maiden's veil, too, fill'd it,  
 And to make my wonderment still greater,  
 Soon the maiden set her foot in motion.  
 On she came, approaching tow'rd the station  
 Where still sat I with my arch instructor.  
 As now all, yes, all thus mov'd together,—  
 Flowers, rivers, trees, the veil,—all moving,—  
 And the gentle foot of that most fair one,  
 Can ye think that on my rock I linger'd,  
 Like a rock, as though fast-chain'd and silent?



## ARTIST'S EVENING SONG.



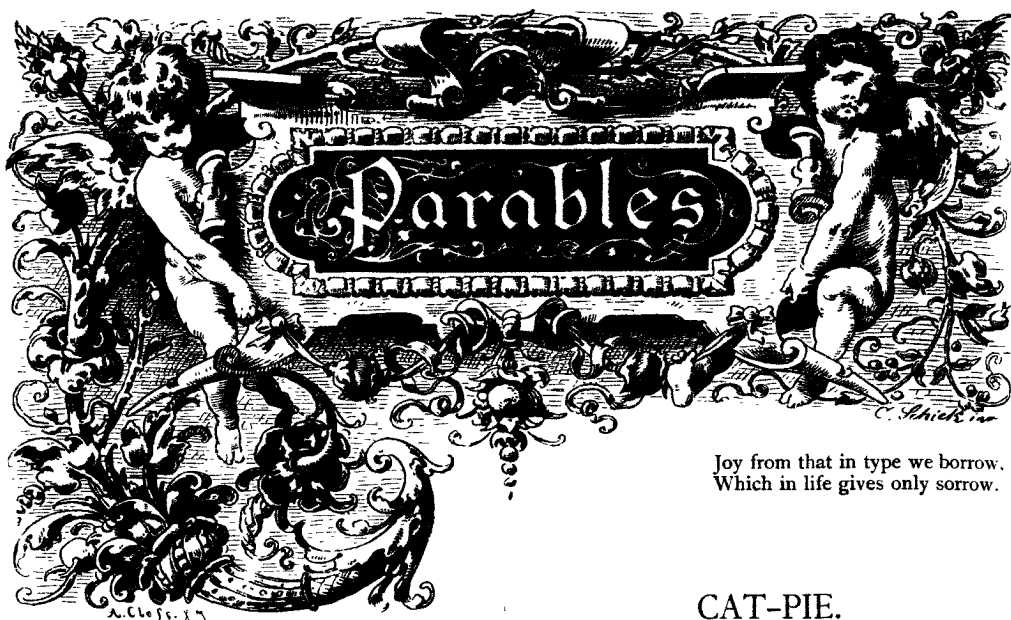
W H, would that some celestial flower  
 Might fill the world with rapture!  
 That inspiration's blissful power  
 My inmost soul might capture!

The feeling takes me in control,  
 My weakness makes me stumble;  
 Ah, Nature, recognize my soul,  
 Thy worshipper though humble!

How many a long and weary year  
 My heart has vainly waited,  
 As on a meadow wan and sere,  
 For fountains uncreated!

Ah, Nature, how I yearn for thee,  
 Thy love and faith consoling!  
 A wondrous river full and free  
 Through paradises rolling.

And all my song and all my strength  
 Thou turnest to endeavor,  
 Until my narrow path at length  
 Shall widen out forever.



Joy from that in type we borrow,  
Which in life gives only sorrow.

## EXPLANATION OF AN AN- TIQUE GEM.

A YOUNG fig tree its form lifts high  
Within a beauteous garden ;  
And see, a goat is sitting by,  
As if he were its warden.

But O Quirites, how one errs !  
The tree is guarded badly ;  
For round the other side there whirrs  
And hums a beetle madly.

The hero with his well-mail'd coat  
Nibbles the branches tall so ;  
A mighty longing feels the goat  
Gently to climb up also.

And so, my friends, ere long ye see  
The tree all leafless standing ;  
It looks a type of misery,  
Help of the gods demanding.

Then listen, ye ingenuous youth,  
Who hold wise saws respected :  
From he-goat and from beetle's tooth  
A tree should be protected !

## CAT-PIE.

WHILE *he* is mark'd by vision clear  
Who fathoms Nature's treasures,  
The man may follow, void of fear,  
Who her proportions measures.

Though for one mortal, it is true,  
These trades may both be fitted,  
Yet, that the things themselves are *two*  
Must always be admitted.

Once on a time there liv'd a cook  
Whose skill was past disputing,  
Who in his head a fancy took  
To try his luck at shooting.

So, gun in hand, he sought a spot  
Where stores of game were breeding,  
And there ere long a cat he shot  
That on young birds was feeding.

This cat he fancied was a hare,  
Forming a judgment hasty,  
So serv'd it up for people's fare,  
Well-spiced, and in a pasty.

Yet many a guest with wrath was fill'd  
(All who had noses tender):  
The cat that's by the sportsman kill'd  
No cook a hare can render.

LEGEND.

THERE liv'd in the desert a holy man  
 To whom a goat-footed Faun one day  
 Paid a visit, and thus began  
 To his surprise: "I entreat thee to pray  
 That grace to me and my friends may be given,  
 That we may be able to mount to heaven,  
 For great is our thirst for heav'nly bliss."  
 The holy man made answer to this:  
 "Much danger is lurking in thy petition,  
 Nor will it be easy to gain admission;  
 Thou dost not come with an angel's salute;  
 For I see thou wearest a cloven foot."  
 The wild man paus'd, and then answer'd he:  
 "What doth my goat's foot matter to thee?  
 Full many I've known into heaven to pass  
 Straight and with ease, with the head of an  
 ass!"

THE CRITIC.

IHAD a fellow as my guest,  
 Not knowing he was such a pest,  
 And gave him just my usual fare;  
 He ate his fill of what was there,  
 And for desert my best things swallow'd;  
 Soon as his meal was o'er, what follow'd?  
 Led by the Deuce to a neighbor he went,  
 And talk'd of my food to his heart's content:  
 "The soup might surely have had more spice,  
 The meat was ill-brown'd, and the wine wasn't  
 nice."  
 A thousand curses alight on his head!  
 'Tis a critic, I vow! Let the dog be struck  
 dead!

AUTHORS.

OVER the meadows, and down the stream,  
 And through the garden-walks straying,  
 He plucks the flowers that fairest seem;  
 His throbbing heart brooks no delaying.  
 His maiden then comes—oh, what ecstasy!  
 Thy flowers thou giv'st for one glance of her  
 eye!

The gard'ner next door o'er the hedge sees the  
 youth:

"I'm not such a fool as that, in good truth;  
 My pleasure is ever to cherish each flower,  
 And see that no birds my fruit e'er devour.  
 But when 'tis ripe, your money, good neigh-  
 bor!

'Twas not for nothing I took all this labor!"

And such, methinks, are the author-tribe.

The one his pleasures around him strews,  
 That his friends, the public, may reap, if  
 they choose:

The other would fain make them all subscribe.

THE DILETTANTE AND THE  
 CRITIC.

ABOY a pigeon once possess'd,  
 In gay and brilliant plumage dress'd;  
 He lov'd it well, and in boyish sport  
 Its food to take from his mouth he taught,  
 And in his pigeon he took such pride,  
 That his joy to others he needs must confide.

An aged fox near the place chanc'd to dwell,  
 Talkative, clever, and learned as well;  
 The boy his society used to prize,  
 Hearing with pleasure his wonders and lies.

"My friend the fox my pigeon must see!"  
 He ran, and stretch'd 'mongst the bushes lay  
 he.

"Look, fox, at my pigeon, my pigeon so fair!  
 His equal I'm sure thou hast look'd upon  
 ne'er!"

"Let's see!"—The boy gave it.—"'Tis really  
 not bad;

And yet, it is far from complete, I must add.  
 The feathers, for instance, how short! 'Tis  
 absurd!"

So he set to work straightway to pluck the  
 poor bird.

The boy scream'd.—"Thou must now stronger  
 pinions supply,

Or else 'twill be ugly, unable to fly."—  
 Soon 'twas stripp'd—oh, the villain!—and  
 torn all to pieces,

The boy was heart-broken,—and so my tale  
 ceases.

\* \* \* \* \*

He who sees in the boy shadow'd forth his  
own case  
Should be on his guard 'gainst the fox's whole  
race.

CELEBRITY.

ON bridges small and bridges great  
Stand Nepomuks in ev'ry state,  
Of bronze, wood, painted, or of stone,  
Some small as dolls, some giants grown ;  
Each passer must worship before Nepomuk,  
Who to die on a bridge chanc'd to have the  
ill luck.

When once a man with head and ears  
A saint in people's eyes appears,  
Or has been sentenced piteously  
Beneath the hangman's hand to die,  
He's as a noted person priz'd,  
In portrait is immortaliz'd.  
Engravings, woodcuts, are supplied,  
And through the world spread far and wide.  
Upon them all is seen his name,  
And ev'ry one admits his claim ;  
Even the image of the Lord  
Is not with greater zeal ador'd.  
Strange fancy of the human race !  
Half sinner frail, half child of grace  
We see HERR WERTHER of the story  
In all the pomp of woodcut glory.  
His worth is first made duly known  
By having his sad features shown  
At ev'ry fair the country round ;  
In ev'ry alehouse too they're found.  
His stick is pointed by each dunce :  
"The ball would reach his brain at once !"  
And each says, o'er his beer and bread :  
"Thank Heav'n that 'tis not *we* are dead !"

THE YELPERS.

OUR rides in all directions bend,  
For business or for pleasure,  
Yet yelpings on our steps attend,  
And barkings without measure.

The dog that in our stable dwells,  
After our heels is striding,  
And all the while his noisy yells  
But show that we are riding.

THE WRANGLER.

ONE day a shameless and impudent wight  
Went into a shop full of steel wares bright,  
Arrang'd with art upon ev'ry shelf.  
He fancied they all were meant for himself ;  
And so, while the patient owner stood by,  
The shining goods needs must handle and try,  
And valued,—for how should a fool better  
know?—

The bad things high, and the good ones low,  
And all with an easy self-satisfied face ;  
Then, having bought nothing, he left the  
place.

The tradesman now felt sorely vex'd,  
So when the fellow went there next,  
A lock of steel made quite red hot.  
The other cried upon the spot :  
"Such wares as these, who'd ever buy ?  
The steel is tarnish'd shamefully ;"—  
Then pull'd it like a fool about,  
But soon set up a piteous shout,  
"Pray, what's the matter?" the shopman  
spoke ;  
The other scream'd : "Faith, a very cool  
joke !"

JOY.

A DRAGON-FLY with beauteous wing  
Is hov'ring o'er a silv'ry spring ;  
I watch its motions with delight,—  
Now dark its colors seem, now bright ;  
Chameleon-like appear now blue,  
Now red, and now of greenish hue.  
Would it would come still nearer me,  
That I its tints might better see !

It hovers, flutters, resting ne'er !  
But hush ! it settles on the mead.  
I have it safe now, I declare !  
And when its form I closely view,  
'Tis of a sad and dingy blue—  
Such, Joy-Dissector, is thy case indeed !



## PLAYING AT PRIESTS.

**W**ITHIN a town where parity  
 According to old form we see,—  
 That is to say, where Catholic  
 And Protestant no quarrels pick,  
 And where, as in his father's day,  
 Each worships God in his own way,  
 We Luth'ran children used to dwell,  
 By songs and sermons taught us well.  
 The Catholic clingclang in truth  
 Sounded more pleasing to our youth,  
 For all that we encounter'd there  
 To us seem'd varied, joyous, fair.

As children, monkeys, and mankind  
 To ape each other are inclin'd,  
 We soon, the time to while away,  
 A game at priests resolv'd to play.  
 Their aprons all our sisters lent  
 For copes, which gave us great content ;  
 And handkerchiefs, embroider'd o'er,  
 Instead of stoles we also wore ;  
 Gold paper, whereon beasts were trac'd,  
 The bishop's brow as mitre grac'd.

Through house and garden thus in state  
 We strutted early, strutted late,

Repeating with all proper unction,  
 Incessantly each holy function.  
 The best was wanting to the game ;  
     We knew that a sonorous ring  
     Was here a most important thing ;  
 But Fortune to our rescue came,  
 For on the ground a halter lay ;  
     We were delighted, and at once  
     Made it a bellrope for the nonce,  
 And kept it moving all the day ;  
     In turns each sister and each brother  
     Acted as sexton to another ;  
 All help'd to swell the joyous throng ;  
     The whole proceeded swimmingly,  
     And since no actual bell had we,  
 We all in chorus sang, Ding dong !

Our guileless child's-sport long was hush'd  
     In memory's tomb, like some old lay ;  
 And yet across my mind it rush'd  
     With pristine force the other day.  
 The New-Poetic Catholics  
 In ev'ry point its aptness fix !



SONGS.

SONGS are like painted window-panes !  
 In darkness wrapp'd the church remains,  
 If from the market-place we view it ;  
 Thus sees the ignoramus through it.  
 No wonder that he deems it tame,—  
 And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,  
 And greet the holy Chapel there !  
 At once the whole seems clear and bright,  
 Each ornament is bath'd in light,  
 And fraught with meaning to the sight.  
 God's children ! thus your fortune prize,  
 Be edified, and feast your eyes !

POETRY.

GOD to his untaught children sent  
 Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,  
 And ev'ry heav'nly favor lent,  
 The world's hard lot to qualify.  
 They knew not how they should behave,  
 For all from Heav'n stark-naked came ;  
 But Poetry their garments gave,  
 And then not one had cause for shame.

A PARABLE.

I PICK'D a rustic nosegay lately,  
 And bore it homewards, musing greatly ;  
 When, heated by my hand, I found  
 The heads all drooping tow'rd the ground  
 I plac'd them in a well-cool'd glass,  
 And what a wonder came to pass !  
 The heads soon rais'd themselves once more,  
 The stalks were blooming as before,  
 And all were in as good a case  
 As when they left their native place.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 So felt I, when I wond'ring heard  
 My song to foreign tongues transferr'd.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A PLAN the Muses entertain'd  
 Methodically to impart  
 To Psyche the poetic art ;  
 Prosaic-pure her soul remain'd.  
 No wondrous sounds escap'd her lyre  
 E'en in the fairest Summer night ;  
 But Amor came with glance of fire,—  
 The lesson soon was learn'd aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLY.

WITH eagerness he drinks the treach'rous  
 potion,  
 Nor stops to rest, by the first taste misled ;  
 Sweet is the draught, but soon all power of  
 motion  
 He finds has from his tender members fled ;  
 No longer has he strength to plume his wing,  
 No longer strength to raise his head, poor  
 thing !  
 E'en in enjoyment's hour his life he loses,  
 His little foot to bear his weight refuses ;  
 So on he sips, and ere his draught is o'er,  
 Death veils his thousand eyes for evermore.

BY THE RIVER.

WHEN by the broad stream thou dost  
 dwell,  
 Oft shallow is its sluggish flood ;  
 Then, when thy fields thou tendest well,  
 It o'er them spreads its slime and mud.  
 The ships descend ere daylight wanes,  
 The prudent fisher upward goes ;  
 Round reef and rock ice casts its chains,  
 And boys at will the pathway close.  
 To this attend, then, carefully,  
 And what thou would'st, that execute !  
 Ne'er linger, ne'er o'erhasty be,  
 For time moves on with measur'd foot.



## THE FOX AND CRANE.

ONCE two persons uninvited  
 Came to join my dinner table ;  
 For the nonce they liv'd united,  
 Fox and crane yclept in fable.

Civil greetings pass'd between us ;  
 Then I pick'd some pigeons tender  
 For the fox of jackal genus,  
 Adding grapes in full-grown splendor.

Long-neck'd flasks I put as dishes  
 For the crane, without delaying,  
 Fill'd with gold and silver fishes,  
 In the limpid water playing.

Had ye witness'd Reynard planted  
 At his flat plate, all demurely,

Ye with envy must have granted :  
 " Ne'er was such a gourmand, surely !"

While the bird with circumspection  
 On one foot, as usual, cradled,  
 From the flasks his fish-refection  
 With his bill and long neck ladled.

One the pigeons prais'd,—the other,  
 As they went, extoll'd the fishes,  
 Each one scoffing at his brother  
 For preferring vulgar dishes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 If thou would'st preserve thy credit,  
 When thou askest folks to guzzle  
 At thy board, take care to spread it  
 Suited both for bill and muzzle.

## THE FOX AND HUNTSMAN.

**H**ARD 'tis on a fox's traces  
To arrive, midst forest-glades;  
Hopeless utterly the chase is,  
If his flight the huntsman aids.

And so 'tis with many a wonder  
(Why A B make *Ab* in fact),  
Over which we gape and blunder,  
And our head and brains distract.

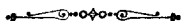


## THE STORK'S VOCATION.

**T**HE stork who worms and frogs devours  
That in our ponds reside,  
Why should he dwell on high church-towers,  
With which he's not allied?

Incessantly he chatters there,  
And gives our ears no rest;  
But neither old nor young can dare  
To drive him from his nest.

I humbly ask it,—how can he  
Give of his title proof,  
Save by his happy tendency  
To soil the church's roof?



## THE FROGS.

**A** POOL was once congeal'd with frost;  
The frogs, in its deep waters lost,  
No longer dar'd to croak or spring;  
But promis'd, being half asleep,  
If suffer'd to the air to creep,  
As very nightingales to sing.

A thaw dissolv'd the ice so strong,—  
They proudly steer'd themselves along,  
When landed, squatted on the shore,  
And croak'd as loudly as before.

## THE WEDDING.

**A** FEAST was in a village spread,—  
It was a wedding-day, they said.  
The parlor of the inn I found,  
And saw the couples whirling round,  
Each lass attended by her lad,  
And all seem'd loving, blithe and glad;  
But on my asking for the bride,  
A fellow with a stare replied:  
" 'Tis not the place that point to raise!  
We're only dancing in her honor;  
We now have danc'd three nights and days,  
And not bestow'd one thought upon her."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Whoe'er in life employs his eyes  
Such cases oft will recognize.

## BURIAL.

**T**O the grave one day from a house they bore  
A maiden;  
To the window the citizens went to explore;  
In splendor they liv'd, and with wealth as of  
yore  
Their banquets were laden.  
Then thought they: "The maid to the tomb  
is now borne;  
We too from our dwellings ere long must be  
torn,  
And he that is left our departure to mourn,  
To our riches will be the successor,  
For some one must be their possessor."

## THREATENING SIGNS.

**I**F Venus in the evening sky  
Is seen in radiant majesty,  
If rod-like comets, red as blood,  
Are 'mongst the constellations view'd,  
Out springs the Ignoramus, yelling:  
"The star's exactly o'er my dwelling!  
What woful prospect, ah, for me!"—  
Then calls his neighbor mournfully:  
"Behold that awful sign of evil,  
Portending woe to me, poor devil!  
My mother's asthma ne'er will leave her,  
My child is sick with wind and fever;

I dread the illness of my wife,  
A week has pass'd devoid of strife,—  
And other things have reach'd my ear ;  
The Judgment-day has come, I fear !”

His neighbor answers: “ Friend, you're right !  
Matters look very bad to-night.  
Let's go a street or two, though, hence,  
And gaze upon the stars from thence.”—  
No change appears in either case.  
Let each remain then in his place,  
And wisely do the best he can,  
Patient as any other man.

### THE BUYERS.

TO an apple-woman's stall  
Once some children nimbly ran ;  
Longing much to purchase all,

They with joyous haste began  
Snatching up the piles there rais'd,  
While with eager eyes they gaz'd  
On the rosy fruit so nice ;  
But when they found out the price,  
Down they threw the whole they'd got,  
Just as if they were red-hot.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man who gratis will his goods supply  
Will never find a lack of folks to buy !

### THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

“ THE mountain village was destroy'd ;  
But see how soon is fill'd the void !  
Shingles and boards, as by magic arise,  
The babe in his cradle and swaddling-clothes  
lies ;  
How bless'd to trust to God's protection !”

Behold a wooden new erection,  
So that, if sparks and wind but choose,  
God's self at such a game must lose !

### SYMBOLS.

PALM Sunday at the Vatican  
They celebrate with palms ;  
With reverence bows each holy man,  
And chants the ancient psalms.

Those very psalms are also sung  
With olive boughs in hand,  
While holly, mountain wilds among,  
In place of palms must stand ;  
In fine, one seeks some twig that's green  
And takes a willow rod,  
So that the pious man may e'en  
In small things praise his God.  
And if ye have observ'd it well,  
To gain what's fit ye're able,  
If ye in faith can but excel ;  
Such are the myths of fable.

### THREE PALINODIAS.

#### I.

“ Incense is but a tribute for the gods,—  
To mortals 'tis but poison.”

THE smoke that from thine altar blows,  
Can it the gods offend ?  
For I observe thou hold'st thy nose—  
Pray what does this portend ?  
Mankind deem incense to excel  
Each other earthly thing,  
So he that cannot bear its smell  
No incense e'er should bring.

With unmov'd face by thee at least  
To dolls is homage given ;  
If not obstructed by the priest  
The scent mounts up to heaven.

#### II.

### CONFLICT OF WIT AND BEAUTY.

SIR WIT, who is so much esteem'd,  
And who is worthy of all honor,  
Saw Beauty his superior deem'd  
By folks who lov'd to gaze upon her ;  
At this he was most sorely vex'd.  
Then came Sir Breath (long known as fit  
To represent the cause of wit),  
Beginning, rudely, I admit,  
To treat the lady with a text.  
To this she hearken'd not at all,  
But hasten'd to his principal :  
“ None are so wise, they say, as you,—  
Is not the world enough for two ?  
If you are obstinate, good-bye !  
If wise, to love me you will try,  
For be assur'd the world can ne'er  
Give birth to a more handsome pair.”

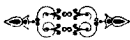
Ἄλλως.

Fair daughters were by Beauty rear'd,  
Wit had but dull sons for his lot ;  
So for a season it appear'd  
Beauty was constant, Wit was not.  
But Wit's a native of the soil,  
So he return'd, work'd, strove amain,  
And found—sweet guerdon for his toil!—  
Beauty to quicken him again.

III.

RAIN AND RAINBOW.

**D**URING a heavy storm it chanc'd  
That from his room a cockney glanc'd  
At the fierce tempest as it broke,  
While to his neighbor thus he spoke :  
“ The thunder has our awe inspir'd,  
Our barns by lightning have been fir'd,—  
Our sins to punish, I suppose ;  
But in return, to soothe our woes,  
See how the rain in torrents fell,  
Making the harvest promise well !  
But is't a rainbow that I spy  
Extending o'er the dark-gray sky ?  
With it I'm sure we may dispense,  
The color'd cheat ! The vain pretence !”  
Dame Iris straightway thus replied :  
“ Dost dare my beauty to deride ?  
In realms of space God station'd me  
A type of better worlds to be  
To eyes that from life's sorrows rove  
In cheerful hope to heav'n above,  
And, through the mists that hover here,  
God and His precepts bless'd revere.  
Do thou, then, grovel like the swine,  
And to the ground thy snout confine,  
But suffer the enlighten'd eye  
To feast upon my majesty.”



VALEDICTION.

**I** ONCE was fond of fools,  
And bid them come each day ;  
Then each one brought his tools,  
The carpenter to play ;

The roof to strip first choosing,  
Another to supply,  
The wood as trestles using,  
To move it by-and-by,  
While here and there they ran,  
And knock'd against each other ;  
To fret I soon began,  
My anger could not smother,  
So cried, “ Get out, ye fools !”  
At this they were offended ;  
Then each one took his tools,  
And so our friendship ended.

Since that, I've wiser been,  
And sit beside my door ;  
When one of them is seen,  
I cry, “ Appear no more !”  
“ Hence, stupid knave !” I bellow :  
At this he's angry too :  
“ You impudent old fellow !  
And pray, sir, who are you ?  
Along the streets we riot,  
And revel at the fair ;  
But yet we're pretty quiet,  
And folks revile us ne'er.  
Don't call us names, then, please !”—  
At length I meet with ease,  
For now they leave my door—  
'Tis better than before !

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-MASTER.

I.

**A** MASTER of a country school  
Jump'd up one day from off his stool,  
Inspir'd with firm resolve to try  
To gain the best society ;  
So to the nearest baths he walk'd,  
And into the saloon he stalk'd.  
He felt quite startled at the door,  
Ne'er having seen the like before.  
To the first stranger made he now  
A very low and graceful bow,  
But quite forgot to bear in mind  
That people also stood behind ;  
His left-hand neighbor's paunch he struck  
A grievous blow, by great ill luck ;  
Pardon for this he first entreated,  
And then in haste his bow repeated.



ARTIST : B. PLOCKHORST.

THE LEGEND OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

His right-hand neighbor next he hit,  
 And begg'd him, too, to pardon it;  
 But on his granting his petition  
 Another was in like condition;  
 These compliments he paid to all,  
 Behind, before, across the hall;  
 At length one who could stand no more  
 Show'd him impatiently the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

May many, pond'ring on their crimes,  
 A moral draw from this betimes!

II.

As he proceeded on his way  
 He thought, "I was too weak to-day;

To bow I'll ne'er again be seen;  
 For goats will swallow what is green."  
 Across the fields he now must speed,  
 Not over stumps and stones, indeed,  
 But over meads and cornfields sweet,  
 Trampling down all with clumsy feet.  
 A farmer met him by-and-by,  
 And didn't ask him: how? or why?  
 But with his fist saluted him.

"I feel new life in every limb!"  
 Our traveller cried in ecstasy.  
 "Who art thou who thus gladden'st me?  
 May Heaven such blessings ever send!  
 Ne'er may I want a jovial friend!"

THE LEGEND OF THE HORSESHOE.

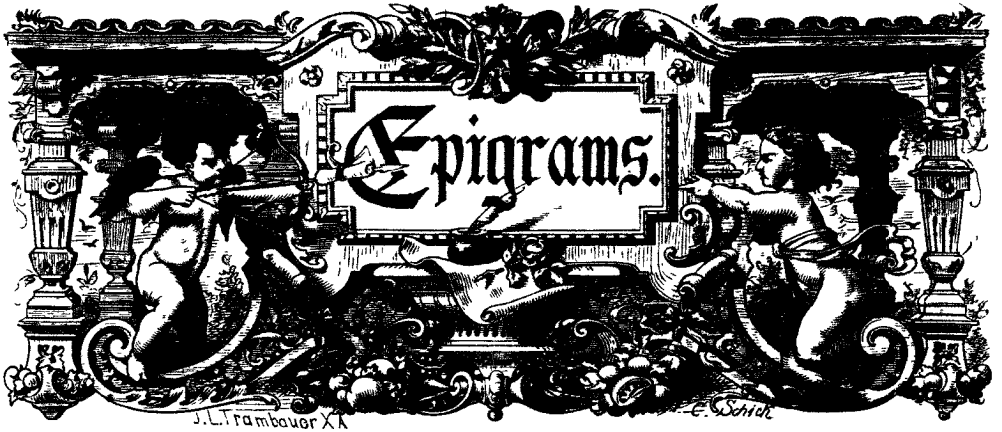
WHAT time our Lord still walk'd the earth,  
 Unknown, despis'd, of humble birth,  
 And on Him many a youth attended  
 (His words they seldom comprehended),  
 It ever seem'd to Him most meet  
 To hold His court in open street,  
 As under heaven's broad canopy  
 One speaks with greater liberty.  
 The teachings of His blessed word  
 From out His holy mouth were heard;  
 Each market to a fane turn'd He  
 With parable and simile.

One day, as tow'rd a town He rov'd,  
 In peace of mind with those He lov'd,  
 Upon the path a something gleam'd:  
 A broken horseshoe 'twas, it seem'd.  
 So to St. Peter thus He spake:  
 "That piece of iron prithee take!"  
 St. Peter's thoughts had gone astray;  
 He had been musing on his way  
 Respecting the world's government—  
 A dream that always gives content,  
 For in the head 'tis check'd by naught;  
 This ever was his dearest thought.  
 For him this prize was far too mean;—  
 Had it a crown and sceptre been!  
 But surely 'twasn't worth the trouble  
 For half a horseshoe to bend double!  
 And so he turn'd away his head  
 As if he heard not what was said.

The Lord, forbearing tow'rd all men,  
 Himself pick'd up the horseshoe then

(He ne'er again like this stoop'd down).  
 And when at length they reach'd the town,  
 Before a smithy He remain'd,  
 And there a penny for 't obtain'd.  
 As they the market-place went by,  
 Some beauteous cherries caught His eye;  
 Accordingly He bought as many  
 As could be purchas'd for a penny,  
 And then, as oft His wont had been,  
 Plac'd them within his sleeve unseen.

They went out by another gate,  
 O'er plains and fields proceeding straight;  
 No house or tree was near the spot;  
 The sun was bright, the day was hot;  
 In short, the weather being such,  
 A draught of water was worth much.  
 The Lord walk'd on before them all,  
 And let, unseen, a cherry fall.  
 St. Peter rush'd to seize it bold,  
 As though an apple 'twere of gold;  
 His palate much approv'd the berry.  
 The Lord ere long another cherry  
 Once more let fall upon the plain;  
 St. Peter forthwith stoop'd again.  
 The Lord kept making him thus bend  
 To pick up cherries without end.  
 For a long time the thing went on;  
 The Lord then said, in cheerful tone:  
 "Hadst thou but mov'd when thou wert bid,  
 Thou of this trouble hadst been rid;  
 The man who small things scorns will next  
 By things still smaller be perplex'd."



In these numbers be express'd  
Meaning deep, 'neath merry jest.

### TO ORIGINALS.

**A** FELLOW says: "I own no school or college;  
No master lives whom I acknowledge;  
And pray don't entertain the thought  
That from the dead I e'er learn'd aught."  
This, if I rightly understand,  
Means: "I'm a blockhead at first hand."



### THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLA- TION.

**N**O! in truth there's here no lack:  
White the bread, the maidens black!  
To another town, next night:  
Black the bread, the maidens white!

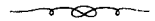


### GENIAL IMPULSE.

**T**HUS roll I, never taking ease,  
My tub, like Saint Diogenes,  
Now serious am, now seek to please;  
Now love and hate in turns one sees;  
The motives now are those, now these;  
Now nothings, now realities.  
Thus roll I, never taking ease,  
My tub, like Saint Diogenes.

### NEITHER THIS NOR THAT.

**I**F thou to be a slave should'st will,  
Thou'lt get no pity, but fare ill;  
And if a master thou would'st be,  
The world will view it angrily;  
And if in *statu quo* thou stay,  
That thou art but a fool, they'll say.



### THE WAY TO BEHAVE.

**T**HOUGH tempers are bad, and peevish  
folks swear,  
Remember to ruffle thy brows, friend, ne'er;  
And let not the fancies of women so fair  
E'er serve thy pleasure in life to impair.



### THE BEST.

**W**HEN head and heart are busy, say,  
What better can be found?  
Who neither loves nor goes astray,  
Were better under ground.



### AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.

**M**ODEST men must needs endure,  
And the bold must humbly bow;  
Thus thy fate's the same, be sure,  
Whether bold or modest thou.





CALM AT SEA.

**S**ILENCE deep rules o'er the waters,  
Calmly slumb'ring lies the main,  
While the sailor views with trouble  
Naught but one vast level plain.

Not a zephyr is in motion!  
Silence fearful as the grave!  
In the mighty waste of ocean  
Sunk to rest is ev'ry wave.

**E** who with life makes sport  
Can prosper never,  
Who rules himself in naught,  
Is a slave ever.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

**I**F thou would'st live unruffled by care,  
Let not the past torment thee e'er;  
As little as possible be thou annoy'd,  
And let the present be ever enjoy'd;  
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,  
And to God the future confide.

THE SAME, EXPANDED.

**I**F thou would'st live unruffled by care,  
Let not the past torment thee e'er;  
If any loss thou hast to rue,  
Act as though thou wert born anew;  
Inquire the meaning of each day:  
What each day means, itself will say;  
In their own actions take thy pleasure,  
What others do, thou'lt duly treasure,  
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,  
And to God the future confide.



**G**OOD wine is drunken everywhere.  
For gracefulest cup the toper's no seeker;  
But if my wine shall taste me fair,  
Give me a costly Grecian beaker.



## THE FAIR AT HUEHENEFELD.

July 25th, 1814.

I WENT with haughty nonchalance  
 To give the Fair a passing glance,  
 To see the pedlers at the booths,  
 And, using old Lavater's truths,  
 Once whisper'd in my ear, to try  
 If I were wise yet. Bluff'd was I.  
 The first I saw were soldiers gay,  
 Dress'd in their very best array.  
 The stress and strain of war was done;  
 They had no wish for another begun.  
 Their fine coats for the girls had charms,  
 Who threw themselves in the soldiers' arms.

Peasant and burgher stood amaz'd ;  
 The excellent lads were almost daz'd ;  
 Their pennies and pains were thoroughly  
 wasted ;  
 The cup of glory they had not tasted.  
 And so for the end they all stood waiting,  
 Not quite pleas'd in contemplating.  
 Matrons and maidens with repose  
 Fitted themselves with wooden sabots.  
 You could see by their gestures, by their  
 faces,  
 That their hopes were set in lofty places.



ARTIST: H. KAULBACH.

MAIDEN WISHES.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

OH, would that some friend  
 A husband would send !  
 'Tis such a nice game,  
 Mamma is my name.  
 One needs not to go  
 To school or to sew !  
 Then one can command ;  
 Has servants at hand !  
 Can choose her own dresses,  
 And, what I confess is  
 The nicest, have candy  
 And sugar-plums handy ;  
 And go out to ride ;  
 And at balls be a bride ;  
 And not have to ask  
 Papa and mamma, or be taken to task.

EPITAPH.

AS a boy, reserv'd and naughty ;  
 As a youth, a coxcomb and haughty ;  
 As a man, for action inclin'd ;  
 As a graybeard, fickle in mind.—  
 Upon thy grave will people read :  
 This was a very man, indeed !

ADMONITION.

WHEREFORE ever ramble on ?  
 For the Good is lying near.  
 Fortune learn to seize alone,  
 For that Fortune's ever here.

MY ONLY PROPERTY.

I FEEL that I'm possess'd of naught,  
 Saving the free unfetter'd thought  
 Which from my bosom seeks to flow,  
 And each propitious passing hour  
 That suffers me in all its power  
 A loving fate with truth to know.

OLD AGE.

OLD age is courteous—no one more :  
 For time after time he knocks at the door,  
 But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray !"  
 Yet turns he not from the door away,  
 But lifts the latch, and enters with speed,  
 And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed !"

COURAGE.

CARELESSLY over the plain away,  
 Where by the boldest man no path  
 Cut before thee thou canst discern,  
 Make for thyself a path !

Silence, lov'd one, my heart !  
 Cracking, let it not break !  
 Breaking, break not with thee !

RULE FOR MONARCHS.

IF men are never their thoughts to employ,  
 Take care to provide them a life full of joy ;  
 But if to some profit and use thou would'st  
 bend them,  
 Take care to shear them, and then defend  
 them.

MEMORIES.

THE remembrance of the Good  
 Keeps us ever glad in mood.

The remembrance of the Fair  
 Makes a mortal rapture share.

The remembrance of one's Love  
 Bless'd is, if it constant prove.

The remembrance of the One  
 Is the greatest joy that's known.



## PAULO POST FUTURI.



KEEP ye not, ye children dear,  
That as yet ye are unborn :  
For each sorrow and each tear  
Makes the father's heart to mourn.  
Patient be a short time to it,  
Unproduc'd, and known to none ;  
If your father cannot do it,  
By your mother 'twill be done.

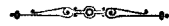


## THE FOOL'S EPILOGUE.

MANY good works I've done and ended,  
Ye take the praise—I'm not offended ;  
For in the world, I've always thought  
Each thing its true position hath sought.  
When prais'd for foolish deeds am I,  
I set off laughing heartily ;  
When blam'd for doing something good,  
I take it in an easy mood.  
If some one stronger gives me hard blows,  
That it's a jest, I feign to suppose ;  
But if 'tis one that's but my own like,  
I know the way such folks to strike.  
When Fortune smiles, I merry grow,  
And sing *in dulci jubilo* ;  
When sinks her wheel, and tumbles me o'er,  
I think 'tis sure to rise once more.

In the sunshine of summer I ne'er lament,  
Because the winter it cannot prevent ;  
And when the white snow-flakes fall around,  
I don my skates, and am off with a bound.  
Though I dissemble as I will,  
The sun for me will ne'er stand still ;

The old and wonted course is run,  
Until the whole of life is done ;  
Each day the servant like the lord  
In turns comes home, and goes abroad ;  
If proud or humble the line they take,  
They all must eat, drink, sleep and wake.  
So nothing ever vexes me ;  
Act like the fool, and wise ye'll be !



## ON THE DIVAN.

HE who knows himself and others  
Here will also see,  
That the East and West, like brothers,  
Parted ne'er shall be.

Thoughtfully to float forever  
'Tween two worlds, be man's endeavor '  
So between the East and West  
To revolve, be my behest !





## PROOEMION.

IN His bless'd name, who was His own  
 creation,  
 Who from all time makes *making* his voca-  
 tion ;  
 The name of Him who makes our faith so  
 bright,  
 Love, confidence, activity and might ;  
 In that One's name, who, nam'd though oft  
 He be,  
 Unknown is ever in Reality :  
 As far as ear can reach, or eyesight dim,  
 Thou findest but the known resembling Him ;  
 How high soe'er thy fiery spirit hovers,  
 Its simile and type it straight discovers ;  
 Onward thou'rt drawn, with feelings light  
 and gay,  
 Where'er thou goest, smiling is the way ;  
 No more thou numb'rest, reckonest no time,  
 Each step is infinite, each step sublime.

WHAT God would *outwardly* alone control,  
 And on His finger whirl the *mighty* Whole ?  
 He loves the *inner* world to *move*, to view  
 Nature in Him, Himself in-Nature too,  
 So that what in Him works, and is, and lives,  
 The measure of His strength, His spirit gives.

WITHIN us all a universe doth dwell ;  
 And hence each people's usage laudable,  
 That ev'ry one the Best that meets his eyes  
 As God, yea e'en *his* God, doth recognize ;  
 To Him both earth and heaven surrenders he,  
 Fears Him, and loves Him too, if that may be.



## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

**T**HOU art confus'd, my beloved, at seeing  
 the thousandfold union  
 Shown in this flowery troop, over the garden  
 dispers'd ;  
 Many a name dost thou hear assign'd ; one  
 after another  
 Falls on thy list'ning ear, with a barbarian  
 sound.  
 None resembleth another, yet all their forms  
 have a likeness ;  
 Therefore, a mystical law is by the chorus  
 proclaim'd ;  
 Yes, a sacred enigma ! O dearest friend,  
 could I only  
 Happily teach thee the word, which may  
 the mystery solve !  
 Closely observe how the plant, by little and  
 little progressing,  
 Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom  
 and fruit !  
 First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon  
 as the silent  
 Fruit-bearing womb of the earth kindly  
 allows its escape,  
 And to the charms of the light, the holy, the  
 ever-in-motion,  
 Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly begin-  
 ning to shoot.  
 Simply slumber'd the force in the seed ; a  
 germ of the future,  
 Peacefully lock'd in itself, 'neath the in-  
 tegument lay,  
 Leaf and root, and bud, still void of color,  
 and shapeless ;  
 Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that  
 motionless life.  
 Upward then strives it to swell, in gentle  
 moisture confiding,  
 And, from the night where it dwelt, straight-  
 way ascendeth to light.  
 Yet still simple remaineth its figure, when first  
 it appeareth ;  
 And 'tis a token like this points out the  
 child 'mid the plants.  
 Soon a shoot, succeeding it, riseth on high,  
 and reneweth,  
 Piling up node upon node, ever the primi-  
 tive form ;  
 Yet not ever alike : for the following leaf, as  
 thou seest,  
 Ever produceth itself, fashion'd in manifold  
 ways.

Longer, more indented, in points and in parts  
 more divided,  
 Which, all-deform'd until now, slept in the  
 organ below,  
 So at length it attaineth the noble and destin'd  
 perfection,  
 Which, in full many a tribe, fills thee with  
 wondering awe.  
 Many ribb'd and tooth'd, on a surface juicy  
 and swelling,  
 Free and unending the shoot seemeth in  
 fulness to be ;  
 Yet here Nature restraineth, with powerful  
 hands, the formation,  
 And to a perfecter end, guideth with soft-  
 ness its growth,  
 Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting  
 the vessels,  
 So that the figure ere long gentler effects  
 doth disclose.  
 Soon and in silence is check'd the growth of  
 the vigorous branches,  
 And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in  
 form.  
 Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem  
 then upspringeth,  
 And a miraculous sight doth the observer  
 enchant.  
 Rang'd in a circle, in numbers that now are  
 small, and now countless,  
 Gather the smaller-siz'd leaves, close by the  
 side of their like.  
 Round the axis compress'd the sheltering calyx  
 unfoldeth,  
 And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued  
 coronals forms.  
 Thus doth Nature bloom, in glory still nobler  
 and fuller,  
 Showing, in order arrang'd, member on  
 member uprear'd.  
 Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as  
 the stem rears the flower  
 Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating  
 leaves.  
 But this glory is only the new creation's fore-  
 teller,  
 Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand  
 all divine,  
 And on a sudden contracteth itself ; the ten-  
 derest figures,  
 Twofold as yet, hasten on, destin'd to blend  
 into one.



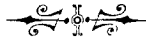
ARTIST R. GEISLER.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.



Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing  
together,  
Gather'd in countless array, there where the  
altar is rais'd.  
Hymen hovereth o'er them, and scents deli-  
cious and mighty  
Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all  
things enliv'ning around.  
Presently, parcell'd out, unnumber'd germs are  
seen swelling,  
Sweetly conceal'd in the womb, where is  
made perfect the fruit.  
Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces  
eternal ;  
Yet doth a new one at once cling to the  
one gone before,  
So that the chain be prolonged forever through  
all generations,  
And that the whole may have life, e'en as  
enjoy'd by each part.  
Now, my beloved one, turn thy gaze on the  
many-hued thousands  
Which, confusing no more, gladden the  
mind as they wave.  
Every plant unto thee proclaimeth the laws  
everlasting,  
Every floweret speaks louder and louder to  
thee ;

But if thou here canst decipher the mystic  
words of the goddess,  
Everywhere will they be seen, e'en though  
the features are chang'd ;  
Creeping insects may linger, the eager butterfly  
hasten,—  
Plastic and forming may man change e'en  
the figure decreed !  
Oh, then, bethink thee, as well, how out of  
the germ of acquaintance  
Kindly intercourse sprang, slowly unfolding  
its leaves ;  
Soon how friendship with might unveil'd itself  
in our bosoms,  
And how Amor at length brought forth  
blossom and fruit !  
Think of the manifold ways wherein Nature  
hath lent to our feelings,  
Silently giving them birth, either the first  
or the last !  
Yes, and rejoice in the present day ! For love  
that is holy  
Seeketh the noblest of fruits—that where  
the thoughts are the same,  
Where the opinions agree—that the pair may,  
in rapt contemplation,  
Lovingly blend into one—find the more ex-  
cellent world.



## THE SAGES AND THE PEOPLE.

EPIMENIDES.

Now, brethren ! hasten to the grove !  
The eager people push and shove.  
From North, South, East and West their  
yearning  
For wisdom brings them, hither turning  
Their hurrying steps. 'Tis light they love,  
But not expensive is their learning ;  
I beg you now your minds prepare  
To read the text as they demand it !

THE PEOPLE.

Ye men of riddles, we declare  
That you must teach us, full and fair,  
Not darkly—so we understand it :  
Say ! is the world from everlasting ?

ANAXAGORAS.

I have no doubt of it, for casting  
A backward glance, if e'er you came  
To time without it, 'twould seem a shame !

THE PEOPLE.

But will it end in smoke and flame ?

ANAXIMENES.

Most likely ! Yet it's all the same !  
If God exists in deed and name,  
There'll still be pleasant worlds in plenty.

THE PEOPLE.

What dost thou mean by Infinite ?

PARMENIDES.

Why should'st thou vex thyself with it?  
Search thy own soul! If there is lacking  
Infinity in mind and wit,  
Take little thought for other's backing!

THE PEOPLE.

But where and how is Thought evolv'd?

DIOGENES.

Thou putt'st a riddle never solv'd;  
The thinker thinks from hat to shoe,  
And in a flash he gets the clue,  
Unto the Where, the How, the Best.

THE PEOPLE.

And does my body house a soul?

MIMNERMOS.

'Twere well to ask thy brothers,  
For, dost thou see, this life long guest,  
This civil creature with its rôle  
Of pleasing self, delighting others,  
Is call'd a soul, and I sustain it.

THE PEOPLE.

When Night is on, does sleep enchain it?

PERIANDER.

It cannot slip its lasting bond;  
Thy body feels the power of sleep,  
Which comes upon it from beyond;  
The soul, too, feels the influence deep.

THE PEOPLE.

What dost thou mean by Spirit? speak!

KLEOBOULOS.

The thing call'd Spirit, I confess,  
Asks questions—never answers.

THE PEOPLE.

Now, tell me! what is happiness?

KRATES.

'Tis what the fearless urchin shows,  
Who, with his comrades—jolly dancers—  
With jingling pennies, gayly goes;  
Full well the pudding-place he knows—  
I mean, he knows the baker!

THE PEOPLE.

What proof of immortality?

ARISTIPPOS.

The best life in reality  
He leads who lives serene and meek—  
Builds firm and strong in perfect vows—  
And trusts all to his Maker!

THE PEOPLE.

Is wisdom or is folly best?

DEMOKRITOS.

That scarcely needs reflection,  
The wise in his own conceit,  
Is not begrudged when wise men meet.

THE PEOPLE.

Does chance rule all and mere deception?

EPIKOUROS.

I take the old direction,  
Get all the good I can from chance,  
Enjoy deception's fleeting glance;  
Their use and sport thou would'st prefer so.

THE PEOPLE.

Is freedom of the will a lie?

ZENO.

It seems as though it were so,  
So keep a good stiff upper lip,  
And if thou mak'st a final slip,  
Thou would'st preserve thy gravity.

THE PEOPLE.

Was I, a child, born in depravity?

PELAGIUS.

Thy question I had much preferred  
Not at this junction to have heard;  
'Tis true thou hast inherited  
A grievous load unmerited.  
To ask the question was absurd!

THE PEOPLE.

Are we compelled to seek our best?



ARTIST: FRITZ ROEBER.

THE SAGES AND THE PEOPLE.

PLATO.

If everybody were not blest,  
In ever taking good suggestions,  
Thou would'st not ask such questions.  
Make on thyself the first attempt,  
And, if thou canst know thyself,  
Let other people be exempt.

THE PEOPLE.

But everywhere rules greed for pelf!

EPIKTETOS.

Well! let the people have their gain,  
The farthings of the balance  
Thou must not grudge them; that is plain.

THE PEOPLE.

Now tell us how to use our talents,  
Ere we forever drift apart.

THE SAGES.

The law of wisdom take to heart!  
Avoid all questioners, my gallants!





## GOD, SOUL AND WORLD.

WHO trusts in God  
Fears not His rod.

THIS truth may be by all believ'd:  
Whom God deceives is well deceiv'd.

How? when? and where?—No answer comes  
from high;  
Thou wait'st for the *Because*, and yet thou  
ask'st not *Why*?

IF the whole is ever to gladden thee,  
That whole in the smallest thing thou must see.

WATER its living strength first shows  
When obstacles its course oppose.

TRANSPARENT appears the radiant air,  
Though steel and stone in its breast it may  
bear;  
At length they'll meet with fiery power,  
And metal and stones on the earth will shower.

WHATE'ER a living flame may surround,  
No longer is shapeless, or earthly bound.  
'Tis now invisible, flies from earth,  
And hastens on high to the place of its birth.

## DISTICHS.

CHORDS are touch'd by Apollo,—the  
death-laden bow, too, he bendeth;  
While he the shepherdess charms, Python  
he lays in the dust.

WHAT is merciful censure? To make thy  
faults appear smaller?  
May be to veil them? No, no! O'er them  
to raise thee on high!

DEMOCRATIC food soon cloy's on the multi-  
tude's stomach;  
But I'll wager, ere long, other thou'lt give  
them instead.

WHAT in France has pass'd by, the Germans  
continue to practise,  
For the proudest of men flatters the people  
and fawns.

WHO is the happiest of men? He who values  
the merits of others,  
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as  
though 'twere his own.

NOT in the morning alone, not only at mid-  
day he charmeth;  
Even at setting, the sun is still the same  
glorious planet.



TIME mows the thorns and the roses ;  
But the root fresh life-force ever discloses !

'Tis easier far a wreath to bind,  
Than a good owner for't to find.

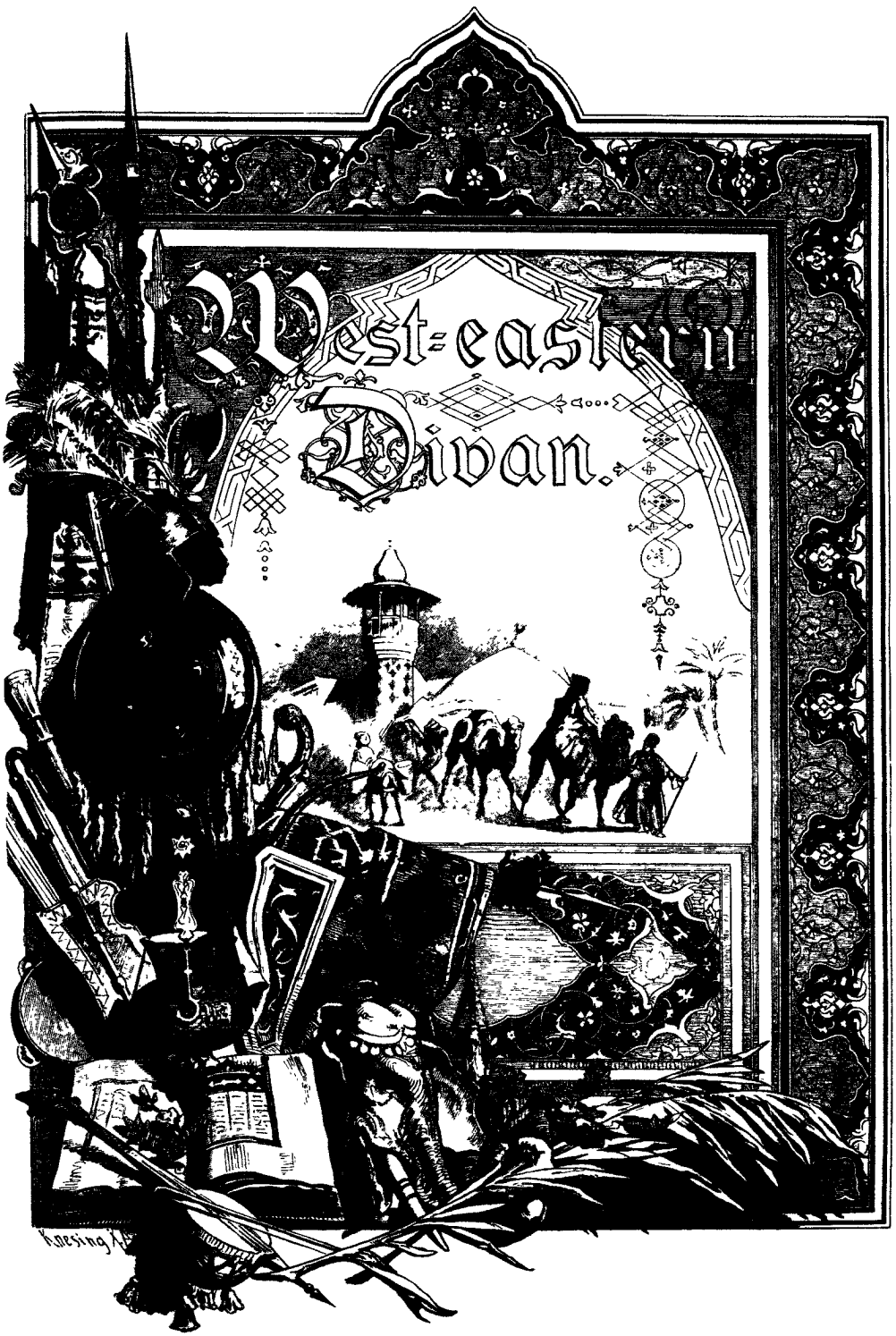
A BREACH is every day  
By many a mortal storm'd ;  
Let them fall in the gaps as they may,  
Yet a heap of dead is ne'er form'd.

WHAT harm has thy poor mirror done, alas ?  
Look not so ugly, prithee, in the glass !

GOD gave to mortals birth,  
In His own image too ;  
Then came Himself to earth,  
A mortal kind and true.



“NOW what is thy purpose and  
thy intention  
In kindling new fire in thy spirit?”  
My work men only shall mention  
When I no longer shall hear it.









Who the song would understand,  
Needs must seek the song's own land.  
Who the minstrel understand,  
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

## BOOK OF THE MINSTREL.

### HEGIRA.

**N**ORTH and West and South are crumbling,  
Kingdoms tremble, thrones are tumbling;  
To the East fly from annoyance,  
Seeking patriarchal joyance,

Where 'mid love and wine and singing,  
Chiser's Fount new life is bringing.

There in calm and holy places  
Will I study primal races;  
Searching back to dim beginnings  
For the source of wisdom's winnings;  
Wealth of language, lore of heaven,  
Undisturb'd by discord's leaven.



Children then show'd veneration,  
Scorn'd was outside obligation!  
Firmly grown in bone and marrow,  
Faith was strong though thought was narrow;  
And the word kept power unbroken,  
Just because the word was spoken.

I will mix with shepherd races—  
Find enjoyment in oases,  
With long caravans will wander,  
Wealth on shawls and spices squander.  
Every path though rough or pretty  
Will explore from waste to city.

Mountain footways rough and weary,  
Hafis, do thy songs make cheery;  
When the guide on muleback clinging  
Wakes the echoes with his singing;  
And the stars above are brighten'd,  
And the lurking brigand frighten'd.

When I bathe or when I'm drinking,  
Hafis great, of thee I'm thinking;  
When her veil my sweetheart raises,  
And my cheek her fair hair grazes,  
Yea, the secret of the poet,  
E'en the houris long to know it.

If you envy him this pleasure,  
Or would stint him in his measure,  
Know his poems, gently knocking,  
For admittance hover flocking,  
Round the gate of Eden never,  
Doubting of the life forever.

### DISCORD.

WHEN by the brook his strain  
Cupid is fluting,  
And on the neighb'ring plain  
Mavors disputing,  
There turns the ear ere long,  
Loving and tender,  
Yet to the noise the song  
Soon must surrender.  
Loud then the flute-notes glad  
Sound 'mid war's thunder;  
If I grow raving mad,  
Is it a wonder?  
Flutes sing and trumpets bray,  
Waxing yet stronger;  
If, then, my senses stray,  
Wonder no longer.

### TALISMANS.

GOD is of the East possess'd,  
God is ruler of the West;  
North and South alike, each land  
Rests within His gentle hand.

HE, the only righteous one,  
Wills that right to each be done.  
'Mongst His hundred titles, then,  
Highest praise be this!—Amen.

ERROR seeketh to deceive me,  
Thou art able to retrieve me;  
Both in action and in song  
Keep my course from going wrong.

### THE FOUR FAVORS.

THAT Arabs through the realms of space  
May wander on, light-hearted,  
Great Allah hath, to all their race,  
Four favors meet imparted.

The turban first—that ornament  
All regal crowns excelling;  
A light and ever-shifting tent,  
Wherein to make our dwelling;

A sword, which, more than rocks and walls  
Doth shield us, brightly glist'ning;  
A song that profits and enthral, s  
For which the maids are list'ning.

### SONG AND STRUCTURE.

LET the Greek his plastic clay  
Mould in human fashion,  
While his own creation may  
Wake his glowing passion;

But it is our joy to court  
Great Euphrates' torrent,  
Here and there at will to sport  
In the watery current.

Quench'd I thus my spirit's flame,  
Songs had soon resounded;  
Water drawn by bards whose fame  
Pure is, may be rounded.



## CREATION AND VIVIFICATION.

OLD Adam was a clod of earth  
Which God a man created,  
Yet he, in spite of such a birth,  
Was unsophisticated!

The Elohim blew down his nose  
The breath of life most pleasing;  
He now to something great arose:—  
He caught a fit of sneezing.

Yet in his bones and limbs and head  
He still remain'd half earthy,

Till Noah the bumper found, 'tis said,  
The right thing for the worthy.

The clod as soon as he was wet  
Felt wings of inspiration,  
Just as the dough when it is set  
Swells up with fermentation.

Thus Hafis, may thy lofty song,  
Thy glorious example  
Lead us with clinking cups along  
To our Creator's temple.



Spirit let us bridegroom call,  
 And the word the bride;  
 Known this wedding is to all  
 Who have Hafis tried.

## BOOK OF HAFIS.

### THE NEW NAME.

POET.

**M**AHOMET-SHEMS-ED-DIN, tell me  
 Why thy noble people name thee  
 Hafis?

HAFIS.

Sir, I cannot blame thee;  
 I will speak how it befell me:  
 Since my memory never faltered,  
 And with joy I kept unaltered  
 All the Koran's sacred verses,  
 And amid my many mercies  
 Never with the evil paltered  
 That the faithful were offended,  
 Who the seed-word of the prophet  
 Treasure as it was intended:  
 Therefore am I bearer of it.

POET.

Hafis, as I thus behold us,  
 Is it well to stay anigh thee;  
 For the thoughts of others mould us  
 To resemble them; and I thee  
 Must resemble wholly,  
 Who have in my bosom minted  
 Impress of our Scripture holy,  
 As the Saviour's face was printed  
 On the wondrous napkin. Joyance  
 Fills me, spite of all annoyance,  
 Spite of hindrance, loss, negation,  
 For I have Faith's consolation.

### THE GERMAN RETURNS THANKS.

**H**OLY EBUSUUD, thou hast fathom'd  
 All the holy things the poet covets!  
 For it is indeed the thousand trifles  
 Not within the sacred Law's dominions

Where his portion lies, and where with bold-  
 ness,

Joyous e'en in grief, he finds his duty.  
 Serpent venom and the theriaca  
 He must take without discrimination:  
 Poison kills not, antidote is helpless,  
 For true life consists in guileless action  
 Tempered by the everlasting wisdom,  
 Harming self but never harming others:  
 Thus the aged poet hopes the houris  
 To the joys of paradise will take him,  
 As a youth with vision clarified:—  
 Holy Ebusuud, thou hast reach'd it!

### THE UNLIMITED.

**T**HAT thou canst never end doth make  
 thee great,  
 And that thou ne'er beginnest is thy fate.  
 Thy song is changeful as yon starry frame,  
 End and beginning evermore the same;  
 And what the middle bringeth but contains  
 What was at first, and what at last remains.  
 Thou art of joy the true and minstrel-source,  
 From thee pours wave on wave with ceaseless  
 force.  
 A mouth that's aye prepar'd to kiss,  
 A breast whence flows a loving song,  
 A throat that finds no draught amiss,  
 An open heart that knows no wrong.

And what though all the world should sink!  
 Hafis, with thee, alone with thee  
 Will I contend! joy, misery,  
 The portion of us twain shall be;  
 Like thee to love, like thee to drink,—  
 This be my pride,—this, life to me!

Now, Song, with thine own fire be sung,—  
 For thou art older, thou more young!

TO HAFIS.

HAFIS, straight to equal thee,  
One would strive in vain ;  
Though a ship with majesty  
Cleaves the foaming main,  
Feels its sails swell haughtily  
As it onward hies ;—

Crush'd by ocean's stern decree,  
Wreck'd it straightway lies.  
Tow'rd thee, songs, light, graceful, free,  
Mount with cooling gush ;  
Then their glow consumeth me,  
As like fire they rush.  
Yet a thought with ecstasy  
Hath my courage mov'd ;  
In the land of melody  
I have liv'd and lov'd.



FETWA.

THE Mufti read Misri's verses cher-  
ish'd !—  
Each one deliberately in succession,  
And gave them to the flames' possession ;  
And thus the costly book entirely perish'd.  
“ May flames consume the man whoe'er  
believeth  
And speaketh as this Misri ! He alone ”—  
Thus spoke the judge severe—“ shall not  
atone  
In fire : the poet gifts from God receiveth,  
And if in traffic of his sins he use them,  
Let him beware lest he shall sadly lose  
them.



Schweizer 41

## BOOK OF LOVE.

### THE TYPES.



EAR, and in memory bear  
 These six fond loving pair.  
 Love, when arous'd, kept true  
 Rustan and Rodawu!  
 Strangers approach from far  
 Jussuf and Suleika;  
 Love, void of hope, is in  
 Ferhad and Schirin.  
 Born for each other are  
 Medschnun and Leila;  
 Loving, though old and gray,  
 Dschemil saw Boteinah.  
 Love's sweet caprice anon,  
 Brown maid and Solomon!  
 If thou dost mark them well,  
 Stronger thy love will swell.

### ONE PAIR MORE.

LOVE is indeed a glorious prize!  
 What fairer guerdon meets our eyes?—  
 Though neither wealth nor power are thine,  
 A very hero thou dost shine.  
 As of the prophet, they will tell  
 Wamik and Asra's tale as well.—  
 They'll tell not of them,—they'll but give  
 Their names, which now are all that live.  
 The deeds they did, the toils they prov'd  
 No mortal knows! But that they lov'd  
 This know we. Here's the story true  
 Of Wamik and of Asra too.

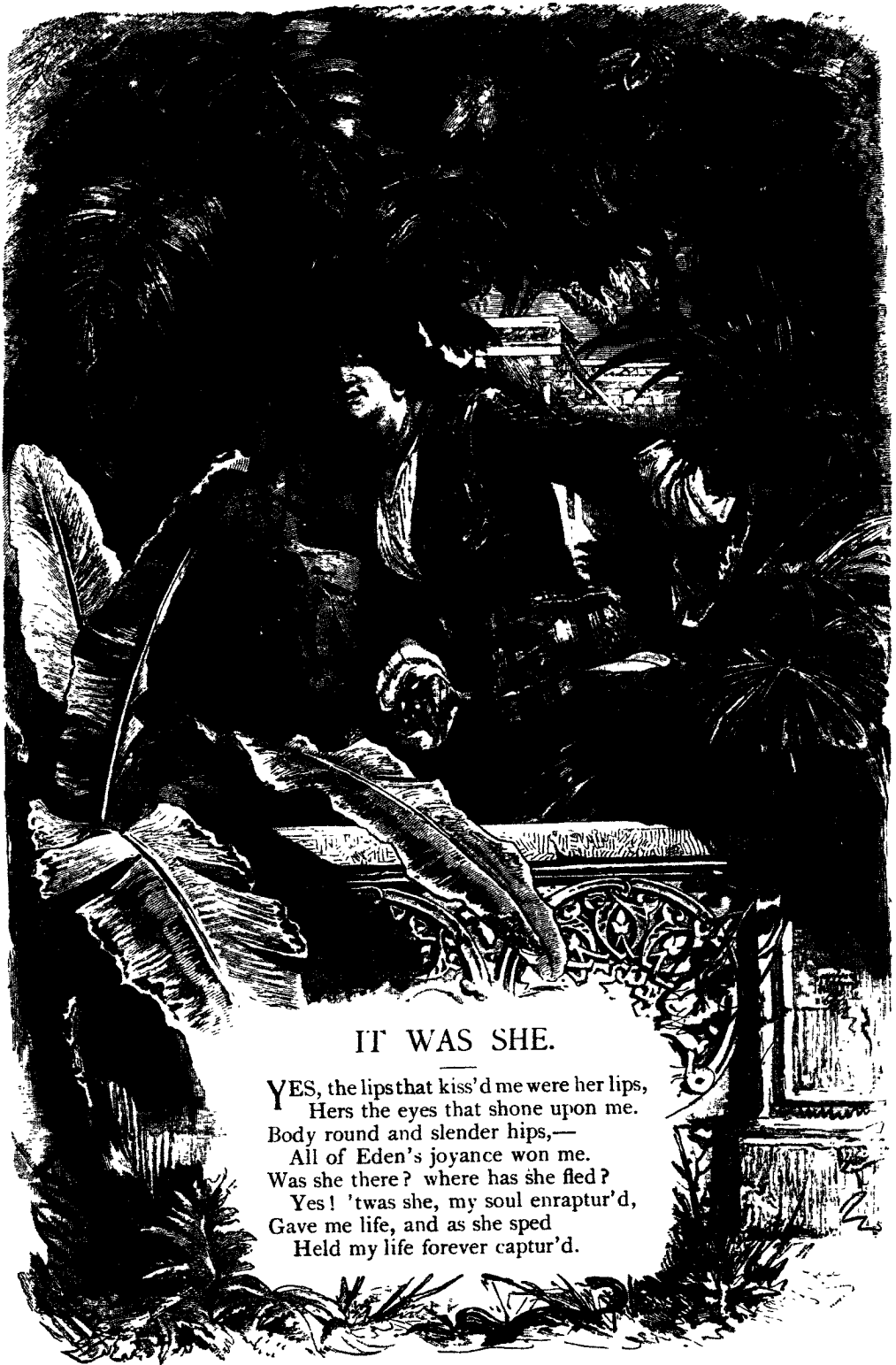
LOVE's torments sought a place of rest,  
 Where all might drear and lonely be;  
 They found ere long my desert breast,  
 And nestled in its vacancy.

### MYSTERY.

IN my sweetheart's eyes the people  
 Find perpetual cause for wonder.  
 I who know the meaning of it  
 Can explain it without blunder.

For it means: "This is my lover,"  
 Not to this and that one turning:  
 Therefore, worthy people, hearken,  
 Cease your wonder, cease your yearning

Yea, with secret force prodigious  
 Round the circle she is glancing,  
 Yet she only seeks to tell him  
 Of the coming hour entrancing.



IT WAS SHE.

YES, the lips that kiss'd me were her lips,  
Hers the eyes that shone upon me.  
Body round and slender hips,—  
All of Eden's joyance won me.  
Was she there? where has she fled?  
Yes! 'twas she, my soul enraptur'd,  
Gave me life, and as she sped  
Held my life forever captur'd.



MOST MYSTERIOUS.

“WE assiduous gossip-mongers  
Fain would know thy sweetheart's  
hiding,  
And if thou deceivest also  
Many husbands too confiding.

“For we see thou art a lover,  
And thy fortune we would covet;  
But that thou could'st find a mistress,  
Not a word believe we of it!”

Seek her, if ye please, my masters,  
None will hinder; yet this learn ye:

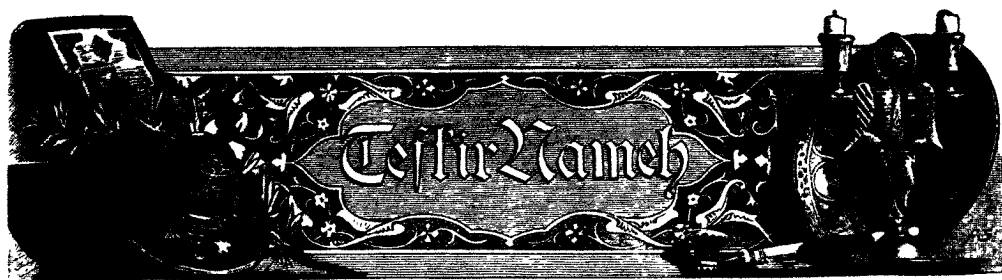
Ye will tremble at her presence;  
Gone, her loss will much concern ye.

If ye know how Shehab-ed-din  
Dropp'd on Arafat his raiment,  
Ye would never call him foolish  
Who for wisdom was a claimant!

If thy name before thou diest  
Should be spoken to thy monarch,  
Should be spoken to thy mistress,  
Count it 'mid thy honors highest!

Thus it show'd the bitterest sorrow,  
When the dying Medschnun will'd it  
That his name henceforth for Leila  
Should be dead, and men fulfill'd it.





## BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION.

**H**EARKEN the word the harp sings! · Yet  
 unless  
 Thou art well skill'd, thou need'st not try.  
 The wisest counsel is foolishness  
 To the hearer who hears awry!

“What sings then the harp?” Its counsel is  
 plain :—  
 “The fairest bride is not the bride to gain ;  
 Yet will we not reckon thee among the  
 choicest  
 Unless at Fairest and Best thou rejoicest !”

### FIVE THINGS.

**W**HAT makes time short to me?  
 Activity!  
 What makes it long and spiritless?  
 'Tis idleness!  
 What brings us to debt?  
 To delay and forget!  
 What makes us succeed?  
 Decision with speed!  
 How to fame to ascend?  
 Oneself to defend!

FOR woman due allowance make!  
 Form'd of a crooked rib was she,—  
 By Heaven she could not straight'ned be.  
 Attempt to bend her, and she'll break ;  
 If left alone, more crooked grows madam ;  
 What well could be worse, my good friend,  
 Adam?—  
 For woman due allowance make ;  
 'Twere grievous, if thy rib should break !

### TO SHAH SHEDSHAA AND HIS LIKE.

**T**HROUGH the Trans Oxus throng,  
 With arms victorious,  
 In boldness seeks our song  
 Thy pathway glorious!  
 We have no fear of wrong  
 If thou defend us!  
 Long be thy life and long  
 Thy reign tremendous!

### HIGHEST FAVOR.

**T**HOUGH I was untam'd and wild,  
 Yet a master I have found ;  
 Years had pass'd ere I grew mild,  
 Yet a mistress I have found ;  
 They have put me to the test,  
 Faithful I have still been found ;  
 With their care I have been bless'd  
 As the treasure they had found.  
 No one ever served two lords  
 And a decent fortune found ;  
 Master, mistress each affords  
 Proof in me their joy is found ;  
 And my joy's too deep for words,  
 That I both of them have found.

**T**HROUGH many countries I have been,  
 And mostly throngs of men have seen ;  
 But the hidden corners I ever have sought,  
 And every holm great joy has brought,  
 The blessed city, none seen besides ;  
 Hours and houris, brides and brides.

WHENCE come I hither? 'tis a puzzling story.  
My earthward path is scarcely known to me,  
But now and here this day of heav'nly glory  
Like bosom friends meet joy and misery.  
O blissful Fate, if they are wedded only!  
Laughter and tears who can enjoy when lonely?

—  
FIRDUSI SPEAKS.

O world, with what baseness and guilt thou  
art rife!  
Thou nurtur'est, trainest, and killest the  
while.

He only whom Allah doth bless with his  
smile  
Is train'd and is nurtur'd with riches and life.

—  
WHAT then is wealth? A sun that is warming.  
The beggar enjoys it as we find our joyance;  
So let not the opulent find annoyance  
In a joy, the beggar's property forming.

DSHELAL-ED-DIN RUMI  
SPEAKS.

—  
WHILE thou art here the world flies like  
a dream,  
Thou journeyest, space all bewitched doth  
seem.  
Or cold or heat thy pow'r it cannot hold;  
Thy flowers will wither and joys grow old.

—  
SULEIKA SPEAKS.

—  
THE mirror tells me, I am fair!  
Thou sayest, to grow old my fate will be.  
Naught in God's presence changeth e'er,—  
Love Him, for this one moment, then, in  
me.





## BOOK OF GLOOM.



It is a fault oneself to praise,  
And yet 'tis done by  
each whose deeds  
are kind;  
And if there's no deceit  
in what he says,  
The good we still as  
good shall find.

Let, then, ye fools, that  
wise man taste  
Of joy, who fancies  
that he's wise;  
That he, a fool like you,  
may waste  
Th' insipid thanks the  
world supplies.

THOU wilt never find a rhymer,  
His things not the best averring;  
Nor a fiddler who in playing,  
His own melodies not preferring.

And I cannot blame them harshly:  
If we give the praise to others,  
We must lower ourselves to do it,  
Do we live as live our brothers.

So I found it very fitting,  
In some ante-rooms, bystanders  
Could not easily distinguish  
Mouse-dung from the corianders.

What has been stirs up vast hatred  
In new brooms so full of vigor,  
For they can help the impulse,  
Acting towards the old with rigor.

And when nations come in conflict,  
Each new schemes of war contriving,  
Neither of them will acknowledge,  
Each for one same thing is striving.

And men blame their fellows harshly  
For their brutal selfishness;  
While themselves cannot endure it  
If another win success.





## BOOK OF PROVERBS.



ALISMANS throughout the book I'd scatter,  
For an equipoise they make.  
Who the credulous pin will take,  
Opening will find, surely find good matter.

FROM this'day, from this night  
Ask for naught,  
Only what the yesterdays have brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,  
The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear ;  
The night when none can work fast draweth  
near.

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,  
Deeming help and hope gone by,  
Oft, with healing power is heard,  
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

How vast is mine inheritance, how glorious  
and sublime !  
For time mine own possession is, the land I  
till is time !

ENWERI saith,—ne'er lived a man more true ;  
The deepest heart, the highest head he knew,—  
“In ev'ry place and time thou'lt find availing  
Uprightness, judgment, kindness unfailing.”

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath  
bless'd  
Are greater than we who dwell in the west,

Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we  
find,  
In *this* we're not in the least behind.

WOULD we let our envy burst,  
Feed its hunger fully first !

To keep our proper place,  
We'll show our bristles more ;  
With hawks men all things chase,  
Except the savage boar.

By those who themselves more bravely have  
fought  
A hero's praise will be joyfully told.  
The worth of man can only be taught  
By those who have suffer'd both heat and  
cold.

“WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,  
Buried as though in a distant land?”

None at the proper moment are wise !  
Could they properly understand,  
Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,  
Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,  
Where charity may flow?  
Cast in the flood thy cake,—  
Its eater, who will know?

ONCE when I a spider had kill'd,  
Then methought: was't right or wrong?  
That we both to these times should belong,  
This had God in His goodness will'd.

A MAN with households twain  
Ne'er finds attention meet;  
A house whêrein two women reign  
Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,  
Bless this humble fane ;  
Man may build them *greater*,—  
*More* they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,  
Handed to far ages down,  
And the son his honor prize,  
As the father his renown.

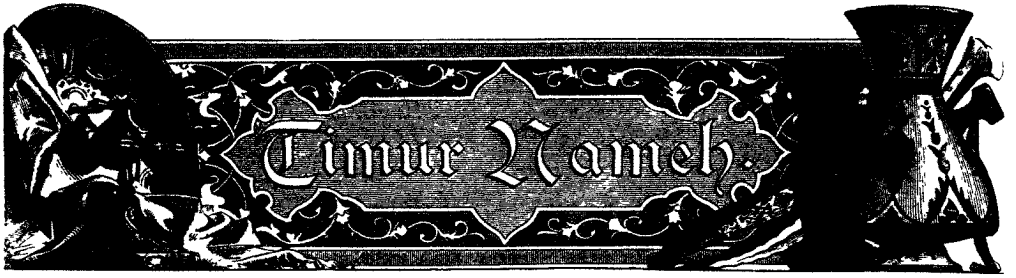
O'ER the Mediterranean sea  
Proudly hath the Orient sprung ;  
Who loves Hafis and knows him, he  
Knows what Calderon hath sung.

IF the ass that bore the Saviour  
Were to Mecca driven, he  
Would not alter, but would be  
Still an ass in his behavior.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife  
'Gainst the unvanquish'd solid land.  
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,  
And thus is gain'd the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,  
How it pains me, alas, to know it !  
Who from the earth drives poetry far?  
Who but the poet !





## BOOK OF TIMUR.

### THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

SO the winter now clos'd round them  
 With resistless fury. Scatt'ring  
 Over all his breath so icy,  
 He inflam'd each wind that bloweth  
 To assail them angrily.  
 Over them he gave dominion  
 To his frost-ensharpen'd tempests ;  
 Down to Timur's council went he,  
 And with threat'ning voice address'd him :—  
 "Softly, slowly, wretched being !  
 Live, the tyrant of injustice ;  
 But shall hearts be scorch'd much longer  
 By thy flames,—consume before them ?  
 If amongst the evil spirits  
 Thou art one,—good ! I'm another.  
 Thou a graybeard art—so I am ;  
 Land and men we make to stiffen.  
 Thou art Mars ! And I Saturnus,—  
 Both are evil-working planets,  
 When united, horror-fraught.  
 Thou dost kill the soul, thou freezest  
 E'en the atmosphere ; still colder  
 Is my breath than thine was ever.  
 Thy wild armies vex the faithful  
 With a thousand varying torments ;  
 Well ! God grant that I discover  
 Even worse, before I perish !

And by God, I'll give thee none.  
 Let God hear what now I tell thee !  
 Yes, by God ! from Death's cold clutches  
 Naught, O graybeard, shall protect thee,  
 Not the hearth's broad coalfire's ardor,  
 Not December's brightest flame."

### TO SULEIKA.

FITTING perfumes to prepare,  
 And to raise thy rapture high,  
 Must a thousand rosebuds fair  
 First in fiery torments die.  
 One small flask's contents to glean,  
 Whose sweet fragrance aye may live,  
 Slender as thy finger e'en,  
 Must a world its treasures give ;  
 Yes, a world where life is moving,  
 Which, with impulse full and strong,  
 Could forebode the bulbul's loving,  
 Sweet, and spirit-stirring song.  
 Since they thus have swell'd our joy,  
 Should such torments grieve us, then ?  
 Doth not Timur's rule destroy  
 Myriad souls of living men ?





ARTIST: F. SIMM.

SULEIKA.





Once, methought, in the night hours cold,  
That I saw the moon in my sleep;  
But as soon as I waken'd, behold  
Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

## BOOK OF SULEIKA.

**T**HAT Suleika's love was so strong  
For Jussuf, need cause no surprise;  
He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes,—  
He was fair, they say, beyond measure  
Fair was she, and so great was their pleas-  
ure.

But that thou, who awaitedst me long,  
Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,  
Soon wilt bless me, thy love now dost show  
me,

*This* shall my joyous numbers proclaim,  
Thee I forever Suleika shall name.

---

### HATEM.

**N**OT occasion *makes* the thief;  
She's the greatest of the whole;  
For Love's relics, to my grief,  
From my aching heart she stole.

She hath given it to thee,—  
All the joy my life had known,  
So that, in my poverty,  
Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight  
In the lustre of thine eye,  
And I bless my newborn fate,  
As within thine arms I lie.

---

### SULEIKA.

**T**HE sun appears! A glorious sight!  
The crescent moon clings round him now.  
What could this wondrous pair unite?  
How to explain this riddle? How?

### HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove!  
In it I view myself and thee;  
Thou callest me thy sun, my love,—  
Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round  
me!

LOVE for love, and moments sweet,  
Lips returning kiss for kiss,  
Word for word, and eyes that meet;  
Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.  
Thus at eve, and thus the morrow!  
Yet thou feelest, at my lay,  
Ever some half-hidden sorrow;  
Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,  
All thy beauty I'd repay!

---

### HATEM.

**O**H, say, 'neath what celestial sign  
The day doth lie,  
When ne'er again this heart of mine  
Away will fly?  
And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)  
Would near me lie?—  
On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine  
My heart near hers will lie!

---

### HATEM.

**H**OLD me, locks, securely caught  
In the circle of her face!  
Dear brown serpents, I have naught  
To repay this act of grace,  
Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,  
Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;

For a raging Etna lies  
 'Neath its veil of mist and snow.  
 Yonder mountain's stately brow  
 Thou, like morning beams, dost shame ;  
 Once again feels Hatem now  
 Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.  
 One more bumper! Fill the glass ;  
 This last cup I pledge to thee!—  
 By mine ashes if she pass,  
 "He consum'd," she'll say, "for me."



THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not  
 The horseman-captain  
 His heralds hither  
 Each day, unfailing?  
 Yet hath he horses,  
 He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,  
 And Neski knows he  
 To write with beauty  
 On silken tablets.  
 I'd deem him present,  
 Had I his words.

The sick One *will* not,  
 Will not recover,  
 From her sweet sorrow ;  
 She, when she heareth  
 That her true lover  
 Grows well, falls sick.



THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,  
 Faithfully speaks he ;  
 Writes he in Talik,  
 Joy to give, seeks he :  
 Writes he in either,  
 Good!—for he loves!

THESE tufted branches fair  
 Observe, my lov'd one, well!  
 And see the fruits they bear  
 In green and prickly shell!

They've hung roll'd up, till now,  
 Unconsciously and still ;  
 A loosely-waving bough  
 Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,  
 The kernel brown swells fast ;  
 It seeks the air to win,  
 It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,  
 The shell must needs give way :  
 'Tis thus my numbers fall  
 Before thy feet, each day.



SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir reveal'd?  
 Doth the East glad tidings bring?  
 For my heart's deep wounds are heal'd  
 By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,  
 And in gentle cloudlets chase ;  
 To the vineleaf's safe retreat  
 Drives the insect's happy race ;

Cools these burni'ng cheeks of mine,  
 Checks the sun's glow amain ;  
 Kisses, as he flies, my cheek,  
 Flaunting over head and plain.

And his whispers softly convey  
 Thousand greetings from my friend ;  
 Ere these hills own night's dark sway,  
 Kisses greet me, without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,  
 Serving friend and mourner too!  
 There, where lofty ramparts glow,  
 Soon the lov'd one shall I view.

Ah, what makes the heart's truth known,—  
 Love's sweet breath,—a newborn life,—  
 Learn I from *his* mouth alone,  
 In *his* breath alone is rife!



THE SUBLIME TYPE.

THE sun, whom Grecians Helios call,  
 His heavenly path with pride doth tread,  
 And, to subdue the world's wide all,  
 Looks round, beneath him, high o'er head.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,  
Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds,—  
For her alone he seems to shine ;  
In trembling grief his form he shrouds,

Careless for all the realms of bliss,—  
Her streaming tears more swiftly flow :  
For every pearl he gives a kiss,  
And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,  
And deeply feels his glance of might,  
While, stamp'd with his own effigy,  
Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreath'd with bows, with hues thus grac'd,  
With gladness beams her face so fair,  
While he, to meet her, maketh haste,  
And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,  
Thou movest from me, dearest one ;  
And were I Helios e'en, the Great,  
What would avail his chariot-throne?

SULEIKA.

ZEPHYR, for thy humid wing,  
Oh, how much I envy thee !  
Thou to *him* canst tidings bring  
How our parting saddens me !

In my breast, a yearning still  
As thy pinions wave, appears ;  
Flowers and eyes, and wood, and hill  
At thy breath are steep'd in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,  
Soothes the aching eyelid's pain ;  
Ah, I else had died for grief,  
Him ne'er hop'd to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,  
Whisper softly to his heart ;  
Yet, to give him pain, beware,  
Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,  
That his love must be my life ;  
*Both*, with feelings fraught with joy,  
In his presence will be rife.





## THE REUNION.

CAN it be! of stars the star,  
Do I press thee to my heart?  
In the night of distance far,  
What deep gulf, what bitter smart!  
Yes, 'tis thou, indeed, at last,  
Of my joys the partner dear!  
Mindful, though, of sorrows past,  
I the present needs must fear.

When the still-unfashion'd earth  
Lay on God's eternal breast,  
He ordain'd its hour of birth,  
With creative joy possess'd.  
Then a heavy sigh arose,  
When He spake the sentence:—"Be!"  
And the All, with mighty throes,  
Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,  
Darkness near it fear'd to stay,  
And the elements with might  
Fled on every side away;  
Each on some far-distant trace,  
Each with visions wild employ'd,  
Numb, in boundless realms of space,  
Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,  
For the first time, God alone!  
Then He form'd the morning-red,  
Which soon made its kindness known:  
It unravell'd from the waste  
Bright and glowing harmony,  
And once more with love was grac'd  
What contended formerly.

And with earnest, noble strife,  
Each its own Peculiar sought;  
Back to full, unbounded life  
Sight and feeling soon were brought.  
Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore  
*How?* why give the manner, name?  
Allah need create no more,  
We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions bright,  
To thy mouth was I impell'd;  
Stamp'd with thousand seals by night,  
Star-clear is the bond fast held.

Paragons on earth are we  
Both of grief and joy sublime,  
And a second sentence:—"Be!"  
Parts us not a second time.

SULEIKA.

WITH what inward joy, sweet lay,  
I thy meaning have descried!  
Lovingly thou seem'st to say  
That I'm ever by his side;

That he ever thinks of me,  
That he to the absent gives  
All his love's sweet ecstasy,  
While for him alone she lives.

Yes, the mirror which reveals  
Thee, my lov'd one, is my breast;  
This the bosom where thy seals  
Endless kisses have impress'd.

Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,  
Chain me down in sympathy!  
Love's embodied radiant youth,  
In the garb of poesy!



IN thousand forms may'st thou attempt surprise,

Yet, all-beloved-one, straight know I thee;  
Thou may'st with magic veils thy face disguise,

And yet, all-present-one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,  
All-beauteous-growing-one, straight know I thee;

In the canal's unsullied, living flood,  
All-captivating-one, well know I thee.

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,  
All-sportive-one, how gladly know I thee;  
When, e'en in forming, is transform'd the cloud,  
All-figure-changing-one, there know I thee.

Veil'd in the meadow-carpet's flow'ry charms,  
All-chequer'd-starry-fair-one, know I thee;  
And if a plant extend its thousand arms,  
O all-embracing-one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,

Straightway, all-gladd'ning-one, salute I thee;

The arch of heaven o'erhead grows pure and bright,—

All-heart-expanding-one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,

Thou all-instructing-one, I know through thee;

And if I utter Allah's hundred names,  
A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.





## THE CONVIVIAL BOOK.

---



ALSO in the wine-room have been sitting,  
They serv'd me like the others as was fitting.  
Men gossip'd, shouted, told the day's event,  
Gayly or sadly as the day was spent.  
But I sat, inwardly with all content ;  
I thought about my love. How does she love?  
I do not know, but why should that concern?  
I love her all things else on earth above,  
As truly as a heart can ever burn.  
Where is that parchment, where that precious  
style,  
That give me power? This was the thought! I  
smile!

---

## THE INN.

---

**M**AIDEN with the dark-brown ringlets,  
Crafty maiden, prithee leave me!  
If I serve my lord with favor,  
He would kiss my brow, believe me.

Thou, however, I would wager,  
Art not with me well contented ;  
But I know my friend will weary  
Of thy cheeks, thy breasts, sweet-scented.

That thou shamefaced turnest from me,  
Dost thou reckon to deceive me?  
By the door-sill I will slumber,  
And awaken if thou leave me.

BECAUSE we yield to drunkenness,  
They cover us with blame,  
Their words about our drunkenness  
Forever are the same.  
Men oftentimes in drunkenness  
Have slept 'till daylight came ;  
But all night long my drunkenness  
Drove me without an aim.  
My trouble is love's drunkenness,  
It plagues me without shame.  
From day till night, from night till day  
It knows my heart to claim,—  
Though buried deep in drunkenness  
The songs that flash and flame,  
And which no jejune drunkenness  
Could ever dare to tame.  
Love, song and Bacchic drunkenness,  
In night and day the same ;  
But the divinest drunkenness  
Fills me with joy and shame.

CAN the Koran from Eternity be?  
'Tis worth not a thought!  
Can the Koran a creation, then, be?  
Of that, I know naught!  
Yet that the book of all books it must be,  
I believe as a Mussulman ought.

That from Eternity wine, though, must be,  
I ever have thought;  
That 'twas ordain'd, ere the angels, to be,  
As a truth may be taught.  
Drinkers, however these matters may be,  
Gaze on God's face, fearing naught.

### THE INN.

THIS last glass, I gladly drain it;  
That I think must now suffice thee:—  
Here enjoy these fresh-pluck'd almonds,  
Then the wine once more'll entice thee.

Then I'll lead thee to the terrace,  
With cool breezes gently blowing,  
And perchance thou'lt kiss thy servant,  
As I catch thy eye in going.

See, the world is not delusion,  
Birds and nests mark her endeavor,  
Breath of roses, oil of roses,  
And the bulbul sings forever.







BOOK OF PARABLES.



IN the Koran with strange delight  
 A peacock's feather met my sight:  
 Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,  
 The highest prize on earth's wide face!

As in the stars of heaven, in thee,  
 God's greatness in the small we see;

For he whose gaze whole worlds hath bless'd  
 His eye hath even here impress'd,  
 And the light down in beauty dress'd,  
 So that e'en monarchs cannot hope  
 In splendor with the bird to cope.  
 Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,  
 And so deserve that holy spot!

FROM heaven there fell upon the foaming wave  
 A timid drop; the flood with anger roar'd,—  
 But God, its modest boldness to reward,  
 Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.  
 Its form the mussel captive took.  
 And to its lasting glory and renown,  
 The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,  
 With gentle gleam and loving look.

BULBUL's song, through night hours cold,  
 Rose to Allah's throne on high;  
 To reward her melody,  
 Giveth he a cage of gold.  
 Such a cage are limbs of men,—  
 Though at first she feels confin'd,  
 Yet when all she brings to mind,  
 Straight the spirit sings again.

ALL kinds of men, both small and great,  
 A fine-spun web delight to create,  
 And in the middle they take their place,  
 And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.  
 But if a besom should sweep that way:  
 "What a most shameful thing," they say,—  
 "They've crush'd a mighty palace to-day."

IT IS GOOD.

IN Paradise while moonbeams play'd,  
Jehovah found, in slumber deep,  
Adam fast sunk; He gently laid  
Eve near him,—she, too, fell asleep.  
There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,  
God's two most beauteous thoughts divine.—

When this He saw, He cried:—'Tis Good!  
And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder that our joy's complete,  
While eye and eye responsive meet,  
When this bless'd thought of rapture moves us—  
That we're with Him who truly loves us,  
And if He cries:—Good, let it be!  
'Tis so for both, it seems to me.  
Thou'rt clasp'd within these arms of mine,  
Dearest of all God's thoughts divine!





## BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

### THE BEQUEST OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN FAITH.

**B**RETHREN, what bequest to you should  
 come  
 From the lowly poor man, going home,  
 Whom ye younger ones with patience tended,  
 Whose last days ye honor'd and defended?

When we oft have seen the monarch ride,  
 Gold upon him, gold on ev'ry side;  
 Jewels on him, on his courtiers all,  
 Thickly strew'd as hailstones when they fall,

Have ye e'er known envy at the sight?  
 And not felt your gaze become more bright,  
 When the sun was, on the wings of morning,  
 Darnawend's unnumber'd peaks adorning,

As he, bow-like, rose? How each eye dwelt  
 On the glorious scene! I felt, I felt,  
 Thousand times, as life's days fled by,  
 Borne with him, the coming one, on high.

God upon His throne then to proclaim,  
 Him, the life-fount's mighty Lord, to name,  
 Worthily to prize that glorious sight,  
 And to wander on beneath His light.

When the fiery orb was all defin'd,  
 There I stood, as though in darkness, blind,  
 Beat my breast, my quicken'd members threw  
 On the earth, brow foremost, at the view.

Let this holy, great bequest reward  
 Brotherly good-will and kind regard:  
 SOLEMN DUTY'S DAILY OBSERVATION.—  
 More than this, it needs no revelation.

If its gentle hands a new-born one  
 Move, then straightway turn it tow'rd the sun—

Soul and body dip in bath of fire!  
 Then each morning's favor 'twill acquire.

To the living one commit the dead,  
 O'er the beast let earth and dust be spread,  
 And, so far as may extend your might,  
 What ye deem impure conceal from sight.

Till your plains to graceful purity,  
 That the sun with joy your labors see;  
 When ye plant, your trees in rows contrive,  
 For he makes the Regular to thrive.

E'en the floods that through the channel rush  
 Must not fail in fulness or in gush;  
 And as Senderud, from mountain high,  
 Rises pure, in pureness must it die.

Not to weaken water's gentle fall,  
 Carefully cleanse out the channels all;  
 Salamander, snake, and rush, and reed,—  
 All destroy,—each monster and each weed.

If thus pure ye earth and water keep,  
 Through the air the sun will gladly peep,  
 Where he, worthily enshrin'd in space,  
 Worketh life, to life gives holy grace.

Ye, by toil on toil so sorely tried,  
 Comfort take, the All is purified;  
 And now man, as priest, may boldly dare  
 From the stone God's image to prepare.

When the flame burns joyously and bright,  
 Limbs are supple, radiant is the night;  
 On the hearth when fire with ardor glows,  
 Ripe the sap of plants and creatures grows.

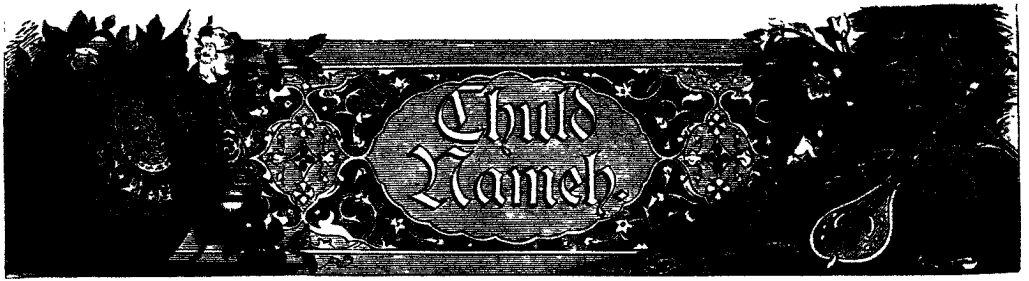
Dragging wood, with rapture be it done,  
'Tis the seed of many an earthly sun ;  
Plucking Pambeh, gladly may ye say :—  
This, as wick, the Holy will convey.

If ye meekly, in each burning lamp,  
See the nobler light's resplendent stamp,  
Ne'er will Fate prevent you, void of feeling,  
At God's throne at morningtide from kneeling.

This is Being's mighty signet, then,  
God's pure glass to angels and to men ;  
Each word lisp'd the Highest's praise to sound.  
Ring in ring, united there is found ;

From the shore of Senderud ascendeth,  
Up to Darnawend its pinions bendeth,  
As he dawns, with joy to greet his light,  
You with endless blessings to requite.





## BOOK OF PARADISE.

### THE PRIVILEGED MEN.

LET the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,  
Ne'er will they return again to light;  
O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,  
For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

All the seven planets open throw  
All their metal doors with mighty shock,  
And the forms of those we lov'd below  
At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss ne'er dream'd be-  
fore,  
Glories that my flight first show'd to eye,  
When the wondrous steed my person bore  
In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cypress-order growing,  
High uphold the golden apples sweet;  
Trees of life, their spreading shadows throw-  
ing,  
Shade each blossoming plant, each flow'ry  
seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the East  
Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view;  
With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,  
Soon the sight pervades thee through and  
through!

There they stand, to ask thee thy career:  
Mighty plans? or dangerous bloody rout?  
Thou'rt a hero, know they,—for thou'rt here,  
What a hero?—This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,  
Wounds that write thy fame's undying story;  
Wounds the true believer mark alone,  
When have perish'd joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks and arbors thou art brought,  
Fill'd with chequer'd marble columns  
bright;  
To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,  
They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth! Thou'rt welcome more than e'er was  
youth!  
All alike are radiant and serene;  
When thou tak'st one to thine heart with  
truth,  
Of thy band she'll be the friend and queen.

So prepare thee for this place of rest,  
Never can it now be chang'd again;  
Maids like these will ever make thee bless'd  
Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

### THE FAVORED BEASTS.

OF beasts there have been chosen four  
To come to Paradise,  
And there with saints for evermore  
They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first;  
He comes with joyous stride,  
For to the Prophet-City erst  
Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,  
To whom Mahomet spake:—  
"Spoil not the poor man of his sheep,  
The rich man's thou may'st take."

And then the brave and faithful Hound,  
 Who by his master kept,  
 And slept with him the slumbers sound  
 The seven sleepers slept.

Abuherrira's Cat, too, here  
 Purrs round his master bless'd,  
 For holy must the beast appear  
 The Prophet hath caress'd.

### THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

SIX among the courtiers favor'd  
 Fly before the Cæsar's fury,  
 Who would as a god be worshipp'd,  
 Though in truth no god appearing,  
 For a fly prevents him ever  
 From enjoying food at table.  
 Though with fans his servants scare it,  
 They the fly can never banish.  
 It torments him, stings, and troubles,  
 And the festal board perplexes,  
 Then returning like the herald  
 Of the olden crafty Fly-God.  
 "What!"—the striplings say together—  
 "Shall a fly a god embarrass?"

"Shall a god drink, eat at table,  
 Like us mortals? No, the Only,  
 Who the sun and moon created,  
 And the glowing stars arch'd o'er us,  
*He* is God,—we'll fly!"—The gentle,  
 Lightly shod, and dainty striplings  
 Did a shepherd meet, and hide them,  
 With himself, within a cavern.

And the sheep-dog will not leave them,—  
 Scar'd away, his foot all-mangled,  
 To his master still he presses,  
 And he joins the hidden party,  
 Joins the favorites of slumber.

And the prince, whom they had fled from,  
 Fondly-furious, thinks of vengeance,  
 And, discarding sword and fire,  
 Has them wall'd-up in the cavern,  
 Wall'd-up fast with bricks and mortar.

But the others slumber ever,  
 And the Angel, their protector,  
 Gives before God's throne this notice:  
 "To the right and left alternate  
 Have I ever car'd to turn them,  
 That their fair and youthful members  
 Be not by the mould-damp injur'd;  
 Clefts within the rocks I open'd,  
 That the sun may, rising, setting,  
 Keep their cheeks in youthful freshness."  
 So they lie there, bless'd by Heaven.  
 And, with forepaws sound and scatheless,  
 Sleeps the dog in gentle slumber.





Years come round, and years fly onward,  
 And the youths at length awaken,  
 And the wall, which now had moulder'd,  
 From its very age has fallen.  
 And Jamblika says,—whose beauty  
 Far exceedeth all the others,—  
 When the fearful shepherd lingers:—  
 “I will run, and food procure you,  
 Life and piece of gold I'll wager!”—  
 Ephesus had many a year now  
 Own'd the teaching of the Prophet  
 Jesus (Peace be with the Good One!)

And he ran, and at the gateway  
 Were the warders and the others.  
 Yet he to the nearest baker's,  
 Seeking bread, went swiftly onwards.—  
 “Rogue!” thus cried the baker—“hast  
 thou,  
 Youth, a treasure, then, discover'd?

Give me,—for the gold betrays thee,—  
 Give me half, to keep thy secret!”

And they quarrel.—To the monarch  
 Comes the matter; and the monarch  
 Fain would halve it, like the baker.

Now the miracle is proven  
 Slowly by a hundred tokens.  
 He can e'en his right establish  
 To the palace he erected,  
 For a pillar, when pierc'd open,  
 Leads to wealth he said 'twould lead to.  
 Soon are gather'd there whole races,  
 Their relationship to show him.  
 And as great-grandfather, nobly  
 Stands Jamblika's youthful figure.

As of ancestors, he hears them,  
 Speaking of his son and grandsons.

His great-grandsons stand around him,  
Like a race of valiant mortals,  
Him to honor,—him, the youngest.  
And one token on another  
Rises up, the proof completing ;  
The identity is proven  
Of himself, and of his comrades.

Now returns he to the cavern,  
With him go both king and people.—

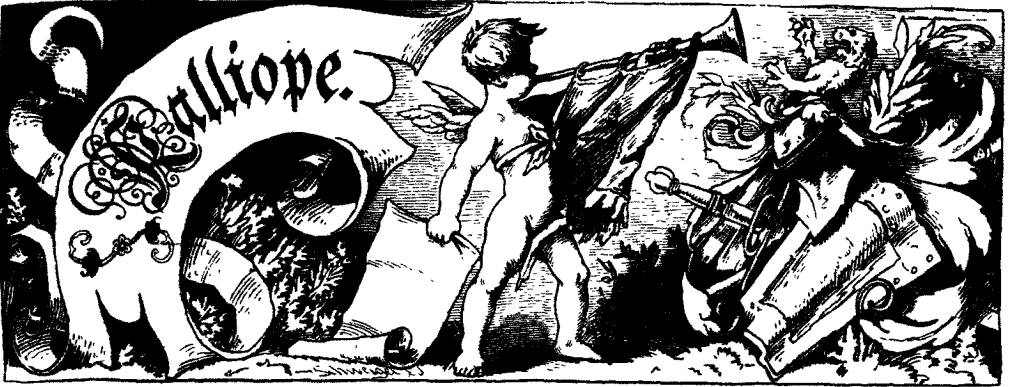
Neither to the king nor people  
E'er returns that chosen mortal ;  
For the Seven, who for ages—  
Eight was, with the dog, their number—  
Had from all the world been sunder'd,  
Gabriel's mysterious power,  
To the will of God obedient,  
Hath to Paradise conducted,—  
And the cave was clos'd forever.











## FATE AND SYMPATHY.

"NE'ER have I seen the market and  
 streets so thoroughly empty!  
 Still as the grave is the town, clear'd out! I  
 verily fancy  
 Fifty at most of all our inhabitants still may  
 be found there.  
 People are *so* inquisitive! All are running and  
 racing  
 Merely to see the sad train of poor fellows  
 driven to exile.  
 Down to the causeway now building, the dis-  
 tance nearly a league is,  
 And they thitherward rush, in the heat and the  
 dust of the noonday.  
 As for me, I had rather not stir from my place  
 just to stare at  
 Worthy and sorrowful fugitives, who, with  
 what goods they can carry,  
 Leaving their own fair land on the further side  
 of the Rhine-stream,  
 Over to us are crossing, and wander through  
 the delightful  
 Nooks of this fruitful vale, with all its twistings  
 and windings.  
 Wife, you did right well to bid our son go and  
 meet them,  
 Taking with him old linen, and something to  
 eat and to drink too,  
 Just to give to the poor; the rich are bound to  
 befriend them.  
 How he is driving along! How well he holds  
 in the horses!  
 Then the new little carriage looks very hand-  
 some; inside it  
 Four can easily sit, besides the one on the  
 coachbox.  
 This time he is alone; how easily turns it the  
 corner!"  
 Thus to his wife the host of the Golden Lion  
 discoursed,

Sitting at ease in the porch of his house ad-  
 joining the market.

Then replied as follows the shrewd and sen-  
 sible hostess:—

"Father, I don't like giving old linen away,  
 for I find it

Useful in so many ways, 'tis not to be pur-  
 chas'd for money

Just when it's wanted. And yet to-day I  
 gladly have given

Many excellent articles, shirts and covers and  
 suchlike;

For I have heard of old people and children  
 walking half-naked.

Will you forgive me, too, for having ransacked  
 your presses?

That grand dressing-gown, cover'd with Indian  
 flowers all over,

Made of the finest calico, lin'd with excellent  
 flannel,

I have despatch'd with the rest; 'tis thin, old,  
 quite out of fashion."

But the worthy landlord only smiled, and then  
 answer'd:—

"I shall dreadfully miss that ancient calico  
 garment,

Genuine Indian stuff! They're not to be had  
 any longer.

Well! I shall wear it no more. And your  
 poor husband henceforward

Always must wear a surtout, I suppose, or com-  
 monplace jacket,

Always must put on his boots; good-by to cap  
 and to slippers!"

"See," continu'd his wife, "a few are already  
 returning

Who have seen the procession, which long ago  
 must have pass'd by.

See how dusty their shoes are, and how their faces are glowing!

Each one carries a handkerchief, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

I, for one, wouldn't hurry and worry myself in such weather

Merely to see such a sight! I'm certain to hear all about it."

And the worthy father, speaking with emphasis, added:—

"Such fine weather seldom lasts through the whole of the harvest;

And we're bringing the fruit home, just as the hay we brought lately,

Perfectly dry; the sky is clear, no clouds in the heavens,

And the whole day long delicious breezes are blowing.

Splendid weather I call it! The corn already too ripe is,

And to-morrow begin we to gather the plentiful harvest."

Whilst he was thus discoursing, the number of men and of women

Crossing the market and going towards home kept ever increasing;

And there return'd amongst others, bringing with him his daughters,

On the other side of the market, their prosperous neighbor,

Going full speed to his newbuilt house, the principal merchant,

Riding inside an open carriage (in Landau constructed).

All the streets were alive; for the town, though small, was well peopled,

Many a factory throve there, and many a business also.

Long sat the excellent couple under the doorway, exchanging

Many a passing remark on the people who happen'd to pass them.

Presently thus to her husband exclaim'd the good-natured hostess:—

"See! Yon comes the minister; with him is walking the druggist:

They'll be able to give an account of all that has happen'd,

What they witness'd, and many a sight I fear which was painful."

Both of them came in a friendly manner, and greeted the couple,

Taking their seats on the wooden benches under the doorway,

Shaking the dust from their feet, their handkerchiefs using to fan them.

Presently, after exchanging reciprocal greetings, the druggist

Open'd his mouth, and almost peevishly vented his feelings:—

"What strange creatures men are! They all resemble each other,

All take pleasure in staring, when troubles fall on their neighbors.

Ev'ry one runs to see the flames destroying a dwelling,

Or a poor criminal led in terror and shame to the scaffold.

All the town has been out to gaze at the sorrowing exiles,

None of them bearing in mind that a like misfortune hereafter,

Possibly almost directly, may happen to be their own portion.

I can't pardon such levity; yet 'tis the nature of all men."

Thereupon rejoin'd the noble and excellent pastor,

He, the charm of the town, in age scarce more than a stripling:—

(He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of his hearers,

Fully convinc'd of the worth of the Holy Scriptures, whose mission

Is to reveal man's fate, his inclinations to fathom;

He was also well read in the best of secular writings.)

"I don't like to find fault with any innocent impulse

Which in the mind of man Dame Nature has ever implanted;

For what reason and intellect ne'er could accomplish, is often

Done by some fortunate, quite irresistible instinct within him.

If mankind were never by curiosity driven, Say, could they e'er have found out for themselves the wonderful manner

Things in the world range in order? For first they Novelty look for,

Then with untiring industry seek to discover the Useful,

Lastly they yearn for the Good, which makes them noble and worthy.

All through their youth frivolity serves as their joyous companion,

Hiding the presence of danger, and swiftly effacing the traces



ARTIST: W. FRIEDRICH.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

THE HOST AND HOSTESS.

Caus'd by misfortune and grief, as soon as their  
onslaught is over.

Truly the man's to be prais'd who, as years roll  
onward, develops

Out of such glad disposition an intellect settled  
and steady,—

Who, in good fortune as well as misfortune,  
strives zealously, nobly;

For what is good he brings forth, replacing  
whatever is injur'd."

Then in a friendly voice impatiently spoke thus  
the hostess:—

"Tell us what you have seen; I am eagerly  
longing to hear it."

Then with emphasis answer'd the druggist:—  
"The terrible stories

Told me to-day will serve for a long time to  
make me unhappy.

Words would fail to describe the manifold pic-  
tures of mis'ry.

Far in the distance saw we the dust, before we  
descended

Down to the meadows; the rising hillocks hid  
the procession

Long from our eyes, and little could we dis-  
tinguish about it.

When, however, we reach'd the road that winds  
through the valley,

Great was the crowd and the noise of the emi-  
grants mix'd with the wagons.

We unhappily saw poor fellows passing in num-  
bers,

Some of them showing how bitter the sense  
of their sorrowful flight was,

Some with a feeling of joy at saving their lives  
in a hurry.

Sad was the sight of the manifold goods and  
chattels pertaining

Unto a well-manag'd house, which the careful  
owner's accustom'd

Each in its proper position to place, and in  
regular order,

Always ready for use, for all are wanted and  
useful.—

Sad was the sight of them now, on many a  
wagon and barrow

Heap'd in thorough confusion, and hurriedly  
huddled together.

Over a cupboard was plac'd a sieve and a  
coverlet woollen;

Beds in the kneading troughs lay, and linen  
over the glasses.

Ah! and the danger appear'd to rob the men  
of their senses,

Just as in our great fire of twenty years ago  
happen'd,

When what was worthless they sav'd, and left  
all the best things behind them.

So on the present occasion with heedless cau-  
tion they carried

Many valueless chattels, o'erlading the cattle  
and horses,—

Common old boards and barrels, a birdcage  
next to a goose-pen.

Women and children were gasping beneath the  
weight of their bundles,

Baskets and tubs full of utterly useless articles  
bearing.

(Man is always unwilling the least of his goods  
to abandon.)

Thus on its dusty way advanced the crowded  
procession,

All in hopeless confusion. First one, whose  
cattle were weaker,

Fain would slowly advance, while others would  
eagerly hasten.

Then there arose a scream of half-crush'd  
women and children,

And a lowing of cattle, with yelping of dogs  
intermingled,

And a wailing of aged and sick, all sitting and  
shaking,

Rang'd in their beds on the top of the wagon  
too-heavily laden.

Next some lumbering wheel, push'd out of the  
track by the pressure,

Went to the edge of the roadway; the vehicle  
fell in the ditch then,

Rolling right over, and throwing, in falling,  
the men who were in it

Far in the field, screaming loudly, their per-  
sons however uninjur'd.

Then the boxes roll'd off and tumbled close  
to the wagon.

Those who saw them falling full surely expected  
to see them

Smash'd to pieces beneath the weight of the  
chests and the presses.

So the wagon lay broken, and those that it  
carried were helpless,

For the rest of the train went on, and hurriedly  
pass'd them,

Thinking only of self, and carried away by the  
current.

So we sped to the spot, and found the sick and  
the aged

Who, when at home and in bed could scarcely  
endure their sad ailments,

Lying there on the ground, all sighing and  
groaning in anguish,

Stified by clouds of dust, and scorch'd by the fierce sun of summer."

Then replied in tones of compassion the sensitive landlord:—

"Hermann I trust will find them and give them refreshment and clothing.

I should unwillingly see them; I grieve at the sight of such sorrow.

Touch'd by the earliest news of the sad extent of the suff'ring,

Hastily sent we a trifle from out of our superabundance,

Just to comfort a few, and then our minds were more easy.

Now let us cease to discourse on such a sorrowful subject,

For men's hearts are easily overshadow'd by terror,

And by care, more odious far to me than misfortune.

Now let us go to a cooler place, the little back-parlor;

There the sun never shines, and the walls are so thick that the hot air

Never can enter; and mother shall forthwith bring us a glass each

Full of fine Eighty-three, well fitted to drive away trouble.

This is a bad place for drinking; the flies *will* hum round the glasses."

So they all went inside, enjoying themselves in the coolness.

Then in a well-cut flask the mother carefully brought them

Some of that clear, good wine, upon a bright metal waiter

With those greenish rummers, the fittingest goblets for Rhine wine.

So the three sat together, around the glistening polish'd

Circular large brown table,—on massive feet it was planted.

Merrily clink'd together the glasses of host and of pastor,

But the other one thoughtfully held his glass without moving,

And in friendly fashion the host thus ask'd him to join them:—

"Drink, good neighbor, I pray! A merciful God has protected

Us in the past from misfortune, and will protect us in future.

All must confess that since He thought fit to severely chastise us,

When that terrible fire occur'd, He has constantly bless'd us,

And watch'd over us constantly, just as man is accustom'd

His eye's precious apple to guard, that dearest of members.

Shall He not for the future preserve us, and be our Protector?

For 'tis in danger we learn to appreciate duly His Goodness.

This so flourishing town, which He built again from its ashes

By the industrious hands of its burghers, and bless'd it so richly,

Will He again destroy it, and render their toil unavailing?"

Cheerfully answer'd the excellent pastor, in accents of mildness:—

"Steadfastly cling to this faith, and cherish such worthy opinions;

In good fortune they'll make you prudent, and then in misfortune

Well-grounded hopes they'll supply, and furnish you true consolation."

Then continued the host, with thoughts full of manhood and wisdom:—

"Oft have I greeted with wonder the rolling flood of the Rhine stream,

When, on my business trav'ling, I've once more come to its borders.

Grand has it ever appear'd, exalting my feelings and senses;

But I could never imagine that soon its beautiful margin

Into a wall would be turn'd, to keep the French from our country,

And its wide-spreading bed a ditch to hinder and check them.

So by Nature we're guarded, we're guarded by valorous Germans,

And by the Lord we're guarded; who then would foolishly tremble?

Weary the combatants are, and all things indicate peace soon;

And when at length the long-expected festival's holden

Here in our church, and the bells chime in with the organ in chorus,

And the trumpets are blowing, the noble Te Deum uprising,

Then on that selfsame day I fain would see, my good pastor,

Our dear Hermann kneel with his bride at the altar before you,

*Hermann and Dorothea.*

And the glad festival-held through the length  
and breadth of the country  
Will henceforward to me be a glad anniversary  
also!  
But I am griev'd to observe that the youth,  
who is always so active  
When he is here at home, abroad is so slow  
and so timid.  
Little at any time cares he to mix with the rest  
of the people;

Yes, he even avoids young maidens' society  
ever,  
And the frolicsome dance, that great delight  
of young people."

Thus he spake, and then listen'd. The sound  
of the stamping of horses  
Drawing nearer was heard; and then the roll  
of the carriage,  
Which, with impetuous speed, now thunder'd  
under the gateway.







## HERMANN.

**T**HEN when into the room the well-built  
 son made his entry,  
 Straightway with piercing glances the minister  
 eyed him intently,  
 And with carefulness watch'd his looks and  
 the whole of his bearing,  
 With an inquiring eye which easily faces de-  
 ciphers;  
 Then he smil'd, and with cordial words ad-  
 dress'd him as follows:—  
 “How you are chang'd in appearance, my  
 friend! I never have seen you  
 Half so lively before; your looks are thor-  
 oughly cheerful.  
 You have return'd quite joyous and merry.  
 You've doubtless divided

All of the presents amongst the poor, their  
 blessings receiving.”

Then in calm accents replied the son, with  
 gravity speaking:—

“Whether I've laudably acted, I know not; I  
 follow'd the impulse

Of my own heart, as now I'll proceed to de-  
 scribe with exactness.

Mother, you rummag'd so long, in looking  
 over old pieces,

And in making your choice, that 'twas late  
 when the bundle was ready,

And the wine and the beer were slowly and  
 carefully pack'd up.

When I at length emerg'd at the gate, and  
 came on the highway,





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Streams of citizens met I returning, with women and children,  
 For the train of the exiles had long disappear'd in the distance.  
 So I quicken'd my pace, and hastily drove to the village  
 Where I had heard that to-night to rest and to sleep they intended.  
 Well, as I went on my way, the newly-made causeway ascending,  
 Suddenly saw I a wagon, of excellent timber constructed,  
 Drawn by a couple of oxen, the best and the strongest of foreign.  
 Close beside it there walk'd, with sturdy footsteps, a maiden,  
 Guiding the two strong beasts with a long kind of staff, which with skill she  
 Knew how to use, now driving, and now restraining their progress.  
 When the maiden observ'd me, she quietly came near the horses,  
 And address'd me as follows:—'Our usual condition, believe me,  
 Is not so sad as perchance you might judge from our present appearance.  
 I am not yet accusom'd to ask for alms from a stranger,  
 Who so often but gives, to rid himself of a beggar.  
 But I'm compell'd to speak by necessity.  
 Here on the straw now  
 Lies the lately-confm'd poor wife of a wealthy landowner,  
 Whom with much trouble I manag'd to save with oxen and wagon.  
 We were late in arriving, and scarcely with life she escaped.  
 Now the newly-born child in her arms is lying, all naked,  
 And our friends will be able to give them but little assistance,  
 E'en if in the next village, to which to-night we are going,  
 We should still find them, although I fear they have left it already.  
 If you belong to the neighborhood, any available linen  
 These poor people will deem a most acceptable present.'

"Thus she spake, and wearily rais'd herself the pale patient  
 Up from the straw and gaz'd upon me, while thus I made answer:—

'Oft doth a heavenly spirit whisper to kind-hearted people,  
 So that they feel the distress o'er their poorer brethren impending;  
 For my mother, your troubles foreboding, gave me a bundle  
 Ready prepar'd for relieving the wants of those who were naked.'  
 Then I loosen'd the knots of the cord, and the dressing-gown gave her  
 Which belong'd to my father, and gave her some shirts and some linen,  
 And she thank'd me with joy and said:—'The fortunate know not  
 How 'tis that miracles happen; we only discover in sorrow  
 God's protecting finger and hand, extended to beckon  
 Good men to good. May your kindness to us by Him be required.'  
 And I saw the poor patient joyfully handling the linen,  
 Valuing most of all the soft flannel, the dressing-gown lining.  
 Then the maid thus address'd her:—'Now let us haste to the village  
 Where our friends are resting, to-night intending to sleep there;  
 There I will straightway attend to whate'er for the infant is needed.'  
 Then she saluted me too, her thanks most heartily giving,  
 Drove the oxen, the wagon went on. I linger'd behind them,  
 Holding my horses rein'd back, divided between two opinions,  
 Whether to hasten ahead, reach the village, the viands distribute  
 'Mongst the rest of the people, or give them forthwith to the maiden,  
 So that she might herself divide them amongst them with prudence.  
 Soon I made up my mind, and follow'd after her softly,  
 Overtook her without delay, and said to her quickly:—  
 'Maiden, it was not linen alone that my mother provided  
 And in the carriage plac'd, as clothing to give to the naked,  
 But she added meat, and many an excellent drink, too;  
 And I have got quite a stock stow'd away in the boot of the carriage.  
 Well, I have taken a fancy the rest of the gifts to deposit



In your hands, and thus fulfil to the best my  
 commission ;  
 You will divide them with prudence, whilst I  
 my fate am obeying.'  
 Then the maiden replied :—' With faithfulness  
 I will distribute  
 All your gifts, and the needy shall surely re-  
 joice at your bounty.'  
 Thus she spake, and I hastily open'd the boot  
 of the carriage,  
 Took out the hams (full heavy they were) and  
 took out the bread-stuffs,  
 Flasks of wine and beer, and handed the whole  
 of them over.  
 Gladly would I have given her more, but  
 empty the boot was.  
 Straightway she pack'd them away at the feet  
 of the patient, and forthwith  
 Started again, whilst I hasten'd back to the  
 town with my horses."

Then when Hermann had ended his story, the  
 garrulous neighbor  
 Open'd his mouth and exclaim'd :—" I only  
 deem the man happy  
 Who lives alone in his house in these days of  
 fight and confusion,  
 Who has neither wife nor children cringing  
 beside him !

I feel happy at present ; I hate the title of  
 father ;  
 Care of children and wife in these days would  
 be a sad drawback.  
 Often have I bethought me of flight, and have  
 gather'd together  
 All that I deem most precious, the antique  
 gold and the jewels  
 Worn by my late dear mother, not one of  
 which has been sold yet.  
 Much indeed is left out, that is not so easily  
 carried.  
 Even the herbs and the roots, collected with  
 plenty of trouble,  
 I should be sorry to lose, though little in value  
 they may be.  
 If the dispenser remains, I shall leave my  
 house in good spirits ;  
 If my ready money is sav'd, and my body,  
 why truly  
 All is sav'd, for a bachelor easily flies when  
 'tis needed."

"Neighbor," rejoin'd forthwith young Her-  
 mann, with emphasis speaking :—  
 "Altogether I differ, and greatly blame your  
 opinions.  
 Can that man be deem'd worthy, who both in  
 good and ill fortune

Thinks alone of himself, and knows not the  
secret of sharing  
Sorrows and joys with others, and feels no  
longing to do so?  
I could more easily now than before determine  
to marry;  
Many an excellent maiden needs a husband's  
protection,  
Many a man a cheerful wife, when sorrow's  
before him."

Smilingly said then the father:—"I'm pleas'd  
to hear what you're saying,  
Words of such wisdom have seldom been  
utter'd by you in my presence."

Then his good mother broke in, in her turn,  
with vivacity speaking:—  
"Son, you are certainly right. We parents  
set the example.  
'Twas not in time of pleasure that we made  
choice of each other,  
And 'twas the saddest of hours that knitted us  
closely together.  
Monday morning,—how well I remember!  
the very day after  
That most terrible fire occur'd which burn'd  
down the borough,  
Twenty years ago now; the day, like to-day,  
was a Sunday,  
Hot and dry was the weather, and little avail-  
able water.  
All the inhabitants, cloth'd in their festival  
garments, were walking,  
Scatter'd about in the inns and the mills of  
the neighboring hamlets.  
At one end of the town the fire broke out, and  
the flames ran  
Hastily all through the streets, impell'd by the  
draught they created.  
And the barns were consum'd, where all the  
rich harvest was gather'd.  
And all the streets as far as the market; the  
dwelling-house also  
Of my father hard by was destroy'd, as like-  
wise was this one.  
Little indeed could we save; I sat the sorrow-  
ful night through  
On the green of the town, protecting the beds  
and the boxes.  
Finally sleep overtook me, and when by the  
cool breeze of morning  
Which dies away when the sun arises I was  
awaken'd,  
Saw I the smoke and the glow, and the half-  
consum'd walls and the chimneys.

Then my heart was sorely afflicted; but soon  
in his glory  
Rose the sun more brilliant than ever, my  
spirits reviving.  
Then in haste I arose, impell'd the site to re-  
visit  
Where our dwelling had stood, to see if the  
chickens were living  
Which I especially lov'd; for childlike I still  
was by nature.  
But when over the ruins of courtyard and  
house I was climbing,  
Which still smok'd, and saw my dwelling de-  
stroy'd and deserted,  
You came up on the other side, the ruins ex-  
ploring.  
You had a horse shut up in his stall; the still-  
glowing rafters  
Over it lay, and rubbish, and naught could be  
seen of the creature.  
Over against each other we stood, in doubt  
and in sorrow,  
For the wall had fallen which used to sever  
our courtyards;  
And you grasp'd my hand, addressing me  
softly as follows:—  
'Lizzy, what here are you doing? Away!  
Your soles you are burning,  
For the rubbish is hot, and is scorching my  
boots which are thicker.'  
Then you lifted me up, and carried me off  
through your courtyard.  
There still stood the gateway before the house,  
with its arch'd roof,  
Just as it now is standing, the only thing left  
remaining.  
And you set me down and kiss'd me, and I  
tried to stop you,  
But you presently said, with kindly words full  
of meaning:—  
'See, my house is destroy'd! Stop here and  
help me to build it,  
I in return will help to rebuild the house of  
your father.'  
I understood you not, till you sent to my  
father your mother,  
And ere long our marriage fulfill'd the troth  
we soon plighted.  
Still to this day I remember with pleasure the  
half-consum'd rafters,  
Still do I see the sun in all his majesty  
rising,  
For on that day I gain'd my husband; the  
son of my youth too  
Gain'd I during that earliest time of the wild  
desolation.



Therefore commend I you, Hermann, for  
 having with confidence guileless  
 Turn'd towards marriage your thoughts in  
 such a period of mourning,  
 And for daring to woo in war and over the  
 ruins."

Then the father straightway replied, with  
 eagerness speaking:—  
 "Sensible is your opinion, and true is also the  
 story  
 Which you have told us, good mother, for so  
 did ev'rything happen.  
 But what is better is better. 'Tis not the  
 fortune of all men  
 All their life and existence to find decided  
 beforehand;  
 All are not doom'd to such troubles as we and  
 others have suffer'd.  
 Oh, how happy is he whose careful father and  
 mother  
 Have a house ready to give him, which he can  
 successfully manage!  
 All beginnings are hard, and most so the land-  
 lord's profession.  
 Numberless things a man must have, and  
 ev'rything daily

Dearer becomes, so he needs to scrape together  
 more money.  
 So I am hoping that you, dear Hermann, will  
 shortly be bringing  
 Home to us a bride possessing an excellent  
 dowry,  
 For a worthy husband deserves a girl who is  
 wealthy,  
 And 'tis a capital thing for the wish'd-for wife  
 to bring with her  
 Plenty of suitable articles stow'd in her baskets  
 and boxes.  
 Not in vain for years does the mother prepare  
 for her daughter  
 Stocks of all kinds of linen, both finest and  
 strongest in texture;  
 Not in vain do god-parents give them presents  
 of silver,  
 Or the father lay by in his desk a few pieces  
 of money.  
 For she hereafter will gladden, with all her  
 goods and possessions,  
 That happy youth who is destined from out of  
 all others to choose her.  
 Yes! I know how pleasant it makes a house for  
 a young wife,

When she finds her own property plac'd in  
the rooms and the kitchen,  
And when she herself has cover'd the bed and  
the table.  
Only well-to-do brides should be seen in a  
house, I consider,  
For a poor one is sure at last to be scorn'd by  
her husband,  
And he'll deem her a jade who as jade first ap-  
pear'd with her bundle.  
Men are always unjust, but moments of love  
are but transient.  
Yes, my Hermann, you greatly would cheer  
the old age of your father  
If you soon would bring home a daughter-in-  
law to console me,  
Out of the neighborhood too,—yes, out of yon  
dwelling,—the green one!  
Rich is the man, in truth: his trade and his  
manufactures  
Make him daily richer, for when does a mer-  
chant not prosper?  
He has only three daughters; the whole of  
his wealth they'll inherit.  
True the eldest's already engag'd; but then  
there's the second,  
And the third, who still (not for long) may be  
had for the asking.  
Had I been in your place, I should not till this  
time have waited;  
Bring home one of the girls, as I brought  
your mother before you."

Then, with modesty, answer'd the son his im-  
petuous father:—  
"Truly my wish was, like yours, to marry one  
of the daughters  
Of our neighbor. We all, in fact, were brought  
up together,  
Sported in youthful days near the fountain ad-  
joining the market,  
And from the rudeness of boys I often man-  
ag'd to save them.  
But those days have long pass'd; the maidens  
grew up, and with reason  
Stop now at home and avoid the rougher pas-  
s-times of childhood.  
Well brought up with a vengeance they are!  
To please you, I sometimes  
Went to visit them, just for the sake of olden  
acquaintance;  
But I was never much pleas'd at holding in-  
tercourse with them,  
For they were always finding fault, and I had  
to bear it:

First my coat was too long, the cloth too  
coarse, and the color  
Far too common, my hair was cut and curl'd  
very badly.  
I at last was thinking of dressing myself like  
the shop-boys,  
Who are accustom'd on Sundays to show off  
their persons up yonder,  
And round whose coats in summer half-silken  
tatters are hanging.  
But ere long I discover'd they only intended  
to fool me;  
This was very annoying, my pride was of-  
fended, but more still  
Felt I deeply wounded that they so mistook  
the good feelings  
Which I cherish'd towards them, especially  
Minnie, the youngest.  
Well, I went last Easter, politely to pay them  
a visit,  
And I wore the new coat now hanging up in  
the closet,  
And was frizz'd and curl'd, like all the rest  
of the youngsters.  
When I enter'd, they titter'd; but that didn't  
very much matter.  
Minnie sat at the piano, the father was present  
amongst them,  
Pleas'd with his daughter's singing, and quite  
in a jocular humor.  
Little could I understand of the words in the  
songs she was singing,  
But I constantly heard of Pamina, and then  
of Tamino,\*  
And I fain would express my opinion; so when  
she had ended,  
I ask'd questions respecting the text, and who  
were the persons.  
All were silent and smil'd; but presently  
answer'd the father:—  
'Did you e'er happen, my friend, to hear of  
Eve or of Adam?'  
Then no longer restrain'd they themselves,  
the girls burst out laughing,  
All the boys laugh'd loudly, the old man's  
sides appear'd splitting.  
In my confusion I let my hat fall down, and  
the titt'ring  
Lasted all the time the singing and playing  
continu'd.  
Then I hasten'd home, asham'd and full of  
vexation,  
Hung up my coat in the closet, and put my  
hair in disorder

\* Characters in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*.

With my fingers, and swore ne'er again to cross  
o'er their threshold.  
And I'm sure I was right; for they are all  
vain and unloving.  
And I hear they're so rude as to give me the  
nickname Tamino."

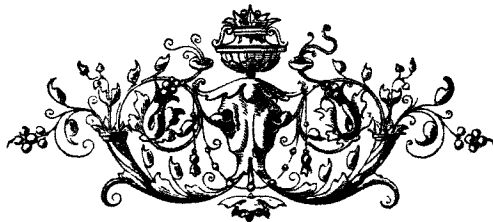
Then the mother rejoin'd:—"You're wrong,  
dear Hermann, to harbor  
Angry feelings against the children, for they  
are but children.  
Minnie's an excellent girl, and has a tender-  
ness for you;  
Lately she ask'd how you were. Indeed, I  
wish you would choose her!"

Then the son thoughtfully answer'd:—"I  
know not why, but the fact is  
My annoyance has graven itself in my mind,  
and hereafter  
I could not bear at the piano to see her, or list  
to her singing."

But the father sprang up, and said, in words  
full of anger:—  
"Little comfort you give me, in truth! I  
always have said it,  
When you took pleasure in horses, and cared  
for nothing but fieldwork;  
That which the servants of prosperous people  
perform as their duty,  
You yourself do; meanwhile the father his son  
must dispense with,  
Who in his honor was wont to court the rest  
of the townfolk.  
Thus with empty hopes your mother early de-  
ceiv'd me,  
When your reading, and writing, and learning  
at school ne'er succeeded  
Like the rest of the boys, and so you were  
always the lowest.

This all comes from a youth not possessing a  
due sense of honor,  
And not having the spirit to try to raise his  
position.  
Had my father but cared for me, as I have for  
you, sir,  
Sent me to school betimes, and given me  
proper instructors,  
I should not merely have been the host of the  
fam'd Golden Lion."

But the son arose, and approach'd the door-  
way in silence,  
Slowly, and making no noise; but then the  
father in dudgeon  
After him shouted:—"Be off! I know you're  
an obstinate fellow!  
Go and look after the business; else I shall  
scold you severely;  
But don't fancy I'll ever allow you to bring  
home in triumph  
As my daughter-in-law any boorish impudent  
hussy.  
Long have I liv'd in the world, and know  
how to manage most people,  
Know how to entertain ladies and gentlemen,  
so that they leave me  
In good humor, and know how to flatter a  
stranger discreetly.  
But my daughter-in-law must have useful  
qualities also,  
And be able to soften my manifold cares and  
vexations.  
She must also play on the piano, that all the  
best people  
Here in the town may take pleasure in often  
coming to see us,  
As in the house of our neighbor the merchant  
happens each Sunday."  
Softly the son at these words rais'd the latch,  
and left the apartment.







## THE BURGHERS.

**T**HUS did the prudent son escape from the hot conversation,  
 But the father continu'd precisely as he had begun it:—  
 "What is not in a man can never come out of him, surely!  
 Never, I fear, shall I see fulfill'd my dearest of wishes,  
 That my son should be unlike his father, but better.  
 What would be the fate of a house or a town, if its inmates  
 Did not all take pride in preserving, renewing, improving,  
 As we are taught by the age, and by the wisdom of strangers?  
 Man is not born to spring out of the ground, just like a mere mushroom,  
 And to rot away soon in the very place that produc'd him!  
 Leaving behind him no trace of what he has done in his lifetime.  
 One can judge by the look of a house of the taste of its master,  
 As on ent'ring a town, one can judge the authorities' fitness.  
 For where the towers and walls are falling, where in the ditches  
 Dirt is collected, and dirt in every street is seen lying,  
 Where the stones come out of their groove, and are not replac'd there,  
 Where the beams are rotting, and vainly the houses are waiting  
 New supports; that town is sure to be wretchedly manag'd.  
 For where order and cleanliness reign not supreme in high places,  
 Then to dirt and delay the citizens soon get accustom'd,

Just as the beggar's accustom'd to wear his clothes full of tatters.  
 Therefore I often have wish'd that Hermann would start on his travels  
 Ere he's much older, and visit at any rate Strasburg and Frankfort,  
 And that pleasant town, Mannheim, so evenly built and so cheerful.  
 He who has seen such large and cleanly cities rests never  
 Till his own native town, however small, he sees better'd.  
 Do not all strangers who visit us praise our well-mended gateways,  
 And the well-whited tower, the church so neatly repair'd too?  
 Do not all praise our pavements? Our well-arrang'd cover'd-in conduits,  
 Always well furnish'd with water, utility blending with safety,  
 So that a fire, whenever it happens, is straight-way extinguish'd,—  
 Is not this the result of that conflagration so dreadful?  
 Six times in Council I superintended the town's works, receiving  
 Hearty thanks and assistance from every well-dispos'd burgher.  
 How I design'd, follow'd up and insur'd the completion of measures  
 Worthy men had projected, and afterwards left all unfinish'd!  
 Finally, every man in the Council took pleasure in working.  
 All put forth their exertions, and now they have finally settled  
 That new highway to make, which will join our town with the mainroad.  
 But I am greatly afraid that the young generation won't act thus;



Some on the one hand think only of pleasure  
and trumpery dresses,  
Others won't stir out of doors, and pass all  
their time by the fireside,  
And our Hermann, I fear, will always be one  
of this last sort."

Forthwith to him replied the excellent sensible  
mother:—

"Father, you're always unjust whenever you  
speak of your son, and  
That is the least likely way to obtain your  
wishes' fulfilment;

For we cannot fashion our children after our  
fancy.

We must have them and love them, as God  
has given them to us,  
Bring them up for the best, and let each do as  
he listeth.

One has one kind of gift, another possesses  
another,

Each one employs them, and each in turn in  
his separate fashion

Good and happy becomes. My Hermann  
shall not be upbraided,

For I know that he well deserves the wealth  
he'll inherit;

He'll be an excellent landlord, a pattern to  
burghers and peasants,

And, as I clearly foresee, by no means the  
last in the Council.

But with your blame and reproaches, you daily  
dishearten him sadly,

As you have done just now, and make the  
poor fellow unhappy."

Then she left the apartment, and after her son  
hasten'd quickly,  
Hoping somewhere to find him, and with her  
words of affection  
Gladden his heart, for he, the excellent son,  
well deserv'd it.

Smilingly, when she had clos'd the door, con-  
tinu'd the father:—

"What a wonderful race of people are women  
and children!

All of them fain would do whatever pleases  
their fancy,

And we're only allow'd to praise them and  
flatter them freely.

Once for all there's truth in the ancient  
proverb which tells us:

He who moves not forward, goes backward!  
a capital saying!"

Speaking with much circumspection, the drug-  
gist made answer as follows:—

"What you say, good neighbor, is certainly  
true, and my plan is

Always to think of improvement, provided  
though new, 'tis not costly.

But what avails it in truth, unless one has  
plenty of money,

Active and fussy to be, improving both inside  
and outside?

Sadly confin'd are the means of a burgher ;  
 e'en when he knows it,  
 Little that's good he is able to do, his purse  
 is too narrow,  
 And the sum wanted too great ; and so he is  
 always prevented.  
 I have had plenty of schemes ! but then I was  
 terribly frighten'd  
 At the expense, especially during a time of  
 such danger.  
 Long had my house smil'd upon me, deck'd  
 out in modish exterior ;  
 Long had my windows with large panes of  
 glass resplendently glitter'd.  
 Who can compete with a merchant, however,  
 who, rolling in riches,  
 Also knows the manner in which what is best  
 can be purchas'd ?  
 Only look at the house up yonder, the new  
 one ! how handsome  
 Looks the stucco of those white scrolls on the  
 green-color'd panels !  
 Large are the plates of the windows ; how  
 shining and brilliant the panes are,  
 Quite eclipsing the rest of the houses that  
 stand in the market !  
 Yet at the time of the fire, our two were by  
 far the most handsome,  
 Mine at the sign of the Angel, and yours at the  
 old Golden Lion.  
 Then my garden was famous throughout the  
 whole country, and strangers  
 Used to stop as they pass'd and peep through  
 my red-color'd palings  
 At my beggars of stone, and at my dwarfs,  
 which were painted.  
 He to whom I gave coffee inside my beautiful  
 grotto,

Which, alas ! is now cover'd with dust and  
 tumbling to pieces,  
 Used to rejoice in the color'd glimmering light  
 of the mussels,  
 Rang'd in natural order around it, and con-  
 noisseurs even  
 Used with dazzl'd eyes to gaze at the spars  
 and the coral.  
 Then, in the drawing-room, people look'd  
 with delight on the painting,  
 Where the prim ladies and gentlemen walk'd  
 in the garden demurely,  
 And with pointed fingers presented the flowers,  
 and held them.  
 Ah, if only such things were now to be seen !  
 Little care I  
 Now to go out ; for everything needs to be  
 alter'd and tasteful,  
 As it is call'd ; and white are the benches of  
 wood and the palings ;  
 All things are simple and plain ; and neither  
 carving nor gilding  
 Now are employ'd, and foreign timber is now  
 all the fashion.  
 I should be only too pleas'd to possess some  
 novelty also,  
 So as to march with the times, and my house-  
 hold furniture alter.  
 But we all are afraid to make the least alteration,  
 For who is able to pay the present charges of  
 workmen ?  
 Lately a fancy possess'd me, the angel Michael,  
 whose figure  
 Hangs up over my shop, to treat to a new coat  
 of gilding,  
 And the terrible Dragon, who round his feet  
 is entwining ;  
 But I have left him all brown ; as he is ; for  
 the cost quite alarm'd me."





## MOTHER AND SON.

**T**HUS the men discoursed together; and  
 meanwhile the mother  
 Went in search of her son,—at first in front  
 of the dwelling  
 On the bench of stone, for he was accustom'd  
 to sit there.  
 When she found him not there, she went to  
 look in the stable,  
 Thinking perchance he was feeding his splen-  
 did horses, the stallions,  
 Which he had bought when foals, and which  
 he entrusted to no one.  
 But the servant inform'd her that he had gone  
 to the garden.  
 Then she nimbly strode across the long double  
 courtyard,  
 Left the stables behind, and the barns all made  
 of good timber,  
 Enter'd the garden which stretch'd far away  
 to the walls of the borough,  
 Walk'd across it, rejoicing to see how all  
 things were growing,  
 Carefully straighten'd the props, on which the  
 apple tree's branches,  
 Heavily-loaded, repos'd, and the weighty  
 boughs of the pear tree,  
 Took a few caterpillars from off the strong-  
 sprouting cabbage;  
 For a bustling woman is never idle one mo-  
 ment.  
 In this manner she came to the end of the  
 long-reaching garden,  
 Where was the arbor all cover'd with wood-  
 bine: she found not her son there,  
 Nor was he to be seen in any part of the gar-  
 den,  
 But she found on the latch the door which out  
 of the arbor

Through the wall of the town had been made  
 by special permission  
 During their ancestor's time, the worthy old  
 burgomaster.  
 So she easily stepp'd across the dry ditch at  
 the spot where  
 On the highway abutted their well-enclos'd  
 excellent vineyard,  
 Rising steeply upwards, its face tow'rd the sun  
 turn'd directly.  
 Up the hill she proceeded, rejoicing, as farther  
 she mounted,  
 At the size of the grapes, which scarcely were  
 hid by the foliage.  
 Shady and well-cover'd in, the middle walk at  
 the top was,  
 Which was ascended by steps of rough flat  
 pieces constructed.  
 And within it were hanging fine chasselas and  
 muscatels also,  
 And a reddish-blue grape, of quite an excep-  
 tional bigness,  
 All with carefulness planted, to give to their  
 guests after dinner.  
 But with separate stems the rest of the vine-  
 yard was planted,  
 Smaller grapes producing, from which the  
 finest wine made is.  
 So she constantly mounted, enjoying in pros-  
 pect the autumn,  
 And the festal day, when the neighborhood  
 met with rejoicing,  
 Picking and treading the grapes, and putting  
 the must in the wine-vats.  
 Every corner and nook resounding at night  
 with the fireworks,  
 Blazing and cracking away, due honor to pay  
 to the harvest.



ARTIST: W. FRIEDRICH.

## HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

But she uneasy became, when she in vain had  
 been calling  
 Twice and three times her son, and when the  
 sole answer that reach'd her  
 Came from the garrulous echo which out of  
 the town towers issu'd.  
 Strange it appear'd to have to seek him; he  
 never went far off,  
 (As he before had told her) in order to ward  
 off all sorrow  
 From his dear mother, and her forebodings  
 of coming disaster.  
 But she still was expecting upon the highway  
 to find him,  
 For the doors at the bottom, like those at the  
 top, of the vineyard  
 Stood wide open; and so at length she enter'd  
 the broad field  
 Which, with its spreading expanse, o'er the  
 whole of the hill's back extended.  
 On their own property still she proceeded,  
 greatly rejoicing  
 At their own crops, and at the corn which  
 nodded so bravely,  
 Over the whole of the field in golden majesty  
 waving.  
 Then on the border between the fields, she  
 follow'd the footpath,  
 Keeping her eye on the pear tree fix'd, the big  
 one, which standing  
 Perch'd by itself on the top of the hill, their  
 property bounded.  
 Who had planted it, no one knew; through-  
 out the whole country  
 Far and wide was it visible; noted also its  
 fruit was.  
 Under its shadow the reaper ate his dinner at  
 noonday,  
 And the herdsman was wont to lie, when tend-  
 ing his cattle.  
 Benches made of rough stones and of turf  
 were plac'd all about it.  
 And she was not mistaken; there sat her Her-  
 mann and rested;  
 On his arm he was leaning, and seem'd to be  
 looking 'cross country  
 Tow'rd the mountains beyond; his back was  
 turn'd to his mother.  
 Softly creeping up, she lightly tapp'd on his  
 shoulder;  
 And he hastily turn'd; she saw that his eyes  
 full of tears were.

“Mother,” he said in confusion:—“You  
 greatly surprise me!” and quickly

Wip'd he away his tears, the noble and sen-  
 sitive youngster.  
 “What! You are weeping, my son?” the  
 startled mother continu'd:—  
 “That is indeed unlike you! I never before  
 saw you crying!  
 Say, what has sadden'd your heart? What  
 drives you to sit here all lonely  
 Under the shade of the pear tree? What is  
 it that makes you unhappy?”

Then the excellent youth collected himself,  
 and made answer:—  
 “Truly that man can have no heart, but a  
 bosom of iron,  
 Who no sympathy feels for the wants of un-  
 fortunate exiles;  
 He has no sense in his head who, in times of  
 such deep tribulation,  
 Has no concern for himself or for his country's  
 well-being.  
 What I to-day have seen and heard has stirr'd  
 up my feelings;  
 Well, I have come up here, and seen the beau-  
 tiful, spreading  
 Landscape, which in fruitful hills to our sight  
 is presented,—  
 Seen the golden fruit of the sheaves all nod-  
 ding together,  
 And a plentiful crop of fruit, full garners fore-  
 boding.  
 But, alas, how near is the foe! By the Rhine's  
 flowing waters  
 We are protect'd indeed; but what are rivers  
 and mountains  
 To such a terrible nation, which hurries along  
 like a tempest!  
 For they summon together the young and the  
 old from all quarters,  
 Rushing wildly along, while the multitude  
 little is caring  
 Even for death; when one falls, his place is  
 straight fill'd by another.  
 Ah! and can Germans dare to remain at home  
 in their dwellings,  
 Thinking perchance to escape from the widely-  
 threat'ning disaster?  
 Dearest mother, I tell you that I to-day am  
 quite sorry  
 That I was lately excus'd, when they select'd  
 the fighters  
 Out of the townfolk. 'Tis true I'm an only  
 son, and moreover  
 Large is our inn, and our business also is very  
 important;

Were it not better however for me to fight in the vanguard  
 On the frontier, than here to await disaster and bondage?  
 Yes, my spirit has told me, and in my inmost bosom  
 Feel I courage and longing to live and die for my country,  
 And to others to set an example worthy to follow.  
 Oh, of a truth, if the strength of the German youths was collected  
 On the frontier, all bound by a vow not to yield to the stranger,  
 He on our noble soil should never set foot, or be able  
 Under our eyes to consume the fruits of the land, or to issue  
 Orders unto our men, or despoil our women and maidens!  
 See, good mother, within my inmost heart I've determin'd  
 Soon and straightway to do what seems to me right and becoming;  
 —For the man who thinks long, not always chooses what best is.  
 See, I will not return to the house, but will go from here straightway  
 Into the town, and there will place at the fighters' disposal  
 This stout arm and this heart, to serve, as I best can, my country.  
 Then let my father say whether feelings of honor are stirring  
 In my bosom or not, and whether I yearn to mount upwards."

Then with significance answer'd his good and sensible mother,  
 Shedding tears in silence, which easily rose in her eyelids:—  
 "Son, what has wrought so strange a change in your temper and feelings,  
 That you freely and openly speak to your mother no longer,  
 As you till yesterday did, nor tell her truly your wishes?  
 If another had heard you speaking, he doubtless would praise you  
 Highly, and deem your new resolution as worthy of honor,  
 Being deceiv'd by your words, and by your manner of speaking.  
 I however can only blame you. I know you much better.

You are concealing your heart, and very diff'rent your thoughts are;  
 For I am sure you care not at all for drum and for trumpet,  
 Nor, to please the maidens, care you to wear regimentals.  
 For, though brave you may be, and gallant, your proper vocation  
 Is to remain at home, the property quietly watching.  
 Therefore tell me truly: What means this sudden decision?"

Earnestly answer'd the son:—"You are wrong, dear mother, one day is  
 Unlike another. The youth soon ripens into his manhood.  
 Ofttimes he ripens better to action in silence, than living  
 That tumultuous noisy life which ruins so many.  
 And though silent I have been, and am, a heart has been fashion'd  
 Inside my bosom, which hates whatever unfair and unjust is,  
 And I am able right well to discriminate secular matters.  
 Work moreover my arms and my feet has mightily strengthen'd.  
 All that I tell you is true; I boldly venture to say so.  
 And yet, mother, you blame me with reason; you've caught me employing  
 Words that are only half true, and that serve to conceal my true feelings.  
 For I must need confess, it is not the advent of danger  
 Calls me away from my father's house, nor a resolute purpose  
 Useful to be to my country, and dreaded to be by the foeman.  
 Words alone it was that I utter'd,—words only intended  
 Those deep feelings to hide, which within my breast are contending.  
 And now leave me, my mother! For as in my bosom I cherish  
 Wishes that are but vain, my life will be to no purpose.  
 For I know that the Unit who makes a self-sacrifice, only  
 Injures himself, unless all endeavor the Whole to accomplish."

"Now continue," replied forthwith his sensible mother:—

“Tell me all that has happen’d, the least as well as the greatest ;  
Men are always hasty, and only remember the last thing,  
And the hasty are easily forc’d from the road by obstructions.  
But a woman is skilful, and full of resources, and scorns not  
By-roads to traverse when needed, well-skill’d to accomplish her purpose.  
Tell me then all, and why you are stirr’d by such violent feelings  
More than I ever have seen, while the blood is boiling within you,  
And from your eyes the tears against your will fain would fall now.”

Then the youth gave way to his sorrow, and burst into weeping,  
Weeping aloud on the breast of his mother, and softly replying :—  
“Truly, my father’s words to-day have wounded me sadly,  
Never have I deserv’d at his hands such treatment,—no, never !  
For to honor my parents was always my wish from my childhood,  
No one ever appear’d so prudent and wise as my parents,  
Who in the darker days of childhood carefully watch’d me.  
Much indeed it has been my lot to endure from my playmates,  
When with their knavish pranks they used to embitter my temper.  
Often I little suspected the tricks they were playing upon me :  
But if they happen’d to ridicule father, whenever on Sundays  
Out of church he came with his slow deliberate footsteps,  
If they laugh’d at the strings of his cap, and his dressing-gown’s flowers,  
Which he in stately wise wore, and to-day at length has discarded,  
Then in a fury I clench’d my fist, and, storming and raging,  
Fell upon them and hit and struck with terrible onslaught,  
Heedless where my blows fell. With bleeding noses they halloo’d,  
And could scarcely escape from the force of my blows and my kicking.  
Then, as in years I advanc’d, I had much to endure from my father,

Who, in default of others to blame, would often abuse me,  
When at the Council’s last sitting his anger perchance was excited,  
And I the penalty paid of the squabbles and strife of his colleagues.  
You yourself have oft pitied me ; I endur’d it with patience,  
Always rememb’ring the much-to-be-honor’d kindness of parents,  
Whose only thought is to swell for our sakes their goods and possessions,  
And who deprive themselves of much, to save for their children.  
But, alas, not saving alone, for enjoyment hereafter,  
Constitutes happiness ; no, not heaps of gold or of silver,  
Neither field upon field, however compact the estate be.  
For the father grows old, and his son at the same time grows older,  
Feeling no joy in To-day, and full of care for To-morrow.  
Now look down from this height, and see how beauteous before us  
Lies the fair rich expanse, with vineyard and gardens at bottom ;  
There are the stables and barns, and the rest of the property likewise ;  
There I also descry the back of our house, in the gables  
Of the roof may be seen the window of my small apartment.  
When I remember the time when I used to look out for the moon there  
Half through the night, or perchance at morning awaited the sunrise,  
When with but few hours of healthy sleep I was fully contented,  
Ah, how lonely do all things appear ! My chamber, the court and  
Garden, the beautiful field which spreads itself over the hillside ;  
All appear but a desert to me : I still am unmarried !”

Then his good mother answer’d his speech in a sensible manner :—  
“Son, your wish to be able to lead your bride to her chamber,  
Turning the night to the dearest and happiest half of your lifetime,  
Making your work by day more truly free and unfetter’d,



Cannot be greater than that of your father and  
mother. We always  
Urg'd you,—commanded, I even might say,—  
to choose some fair maiden.  
But I know full well, and my heart has told  
me already:—  
If the right hour arrives not, or if the right  
maiden appears not  
Instantly when they are sought for, man's  
choice is thrown in confusion,  
And he is driven by fear to seize what is coun-  
terfeit only.  
If I may tell you, my son, your choice already  
is taken,  
For your heart is smitten, and sensitive more  
than is usual.  
Answer me plainly, then, for my spirit already  
has told me:  
She whom now you have chosen is that poor  
emigrant maiden!"

"Yes, dear mother, you're right!" the son  
with vivacity answer'd:—  
"Yes, it is she! And unless this very day I  
conduct her  
Home as my bride, she will go on her way and  
escape me forever,  
In the confusion of war, and in moving back-  
wards and forwards.  
Mother, then before my eyes will in vain be  
unfolded  
All our rich estate, and each year hencefor-  
ward be fruitful.  
Yes, the familiar house and the garden will be  
my aversion.  
Ah, and the love of my mother no comfort  
will give to my sorrow,  
For I feel that by Love each former bond  
must be loosen'd,  
When her own bonds she knits; 'tis not the  
maiden alone who  
Leaves her father and mother behind, when  
she follows her husband.  
So it is with the youth; no more he knows  
mother and father,  
When he beholds the maiden, the only belov'd  
one, approaching.  
Therefore let me go hence, to where despera-  
tion may lead me,  
For my father already has spoken in words of  
decision,  
And his house no longer is mine, if he shuts  
out the maiden

Whom alone I would fain take home as my  
bride from henceforward."

Then the excellent sensible mother answer'd  
with quickness:—

"Men are precisely like rocks when they stand  
oppos'd to each other!

Proud and unyielding, the one will never draw  
near to the other.

Neither will suffer his tongue to utter the first  
friendly accent.

Therefore I tell you, my son, a hope still ex-  
ists in my bosom,

If she is worthy and good, he will give his  
consent to your marriage,

Poor though she be, and although with disdain  
he refus'd you the poor thing.

For in his hot-headed fashion he utters many  
expressions

Which he never intends; and so will accept  
the refus'd one.

But he requires kind words, and has a right to  
require them,

For your father he is; his anger is all after  
dinner,

When he more eagerly speaks, and questions  
the reasons of others,

Meaning but little thereby; the wine then ex-  
cites all the vigor

Of his impetuous will, and prevents him from  
giving due weight to

Other people's opinions; he hears and he feels  
his own only.

But when evening arrives, the tone of the  
many discourses

Which his friends and himself hold together  
is very much alter'd.

Milder becomes he as soon as his liquor's  
effects have pass'd over,

And he feels the injustice his eagerness did  
unto others.

Come, we will venture at once! Success the  
reward is of boldness,

And we have need of the friends who now  
have assembled around him.

Most of all we shall want the help of our ex-  
cellent pastor."

Thus she eagerly spoke, and leaving the stone  
that she sat on,

Also lifted her son from his seat. He will-  
ingly follow'd,

And they descended in silence, revolving the  
weighty proposal.



## THE COSMOPOLITE.

BUT the Three, as before, were still sitting and talking together, With the landlord, the worthy divine, and also the druggist, And their conversation still concern'd the same subject, Which in every form they had long been discussing together. Full of noble thoughts, the excellent pastor continu'd :—  
 "I can't contradict you. I know 'tis the duty of mortals Ever to strive for improvement; and, as we may see, they strive also Ever for that which is higher, at least what is new they seek after, But don't hurry too fast! For combin'd with these feelings, kind Nature Also has given us pleasure in dwelling on that which is ancient, And in clinging to that to which we have long been accustom'd. Each situation is good that's accordant to nature and reason. Many things man desires, and yet he has need of but little; For but short are the days, and confin'd is the lot of a mortal. I can never blame the man who, active and restless, Hurries along, and explores each corner of earth and the ocean Boldly and carefully, while he rejoices at seeing the profits Which round him and his family gather themselves in abundance. But I also duly esteem the peaceable burgher, Who with silent steps his paternal inheritance paces,

And watches over the earth, the seasons carefully noting. 'Tis not every year that he finds his property alter'd; Newly-planted trees cannot stretch out their arms tow'rds the heavens All in a moment, adorn'd with beautiful buds in abundance. No, a man has need of patience, he also has need of Pure unruff'd tranquil thoughts, and an intellect honest. For to the nourishing earth few seeds at a time he entrusteth, Few are the creatures he keeps at a time, with a view to their breeding, For what is useful alone remains the first thought of his lifetime. Happy the man to whom Nature a mind thus attun'd may have given! 'Tis by him that we all are fed. And happy the townsman Of the small town who unites the vocations of town and of country. He is exempt from the pressure by which the poor farmer is worried, Is not perplex'd by the citizens' cares and soaring ambition, Who, with limited means,—especially women and maidens,— Think of nothing but aping the ways of the great and the wealthy. You should therefore bless your son's disposition so peaceful, And the like-minded wife whom we soon may expect him to marry."  
 Thus he spoke. At that moment the mother and son stood before them.

By the hand she led him and plac'd him in front of her husband :—  
 "Father," she said, "how often have we, when talking together, Thought of that joyful day in the future, when Hermann, selecting After long waiting his bride, at length would make us both happy ! All kinds of projects we form'd ; designing first one, then another Girl as his wife, as we talk'd in the manner that parents delight in. Now the day has arriv'd ; and now has his bride been conducted Hither and shown him by Heaven ; his heart at length has decided. Were we not always saying that he should choose for himself, and Were you not lately wishing that he might feel for a maiden Warm and heartfelt emotions ? And now has arriv'd the right moment ! Yes, he has felt and has chosen, and like a man has decided.

— That fair maiden it is, the stranger whom he encounter'd. Give her him ; else he'll remain—he has sworn it—unmarried forever."

And the son added himself :—" My father, Oh, give her ! My heart has Chosen purely and truly ; she'll make you an excellent daughter."

But the father was silent. Then suddenly rose the good pastor, And address'd him as follows :—" One single moment's decisive Both of the life of a man, and of the whole of his future. After lengthen'd reflection, each resolution made by him Is but the work of a moment ; the prudent alone seize the right one. Nothing more dangerous is, in making a choice, than revolving First this point and then that, and so confusing the feelings. Pure is Hermann's mind ; from his youth I have known him ; he never, Even in boyhood, was wont to extend his hand hither and thither. What he desir'd was suitable to him ; he held to it firmly. Be not astonish'd and scared because there appears on a sudden

What you so long have desir'd. 'Tis true the appearance at present Bears not the shape of the wish as you in your mind had conceiv'd it. For our wishes conceal the thing that we wish for ; our gifts too Come from above upon us, each clad in its own proper figure. Do not now mistake the maiden who has succeeded First in touching the heart of your good wise son, whom you love so. Happy is he who is able to clasp the hand of his first love, And whose dearest wish is not doom'd to pine in his bosom ! Yes, I can see by his face, already his fate is decided ; True affection converts the youth to a man in a moment. He little changeable is ; I fear me, if this you deny him. All the fairest years of his life will be chang'd into sorrow.

Then in prudent fashion the druggist, who long had been wanting His opinion to give, rejoin'd in the following manner :—  
 " This is just a case when the middle course is the wisest !  
 — Hasten slowly, ' you know, was the motto of Cæsar Augustus. I am always ready to be of use to my neighbors, And to turn to their profit what little wits I can boast of. Youth especially needs the guidance of those who are older. Let me then depart ; I fain would prove her, that maiden, And will examine the people 'mongst whom she lives, and who know her. I am not soon deceiv'd ; I know how to rate their opinions."

Then forthwith replied the son, with eagerness speaking :—  
 " Do so, neighbor, and go, and make your inquiries. However, I should greatly prefer that our friend, the pastor, went with you ; Two such excellent men are witnesses none can find fault with. O my father ! the maiden no vagabond is, I assure you,

No mere adventurer, wand'ring about all over  
the country,  
And deceiving the inexperienc'd youths with  
her cunning ;  
No! the harsh destiny link'd with this war, so  
destructive of all things,  
Which is destroying the world, and already  
has wholly uprooted  
Many a time-honor'd fabric, has driven the  
poor thing to exile.  
Are not brave men of noble birth now wand'  
ring in mis'ry?  
Princes are fleeing disguis'd, and monarchs in  
banishment living.  
Ah, and she also herself, the best of her sisters,  
is driven  
Out of her native land ; but her own mis-  
fortunes forgetting,  
Others she seeks to console, and, though help-  
less, is also most helpful.  
Great are the woes and distress which over the  
earth's face are brooding,  
But may happiness not be evok'd from out of  
this sorrow?  
May not I, in the arms of my bride, the wife  
I have chosen,  
Even rejoice at the war, as you at the great  
conflagration?"

Then replied the father, and open'd his mouth  
with importance :—  
"Strangely indeed, my son, has your tongue  
been suddenly loosen'd,

Which for years has stuck in your mouth, and  
mov'd there but rarely !  
I to-day must experience that which threatens  
each father :  
How the ardent will of a son a too gentle  
mother  
Willingly favors, whilst each neighbor is ready  
to back him,  
Only provided it be at the cost of a father or  
husband !  
But what use would it be to resist so many to-  
gether?  
For I see that defiance and tears will otherwise  
greet me.  
Go and prove her, and in God's name then  
hasten to bring her  
Home as my daughter ; if not, he must think  
no more of the maiden."

Thus spake the father. The son exclaim'd  
with jubilant gesture :—  
"Ere the ev'ning arrives, you shall have the  
dearest of daughters,  
Such as the man desires whose bosom is gov-  
ern'd by prudence ;  
And I venture to think the good creature is  
fortunate also.  
Yes, she will ever be grateful that I her father  
and mother  
Have restor'd her in you, as sensible children  
would wish it.  
But I will loiter no longer ; I'll straightway  
harness the horses,



And conduct our friends on the traces of her  
whom I love so,  
Leave the men to themselves and their own  
intuitive wisdom,  
And be guided alone by their decision,—I  
swear it,—  
And not see the maiden again, until she my  
own is.”  
Then he left the house; meanwhile the others  
were eagerly  
Settling many a point, and the weighty matter  
debating.

Hermann sped to the stable forthwith, where  
the spirited stallions  
Tranquilly stood and with eagerness swallow'd  
the pure oats before them,  
And the well-dried hay, which was cut from  
the best of their meadows.  
Then in eager haste in their mouths the shining  
bits plac'd he,  
Quickly drew the harness through the well-  
plated buckles,  
And then fasten'd the long broad reins in  
proper position,  
Led the horses out in the yard, where already  
the carriage,  
Easily mov'd along by its pole, had been  
push'd by the servant.  
Then they restrain'd the impetuous strength  
of the fast-moving horses,  
Fastening both with neat-looking ropes to the  
bar of the carriage.  
Hermann seiz'd his whip, took his seat, and  
drove to the gateway.  
When in the roomy carriage his friends had  
taken their places,  
Swiftly he drove away, and left the pavement  
behind them,  
Left behind the walls of the town and the  
clean-looking towers.  
Thus sped Hermann along, till he reach'd the  
familiar highway,  
Not delaying a moment, and galloping uphill  
and downhill.  
When however at length the village steeple  
descried he,  
And not far away lay the houses surrounded  
by gardens,  
He began to think it was time to hold in the  
horses.

By the time-honor'd gloom of noble lime  
trees o'ershadow'd,  
Which for many a century past on the spot  
had been rooted,

Stood there a green and spreading grass-plot  
in front of the village,  
Cover'd with turf, for the peasants and neigh-  
boring townsmen a playground.  
Scoop'd out under the trees, to no great  
depth, stood a fountain.  
On descending the steps, some benches of  
stone might be seen there,  
Rang'd all around the spring, which cease-  
lessly well'd forth its waters,  
Cleanly, enclos'd by a low wall all round, and  
convenient to draw from.  
Hermann then determin'd beneath the shadow  
his horses  
With the carriage to stop. He did so, and  
spoke then as follows:—  
“Now, my friends, get down, and go by your-  
selves to discover  
Whether the maiden is worthy to have the  
hand which I offer.  
I am convinc'd that she is; and you'll bring  
me no new or strange story:  
Had I to manage alone, I would straightway  
go off to the village,  
And in few words should my fate by the charm-  
ing creature be settled.  
Her you will easily recognize 'mongst all the  
rest of the people,  
For her appearance is altogether unlike that  
of others.  
But I will now describe the modest dress she  
is wearing:—  
First a bodice red her well-arch'd bosom up-  
raises,  
Prettily tied, while black are the stays fitting  
closely around her.  
Then the seams of the ruff she has carefully  
plaited and folded,  
Which, with modest grace, her chin so round  
is encircling.  
Free and joyously rises her head with its ele-  
gant oval,  
Strongly round bodkins of silver her back-hair  
is many times twisted;  
Her blue well-plaited gown begins from under  
her bodice,  
And as she walks envelops her well-turn'd  
ankles completely.  
But I have one thing to say, and this must ex-  
pressly entreat you:  
Do not speak to the maiden, and let not your  
scheme be discover'd.  
But inquire of others, and hearken to all that  
they tell you.  
When you have learn'd enough to satisfy father  
and mother,

Then return to me straight, and we'll settle  
future proceedings.  
This is the plan which I have matur'd, while  
driving you hither."

Thus he spoke, and the friends forthwith went  
on to the village,  
Where, in gardens and barns and houses, the  
multitude crowded;  
All along the broad road the numberless carts  
were collected,  
Men were feeding the lowing cattle and feed-  
ing the horses.

Women on every hedge the linen were care-  
fully drying,

Whilst the children in glee were splashing  
about in the streamlet.

Forcing their way through the wagons, and  
past the men and the cattle,

Walk'd the ambassador spies, looking well to  
the righthand and lefthand,

Hoping somewhere to see the form of the well-  
describ'd maiden;

But wherever they look'd, no trace of the girl  
they discover'd.

Presently denser became the crowd. Round  
some of the wagons

Men in a passion were quarreling, women also  
were screaming.

Then of a sudden approach'd an aged man  
with firm footstep

Marching straight up to the fighters; and forth-  
with was hush'd the contention

When he bade them be still, and with fatherly  
earnestness threaten'd.

"Are we not yet," he exclaim'd, "by mis-  
fortune so knitted together

As to have learn'd at length the art of recip-  
rocal patience

And toleration, though each cannot measure  
the actions of others?

Prosperous men indeed may quarrel! Will  
sorrow not teach you

How no longer as formerly you should quarrel  
with brethren?

Each should give way to each other, when  
treading the soil of the stranger,

And, as you hope for mercy yourselves, you  
should share your possessions."

Thus the man address'd them, and all were  
silent. In peaceful

Humor the reconcil'd men look'd after their  
cattle and wagons.

When the pastor heard the man discourse in  
this fashion,

And the foreign magistrate's peaceful nature  
discover'd,

He approach'd him in turn, and used this sig-  
nificant language:—

"Truly, father, when nations are living in  
days of good fortune,

Drawing their food from the earth, which  
gladly opens its treasures,

And its wish'd-for gifts each year and each  
month is renewing,

Then all matters go smoothly; each thinks  
himself far the wisest

And the best, and so they exist by the side of  
each other,

And the most sensible man no better than  
others is reckon'd;

For the world moves on, as if by itself and in  
silence.

But when distress unsettles our usual manner  
of living,

Pulls down each time-honor'd fabric, and  
roots up the seed in our gardens,

Drives the man and his wife far away from the  
home they delight in,

Hurries them off in confusion through days  
and nights full of anguish,

Ah! then look we around in search of the man  
who is wisest,

And no longer in vain he utters his words full  
of wisdom.

Tell me whether you be these fugitives' magis-  
trate, father,

Over whose minds you appear to possess such  
an influence soothing?

Aye, to-day I could deem you one of the  
leaders of old time.

Who through wastes and through deserts con-  
ducted the wandering people;

I could imagine 'twas Joshua I am addressing,  
or Moses."

Then with solemn looks the magistrate an-  
swer'd as follows:—

"Truly the present times resemble the strangest  
of old times,

Which are preserv'd in the pages of history,  
sacred or common.

He in these days who has liv'd to-day and  
yesterday only,

Many a year has liv'd, events so crowd on each  
other.

When I reflect back a little, a gray old age I  
could fancy

On my head to be lying, and yet my strength  
is still active.

Yes, we people in truth may liken ourselves to  
those others  
Unto whom in a fiery bush appear'd, in a  
solemn  
Moment, the Lord our God ; in fire and clouds  
*we* behold him."  
When the pastor would fain continue to speak  
on this subject,  
And was anxious to learn the fate of the man  
and his party,

Quickly into his ear his companion secretly  
whisper'd :—  
"Speak for a time with the magistrate, turning  
your talk on the maiden,  
Whilst I wander about, endeavoring to find  
her. Directly  
I am successful, I'll join you again." Then  
nodded the pastor,  
And the spy went to seek her, in barns and  
through hedges and gardens.





ARTIST: F. BARTH.

## HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

THE MAGISTRATE APPEASING THE QUARREL





## THE AGE.

**W**HEN the pastor ask'd the foreign magis-  
 trate questions,  
 What the people had suffer'd, how long from  
 their homes they had wander'd,  
 Then the man replied:—"By no means short  
 are our sorrows,  
 For we have drunk the bitters of many a long  
 year together,  
 All the more dreadful, because our fairest  
 hopes have been blighted.  
 Who can deny that his heart beat wildly and  
 high in his bosom,  
 And that with purer pulses his breast more  
 freely was throbbing,  
 When the newborn sun first rose in the whole  
 of its glory,  
 When we heard of the right of man to have  
 all things in common,  
 Heard of noble equality, and of inspiring  
 freedom!  
 Each man then hop'd to attain new life for  
 himself, and the fetters  
 Which had encircled many a land appear'd to  
 be broken,  
 Fetters held by the hands of sloth and selfish  
 indulgence.  
 Did not all nations turn their gaze, in those  
 days of emotion,  
 Tow'rd's the world's capital, which so many a  
 long year had been so,  
 And then more than ever deserv'd a name so  
 distinguish'd?  
 Were not the men, who first proclaim'd so  
 noble a message,  
 Names that are worthy to rank with the high-  
 est the sun ever shone on?  
 Did not each give to mankind his courage and  
 genius and language?

"And we also, as neighbors, at first were  
 warmly excited.  
 Presently after began the war, and the train  
 of arm'd Frenchmen  
 Nearer approach'd; at first they appear'd to  
 bring with them friendship,  
 And they brought it in fact; for all their souls  
 were exalted.  
 And the gay trees of liberty ev'rywhere gladly  
 they planted,  
 Promising unto each his own, and the govern-  
 ment long'd for.  
 Greatly at this was youth, and greatly old age  
 was delighted,  
 And the joyous dance began round the newly-  
 rais'd standards.  
 In this manner the overpow'ring Frenchmen  
 soon conquer'd  
 First the minds of the men, with their fiery  
 lively proceedings,  
 Then the hearts of the women, with irresistible  
 graces.  
 Even the strain of the war, with its many de-  
 mands, seem'd but trifling,  
 For before our eyes the distance by hope was  
 illumin'd,  
 Luring our gaze far ahead into paths now first  
 open'd before us.  
 "Oh, how joyful the time, when with his bride  
 the glad bridegroom  
 Whirls in the dance, awaiting the day that will  
 join them forever!  
 But more glorious far was the time when the  
 Highest of all things  
 Which man's mind can conceive, close by and  
 attainable seem'd.

Then were the tongues of all loosen'd, and  
words of wisdom and feeling  
Not by graybeards alone, but by men and by  
striplings were utter'd.

“But the heavens soon clouded became. For  
the sake of the mast'ry  
Strove a contemptible crew, unfit to accom-  
plish good actions.  
Then they murder'd each other, and took to  
oppressing their new-found  
Neighbors and brothers, and sent on missions  
whole herds of self-seekers;  
And the superiors took to carousing and rob-  
bing by wholesale,  
And the inferiors down to the lowest carous'd  
and robb'd also.  
Nobody thought of aught else than having  
enough for to-morrow.  
Terrible was the distress, and daily increas'd  
the oppression.  
None the cry understood, that they of the  
day were the masters.  
Then even temperate minds were attack'd by  
sorrow and fury;  
Each one reflect'd, and swore to avenge all  
the injuries suffer'd,  
And to atone for the bitter loss of hopes twice  
defrauded.  
Presently Fortune declar'd herself on the side  
of the Germans,  
And the French were compell'd to retreat by  
forc'd marches before them.  
Ah! the sad fate of the war we then for the  
first time experienc'd.  
For the victor is kind and humane, at least  
he appears so,  
And he spares the man he has vanquish'd, as  
if he his own were,  
When he employs him daily, and with his  
property helps him.  
But the fugitive knows no law; he wards off  
death only,  
And both quickly and recklessly all that he  
meets with, consumes he.  
Then his mind becomes heated apace; and  
soon desperation  
Fills his heart, and impels him to all kinds of  
criminal actions.  
Nothing then holds he respected, he steals it.  
With furious longing  
On the woman he rushes; his lust becomes  
awful to think of.  
Death all around him he sees, his last minutes  
in cruelty spends he,

Wildly exulting in blood, and exulting in  
howls and in anguish.

“Then in the minds of our men arose a ter-  
rible yearning  
That which was lost to avenge, and that which  
remain'd to defend still.  
All of them seiz'd upon arms, lur'd on by the  
fugitives' hurry,  
By their pale faces, and by their shy, uncertain  
demeanor.  
There was heard the sound of alarm-bells un-  
ceasingly ringing,  
And the approach of danger restrain'd not  
their violent fury.  
Soon into weapons were turn'd the implements  
peaceful of tillage,  
And with dripping blood the scythe and the  
pitchfork were cover'd.  
Every foeman without distinction was ruth-  
lessly slaughter'd,  
Fury was ev'rywhere raging, and artful, cow-  
ardly weakness.  
May I never again see men in such wretched  
confusion!  
Even the raging wild beast is a better object  
to gaze on.  
Ne'er let them speak of freedom, as if them-  
selves they could govern!  
All the evil which Law has driven far back in  
the corner  
Seems to escape as soon as the fetters which  
bound it are loosen'd.”

“Excellent man,” replied the pastor, with  
emphasis speaking:—  
“If you're mistaken in man, 'tis not for me  
to reprove you.  
Evil enough have you suffer'd indeed from his  
cruel proceedings!  
Would you but look back, however, on days  
so laden with sorrow,  
You would yourself confess how much that is  
good you have witness'd,  
Much that is excellent, which remains con-  
ceal'd in the bosom  
Till by danger 'tis stirr'd, and till necessity  
makes man  
Show himself as an angel, a tutelar God unto  
others.”

Then with a smile replied the worthy old  
magistrate, saying:—  
“Your reminder is wise, like that which they  
give to the suff'rer  
Who has had his dwelling burn'd down, that  
under the ruins



Gold and silver are lying, though melted and  
 cover'd with ashes.  
 Little, indeed, it may be, and yet that little is  
 precious,  
 And the poor man digs it up, and rejoices at  
 finding the treasure.  
 Gladly, therefore, I turn my thoughts to those  
 few worthy actions  
 Which my memory still is able to dwell on  
 with pleasure.  
 Yes, I will not deny it, I saw late foemen  
 uniting  
 So as to save the town from harm; I saw with  
 devotion

Parents, children and friends impossible ac-  
 tions attempting,  
 Saw how the youth of a sudden became a  
 man, how the graybeard  
 Once more was young, how the child as a  
 stripling appear'd in a moment.  
 Aye, and the weaker sex, as people commonly  
 call it,  
 Show'd itself brave and daring, with presence  
 of mind all-unwonted.  
 Let me now, in the first place, describe a deed  
 of rare merit  
 By a high-spirited girl accomplish'd, an ex-  
 cellent maiden,

Who in the great farmhouse remain'd behind  
with the servants,  
When the whole of the men had departed, to  
fight with the strangers.  
Well, there fell on the court a troop of vaga-  
bond scoundrels,  
Plund'ring and forcing their way inside the  
rooms of the women.  
Soon they cast their eyes on the forms of the  
grown-up fair maiden,  
And of the other dear girls, in age little more  
than mere children.  
Hurried away by raging desire, unfeelingly  
rush'd they  
On the trembling band, and on the high-  
spirited maiden.  
But she instantly seiz'd the sword from the  
side of a ruffian,  
Hew'd him down to the ground; at her feet  
straight fell he, all bleeding.  
Then with doughty strokes the maidens she  
bravely deliver'd,  
Wounded four more of the robbers; with life,  
however, escap'd they.  
Then she lock'd up the court, and, arm'd still,  
waited for succor."

When the pastor heard the praise of the maiden  
thus utter'd,  
Feelings of hope for his friend forthwith arose  
in his bosom,  
And he prepar'd to ask what had been the  
fate of the damsel,  
Whether she, in the sorrowful flight, form'd  
one of the people?  
At this moment, however, the druggist nimbly  
approach'd them,  
Pull'd the sleeve of the pastor, and whisper'd  
to him as follows:—  
"I have at last pick'd out the maiden from  
many a hundred  
By her description! Pray come and judge  
for yourself with your own eyes;  
Bring the magistrate with you, that we may  
learn the whole story."

So they turn'd themselves round; but the  
magistrate found himself summon'd  
By his own followers, who had need of his  
presence and counsel.  
But the pastor forthwith the druggist accom-  
panied, till they  
Came to a gap in the hedge, when the latter  
pointed with slyness.  
"See you," exclaim'd he, "the maiden? The  
child's clothes she has been changing.

And I recognize well the old calico—also the  
cushion-  
Cover of blue, which Hermann took in the  
bundle and gave her.  
Quickly and well, of a truth, she has used the  
presents left with her.  
These are evident proofs; and all the rest  
coincide too;  
For a bodice red her well-arch'd bosom up-  
raises,  
Prettily tied, while black are the stays fitting  
close around her.  
Then the seams of the ruff she has carefully  
plaited and folded,  
Which, with modest grace, her chin so round  
is encircling;  
Free and joyously rises her head, with its  
elegant oval,  
Strongly round bodkins of silver her back  
hair is many times twisted.  
When she is sitting, we plainly see her noble  
proportions,  
And the blue well-plaited gown which begins  
from close to her bosom,  
And in rich folds descending, her well-turn'd  
ankles envelops.  
'Tis she, beyond all doubt. So come, that we  
may examine  
Whether she be both a good and a frugal and  
virtuous maiden."

Then the pastor rejoin'd, the sitting damsel  
inspecting:—  
"That she enchanted the youth, I confess is  
no matter of wonder,  
For she stands the test of the gaze of a man  
of experience.  
Happy the person to whom Mother Nature the  
right face has given!  
She recommends him at all times, he never  
appears as a stranger,  
Each one gladly approaches, and each one be-  
side him would linger,  
If with his face is combin'd a pleasant and  
courteous demeanor.  
Yes, I assure you the youth has indeed dis-  
cover'd a maiden  
Who the whole of the days of his life will  
enliven with gladness,  
And with her womanly strength assist him at  
all times and truly.  
Thus a perfect body preserves the soul also in  
pureness,  
And a vigorous youth of a happy old age gives  
assurance."



R. Brendamour & A. W. R. Co.

ARTIST : W. FRIEDRICH.

## HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

DOROTHEA MINISTERING TO THE SICK

After reflecting a little, the druggist made answer as follows:—

“Yet appearances oft are deceitful. I trust not the outside.

Often, indeed, have I found the truth of the proverb which tells us:

Ere you share a bushel of salt with a new-found acquaintance,

Do not trust him too readily; time will make you more certain

How you and he will get on, and whether your friendship is lasting.

Let us then, in the first place, inquire amongst the good people

Unto whom the maiden is known, who can tell us about her.”

“Well, of a truth I commend your prudence,” the pastor continu’d:—

“Not for ourselves are we wooing! To woo for others is serious.”

So they started to meet the worthy magistrate, seeing

How in the course of his business he was ascending the main street.

And the wise pastor straightway address’d him with foresight as follows:—

“We, by-the-by, have just seen a girl in the neighboring garden

Under an apple tree sitting, and clothes for the children preparing,

Made of worn calico which for the purpose was doubtless presented.

We were pleas’d by her face; she appears to be one of the right sort.

Tell us, what know you about her? We ask from a laudable motive.”

When the magistrate came to the garden and peep’d in, exclaim’d he:—

“Well do I know her, in truth; for when I told you the story

Of that noble deed which was done by the maiden I spoke of,

How she seiz’d on the sword, and defended herself and the servants,—

She the heroine was! You can see how active her nature.

But she’s as good as she’s strong; for her aged kinsman she tended

Until the time of his death, for he died overwhelm’d by affliction

At the distress of his town, and the danger his goods were expos’d to.

Also with mute resignation she bore the grievous affliction

Of her betroth’d’s sad death, a noble young man who, incited

By the first fire of noble thoughts, to struggle for freedom,

Went himself to Paris, and soon found a terrible death there.

For, as at home, so there, he fought ’gainst intrigue and oppression.”

Thus the magistrate spoke. The others departed and thank’d him,

And the pastor produc’d a gold piece (the silver his purse held

He some hours before had with genuine kindness expended

When he saw the fugitives passing in sorrowful masses).

And the magistrate handed it, saying:—“Divide it, I pray you,

’Mongst those who need it the most. May God give it prosperous increase.”

But the man refus’d to accept it, and said:—

“I assure you, Many a dollar we’ve sav’d, and plenty of clothing and such things,

And I trust we may reach our homes before they are finish’d.”

Then continu’d the pastor, the gold in his hand once more placing:—

“None should delay to give in days like the present, and no one

Ought to refuse to receive what is offer’d with liberal kindness.

No one can tell how long he will keep what in peace he possesses,

No one, how long he is doom’d in foreign countries to wander,

While he’s depriv’d of the field and the garden by which he is nurtur’d.”

“Bravo!” added in turn the druggist, with eagerness speaking:—

“Had I but money to spare in my pocket, you surely should have it—

Silver and gold alike; for your followers certainly need it.

Yet I’ll not leave you without a present, if only to show you

My good will, and I hope you will take the will for the action.”

Thus he spoke and pull’d out by the strings the leather embroider’d

Pouch, in which he was wont his stock of tobacco to carry,

Daintily open'd and shar'd its contents—some  
 two or three pipes' full.  
 "Small in truth is the gift," he added. The  
 magistrate answer'd:—  
 "Good tobacco is always a welcome present  
 to trav'lers."  
 Then the druggist began his canister to praise  
 very highly.  
 But the pastor drew him away, and the magis-  
 trate left them.  
 "Come, let us hasten!" exclaim'd the sensible  
 man, "for our young friend  
 Anxiously waits; without further delay let  
 him hear the good tidings."  
 So they hasten'd and came, and found that  
 the youngster was leaning  
 'Gainst his carriage under the lime trees. The  
 horses were pawing  
 Wildly the turf; he held them in check and  
 stood there all pensive,  
 Silently gazing in front, and saw not his  
 friends coming near him,  
 Till, as they came, they call'd him and gave  
 him signals of triumph.  
 Some way off the druggist already began to  
 address him,  
 But they approach'd the youth still nearer,  
 and then the good pastor  
 Seiz'd his hand and spoke and took the word  
 from his comrade:—  
 "Friend, I wish you joy! Your eye so true  
 and your true heart  
 Rightly have chosen! May you and the wife  
 of your young days be happy!  
 She is full worthy of you; so come and turn  
 round the carriage,  
 That we may reach without delay the end of  
 the village,  
 So as to woo her, and shortly escort the dear  
 creature home with us."  
 But the youth stood still, and without any  
 token of pleasure  
 Heard the words of the envoy, though sound-  
 ing consoling and heav'nly,  
 Deeply sigh'd and said:—"We came full  
 speed in the carriage,  
 And shall probably go back home asham'd  
 and but slowly;  
 For, since I have been waiting care has fallen  
 upon me,  
 Doubt and suspicion and all that a heart full  
 of love is expos'd to.  
 Do you suppose we have only to come, for the  
 maiden to follow,

Just because we are rich, and she poor and  
 wandering in exile?  
 Poverty, when undeserv'd, itself makes proud.  
 The fair maiden  
 Seems to be active and frugal; the world she  
 may claim as her portion.  
 Do you suppose that a woman of such great  
 beauty and manners  
 Can have grown up without exciting love in  
 man's bosom?  
 Do you suppose that her heart until now has  
 to love been fast closed?  
 Do not drive thither in haste, for perchance to  
 our shame and confusion  
 We shall have slowly to turn towards home the  
 heads of our horses.  
 Yes, some youth, I fear me, possesses her heart,  
 and already  
 She has doubtless promis'd her hand and her  
 solemn troth plighted,  
 And I shall stand all asham'd before her when  
 making my offer."

Then the pastor proceeded to cheer him with  
 words of good comfort,  
 But his companion broke in, in his usual talk-  
 ative manner:—  
 "As things used to be, this embarrassment  
 would not have happen'd,  
 When each matter was brought to a close in an  
 orthodox fashion.  
 Then for their son themselves the bride the  
 parents selected,  
 And a friend of the house was secretly call'd  
 in the first place.  
 He was then quietly sent as a suitor to visit  
 the parents  
 Of the selected bride; and, dress'd in his  
 gayest apparel,  
 Went after dinner some Sunday to visit the ex-  
 cellent burgher,  
 And began by exchanging polite remarks on  
 all subjects,  
 Cleverly turning and bending the talk in the  
 proper direction.  
 After long beating about the bush, he flatter'd  
 the daughter,  
 And spoke well of the man and the house that  
 gave his commission.  
 Sensible people soon saw his drift, and the sen-  
 sible envoy  
 Watch'd how the notion was taken, and then  
 could explain himself farther.  
 If they declin'd the proposal, why then the  
 refusal cost nothing,

But if all prosper'd, why then the suitor forever thereafter  
Play'd the first fiddle at every family feast and rejoicing.  
For the married couple remember'd the whole of their lifetime  
Whose was the skilful hand by which the marriage knot tied was.  
All this now is chang'd, and with many an excellent custom  
Has gone quite out of fashion. Each person woos for himself now.  
Everyone now must bear the weight of a maiden's refusal  
On his own shoulders, and stand all asham'd before her, if needs be."

"Let that be as it may," then answer'd the young man who scarcely  
Heard what was said, and his mind had made up already in silence:—  
"I will go myself, and out of the mouth of the maiden

Learn my own fate, for towards her I cherish the most trustful feelings  
That any man ever cherish'd towards any woman whatever.  
That which she says will be good and sensible, —this I am sure of.  
If I am never to see her again, I must once more behold her,  
And the ingenuous gaze of her black eyes must meet for the last time.  
If to my heart I may clasp her never, her bosom and shoulders  
I would once more see, which my arm so longs to encircle;  
Once more the mouth I would see, from which one kiss and a Yes will  
Make me happy forever, a No forever undo me. But now leave me alone! Wait here no longer.  
Return you  
Straight to my father and mother, in order to tell them in person  
That their son was right, and that the maiden is worthy.





And so leave me alone! I myself shall return  
by the footpath  
Over the hill by the pear tree and then descend  
through the vineyard,  
Which is the shortest way back. Oh, may I  
soon with rejoicing  
Take the belov'd one home! But perchance  
all alone I must slink back  
By that path to our house and tread it no more  
with a light heart."  
Thus he spoke, and then plac'd the reins in  
the hands of the pastor,  
Who, in a knowing way both the foaming  
horses restraining,  
Nimbly mounted the carriage, and took the  
seat of the driver.

But you still delay'd, good cautious neighbor,  
and spoke thus:—  
"Friend, I will gladly intrust to you soul, and  
spirit, and mind too,  
But my body and bones are not preserv'd in  
the best way  
When the hand of a parson such worldly mat-  
ters as reins grasps!"

But you smil'd in return, you sensible pastor,  
replying:—

"Pray jump in, nor fear with both body and  
spirit to trust me,  
For this hand to hold the reins has long been  
accustom'd,  
And these eyes are train'd to turn the corner  
with prudence.  
For we were wont to drive the carriage, when  
living at Strasburg,  
At the time when with the young baron I went  
there, for daily,  
Driven by me, through the echoing gateway  
thunder'd the carriage  
By the dusty roads to distant meadows and  
lindens,  
Through the crowds of the people who spend  
their lifetime in walking."

Partially comforted, then his neighbor mounted  
the carriage,  
Sitting like one prepar'd to make a wise jump,  
if needs be,  
And the stallions, eager to reach their stables,  
cours'd homewards,  
While beneath their powerful hoofs the dust  
rose in thick clouds.  
Long there stood the youth, and saw the dust  
rise before him,  
Saw the dust disperse; but still he stood there,  
unthinking.





*Ben. di*

M. T. B. C. S. C. I. S. P. N. C.

*Ben. di*



## DOROTHEA.

**A**S the man on a journey, who, just at the moment of sunset, Fixes his gaze once more on the rapidly vanishing planet, Then on the side of the rocks and in the dark thicket still sees he Hov'ring its image; wherever he turns his looks, on in front still Runs it, and glitters and wavers before him in colors all splendid, So before Hermann's eyes did the beautiful form of the maiden Softly move, and appear'd to follow the path through the cornfields. But he rous'd himself up from his startling dream, and then slowly Turn'd tow'rd the village his steps, and once more started,—for once more Saw he the noble maiden's stately figure approaching. Fixedly gaz'd he; it was no phantom in truth; she herself 'twas. In her hands by the handle she carried two pitchers,—one larger, One of a smaller size, and nimbly walk'd to the fountain. And he joyfully went to meet her; the sight of her gave him Courage and strength, and so he address'd the surpris'd one as follows:—  
 “Do I find you again, brave maiden, engag'd in assisting Others so soon, and in giving refreshment to those who may need it? Tell me why you have come all alone to the spring so far distant,

Whilst the rest are content with the water that's found in the village?  
 This one, indeed, special virtue possesses, and pleasant to drink is.  
 Is't for the sake of that sick one you come, whom you sav'd with such courage?"

Then the good maiden the youth in friendly fashion saluted,  
 Saying:—“Already my walk to the fountain is fully rewarded,  
 Since I have found the kind person who gave us so many good presents;  
 For the sight of a giver, like that of a gift, is refreshing.  
 Come and see for yourself the persons who tasted your kindness,  
 And receive the tranquil thanks of all you have aided.  
 But that you may know the reason why I have come here,  
 Water to draw at a spot where the spring is both pure and unceasing,  
 I must inform you that thoughtless men have disturb'd all the water  
 Found in the village, by carelessly letting the horses and oxen  
 Wade about in the spring which gives the inhabitants water.  
 In the same manner, with all their washing and cleaning, they've dirtied  
 All the troughs of the village, and all the fountains have sullied.  
 For each one of them only thinks how quickly and soon he

May supply his own wants, and cares not for those who come after."

Thus she spoke, and soon she arriv'd at the foot of the broad steps

With her companion, and both of them sat themselves down on the low wall

Round the spring. She bent herself over, to draw out the water,

He the other pitcher took up, and bent himself over,

And in the blue of the heavens they saw their figures reflected,

Waving, and nodding, and in the mirror their greetings exchanging.

"Now let me drink," exclaim'd the youth in accents of gladness,

And she gave him the pitcher. They then, like old friends, sat together,

Leaning against the vessels, when she address'd him as follows:—

"Say, why find I you here without your carriage and horses,

Far from the place where first I saw you? Pray how came you hither?"

Hermann thoughtfully gaz'd on the ground, but presently lifted

Calmly towards her his glances, and gaz'd on her face in kind fashion,

Feeling quite calm and compos'd. And yet with love to address her

Found he quite out of the question; for love from her eyes was not beaming,

But an intellect clear, which bade him use sensible language.

Soon he collected his thoughts, and quietly said to the maiden:—

"Let me speak, my child, and let me answer your questions.

'Tis for your sake alone I have come,—why seek to conceal it?

For I happily live with two affectionate parents,

Whom I faithfully help to look after our house and possessions,

Being an only son, while numerous are our employments.

I look after the field-work; the house is carefully manag'd

By my father; my mother the hostelry cheers and enlivens.

But you also have doubtless found out how greatly the servants,

Sometimes by fraud, and sometimes by levity, worry their mistress,

Constantly making her change them, and barter one fault for another.

Long has my mother, therefore, been wanting a girl in the household,

Who, not only with hand, but also with heart might assist her,

In the place of the daughter she lost, alas, prematurely.

Now when I saw you to-day near the carriage, so active and sprightly,

Saw the strength of your arm and the perfect health of your members,

When I heard your sensible words, I was struck with amazement,

And I hasten'd back home, deservedly praising the stranger

Both to my parents and friends. And now I come to inform you

What they desire, as I do. Forgive my stammering language!"

"Do not hesitate," said she, "to tell me the rest of your story;

I have with gratitude felt that you have not sought to insult me.

Speak on boldly, I pray; your words shall never alarm me;

You would fain hire me now as maid to your father and mother,

To look after the house, which now is in excellent order.

And you think that in me you have found a qualified maiden,

One that is able to work, and not of a quarrelsome nature.

Your proposal was short, and short shall my answer be also:—

Yes! with you I will go, and the voice of my destiny follow.

I have fulfill'd my duty, and brought the lying-in woman

Back to her friends again, who all rejoice at her rescue.

Most of them now are together, the rest will presently join them.

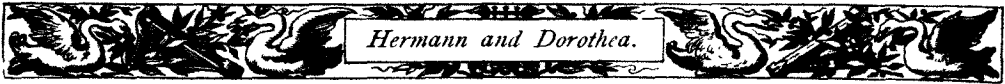
All expect that they, in a few short days, will be able

Homewards to go; 'tis thus that exiles themselves love to flatter.

But I cannot deceive myself with hopes so delusive

In these sad days which promise still sadder days in the future;

For all the bonds of the world are loosen'd, and naught can rejoin them,



*Hermann and Dorothea.*

Save that supreme necessity over our future  
impending.

If in the house of so worthy a man I can earn  
my own living,

Serving under the eye of his excellent wife, I  
will do so;

For a wandering girl bears not the best repu-  
tation.

Yes! with you I will go, as soon as I've taken  
the pitcher

Back to my friends, and receiv'd the blessing  
of those worthy people.

Come! you needs must see them, and from  
their hands shall receive me."

Joyfully heard the youth the willing maiden's  
decision,

Doubting whether he now had not better tell  
her the whole truth;

But it appear'd to him best to let her remain  
in her error,

First to take her home, and then for her love  
to entreat her.

Ah! but now he espied a golden ring on her  
finger,

And so let her speak, while he attentively  
listen'd:—

"Let us now return," she continu'd; "the  
custom is always

To admonish the maidens who tarry too long  
at the fountain,

Yet how delightful it is by the fast-flowing  
water to chatter!"

Then they both arose, and once more directed  
their glances

Into the fountain, and then a blissful longing  
came o'er them.

So from the ground by the handles she silently  
lifted the pitchers,

Mounted the steps of the well, and Hermann  
follow'd the lov'd one.

One of the pitchers he ask'd her to give him,  
thus sharing the burden.

"Leave it," she said; "the weight feels less  
when thus they are balanc'd;

And the master I've soon to obey should not  
be my servant.

Gaze not so earnestly at me, as if my fate were  
still doubtful!

Women should learn betimes to serve, accord-  
ing to station,

For by serving alone she attains at last to the  
mastery,

To the due influence which she ought to possess  
in the household.

Early the sister must learn to serve her brothers  
and parents,

And her life is ever a ceaseless going and  
coming,

Or a lifting and carrying, working and doing  
for others.)

Well for her if she finds no manner of life  
too offensive,

And if to her the hours of night and of day  
all the same are,

So that her work never seems too mean, her  
needle too pointed,

So that herself she forgets, and liveth only for  
others!

For as a mother in truth she needs the whole  
of the virtues,

When the suckling awakens the sick one, and  
nourishment calls for

From the exhausted parent, heaping cares upon  
suff'ring.

Twenty men together could not endure such a  
burden,

And they ought not,—and yet they gratefully  
ought to behold it."

Thus she spoke, and with her silent companion  
advanc'd she

Through the garden, until the floor of the  
granary reach'd they,

Where the sick woman lay, whom she left by  
her daughters attended,

Those dear rescu'd maidens, the types of in-  
nocent beauty.

Both of them enter'd the room, and from the  
other direction,

Holding a child in each hand, her friend, the  
magistrate, enter'd.

These had lately been lost for some time by the  
sorrowing mother,

But the old man had now found them out in  
the crowd of the people.

And they sprang in with joy, to greet their  
dearly-lov'd mother,

To rejoice in a brother, the playmate now seen  
for the first time!

Then on Dorothea they sprang, and greeted  
her warmly,

Asking for bread and fruit, but asking for  
drink before all things.

And they handed the water all round. The  
children first drank some,

Then the sick woman drank, with her daugh-  
ters, the magistrate also.

All were refresh'd, and sounded the praise of  
the excellent water;  
Mineral was it, and very reviving, and whole-  
some for drinking.

Then with a serious look continu'd the maiden,  
and spoke thus:—

“Friends, to your mouths for the last time in  
truth I have lifted the pitcher,

And for the last time, alas, have moisten'd  
your lips with pure water.

But whenever in scorching heat your drink  
may refresh you,

And in the shade you enjoy repose and a  
fountain unsullied,

Then remember me, and all my friendly assist-  
ance,

Which I from love, and not from relationship  
merely, have render'd.

All your kindness to me, as long as life lasts,  
I'll remember.

I unwillingly leave you; but each one is now  
to each other

Rather a burden than comfort. We all must  
shortly be scatter'd

Over a foreign land, unless to return we are  
able.

See, here stands the youth to whom for those  
gifts we're indebted,

All those clothes for the child, and all those  
acceptable viands.

Well, he has come, and is anxious that I to  
his house should go with him,

There as a servant to act to his rich and ex-  
cellent parents,

And I have not refus'd him, for serving ap-  
pears my vocation,

And to be serv'd by others at home would  
seem like a burden.

So I'll go willingly with him; the youth ap-  
pears to be prudent;

Thus will his parents be properly car'd for, as  
rich people should be.

Therefore, now, farewell, my much-lov'd  
friend, and be joyful

In your living infant, who looks so healthily  
at you.

When you press him against your bosom,  
wrapp'd up in those color'd

Swaddling-clothes, then remember the youth  
who so kindly bestow'd them,

And who in future will feed and clothe me  
also, your lov'd friend.

You too, excellent man,” to the magistrate  
turning, she added:—

“Warmly I thank for so often acting the part  
of a father.”

Then she knelt herself down before the lying-  
in patient,

Kiss'd the weeping woman, her whisper'd  
blessing receiving.

Meanwhile the worthy magistrate spoke to  
Hermann as follows:—

“You deserve, my friend, to be counted  
amongst the good landlords

Who are anxious to manage their house  
through qualified people.

For I have often observ'd how cautiously men  
are accustom'd

Sheep and cattle and horses to watch, when  
buying or bart'ring;

But a man, who's so useful, provided he's  
good and efficient,

And who does so much harm and mischief by  
treacherous dealings,

*Him* will people admit to their houses by  
chance and haphazard,

And too late find reason to rue an o'erhasty  
decision.

This you appear to understand, for a girl you  
have chosen

As your servant, and that of your parents,  
who thoroughly good is.

Treat her well, and as long as she finds the  
business suits her,

You will not miss your sister, your parents  
will miss not their daughter.”

Other persons now enter'd, the patient's near-  
est relations,

Many articles bringing, and better lodgings  
announcing.

All were inform'd of the maiden's decision,  
and warmly bless'd Hermann,

Both with significant looks, and also with  
grateful expressions,

And one secretly whisper'd into the ear of  
another:—

“If the master should turn to a bridegroom,  
her home is provided.”

Hermann then presently took her hand, and  
address'd her as follows:—

“Let us be going; the day is declining, and  
far off the village.”

Then the women, with lively expressions, em-  
brac'd Dorothea;

Hermann drew her away; they still continu'd  
to greet her.

Next the children, with screams and terrible  
crying, attack'd her,

*Hermann and Dorothea.*

Pulling her clothes, their second mother re-  
fusing to part from.  
But first one of the women, and then another  
rebuk'd them:—  
“Children, hush! to the town she is going,  
intending to bring you  
Plenty of gingerbread back, which your brother  
already had order'd,

From the confectioner, when the stork was  
passing there lately,  
And she'll soon return, with the papers prettily  
gilded.”  
So at length the children releas'd her; but  
scarcely could Hermann  
Tear her from their embraces and distant-  
signaling kerchiefs.





## HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

SO tow'rd the sun, now fast sinking to rest,  
 the two walk'd together,  
 Whilst he veil'd himself deep in clouds which  
 thunder portended;  
 Out of his veil now here, now there, with fiery  
 glances  
 Beaming over the plain with rays foreboding  
 and lurid.

“May this threatening weather,” said Her-  
 mann. “not bring to us shortly  
 Hail and violent rain, for well does the har-  
 vest now promise.”

And they both rejoic'd in the corn so lofty  
 and waving,  
 Well nigh reaching the heads of the two tall  
 figures that walk'd there.

Then the maiden spoke to her friendly leader  
 as follows:—

“Generous youth, to whom I shall owe a kind  
 destiny shortly,  
 Shelter and home, when so many poor exiles  
 must weather the tempest,  
 In the first place tell me all about your good  
 parents,

Whom I intend to serve with all my soul from  
 henceforward;

Knowing one's master, 'tis easier far to give  
 satisfaction,

By rememb'ring the things which he deems of  
 the highest importance,  
 And on which he has set his heart with the  
 greatest decision.

Tell me, then, how best I can win your father  
 and mother.”

Then the good and sensible youth made answer  
 as follows:—

“You are indeed quite right, my kind and ex-  
 cellent maiden,

To begin by asking about the tastes of my  
 parents!

For I have hitherto striven in vain to satisfy  
 father,

When I look'd after the inn, as well as my  
 regular duty,

Working early and late in the field, and tend-  
 ing the vineyard.

Mother indeed was contented; she knew how  
 to value my efforts;

And she will certainly hold you to be an ex-  
 cellent maiden,

If you take care of the house, as though the  
 dwelling your own were.

But my father's unlike her; he's fond of out-  
 ward appearance.

Gentle maiden, deem me not cold and void  
 of all feeling,

If I disclose my father's nature to you, who're  
 a stranger.

Yes, such words have never before escap'd, I  
 assure you,

Out of my mouth, which is little accusom'd to  
 babble and chatter;

But you have manag'd to worm all my secrets  
 from out of my bosom.

Well, my worthy father the graces of life  
 holds in honor,

Wishes for outward signs of love, as well as  
 of rev'rence,

And would doubtless be satisfied with an in-  
 ferior servant

Who understood this fancy, and hate a better,  
 who did not.”

Cheerfully she replied, with gentle movement  
 increasing

Through the darkening path the speed at  
 which she was walking:—

“I in truth shall hope to satisfy both of your  
 parents,

For your mother's character my own nature  
 resembles,



And to external graces have I from my youth  
been accustom'd.  
Our old neighbors, the French, in their earlier  
days laid much stress on  
Courteous demeanor; 'twas common alike to  
nobles and burghers,  
And to peasants, and each enjoind it on all  
his acquaintance.  
In the same way, on the side of the Germans,  
the children were train'd up  
Every morning, with plenty of kissing of hands  
and of curtsies,  
To salute their parents, and always to act with  
politeness.  
All that I have learn'd, and all I have practis'd  
since childhood,  
All that comes from my heart,—I will practise  
it all with the old man.  
But on what terms shall I—I scarcely dare ask  
such a question,—  
Be with yourself, the only son, and hereafter  
my master?"

Thus she spoke, and at that moment they came  
to the pear tree.  
Down from the skies the moon at her full was  
shining in glory;  
Night had arriv'd, and the last pale gleam of  
the sunset had vanish'd.  
So before them were lying, in masses all  
heap'd up together,  
Lights as clear as the day, and shadows of  
night and of darkness.  
And the friendly question was heard by Her-  
mann with pleasure,  
Under the shade of the noble tree at the spot  
which he lov'd so,  
Which that day had witness'd his tears at the  
fate of the exile.  
And whilst they sat themselves down, to take  
a little repose there,  
Thus the loving youth spoke, whilst he seiz'd  
the hand of the maiden:—  
"Let your heart give the answer, and always  
obey what it tells you!"  
But he ventur'd to say no more, however propi-  
tious  
Was the moment; he fear'd that a No would  
be her sole answer,  
Ah! and he felt the ring on her finger, that  
sorrowful token.  
So by the side of each other they quietly sat  
and in silence,  
But the maiden began to speak, and said,  
"How delightful  
Is the light of the moon! The clearness of  
day it resembles.

Yonder I see in the town the houses and court-  
yards quite plainly,  
In the gable a window; methinks all the panes  
I can reckon."

"That which you see," replied the youth, who  
spoke with an effort,  
"That is our house down to which I now am  
about to conduct you,  
And that window yonder belongs to my room  
in the attic,  
Which will probably soon be yours, as we're  
making great changes.  
All these fields are ours, and ripe for the har-  
vest to-morrow;  
Here in the shade we are wont to rest, enjoy-  
ing our meal-time.  
But let us now descend across the vineyard  
and garden,  
For observe how the threatening storm is  
hitherward rolling,  
Lightening first, and then eclipsing the beau-  
tiful full moon."  
So the pair arose, and wander'd down by the  
corn-field,  
Through the powerful corn, in the nightly  
clearness rejoicing;  
And they reach'd the vineyard, and through  
its dark shadows proceeded.  
So he guided her down the numerous tiers of  
the flat stones  
Which, in an unhewn state, serv'd as steps to  
the walk through the foliage.  
Slowly she descended, and plac'd her hands  
on his shoulders;  
And, with a quivering light, the moon through  
the foliage o'erlook'd them,  
Till by storm-clouds envelop'd, she left the  
couple in darkness.  
Then the strong youth supported the maiden,  
who on him was leaning;  
She, however, not knowing the path, or observ-  
ing the rough steps,  
Slipp'd as she walk'd, her foot gave way, and  
she well nigh was falling.  
Hastily held out his arm the youth with nimble-  
ness thoughtful,  
And held up his below'd one; she gently sank  
on his shoulder,  
Breast was press'd against breast, and cheek  
against cheek, and so stood he  
Fix'd like a marble statue, restrain'd by a firm  
resolution;  
He embrac'd her no closer, though all her  
weight he supported;  
So he felt his noble burden, the warmth of her  
bosom,

*Hermann and Dorothea.*



And her balmy breath, against his warm lips  
exhaling,  
Bearing with manly feelings the woman's hero-  
ical greatness.

But she conceal'd the pain which she felt, and  
jestingly spoke thus:—

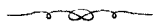
“ It betokens misfortune,—so scrupulous people  
inform us,—

For the foot to give way on entering a house,  
near the threshold.

I should have wish'd, in truth, for a sign of  
some happier omen !

Let us tarry a little, for fear your parents should  
blame you,

For their limping servant, and you should be  
thought a bad landlord.”





## CONCLUSION.

**O** YE MUSES, who gladly favor a love that  
 is heartfelt,  
 Who on his way the excellent youth have  
 hitherto guided,  
 Who have press'd the maid to his bosom be-  
 fore their betrothal,  
 Help still further to perfect the bonds of a  
 couple so loving,  
 Drive away the clouds which over their hap-  
 piness hover!  
 But begin by saying what now in the house  
 has been passing.

For the third time the mother impatiently  
 enter'd the chamber  
 Where the men were sitting, which she had  
 anxiously quitted,  
 Speaking of the approaching storm, and the  
 loss of the moon's light,  
 Then of her son's long absence, and all the  
 perils that night brings.  
 Strongly she censur'd their friends for having  
 so soon left the youngster,  
 For not even addressing the maiden, or seek-  
 ing to woo her.  
 "Make not the worst of the mischief," the  
 father peevishly answer'd;  
 "For you see we are waiting ourselves, expect-  
 ing the issue."

But the neighbor sat still, and calmly address'd  
 them as follows:—  
 "In uneasy moments like these I always feel  
 grateful  
 To my late father, who, when I was young, all  
 seeds of impatience

In my mind uprooted, and left no fragment  
 remaining,  
 And I learn'd how to wait, as well as the best  
 of the wise men."

"Tell us what legerdemain he employ'd," the  
 pastor made answer.

"I will gladly inform you, and each one may  
 gain by the lesson,"

Answer'd the neighbor. "When I was a boy,  
 I was standing one Sunday  
 In a state of impatience, eagerly waiting the  
 carriage

Which was to carry us out to the fountain un-  
 der the lime trees;

But it came not; I ran like a weasel, now  
 hither, now thither,

Up and down the stairs, and from the door to  
 the window;

Both my hands were prickling, I scratch'd  
 away at the tables,

Stamping and trotting about, and scarcely re-  
 frain'd I from crying.

All this the calm man composedly saw; but  
 finally when I

Carried my folly too far, by the arm he quietly  
 took me,

Led me up to the window, and used this signifi-  
 cant language:—

"See you yonder the joiner's workshop,  
 now clos'd for the Sunday?

'Twill be reopen'd to-morrow, and plane and  
 saw will be working.

Thus will the busy hours be pass'd from morn-  
 ing till evening.

But remember this: the morning will soon be  
 arriving

When the master, together with all his men,  
will be busy  
In preparing and finishing quickly and deftly  
your coffin,  
And they will carefully bring over here that  
house made of boards, which  
Will at length receive the patient as well as  
impatient,  
And which is destin'd to carry a roof that's  
unpleasantly heavy.'  
All that he mention'd I forthwith saw taking  
place in my mind's eye,  
Saw the boards join'd together, and saw the  
black cover made ready,—  
Patiently then I sat, and meekly awaited the  
carriage.  
And I always think of the coffin whenever I  
see men  
Running about in a state of doubtful and wild  
'expectation.'

Smilingly answer'd the pastor:—"Death's  
stirring image is neither  
Unto the wise a cause of alarm,—or an end  
to the pious.  
Back into life it urges the former, and teaches  
him action,  
And for the weal of the latter, it strengthens  
his hope in affliction.  
Death is a giver of life unto both. Your father  
did wrongly  
When to the sensitive boy he pointed out death  
in its own form.  
Unto the youth should be shown the worth of  
a noble and ripen'd  
Age, and unto the old man, youth, that both  
may rejoice in  
The eternal circle, and life may in life be  
made perfect!"

Here the door was open'd. The handsome  
couple appear'd there,  
And the friends were amaz'd, the loving pa-  
rents astonish'd  
At the form of the bride, the form of the  
bridegroom resembling.  
Yes! the door appear'd too small to admit the  
tall figures  
Which now cross'd the threshold, in company  
walking together.  
To his parents Hermann presented her, hastily  
saying:—  
"Here is a maiden just of the sort you are  
wishing to have here.  
Welcome her kindly, dear father! she fully  
deserves it, and you too,

Mother dear, ask her questions as to her house-  
keeping knowledge,  
That you may see how well she deserves to  
form one of our party."  
Then he hastily took on one side the excellent  
pastor,  
Saying:—"Kind sir, I entreat you to help me  
out of this trouble  
Quickly, and loosen the knot, whose unravel-  
ling I am so dreading;  
For I have not ventur'd to woo as my bride  
the fair maiden,  
But she believes she's to be a maid in the  
house, and I fear me  
She will in anger depart, as soon as we talk  
about marriage.  
But it must be decided at once! no longer in  
error  
Shall she remain, and I no longer this doubt  
can put up with.  
Hasten and once more exhibit that wisdom we  
all hold in honor."  
So the pastor forthwith turn'd round to the rest  
of the party,  
But the maiden's soul was, unhappily, troubled  
already  
By the talk of the father, who just had ad-  
dress'd her as follows,  
Speaking good-humoredly, and in accents  
pleasant and lively:—

"Yes, I'm well satisfied, child! I joyfully see  
that my son has  
Just as good taste as his father, who in his  
younger days show'd it,  
Always leading the fairest one out in the dance,  
and then lastly  
Taking the fairest one home as his wife—'twas  
your dear little mother!  
For by the bride whom a man selects, we may  
easily gather  
What kind of spirit his is, and whether he  
knows his own value.  
But you will surely need but a short time to  
form your decision,  
For I verily think he will find it full easy to  
follow."

Hermann but partially heard the words; the  
whole of his members  
Inwardly quiver'd, and all the circle were sud-  
denly silent.  
But the excellent maiden, by words of such  
irony wounded,  
(As she esteem'd them to be) and deeply dis-  
tress'd in her spirit,



Stood, while a passing flush from her cheeks  
 as far as her neck was  
 Spreading, but she restrain'd herself, and col-  
 lected her thoughts soon;  
 Then to the old man she said, not fully con-  
 cealing her sorrow:—  
 “Truly I was not prepar'd by your son for such  
 a reception,  
 When he describ'd his father's nature,—that  
 excellent burgher,  
 And I know I am standing before you, a per-  
 son of culture,  
 Who behaves himself wisely to all, in a suit-  
 able manner.  
 But it would seem that you feel not pity  
 enough for the poor thing  
 Who has just cross'd your threshold, prepar'd  
 to enter your service;  
 Else you would not seek to point out, with  
 ridicule bitter,  
 How far remov'd my lot from your son's and  
 that of yourself is.  
 True, with a little bundle, and poor, I have  
 enter'd your dwelling,  
 Which it is the owner's delight to furnish with  
 all things.  
 But I know myself well, and feel the whole  
 situation.

Is it generous thus to greet me with language  
 so jeering,  
 Which has well nigh expell'd me the house,  
 when just on the threshold?"

Hermann uneasily mov'd about, and sign'd to  
 the pastor  
 To interpose without delay, and clear up the  
 error.

Quickly the wise man advanc'd to the spot,  
 and witness'd the maiden's  
 Silent vexation and tearful eyes and scarce-re-  
 strain'd sorrow.

Then his spirit advis'd him to solve not at  
 once the confusion,  
 But, on the contrary, prove the excited mind  
 of the maiden.

So, in words fram'd to try her, the pastor ad-  
 dress'd her as follows:—

“Surely, my foreign maiden, you did not fully  
 consider,

When you made up your mind to serve a  
 stranger so quickly,

What it really is to enter the house of a master;  
 For a shake of the hand decides your fate for  
 a twelvemonth,

And a single word Yes to much endurance will  
 bind you.

But the worst part of the service is not the  
wearisome habits,  
Nor the bitter toil of the work, which seems  
never-ending;  
For the active freeman works hard as well as  
the servant.  
But to suffer the whims of the master, who  
blames you unjustly,  
Or who calls for this and for that, not know-  
ing his own mind,  
And the mistress's violence, always so easily  
kindled,  
With the children's rough and supercilious bad  
manners,—  
This is indeed hard to bear, whilst still fulfil-  
ling your duties  
Promptly and actively, never becoming morose  
or ill-natured;  
Yet for such work you appear little fit, for  
already the father's  
Jokes have offended you deeply; yet nothing  
more commonly happens  
Than to tease a maiden about her liking a  
youngster."

Thus he spoke, and the maiden felt the weight  
of his language,  
And no more restrain'd herself; mightily all  
her emotions  
Show'd themselves. her bosom heav'd, and a  
deep sigh escap'd her,  
And whilst shedding burning tears, she an-  
swer'd as follows:—  
"Ne'er does the clever man, who seeks to  
advise us in sorrow,  
Think how little his chilling words our hearts  
can deliver  
From the pangs which an unseen destiny  
fastens upon us.  
You are happy and merry. How then should  
a jest ever wound you?  
But the slightest touch gives torture to those  
who are suff'ring.  
Even dissimulation would nothing avail me at  
present.  
Let me at once disclose what later would  
deepen my sorrow,  
And consign me perchance to agony mute and  
consuming.  
Let me depart forthwith! No more in this  
house dare I linger;  
I must hence and away, and look once more  
for my poor friends  
Whom I left in distress, when seeking to bet-  
ter my fortunes.  
This is my firm resolve; and now I may prop-  
erly tell you

That which had else been buried for many a  
year in my bosom.  
Yes, the father's jest has wounded me deeply,  
I own it,  
Not that I'm proud and touchy, as ill be-  
cometh a servant,  
But because in truth in my heart a feeling has  
risen  
For the youth, who to-day has fill'd the part  
of my saviour.  
For when first in the road he left me, his  
image remain'd still  
Firmly fix'd in my mind; and I thought of  
the fortunate maiden  
Whom, as his betroth'd one, he cherish'd per-  
chance in his bosom.  
And when I found him again at the well, the  
sight of him charm'd me  
Just as if I had seen an angel descending from  
heaven.  
And I follow'd him willingly, when as a servant  
he sought me,  
But by my heart in truth I was flatter'd (I need  
must confess it),  
As I hitherward came, that I might possibly  
win him,  
If I became in the house an indispensable  
pillar.  
But, alas, I now see the dangers I well nigh  
fell into,  
When I bethought me of living so near a  
silently-lov'd one.  
Now for the first time I feel how far remov'd  
a poor maiden  
Is from a richer youth, however clever she may  
be.  
I have told you all this, that you my heart may  
mistake not,  
Which an event that in thought I foreshadow  
has wounded already.  
For I must have expected, my secret wishes  
concealing,  
That, ere much time had elaps'd, I should see  
him bringing his bride home.  
And how then could I have endur'd my hidden  
affliction!  
Happily I am warn'd in time, and out of my  
bosom  
Has my secret escap'd, whilst curable still is  
the evil.  
But no more of the subject! I now must tarry  
no longer  
In this house, where I now am standing in  
pain and confusion,  
All my foolish hopes and my feelings freely  
confessing.

Not the night which, with sinking clouds, is spreading around us,  
 Not the rolling thunder (I hear it already) shall stop me,  
 Not the falling rain, which outside is descending in torrents,  
 Not the blustering storm. All this I had to encounter  
 In that sorrowful flight, while the enemy follow'd behind us.  
 And once more I go on my way, as I long have been wont to,  
 Seiz'd by the whirlpool of time, and parted from all that I care for.  
 So farewell! I'll tarry no longer. My fate is accomplish'd!"

Thus she spoke, and towards the door she hastily turn'd her,  
 Holding under her arm the bundle she brought when arriving,  
 But the mother seiz'd by both of her arms the fair maiden,  
 Clasp'g her round the body, and cried with surprise and amazement:—  
 "Say, what signifies this? These fruitless tears, what denote they?  
 No, I'll not leave you alone! You're surely my dear son's betrothed!"

But the father stood still, and show'd a great deal of reluctance,  
 Stared at the weeping girl, and peevishly spoke then as follows:—  
 "This, then, is all the indulgence my friends are willing to give me,  
 That at the close of the day the most unpleasant thing happens!  
 For there is nothing I hate so much as the tears of a woman,  
 And their passionate cries, set up with such heat and excitement,  
 Which a little plain sense would show to be utterly needless.  
 Truly, I find the sight of these whimsical doings a nuisance.  
 Matters must shift for themselves; as for me, I think it is bed-time."

So he quickly turn'd round, and hasten'd to go to the chamber  
 Where the marriage-bed stood, in which he slept for the most part.  
 But his son held him back, and spoke in words of entreaty:—  
 "Father, don't go in a hurry, and be not annoy'd with the maiden!  
 I alone have to bear the blame of all this confusion,

Which our friend has increas'd by his unexpected dissembling.  
 Speak then, honor'd sir! for to you the affair I confided;  
 Heap not up pain and annoyance, but rather complete the whole matter;  
 For I surely in future should not respect you so highly,  
 If you play practical jokes, instead of displaying true wisdom."

Thereupon the worthy pastor smilingly answer'd:—  
 "What kind of wisdom could have extracted the charming confession  
 Of this good maiden, and so have reveal'd all her character to us?  
 Is not your care converted at once to pleasure and rapture?  
 Speak out, then, for yourself! Why need explanations from others?"

Hermann then stepp'd forward, and gently address'd her as follows:—  
 "Do not repent of your tears, nor yet of your passing affliction;  
 For they perfect my happiness; yours too, I fain would consider.  
 I came not to the fountain, to hire so noble a maiden  
 As a servant, I came to seek to win your affections.  
 But, alas! my timid gaze had not strength to discover  
 Your heart's leanings; it saw in your eye but a friendly expression,  
 When you greeted it out of the tranquil fountain's bright mirror.  
 Merely to bring you home, made half of my happiness certain;  
 But you now make it complete! May every blessing be yours, then!"

Then the maiden look'd on the youth with heartfelt emotion,  
 And avoided not kiss or embrace, the summit of rapture,  
 When they also are to the loving, the long wish'd-for pledges  
 Of approaching bliss in a life which now seems to them endless.  
 Then the pastor told the others the whole of the story;  
 But the maiden came, and gracefully bent o'er the father,  
 Kissing the while his hand, which he to draw back attempted.

And she said :—“ I am sure that you will forgive the surpris'd one,  
First for her tears of sorrow, and then for her tears of true rapture.  
Oh, forgive the emotions by which they both have been prompted,  
And let me fully enjoy the bliss that has now been vouchsaf'd me !  
Let the first vexation, which my confusion gave rise to,  
Also be the last ! The loving service which lately  
Was by the servant promis'd, shall now by the daughter be render'd.”  
And the father, his tears concealing, straight-way embrac'd her;  
Lovingly came the mother in turn, and heartily kiss'd her,  
Warmly shaking her hand ; and silently wept they together.

Then in a hasty manner, the good and sensible pastor  
Seiz'd the hand of the father, his wedding-ring off from his finger  
Drawing (not easily though ; so plump was the member that held it) ;  
Then he took the mother's ring, and betroth'd the two children,  
Saying :—“ Once more may it be these golden hoops' destination  
Firmly to fasten a bond altogether resembling the old one !  
For this youth is deeply imbu'd with love for the maiden,  
And the maiden confesses that she for the youth has a liking.  
Therefore, I now betroth you, and wish you all blessings hereafter,  
With the parents' consent, and with our friend here as a witness.”

And the neighbor bent forward, and added his own benediction ;  
But when the clergyman plac'd the gold ring on the hand of the maiden,  
He with astonishment saw the one which already was on it,  
And which Hermann before at the fountain had anxiously notic'd.  
Whereupon he spoke in words at once friendly and jesting :—  
“ What ! You are twice engaging yourself ? I hope that the first one  
May not appear at the altar, unkindly forbidding the banns there !”

But she said in reply :—“ Oh, let me devote but one moment  
To this mournful rememb'rance ! For well did the good youth deserve it,  
Who, when departing, presented the ring, but never return'd home.  
All was by him foreseen, when freedom's love of a sudden,  
And a desire to play his part in the new-found existence,  
Drove him to go to Paris, where prison and death were his portion.  
'Farewell,' said he, 'I go ; for all things on earth are in motion  
At this moment, and all things appear in a state of disunion.  
Fundamental laws in the steadiest countries are loosen'd,  
And possessions are parted from those who used to possess them,  
Friends are parted from friends, and love is parted from love too.  
I now leave you here, and whether I ever shall see you  
Here again,—who can tell ? Perchance these words will our last be.  
Man is a stranger here upon earth, the proverb informs us ;  
Every person has now become more a stranger than ever.  
Ours the soil is no longer ; our treasures are fast flying from us ;  
All the sacred old vessels of gold and silver are melted,  
All is moving, as though the old-fashion'd world would roll backwards  
Into chaos and night, in order anew to be fashion'd.  
You of my heart have possession, and if we shall ever hereafter  
Meet again over the wreck of the world, it will be as new creatures,  
All remodell'd and free and independent of fortune ;  
For what fetters can bind down those who survive such a period !  
But if we are destin'd not to escape from these dangers,  
If we are never again to embrace each other with rapture,  
Oh, then fondly keep in your thoughts my hovering image,  
That you may be prepar'd with like courage for good and ill fortune !  
If a new home or a new alliance should chance to allure you,



Then enjoy with thanks whatever your destiny offers,  
Purely loving the loving, and grateful to him who thus loves you.  
But remember always to tread with a circumspect footstep,  
For the fresh pangs of a second loss will behind you be lurking.  
Deem each day as sacred; but value not life any higher  
Than any other possession, for all possessions are fleeting.  
Thus he spoke; and the noble youth and I parted forever:  
Meanwhile I ev'rything lost, and a thousand times thought of his warning;  
Once more I think of his words, now that love is sweetly preparing  
Happiness for me anew, and the brightest of hopes is unfolding.  
Pardon me, dearest friend, for trembling e'en at the moment  
When I am clasping your arm! For thus, on first landing, the sailor  
Fancies that even the solid ground is shaking beneath him."

Thus she spoke, and she plac'd the rings by the side of each other.  
But the bridegroom answer'd, with noble and manly emotion:—  
"All the firmer, amidst the universal disruption,  
Be, Dorothea, our union! We'll show ourselves bold and enduring,

Firmly hold our own, and firmly retain our possessions.  
For the man who in wav'ring times is inclin'd to be wav'ring  
Only increases the evil, and spreads it wider and wider;  
But the man of firm decision the universe fashions.  
'Tis not becoming the Germans to further this fearful commotion,  
And in addition to waver uncertainly hither and thither.  
'This is our own!' we ought to say, and so to maintain it!  
For the world will ever applaud those resolute nations  
Who for God and the Law, their wives, and parents, and children  
Struggle, and fall when contending against the foeman together.  
You are mine; and now what is mine, is mine more than ever.  
Not with anxiety will I preserve it, or timidly use it,  
But with courage and strength. And if the enemy threaten,  
Now or hereafter, I'll hold myself ready, and reach down my weapons.  
If I know that the house and my parents by you are protected,  
I shall expose my breast to the enemy, void of all terror;  
And if all others thought thus, then might against might should be measur'd,  
And in the early prospect of peace we should all be rejoicing."







## INDEX OF POEMS.

### VOLUME I.

TITLE	PAGE	TITLE	PAGE
A Parable . . . . .	170	Bliss of Sorrow, The . . . . .	40
Admonition . . . . .	30	Boundaries of Humanity, The . . . . .	136
After-Sensations . . . . .	27	Bride of Corinth, The . . . . .	84
Alexis and Dora . . . . .	104	Burial . . . . .	172
Anacreon's Grave . . . . .	96	Buyers, The . . . . .	173
Anniversary Song . . . . .	44	By the River . . . . .	28
Answers in a Game of Questions . . . . .	17	By the River . . . . .	170
Apparent Death . . . . .	23	Calm at Sea . . . . .	29
April . . . . .	150	Cat-Pie . . . . .	166
Artist's Evening Song . . . . .	165	Celebrity . . . . .	168
As Broad as it's Long . . . . .	176	Charade . . . . .	123
At Midnight Hour . . . . .	146	Chosen Cliff, The . . . . .	98
Atonement . . . . .	149	Christel . . . . .	9
Authors . . . . .	167	Christmas-Box, The . . . . .	122
Autumn Feelings . . . . .	36	Comfort in Tears . . . . .	37
Ballad of the Banished and Returning Count . . . . .	62	Consecrated Spot, The . . . . .	98
Beauteous Flower, The . . . . .	67	Constancy in Change . . . . .	47
Beautiful Night, The . . . . .	22	Convert, The . . . . .	11
Before a Court of Justice . . . . .	72	Coptic Song . . . . .	50
Best, The . . . . .	176	Country Schoolmaster, The . . . . .	174
Betrothed . . . . .	146	Courage . . . . .	30
Blindman's Buff . . . . .	9	Critic, The . . . . .	167
Bliss of Absence, The . . . . .	23	Cupid and Psyche . . . . .	170
		Coy One, The . . . . .	10

*Contents*

TITLE	PAGE	TITLE	PAGE
Dance of Death, The . . . . .	83	Fox and Huntsman, The . . . . .	172
Death-Lament of the Noble Wife of Asan Aga . . . . .	9	Freebooter, The . . . . .	154
Death of the Fly, The . . . . .	170	Friendly Meeting, The . . . . .	119
Declaration of War . . . . .	14	Frogs, The . . . . .	172
Dedication . . . . .	5	From an Album of 1604 . . . . .	145
Departure . . . . .	121	From the Mountain . . . . .	34
Different Emotions on the same Spot . . . . .	18	Ganymede . . . . .	135
Dilettante and the Critic, The . . . . .	167	Garlands, The . . . . .	99
Doubters and the Lovers, The . . . . .	123	General Confession . . . . .	50
Drops of Nectar, The . . . . .	160	Genial Impulse . . . . .	176
Eagle and Dove, The . . . . .	135	German Parnassus, The . . . . .	124
Effects at a Distance . . . . .	79	Goblet, The . . . . .	144
Elegy . . . . .	148	God and the Bayadere, The . . . . .	87
Epigrams . . . . .	108	Godlike, The . . . . .	137
Epiphany . . . . .	57	God, Soul and World . . . . .	186
Epitaph . . . . .	179	Goldsmith's Apprentice, The . . . . .	16
Epochs, The . . . . .	123	Good Wine . . . . .	177
Ergo Bibamus! . . . . .	56	Growth . . . . .	120
Erl-King, The . . . . .	64	Gypsy Song . . . . .	58
Ever and Everywhere . . . . .	151	Hans Sachs' Poetical Mission . . . . .	155
Exchange, The . . . . .	25	Happiness and Vision . . . . .	21
Excuse . . . . .	98	Happy Couple, The . . . . .	45
Explanation of an Antique Gem . . . . .	166	Harper, The . . . . .	59
Fair at Huehenefeld, The . . . . .	178	Harper, The . . . . .	61
Faithful Eckart . . . . .	80	Heathrose, The . . . . .	9
Faithless Boy, The . . . . .	63	Hermann and Dorothea . . . . .	221
Farewell, The . . . . .	21	Human Feelings . . . . .	137
Farewell . . . . .	25	Hunter's Even-Song, The . . . . .	41
Finnish Song . . . . .	58	In a Word . . . . .	120
First Loss . . . . .	27	Instructors, The . . . . .	98
First Walpurgis-Night, The . . . . .	92	In Summer . . . . .	179
Fisherman, The . . . . .	66	Johanna Sebus . . . . .	65
Flower Salute . . . . .	34	Joy . . . . .	168
Food in Travel . . . . .	120	Joy and Sorrow . . . . .	17
Fool's Epilogue, The . . . . .	180	June . . . . .	151
Forever . . . . .	145	King of Thule, The . . . . .	66
Fortune of War . . . . .	52	Legend . . . . .	167
Found . . . . .	12	Legend of the Horseshoe, The . . . . .	175
Four Seasons—The Spring . . . . .	111	Legend, The Pariah . . . . .	89
Four Seasons—The Summer . . . . .	112	Leopold, Duke of Brunswick . . . . .	96
Four Seasons—The Autumn . . . . .	114		
Four Seasons—The Winter . . . . .	117		
Fox and Crane, The . . . . .	171		

*Contents.*

TITLE	PAGE	TITLE	PAGE
Life of Goethe . . . . .	v	Old Age . . . . .	179
Like and Like . . . . .	13	On the Divan . . . . .	180
Lily's Menagerie . . . . .	138	On the Lake . . . . .	34
Lines on Seeing Schiller's Skull . . . . .	146	On the New Year . . . . .	43
Little Girl's Wish, The . . . . .	179	Open Table . . . . .	54
Living Remembrance . . . . .	23	Page and the Miller's Daughter, The . . . . .	73
Longing . . . . .	38	Pariah's Prayer, The . . . . .	89
Love as a Landscape Painter . . . . .	164	Pariah's Thanks, The . . . . .	91
Lover in all Shapes . . . . .	15	Paulo Post Futuri . . . . .	180
Love's Distresses . . . . .	140	Petition . . . . .	140
Loving One Once More, The . . . . .	122	Philine . . . . .	59
Loving One Writes, The . . . . .	121	Phoebus and Hermes . . . . .	99
Mahomet's Song . . . . .	126	Playing at Priests . . . . .	169
Magic Net, The . . . . .	143	Poetry . . . . .	170
Maiden Speaks, The . . . . .	120	Premature Spring . . . . .	35
Maid of the Mill's Treachery, The . . . . .	75	Presence . . . . .	28
Maid of the Mill's Repentance, The . . . . .	76	Preservation . . . . .	11
March . . . . .	17	Prometheus . . . . .	133
May Song . . . . .	31	Prooemion . . . . .	181
May Song . . . . .	35	Prosperous Voyage, The . . . . .	30
May . . . . .	150	Proximity . . . . .	23
Memories . . . . .	179	Proximity of the Beloved One . . . . .	27
Metamorphosis of Plants, The . . . . .	182	Pupil in Magic, The . . . . .	81
Mignon . . . . .	59	Rat-Catcher, The . . . . .	71
Mignon . . . . .	61	Reciprocal . . . . .	154
Misanthrope, The . . . . .	19	Reciprocal Invitation to the Dance . . . . .	13
Mischievous Joy . . . . .	25	Reckoning, The . . . . .	54
Morning Lament . . . . .	141	Restless Love . . . . .	36
Mountain Castle, The . . . . .	38	Roman Elegies . . . . .	100
Mountain Village, The . . . . .	173	Royal Prayer . . . . .	137
Musagetes, The . . . . .	140	Rule of Life, The . . . . .	177
Muse's Mirror, The . . . . .	98	Rule for Monarchs . . . . .	179
Muse's Son, The . . . . .	11	Sages and the People, The . . . . .	183
My Goddess . . . . .	128	Sakōntala . . . . .	97
My Only Property . . . . .	42	Sea-Voyage, The . . . . .	132
Neither This nor That . . . . .	176	Self-Deceit . . . . .	14
Nemesis . . . . .	122	She Cannot End . . . . .	122
New Amadis, The . . . . .	8	Shepherd's Lament, The . . . . .	36
New Amor, The . . . . .	99	Should e'er the Loveless Day . . . . .	177
New Love, New Life . . . . .	31	Sir Curt's Wedding-Journey . . . . .	68
Next Year's Spring . . . . .	152	Soldier's Consolation, The . . . . .	176
Night Song . . . . .	29	Solitude . . . . .	98
Night Thoughts . . . . .	144	Song of Fellowship . . . . .	47
November Song . . . . .	26		

Contents.

TITLE	PAGE	TITLE	PAGE
Song of the Emigrants . . . . .	154	To the Rising Full Moon . . . . .	145
Songs . . . . .	170	To Werther . . . . .	147
Sound, Sweet Song . . . . .	7	Traveller and the Farm-Maiden, The . . . . .	78
Spinner, The . . . . .	72	Treasure-Digger, The . . . . .	70
Spirit Song over the Waters . . . . .	127	True Enjoyment . . . . .	20
Spirit's Salute, The . . . . .	40	Unequal Marriage, The . . . . .	98
Spring Oracle, The . . . . .	44	Valediction . . . . .	174
St. Nepomuk's Eve . . . . .	153	Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas! . . . . .	51
Stork's Vocation, The . . . . .	172	Violet, The . . . . .	63
Such, Such is He who Pleaseth Me . . . . .	152	Visit, The . . . . .	142
Swiss Alps, The . . . . .	99	Walking Bell, The . . . . .	80
Swiss Song . . . . .	52	Wanderer, The . . . . .	160
Symbols . . . . .	173	Wanderer's Night-Song, The . . . . .	40
Table Song . . . . .	48	Wanderer's Night-Song, The— <i>The same</i> . . . . .	41
Thoughts on Jesus Christ's Descent into Hell . . . . .	157	Wanderer's Storm-Song, The . . . . .	131
Threatening Signs . . . . .	172	Warning, The . . . . .	123
Three Palinodias . . . . .	173	Way to Behave, The . . . . .	176
To a Golden Heart that he wore round his Neck . . . . .	40	Wedding, The . . . . .	172
To Belinda . . . . .	31	Wedding Night, The . . . . .	24
To Charlotte . . . . .	33	Wedding Song . . . . .	69
To Father Kronos . . . . .	130	Welcome and Farewell . . . . .	30
To His Coy One . . . . .	140	West-Eastern Divan . . . . .	189
To Lida . . . . .	144	Winter Journey over the Hartz Moun- tains . . . . .	129
To Lina . . . . .	42	With a Golden Necklace . . . . .	33
To Luna . . . . .	24	With a Painted Ribbon . . . . .	33
To Mignon . . . . .	38	When the Fox Dies, his Skin Counts . . . . .	8
To Originals . . . . .	176	Who'll Buy Gods of Love? . . . . .	19
To the Chosen One . . . . .	26	Wont and Done . . . . .	49
To the Distant One . . . . .	28	Wrangler, The . . . . .	168
To the Husbandman . . . . .	96	Yelpers, The . . . . .	168
To the Kind Reader . . . . .	7	Youth and the Millstream, The . . . . .	74
To the Moon . . . . .	41		





# INDEX

OF THE

## WOOD ENGRAVINGS PRINTED WITH THE TEXT.

### VOLUME I.

SUBJECT.	WORK.	PAGE
Title . . . . .	<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	3
The Vision . . . . .	<i>Dedication</i> . . . . .	5
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Songs</i> . . . . .	7
The Rustic Beauty . . . . .	<i>The Coy One</i> . . . . .	10
Damon with his Flute . . . . .	<i>The Convert</i> . . . . .	11
Treasure Trove . . . . .	<i>Found</i> . . . . .	12
At Harvest-Time . . . . .	<i>Declaration of War</i> . . . . .	14
Kate at the Spinning-Wheel . . . . .	<i>The Goldsmith's Apprentice</i> . . . . .	16
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>March</i> . . . . .	17
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>The Misanthrope</i> . . . . .	19
The Repast . . . . .	<i>True Enjoyment</i> . . . . .	20
The Parting . . . . .	<i>The Beautiful Night</i> . . . . .	22
Cupid on Guard . . . . .	<i>The Wedding Night</i> . . . . .	24
Cupid Speeding his Arrows . . . . .	<i>November Song</i> . . . . .	26
Cupid with his Message . . . . .	<i>Proximity of the Beloved One</i> . . . . .	27
The Beauteous Maiden . . . . .	<i>Presence</i> . . . . .	28
The Sea at Rest . . . . .	<i>Calm at Sea</i> . . . . .	29
Return of the Ship . . . . .	<i>The Prosperous Voyage</i> . . . . .	30
The Wooded Lane . . . . .	<i>May Song</i> . . . . .	32
The Nosegay . . . . .	<i>Flower Salute</i> . . . . .	34
Spring's Harbingers . . . . .	<i>Premature Spring</i> . . . . .	35
The Trellised Casement . . . . .	<i>Autumn Feelings</i> . . . . .	36
The Deserted Cottage . . . . .	<i>The Shepherd's Lament</i> . . . . .	37
The Castle on the Hillside . . . . .	<i>The Mountain Castle</i> . . . . .	39
Moonlight in the Valley . . . . .	<i>To the Moon</i> . . . . .	41
Lina at the Piano . . . . .	<i>To Lina</i> . . . . .	42
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Familiar Songs</i> . . . . .	43
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>On the New Year</i> . . . . .	43
Husband and Wife . . . . .	<i>The Happy Couple</i> . . . . .	45

*Contents.*

SUBJECT.	WORK.	PAGE.
The Toast . . . . .	<i>Table Song</i> . . . . .	48
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!</i> . . . . .	51
The Charge . . . . .	<i>Fortune of War</i> . . . . .	52
The Carouse . . . . .	<i>Ergo Bibamus!</i> . . . . .	56
The Masque of Epiphany . . . . .	<i>Epiphantias</i> . . . . .	57
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Ballads</i> . . . . .	61
The Shepherd Maid . . . . .	<i>The Violet</i> . . . . .	63
The Erl-King's Host . . . . .	<i>The Erl-King</i> . . . . .	64
The King of Thule Hurling the Goblet into the Sea . . . . .	<i>The King of Thule</i> . . . . .	66
The Imprisoned Count . . . . .	<i>The Beauteous Flower</i> . . . . .	67
The Knight's Encounter . . . . .	<i>Sir Curt's Wedding Journey</i> . . . . .	69
The Rat-Catcher in the Village . . . . .	<i>The Rat-Catcher</i> . . . . .	71
Meeting of the Page and the Miller's Daughter . . . . .	<i>The Page and the Miller's Daughter</i> . . . . .	73
The Transformation of the Gypsy . . . . .	<i>The Maid of the Mill's Repentance</i> . . . . .	77
The Gaming-Hall . . . . .	<i>Effects at a Distance</i> . . . . .	79
The Fleeing Child . . . . .	<i>The Walking Bell</i> . . . . .	80
The Pupil Testing his Art . . . . .	<i>The Pupil in Magic</i> . . . . .	82
The Warder's Vision . . . . .	<i>The Dance of Death</i> . . . . .	83
The Youth and the Phantom Bride . . . . .	<i>The Bride of Corinth</i> . . . . .	86
The Ascent of the Bayadere . . . . .	<i>The God and the Bayadere</i> . . . . .	87
Father and Son . . . . .	<i>Legend</i> . . . . .	90
The Pariah at Prayer . . . . .	<i>The Pariah's Thanks</i> . . . . .	91
The Enchanted Forms . . . . .	<i>The First Walpurgis-Night</i> . . . . .	93
The Mother Parting from her Babe . . . . .	<i>Death-Lament of the Noble Wife of Asan Aga</i> . . . . .	95
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Antiques</i> . . . . .	96
Sakóntala . . . . .	<i>Sakóntala</i> . . . . .	97
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Elegies</i> . . . . .	100
The Lovers . . . . .	<i>Roman Elegies</i> . . . . .	101
The Favorite Maiden . . . . .	“ . . . . .	103
Tail-piece . . . . .	<i>Alexis and Dora</i> . . . . .	107
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Epigrams</i> . . . . .	108
Tail-piece . . . . .	“ . . . . .	110
The Seasons . . . . .	<i>The Four Seasons</i> . . . . .	111
Spring . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	112
Summer . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	113
Autumn . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	116
Winter . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	118
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Sonnets</i> . . . . .	119
The Waterfall . . . . .	<i>The Friendly Meeting</i> . . . . .	119
The Harbor . . . . .	<i>Departure</i> . . . . .	121
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Miscellaneous Poems</i> . . . . .	124
Storm in the Hartz Mountains . . . . .	<i>Winter Journey over the Hartz Mountains</i> . . . . .	129
The Punishment of Prometheus . . . . .	<i>Prometheus</i> . . . . .	134
The Myrtle Grove . . . . .	<i>The Eagle and the Dove</i> . . . . .	135



Contents.

SUBJECT.	WORK.	PAGE.
The Storm-God . . . . .	<i>The Boundaries of Humanity</i> . . . . .	136
Tail-piece . . . . .	<i>Miscellaneous Poems</i> . . . . .	139
The Unexpected Visit . . . . .	<i>The Visit</i> . . . . .	142
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>The Goblet</i> . . . . .	144
Moonrise . . . . .	<i>To the Rising Full Moon</i> . . . . .	145
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Trilogy of Passion</i> . . . . .	147
Landscape . . . . .	<i>May</i> . . . . .	150
The Children's Festal Chorus . . . . .	<i>St. Nepomuk's Eve</i> . . . . .	153
The Goddess of Industry before Hans Sachs . . . . .	<i>Hans Sachs' Poetical Mission</i> . . . . .	156
Christ in Hell . . . . .	<i>Thoughts on Christ's Descent into Hell</i> . . . . .	159
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Art</i> . . . . .	160
Minerva . . . . .	<i>The Drops of Nectar</i> . . . . .	160
The Wanderer by the Village Well . . . . .	<i>The Wanderer</i> . . . . .	162
Cupid at his Picture . . . . .	<i>Love as a Landscape-Painter</i> . . . . .	164
Twilight in the Studio . . . . .	<i>Artist's Evening Song</i> . . . . .	165
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Parables</i> . . . . .	166
Children at Play . . . . .	<i>Playing at Priests</i> . . . . .	169
The Fox and Crane Dining . . . . .	<i>The Fox and Crane</i> . . . . .	171
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Epigrams</i> . . . . .	176
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>As Broad as it's Long</i> . . . . .	177
Cratera and Satyr . . . . .	<i>Wine Song</i> . . . . .	177
The Fair-Day . . . . .	<i>The Fair at Huehencfeld</i> . . . . .	178
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>Paulo Post Futuri</i> . . . . .	180
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>God and World</i> . . . . .	181
Illustrated Border . . . . .	<i>Præomion</i> . . . . .	181
Youth and Age . . . . .	<i>God and World</i> . . . . .	185
Head-piece . . . . .	<i>Rhymed Distichs</i> . . . . .	186
Time and Hopes . . . . .	" . . . . .	187
The Poet, Time and Fame . . . . .	" . . . . .	188
Title . . . . .	<i>West-Eastern Divan</i> . . . . .	189
Head-piece . . . . . Book of the Minstrel . . . . .	" " . . . . .	191
The Minstrel . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	191
Creation and Vivification . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	193
Head-piece . . . . . Book of Hafis . . . . .	" " . . . . .	194
The Mufti's Curse . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	195
Head-piece . . . . . Book of Love . . . . .	" " . . . . .	196
Illustrated Border (The Types) . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	196
An Eastern Beauty . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	197
The Lover and the Gossips . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	198
Head-piece . . . . . Book of Contemplation . . . . .	" " . . . . .	199
Suleika and her Mirror . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	200
Head-piece . . . . . Book of Gloom . . . . .	" " . . . . .	201
Tail-piece . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	201
Head-piece . . . . . Book of Proverbs . . . . .	" " . . . . .	202
Illustrated Border . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	202
Tail-piece . . . . . " " . . . . .	" " . . . . .	203

*Contents.*

SUBJECT.	WORK.	PAGE
Head-piece . . . . .	Book of Timur . . . . . <i>West-Eastern Divan</i>	204
Overtaken by the Storm . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	204
Head-piece . . . . .	Book of Suleika . . . . .	205
The Favorite Slave . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	207
The Lovers' Meeting . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	208
Night in the Desert . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	209
Tail-piece . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	210
Head-piece . . . . .	The Convivial Book . . . . .	211
Temptation . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	212
Head-piece . . . . .	Book of Parables . . . . .	213
Border . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	213
The Poor Man's Prayer . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	214
Head-piece . . . . .	Book of the Parsees . . . . .	215
The Parsee at Prayer . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	216
Head-piece . . . . .	Book of Paradise . . . . .	217
The Poet and the Goddess . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	218
The Seven Sleepers . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	219
Priest at the Temple Door . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	220
Title . . . . .	<i>Hermann and Dorothea</i> . . . . .	221
Head-piece (Fate and Sympathy) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	223
The Landlord and Pastor . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	227
Head-piece (Hermann) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	228
Hermann Meets the Villagers . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	228
Meeting of Hermann with Dorothea . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	230
The Visit at the Merchant's House . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	233
Head-piece (The Burghers) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	235
The Landlord and Wife . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	236
Tail-piece . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	237
Head-piece (Mother and Son) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	238
Head-piece (The Cosmopolite) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	243
Hermann Harnessing the Horses . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	245
Tail-piece . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	248
Head-piece (The Age) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	249
Dorothea Putting the Robbers to Flight . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	251
The Pastor and Druggist Departing from Hermann . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	255
Head-piece (Dorothea) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	257
Hermann and Dorothea at the Well . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	261
Head-piece . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	262
Hermann and Dorothea descending through the Vineyard . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	264
Head-piece (Conclusion) . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	265
Dorothea's Arrival at the Inn . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	267
Tail-piece . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	271



# INDEX

OF

## FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

### VOLUME I.

SUBJECT.	WORK.	ARTIST.	PAGE
The Heathrose . . . . .	<i>Songs</i> . . . . .	<i>K. Kögler</i> . . . . .	8
Welcome and Farewell . . . . .	“ . . . . .	<i>E. Kanoldt</i> . . . . .	30
The Ballad of the Banished Count . . . . .	<i>Ballads</i> . . . . .	<i>Ernst Roeber</i> . . . . .	62
Johanna Sebus . . . . .	“ . . . . .	<i>A. Baur</i> . . . . .	64
Faithful Eckart . . . . .	“ . . . . .	<i>C. Gehrts</i> . . . . .	80
The Sixteenth Elegy . . . . .	<i>Roman Elegies</i> . . . . .	<i>A. Tschautsch</i> . . . . .	102
Alexis and Dora . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>C. Brünner</i> . . . . .	104
Fifth Epigram . . . . .	<i>Epigrams</i> . . . . .	<i>Th. Von Eckenbrecher</i> . . . . .	108
Eighty-fourth Epigram . . . . .	“ . . . . .	<i>A. Schmitz</i> . . . . .	110
The German Parnassus . . . . .	<i>Miscellaneous Poems</i> . . . . .	<i>W. Friedrich</i> . . . . .	124
Spirit Song over the Waters . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>E. Unger</i> . . . . .	128
The Wanderer's Storm-Song . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>F. C. Welsch</i> . . . . .	132
Lili's Menagerie . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>E. Wagner</i> . . . . .	136
Elegy . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>C. Unger</i> . . . . .	148
Song of the Emigrant . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>K. Kögler</i> . . . . .	154
The Legend of the Horseshoe . . . . .	<i>Parables</i> . . . . .	<i>B. Plockhorst</i> . . . . .	174
Maiden Wishes . . . . .	“ . . . . .	<i>H. Kaulbach</i> . . . . .	178
The Metamorphosis of Plants . . . . .	<i>God and World</i> . . . . .	<i>K. Geisler</i> . . . . .	182
The Sages and the People . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>Fritz Roeber</i> . . . . .	184
Suleika . . . . .	<i>West-Eastern Divan</i> . . . . .	<i>F. Simm</i> . . . . .	204
The Host and Hostess . . . . .	<i>Hermann and Dorothea</i> . . . . .	<i>W. Friedrich</i> . . . . .	224
The Mother and Son . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	“ . . . . .	238
The Magistrate Appeasing the Quarrel . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>F. Barth</i> . . . . .	248
Dorothea Ministering to the Sick . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>W. Friedrich</i> . . . . .	252
Cornelia Proclaiming from Klopstock's Messiah . . . . .	<i>The Life of Goethe</i> . . . . .	<i>Eugen Klimsch</i> . . . . .	vi
Young Goethe in Private Theatricals . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	“ . . . . .	x
Gretchen and Goethe . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	“ . . . . .	xiv
Goethe Discussing with the Shoemaker . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>K. Kögler</i> . . . . .	xviii
Charlotte, Goethe and Kestner . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	“ . . . . .	xxii
Goethe Despatching the Manuscript of Goetz . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	“ . . . . .	xxvi
Goethe at Carlsruhe . . . . .	“ “ . . . . .	<i>P. Grotjohann</i> . . . . .	xxx



INDEX

OF THE

ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

VOLUME I.

SUBJECT.	PAGE
Johann Wolfgang Goethe, Portrait . . . . .	Front
Cornelia Goethe, Portrait . . . . .	16
Goethe's Mother, Portrait . . . . .	42
Mignon . . . . .	60
Goethe in Rome . . . . .	100
Lily . . . . .	136
Frederika . . . . .	164
Johann Heinrich Merck, Portrait . . . . .	180
Hermann . . . . .	228
Dorothea . . . . .	256

