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and slaves for debt, were numerous among them. In no other way than by purchase, could the Hebrews redeem them, even if they had started on such an emancipation of the nations; and it was only the land of Canaan that had been given them. If, therefore, they had been forbidden to buy; if they had been restricted to hired servants of their own race alone, they could not have got possession of heathen slaves, even to redeem them, except as runaways; and thus multitudes would have been kept in heathen bondage, who, the moment they passed into Hebrew bondage, passed into a state of comparative freedom. Fugitives from the heathen, as well as from cruel masters of the Hebrews themselves, the people were bound by law to shelter and protect, and were not permitted to deliver them back to their masters.

[To be concluded.]

ARTICLE IV.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.[1]

By James B. Angell, Professor in Brown University.

On Sunday, the first day of May, 1868, a sad, but illustrious, assembly were gathered together in Berlin. Rauch, the sculptor, was there, at the head of a deputation from the Academy. Von Raumer, Werder, Waager, and the great Humboldt were there. The hearts of all were heavy with grief. For before them lay all that was mortal of Ludwig Tieck. Loving hands had strewed the coffin with flowers. The tears, which moistened many an eye, told of a deeper and holier feeling than mere admiration of a world-renowned author. On every face was depicted sorrowing love for the Friend and the Man. In an eloquent discourse, Dr. Sydow portrayed the character and the genius of the deceased.

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[1] 1. Gedichte von Emanuel Geibel. Sechsundzwanzigste Auflage. Berlin, 1851.

2. Juniuslieder von Emanuel Geibel. Neunte Auflage. Berlin, 1853.

3. German Lyrics, by Charles T. Brooks. Boston, 1853.

Then the procession moved out through the city-gate, entered the cemetery, and halted near the grave of the great Schleiermacher. The poet had often and ardently expressed the desire that he might be suffered to sleep by the side of this faithful friend. His wish was now to be granted. The storms, which for days had prevailed, had suddenly ceased. The air was laden with the perfume of the early flowers, which made even this home of the dead cheerful with life and beauty. The birds were singing in the trees. The softened sounds of the distant bells fell faintly on the ear. The preacher solemnly recited the simple and impressive words of the Lutheran service; and thus, on a quiet Sabbath May-day morning, the poet passed from earth to the land of perpetual spring.

"With him," says a chronicler, "perished the great school of writers of the last generation." This, then, is a crisis in the history of German poetry. We stand upon one of those points, where a glorious past must cease, and an uncertain future begin. Here will some Gervinus pause to study the influence of the Goethes and Schillers and Tiecks of a departed century upon centuries yet to come. From our distant post of observation we cannot refrain from watching with interest the tendencies of a poesy which has colored and shaped so many a mind in America. With no common solicitude do we observe its development, and inquire whither it is hastening. Must we believe, with the pessimists, that the great Revival of Letters which was heralded by Klopstock and Lessing, has really achieved its work? Is it true that in the graves of the two great bards of Weimar were buried forever the hopes of a poesy like theirs? Or must we say, on the other hand, that the works of the last generation were but a prelude to the higher triumphs of "Junge Deutschland," and that the Heines and the Gutzkows are harrying on their nation to glories poetical and political, which were before unknown. Or may we hope that a school will arise, who shall join all that is vital in the conservatism of the past, and all that is good in the progressiveness of the present, to a fulness and depth of Christian faith which the future alone can reveal? These are questions which will be answered very differently by men of different tastes. Various are the causes which render them difficult of solution.

German poetry has taken up her abode in the worse than Cretan labyrinth of German politics. She entered it nominally

in search of popular freedom; but she has lost her own freedom in the undertaking. Now and then her voice is heard sounding from the depths of her prison-house; but it is harsh and dissonant. It has lost the sweet melody of heaven. It has only the sharp tones of a demagogue and declaimer. When will she escape from her unnatural home? How will she be affected by the unknown issue of the great contest that threatens to convulse the continent? When the smoke of battle rolls away, will her voice be hushed in servitude, or will she stand erect in the majesty and pride of perfect freedom? Who shall cast her horoscope?

It is, moreover, extremely difficult to decide what is the tendency of the German poets collectively, because there is so little similarity among them. Almost the only trait which they have in common is, that each desires to be different from the other. Individuality is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Teutonic nations. Every man of Germanic blood desires to be original. He even prefers to differ from his neighbor in some things, if it be only for the sake of differing. The triumphs which adorn the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, are chiefly owing to this stamp of character. In no literature are the idiosyncracies of the writers so plainly visible as in the German. The works of Goethe and of Jean Paul are their best biographies. The faults and the merits of a German poet are all his own. He never plagiarizes. If he imitates, the originality of his mode of imitation is more striking than the imitation itself.

From the want of a great literary capital, this independence has been carried to excess. Provincialisms have been tolerated. The scribbler of Schöppenstadt claims that his period is as well and as gracefully formed as that of the Berliner, and there is no standard to which the rivals can be referred. The Rheinlander, the Bavarian, the Suabian or "German Boeotian," have, as they think, as good claims to purity of style as the Royal Academician in Prussia. Hence each has stubbornly clung to the thoughts and the language of his own market town. How great the contrast between the Germans and the French! A Frenchman would rather storm a barricade than violate the sovereign will of the Academy, as expressed in its grammatical and rhetorical codes. The prison Mazas in Paris is no unfitting emblem of the political and the literary France. The centre of this model prison is occupied by officers. Passages, precisely alike, radiate in all

directions. All the inmates must conduct themselves according to prescribed rules, under fear of being punished by the guards, who are watching in the middle, like spiders in the throats of their webs. Wo to the poor culprit, who utters forbidden words, or who thrusts forth his head out of due time! Even so is it with citizens and writers in France.

But centralization is not an unmitigated evil, either in politics or in literature. It seems order and peace in the former, though often the order and peace of death. But there are times when the quiet of death is better for a nation than infuriated and intoxicated life. So a monarchy or oligarchy in letters secures accuracy and elegance, though it be at the sacrifice of all the vigor and earnestness of high individuality. Whether the French mind is not fitted by its peculiar genius to accomplish its highest ends under the guidance of an Academy, is perhaps an open question. It is certain that no such surveillance could ever bind the German. He is too indocile to suffer himself to be attached, like a draught horse, to any national car, and to adapt his pace to that of his comrades. He would rather plod on by himself, though he were not half so well fed and clothed.

With serious obstacles, then, do we have to contend, when we seek to learn whither German poetry is tending. It is like a ship among opposing currents, one is setting towards Romanticism, another towards Atheism or Pantheism, another towards Despotism, another towards Republicanism, another towards Pietism or even Mysticism. All is strife and confusion. The charts of the past century are utterly useless. Who can say what shall be the resultant of all these forces? Will they be resolved into any definite course, unless some current deeper and stronger than they all, shall come to swallow them up, and drown their warring discords in the mighty rushing of an ocean stream?

To describe all the great causes which are modifying the course of German poetry, and fully to trace out their effects, is not our aim. That is the task of the literary historian. We wish to notice the life and the works of a single living poet, and his relation to his age. We speak of Emanuel Geibel. To judge of his merits and of his prospects, we must know something of the general condition of German poetry at the present time. We must see the conflicting elements by which he is surrounded in order to know his temptations and to appreciate his virtues.

An exact classification of his contemporaries into separate schools can hardly be expected. Yet there are points of similarity and of difference between them, which enable us to divide them into groups.

Most venerable for years, and perhaps most distinguished for merit, is the Suabian school, with Uhland at its head; Uhland, in whose breast are joined the tenderness and grace of the mediaeval minstrelsy with the earnest life and the buoyant hopes of the present; whose songs now fall on the waiting ear like the pensive tones of the vesper bell, and now ring with the maledictions of a heaven-sent minstrel upon his foes; now steal gently through the chambers of the soul, like a prayer from the spirit of a saint, and now sound out clear and full upon our solitude like the nightingale's notes; now whisper as gently as the rustling zephyr, and now thunder with the wrath of God. With all that is deserving in Romanticism he joins the purity of Schiller, and much of the artistic grace of Goethe. Schwab, the biographer of Schiller, and the worthiest to take the harp of Uhland, has alas! fallen too soon.[1] Unless Pfizer and Mörike be classed here, Kerner is almost the only representative of this school. Uhland and Kerner are both advanced in years;[2] and it seems that Suabia has no successor to these noble descendants of the Minnesingers.

From Austria, which tempers the quiet earnestness of the North with the warm sensuousness of the South; which unites the pensive brow of the German with the sparkling eye and the flexile lip of the Italian, from Austria have ever been heard poetic notes as sweet as her mountain melodies. Lenau swept the chords with a wildness of passion and an intensity of sadness that shattered the harp in his hands.[3] Von Zedlitz, widely honored in Germany as a master in modern elegy, is perhaps less known in America than Anastasius Grün (Graf von Auersberg). Though Grün is inferior in richness and perfection of form to some of his contemporaries, his works are so vitalized by a burning love for freedom and for humanity, that he is deservedly ranked among the first of the living poets. We fear lest some of his most favored works depend too much on the transient interests of political struggles to be held in lasting remembrance.

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[1] He died Nov. 4th, 1850. [2] Uhland was born in 1787, and Kerner in 1786.
[3] He died in a Lunatic Hospital near Vienna, Aug. 22nd, 1850.

The dramatists Halm and Hebbel, the Jewish poet Beck, the exile or prisoner Hartmann, and Meissner and Stifa would all require attention in a full review of the Austrian school. Austrian poetry has a tendency to mingle itself with politics. It speaks for freedom, and often with tones that ring throughout the whole of Germany. Beauty of form and delicacy of sentiment are, therefore, not so manifest as earnest passion and manly thought.

For the last twenty years no cluster of poets has been so conspicuous as that which is commonly denominated "Junge Deutschland." They are ultra-republican in politics, and ultra-Hegelian or else sensualistic in philosophy. They wage war most unsparingly with the past. They are the professed champions of unbounded freedom in morals, religion, and government. Some have richly deserved a seat in our Worcester Conventions by their chivalric advocacy of Woman's Rights. They are never content with the prospect of change by modifications however rapid. The whole fabric of our civilization must be swept away at a stroke, and on the ruins shall these new Nimrods build a tower, which shall hide its head in heaven.

But, in spite of their visionary theories, they have furnished some of the most beautiful contributions to the poetry of this century. There is the brilliant and bitter Heine, whose poems are, at first view, like draughts of nectar, with which gods are tempted; but a drop of gall is always mingled therewith. Pouring out his fire on aristocracy with a fury almost Satanic, yet shocked at touching the hand of an honest mechanic,[1] preaching that morality is only a delusion, and that our animal passions are our highest guides, until his polluting vices stretched him, a living corpse, on a worse than Promethean bed of suffering, then proclaiming from the verge of the grave, on which, as a miserable wreck, he has been trembling for years, a conversion to a better faith, this being so strangely filled with inconsistencies and abominations, has unquestionably done more to determine the course of German poetry than any other living writer. His influence on style has been, on the whole, happy, abjuring the strained and overloaded manner of the Romanticists, he chose a simplicity and transparency which sometimes approached to

[1] See his description of his interview with the tailor-politician Weitling, in that curious chapter of autobiography, entitled "Les Aveux d'un Poète," Revue des deux Mondes, 15 Sept. 1854.

prosaic baldness. His *Buch der Lieder*, which appeared in 1827, showed that poetry depends not alone for its charms on ingenious epithets and happy collocations of words, but that it had a deep and potent spirit, whose artless utterances could thrill the soul and fill the eye with tremulous tears.

Such a man must always have imitators. A score might be named, who have many of his faults, and but few of his merits. We hasten to notice some writers, who resemble him but little, but who are commonly ranked among the "progressive" poets. There is the prolific and popular Gutzkow, the poet of the Dresden Theatre. The spirit of his writings is, perhaps, less objectionable than that of Heine's. Whether his position in the service of a royal master may not modify his sentiments, as a similar office has certainly tempered the spirit of Dingelstedt, the Director of the Munich Stage, remains to be seen.

The persecutions of the versatile Freiligrath entitle him to a place among the republican poets of Germany, though he needed not the crown of a political martyr to secure him a lasting fame. The novelty and variety of his themes, the freshness and brilliancy of his imagination, and the unsurpassed richness of his style have given him an exalted position. His later poems are almost all political.

Great as is the distance between Heine and Hoffman von Fallersleben, the latter must perhaps be classed with the "reforming" Germans. If we judge him by the poems which he published previous to 1840, we should rank him with the Suabian school, though he is by birth a North-German, and we should pronounce him superior in some respects even to the great master of that school. He seems to have ceased writing political, or, as he styles them, "unpolitical" songs. From the sweet retirement of domestic life he has sent forth the *Liebeslieder*, *Leben am Rhein*, and *Heimathsklängen*, which pleasantly remind us of the *Frühlingsleben*, and the *Buch der Liebe* of other days. With his profound learning, high culture, delicate taste, and nobleness of soul, he can do more than almost any one to elevate and purify the tone of German poetry. Long may he live with his lovely Ida zum Berge to advance so great a work!

Did our plan permit, we would gladly speak of Kinkel, the ardent revolutionist, the refined historian, and interpreter of art, the graceful and harmonious poet; of Herwegh, the trumpet-tongued and craven hearted; of Dingelstedt and of Prutz.

We cannot now judge what will be the influence of this class of poets on the popular mind or on poetry itself. Much have they done that is good. They have shown that poetry is not only of the past. They have proved that it lies all about us, in the scenes and trials and issues of our daily life. They appeal to the present and to the future. They stir us with indignation at burning wrongs, and melt us by depicting the beautiful life, that springs up, burns, and fades away in the heart of an humble cottager. Nothing is too mean or abject to form a theme for their Muse. Several of them are perfect masters in form. Richness, variety, and beauty of versification rarely desert them even in their political and satirical pieces. But many of their writings are positively deleterious to sound morals and pure religion. If there be any aesthetic connection between what is exalted and sublime in goodness, and what is pure and ennobling in the imagination, the poets, who shall inherit the spirit of a Heine, are not they on whom Germany shall depend for her future glory. Unsparing censoriousness, unceasing invective, and morbid sensuality, though coupled with a delicate fancy, cannot create a permanent and enduring poesy.

The writers of hymns and religious poems might be classed together: Albert Knapp of Stuttgart, who has so successfully striven to embody the spirit of the soul-stirring hymns of the sixteenth century in forms adapted to the taste of the nineteenth; Spitta, the North German, whose *Psalter und Harfe* is found in the cottage of almost every Protestant in his country; Garve,[1] the Herrnhuter, Döring[2] of Elberfeld, and many others.

Besides these are several whom it would be difficult to embrace in any class. Such is Kopisch,[3] that marvellous master of language — half Italian, half German — who rivalled the Neapolitan *improvisatori* even in their own dialect, and who sported with words as with playthings. Such, too, is Reinick,[4] — like Kopisch, a painter and a poet — the lover and the minstrel of nature. There is Simrock, also, who is known chiefly in America through his translation of the Nibelungen Lied, but who is really an original poet of considerable merit. And on the banks of the Rhine sits that venerable apostle of liberty, Ernst Moritz Arndt.

[1] He died in 1841.

[2] He died in 1844.

[3] He died at Berlin, Feb. 6th, 1853. He is said to be the discoverer of the Azure Grotto at Capri.

[4] He died at Dresden, Feb. 7th, 1852.

That harp, whose notes once rang from the Rhine to the Vistula, and from the Alps to the Baltic, and roused the nation from its lethargy, is now heard sighing mournfully on the breeze over the grave of buried hopes. Wherever liberty is loved, there, Arndt, let thy name be revered, and thy motto, "*Strike for the Fatherland*," remembered.[1]

Such are the distinguishing characteristics of the prominent poets, in whose ranks the youthful Geibel appeared some fifteen years ago. He was born in Lübeck. In 1835 he repaired to the University of Bonn, to commence the study of theology and of philosophy. His taste, however, soon led him to devote himself entirely to belles lettres. In 1836 he went to Berlin, where his winning nature and promising talent secured him the friendship and esteem of such men as Franz Kugler and Chamisso. He is indebted not a little for his culture to the refining influences of their congenial society. In 1838 he departed for Athens in the capacity of tutor to a Russian family. Many of his most beautiful poems were the fruits of his residence in Greece. In 1840 he returned to Germany, published his *Gedichte*, and pursued most assiduously the study of all the Romance languages, and especially of the Spanish language. The "Spanisches Liederbuch," which he published in conjunction with Paul Heyse, was one of the results of his labors. Fortunately, just at this time, one Baron von Malsburg, a friend of his father, invited him to take up his residence with him near Cassel, and avail himself of his choice library of Spanish and Italian works. Here he spent a year delightfully. In 1842 he returned home, and, while engaged in preparing a second edition of his poems, received the grateful tidings that the king of Prussia had honored him with a pension, which would enable him to devote himself exclusively to poetry. For a few years afterwards we find him sometimes at St. Goar with his friend Freiligrath, sometimes at Stuttgart, then an Hanover, and for a long time in a secluded spot in the Harz mountains, writing as he travels, and winning the friendship of all whom he meets. In 1852 he accepted the invitation of the king of Bavaria to take the chair of Professor of Aesthetics and Literature at the University of Munich. His lectures are

[1] In a letter which the writer of this Article received from Arndt in 1853, he spoke most touchingly of the dark prospects of Germany, and gave as his motto a verse from Homer: "No bird sings so sweetly as the bird which sings 'Strike for the Fatherland.'"

deservedly popular. In his first course he presented a theory of poetry, and illustrated it by an original poem, which is said to be worthy of his high reputation.

Besides the "Gedichte von 1840," and the "Spanisches Liederbuch," we have also from his pen, "Zeitstimmen," which appeared in 1841, and "Juniuslieder," which were published in 1847. Some of his works have passed through nearly thirty editions.

He first attracted attention by his political poems. Germany was in a state of confusion. The elements, which were to burst forth to so little purpose in 1848, were already in commotion. The ears of the people were filled with the most passionate revolutionary songs. Demagogues, like Herwegh, were urging them to strike for vengeance and for blood. Geibel appeared as an advocate of reform and a friend of liberty, but as a Christian opponent to the Quixotic schemes of the red republicans. His sentiments may well be taken as a fair exponent of those of the sober thinkers and devout believers, who form the strength and pride of Germany. But, however beautifully and forcibly his political appeals are expressed, they are comparatively uninteresting to us, unless they are studied in connection with the history of the times. In respect of poetic merit they will compare very favorably with any contemporary works upon kindred topics, though we think them decidedly inferior to his other productions. There breathes through them all an earnest manliness, a comprehensive charity, and an unshaken faith, which are rarely found in polemical writings.

But if we would know the man, we must see him in communion with nature. To him her solitude is eloquent with a thousand voices. To him she confides her deepest mysteries, and reveals her highest beauties. He is the inspired interpreter of her melodious language, which is unnoticed and unknown to the great mass of men. He is emphatically the poet of spring. It is a striking fact that no poets have sung so beautifully of the glories of spring as the Germans; perhaps because nowhere in Europe is the transition from the severity of winter to the mildness of a summer-like spring so sudden and so charming. But of all the "Frühlingslieder," we think that Geibel's are surpassed by few, except the inimitable songs of Uhland. Now spring is a youthful warrior doing battle with grim old winter, and the verses seem to ring with the blows that cleave the triple coat of icy

mail, and now to sound clearly from the heavens as the nightingale hastens her flight to herald the champion of life and of beauty. Again, the spring is a proclaimer of the love of God. The world is a temple; and fragrant exhalations from every flower tremble their way towards heaven as the holiest incense; the birds raise their jubilant hymns of praise; and the persuasive words of the preacher fall upon our hearts as softly and sweetly as the breath of May, when laden with the perfume of the apple blossom and the sweet-scented clover.

His serene and meditative nature ever finds fresh and congenial themes in the varied mysteries of night. Then he is alone with God. He looks into the depths of his own heart, and around him on the splendors of creation, and is filled with the inspiration, which he describes as

> "A breath from heaven, our peaceful home,
> Which steals so gently through the air,
> An inward vision, deep and clear,
> 'Tis half a smile — 'tis half a prayer!"

We regret that so few of his poems have been translated into English. We would gladly confirm our statements by specimens from his works. We therefore venture to render one of his little pieces into verse, though we realise fully the inadequacy of our translation.

THE STARS.

I.

Pious lambkins are the stars?
Born o'er azure fields to roam,
With their gentle guardian, Night,
In their own Eternal Home?

II.

Silver Lilies are the stars,
Which their petals e'er unroll,
Waves of slumber — dust to pour
O'er the tired and weary soul?

III.

Sacred tapers are the stars,
Round the altar shining bright,
When the Dome of Heaven is filled
With the shades of holy Night?

IV.

No! they're silver letters all
In the Father's Book above,
An angel-hand has written there
Countless songs of heav'nly Love!

We give also the following beautiful stanzas from "Night on the Sea-shore." The translation is by Rev. C. T. Brooks, and is found in his "German Lyrics."

"Thy spirit, freed from flesh, can trace
God's way in all below, above,
And feels, through all the realms of space,
The stirrings of a boundless love.
By His cool breath thy tears are dried,
The thorns all wear a rosy glow,
And Love, through Life's mysterious tide,
Dives upward, swanlike, from below.

The heaviest woe thou e'er didst feel
Smiles back on thee with radiant brow,
And Death, who breaks thy life's dark seal,
Is Freedom's herald to thee now.
Thy look meets his with love and pride,
While thrills a holy awe through thee,
As through a bridegroom, whom the bride
Leads to the blissful mystery.

Enough! Enough! Forbear, my song!
The thoughts that, in a moonlit night,
Will through a mortal bosom throng,
No earthly poem may recite.
They come like breaths of Heaven, that creep
From Eden's palm-groves on the air, —
A wordless vision, clear and deep —
'Tis half a smile, and half a prayer!"

The pieces which he wrote during his residence at Athens, evince a most delicate susceptibility to outward impressions, and consequently a great versatility. His description of every scene has its local coloring. He is equally felicitous in catching the inspiration of place and circumstances, whether standing amid the ruins of the Acropolis, or bidding a reluctant farewell to the humble maiden of Paros. By his visit to the East he seems to have enriched his style with something of Grecian sensuousness, and yet never to have polluted it with oriental sensuality.

Indeed, there can be no grossness in the passions of one who sings so purely and so ardently of love. His poems on love are marked by all the warmth of a poet's heart, by the grace and delicacy of a Minnesinger, by the purity and dignity of a Christian. He has none of that self-restrained, but voluptuous decency, which is ever hovering on the verge of indecency, and inciting the reader to cross a boundary which it dares not openly pass itself. His impulses are exalted, his aspirations noble, his whole nature sound and healthful. We cite as a specimen of his love-songs, his "Minnelied," in the "Gedichte." From the want of any published translation we are reluctantly compelled to give our own, though much of the force and beauty of the chosen words of the original are necessarily sacrificed. The German of this piece is uncommonly terse and difficult of rendering.

MINNELIED.

I.

Much have you given, ye heav'nly Powers!
Much that charms our mortal view;
Sweet May, arrayed in fragrant flowers,
The golden sun, — the heavens' deep blue.
But one thing is there, lovelier far
Than morning sun or evening star,
Than charms of lily or of rose,
That is, a holy, secret Love,
Sent down to us from Heaven above,
Of which our Father only knows!

II.

Let him, who this great prize has found,
Rejoice in heart, and fear no harm,
Though wild the tempests rage around,
He lives secure in heav'nly calm.
Though sorrows all his pathway throng,
His Love shall make him bold and strong,
It is his shield and covering.
From darkest labyrinths of pain
It lights him out to Joy again!
'Tis Peace in Storms — in Winter, Spring.

III.

Upon the noisy market-place
Love never hears thine eager calls,
For Love is Mystery and Grace;
Like dew from heaven it gently falls.

It comes, as softly through the Night
Flows down serene the moon's pure light;
It comes like fragrance on the air,
Nor ask — nor strive — but humbly wait,
And welcome it within thy gate,
As though an angel entered there!

IV.

And with it comes a trembling fear,
A dreaming known to none but thee,
With joy must thou thy suffering bear,
Till Love's fond kiss shall set thee free.
Henceforth thy life shall be divine;
A second life blooms forth in thine,
That purer one, which thou, Love, giv'st,
The life of Self is ebbing fast, —
Rejoice! its agonies are past —
And in another's life thou liv'st.

V.

It is of gifts the holiest
That God can on thy heart bestow,
To make thee as the lowliest,
Yet make thy soul with passion glow.
O sacred giving! sweet receiving!
O lovely, holy interweaving!
Thy losses purest joys impart.
The more thou giv'st — the less thy fears;
The more thou tak'st — the more thy tears;
Oh give, oh, give to her thy Heart!

VI.

In her eye stand thy crystal tears,
Around thy mouth her smiles e'er play,
And all thy thoughts and dreams and fears,
If thine or her's, thou canst not say;
So rose-trees love in close embrace
Their tender boughs to interlace,
These gleam in white — those shine in red,
Thou askest not whose branches bear
The darker rose, and whose the fair;
Thou feelst, they bloom! they're hallowed!

VII.

Deep in the Heart there blooms a Spring,
A Spring forever fresh and green;
There flow those streams unperishing,
Whose fountains eye hath never seen.

In vain shall Age and Sickness strive
To quench the flames that in thee live;
In vain Time shows his glittering Knife;
In vain shall Death's barbed arrows prove,
For, from the beaker of thy Love
Thou drink'st the wine, Immortal Life!

VIII.

The fleecy clouds, that lie so still,
Put on their robes of golden hue,
Behind the beech on yonder hill
The trembling moon is peering through.
The breeze starts up to woo the rose
That, lovely, 'neath my window grows;
She bows her head in love — in bliss!
Oh, rustle on, thou zephyr fair!
And, laden with thy perfume, bear
To her I love, my song — my kiss!

This is more elaborate than most of his poems of a kindred nature. Scattered through the "Lieder als Intermezzo" are some of the most delicate and pleasing pieces of this description. Some of them have that charming incompleteness and suggestiveness, which is one of the characteristics of Heine. The dim and shadowy outline of a graceful figure is seen, and the imagination completes the form. There are golden threads within our reach, which seem to stretch towards heaven, but the eye cannot trace them along their whole length. They seem to fade from our sight, but it is only because we are lost in gazing on the brilliancy beyond, to which they have pointed us. The harp is touched. We wonder for a moment at the song and the singer — then suddenly both are forgotten, and we are thinking only of the love and the beauty of which the minstrel has sung. This power of transporting us beyond the poet to the essence of his theme, beyond the vales to the great source of inspiration, we believe to be possessed by Geibel in no small degree. This is one of the characteristics of a great poet. In this humility of self, this apparent sinking of his personality in the greatness of the truths which he proclaims, lie his own exaltation and dignity. With reverence may it be said of such an one: "He that humbleth himself, shall be exalted."

Geibel has many poems of so varied a nature as not to be susceptible of classification. Some of them are filled with the most genial humor, some with that gentle melancholy which

brings to the pensive soul the sweetest joys of life, and some with a deeper and darker sadness. What a glimpse into the inner life of the poet do we catch from this plaintive little piece!

BEHOLD THE SEA!

I.

Behold the sea! there sports upon its foam
The playful light,
But in the deep — the Pearl's unfathomed home,
'Tis horrid Night.

II.

I am the Sea: in waves my heart doth roll
Through anxious days,
My little songs are playing o'er my soul
Like heavenly rays.

III.

They sparkle oft with Wit and Love so blest,
And make thee glad,
While silent bleeds within my secret breast
My heart so sad!

Geibel's style is not exuberant, but finished and chaste. It is so far from being ambitious, that it sometimes lacks boldness. It rarely aspires to the majestic and the sublime. It is fitted rather to the sphere of the pathetic and the beautiful. It has no looseness or negligence. So carefully is it guarded from errors, that it sometimes seems too studiedly correct. He displays a most delicate taste in the choice of words. Whole poems seem embodied in some of his striking expressions, as in the fifth stanza of the Minnelied, when speaking of the blending of the natures of two lovers, he says:

"O schönes *Ineinanderweben!*"

How beautifully does that single word paint the mysterious union! Though he is possessed of a rich imagination, his style is often extremely transparent and simple. But simplicity is never suffered to degenerate into barrenness. Nor does his pathos ever cross the line that divides it from sentimentality. Many of his pieces have a wondrous melody. The rhythm is so perfect, and the words so flowing and so resonant, that they seem to render the work of the musical composer almost superfluous.

Many of them are among the most popular songs in Germany; and some of them are familiar to all our lovers of music.

One prominent characteristic of Geibel's poetry should particularly commend it to Americans; that is, its exalted Christian spirit. We do not use the word *Christian* in a merely humanitarian sense. We mean that his works are transfused with the spirit which recognizes continually a loving Father, a Redeemer of men, and a Comforter from above. Long have we listened to beautiful lyrics, which had none of the vitality that cometh from on high. His songs greet us like refreshing breezes from a better land. Some had sadly doubted whether the noise of political songsters had not forever drowned the notes of a diviner minstrelsy. But that sublime and imperishable faith, which lies rooted in the lowest depths of the German heart, will raise its heavenly voice, however it may at times be crushed to the earth by tumultuous passion. A poetry that has no faith, is only a stranger and a sojourner here. It can have no enduring home in the heart of man. Now the very life of Geibel's poetry is a cheerful Christian hopefulness. Not that his poems are hymns or professedly sacred pieces, like Novalis's "Geistlichen Lieder." Nor yet are they rhymed sermons. Without affectation or Pharisaic pretensions, they give us pictures of life and of the ideal world of a heart that beats with a healthful Christian spirit. They have no cant. They exhibit no straining to "point a moral or adorn a tale." But, breathing with the life and love of a whole-souled man, they speak as messengers of a noble faith. They tell us of God, of man, and of nature, as seen by "the vision and faculty divine." The grave and the gay, the lively and the severe, have a certain purity and earnestness, that infallibly point us for their origin to the same Christian mind in its varied moods. They are all unmistakably stamped with the individuality of the author.

This marked distinction between Geibel and the other living poets of Germany, leads us to regard him with an interest which would not be exerted by the merely intrinsic merits of his works. While so many of his contemporaries are loading the air with misanthropic lamentations or impious complaints, he stirs the heart and nerves the arm with his cheering cry,

> "Nur unverzagt auf Gott vertraut,
> Es muss doch Frühling werden!"
> Undismayed in God confide,
> Spring must surely come!

Are not the triumphs of German lyric poetry hereafter to be sought in the path which he is treading? And is there any one of the many German poets whose relation to his age and to the future, is more worthy of careful study? We believe that the land of the Reformers is itself to be reformed. It will arise from its spiritual lethargy, like the strong man from his sleep. Its torpor is unnatural. It will emerge from the clouds and darkness in which it has enveloped itself. It has sought for prouder and higher truth than that which came from the manger, and so has been obliged to feast upon unsubstantial vapors. The brilliant pictures of fancy have dazzled and blinded the eye of simple faith. With a bold wing, that dared to approach the very sun of suns, imagination has sped her

> "flight from star to star,
> From world to luminous world, as far
> As th' Universe spreads its flaming wall,"

and returned to lay at our feet the riches of worlds before unexplored. We glory in her conquests. But let her not proudly disdain the Mighty One, who alone has given her the power to win her most splendid victories. We rejoice in the wonderful discoveries of German philosophy. But we think that it has absorbed the minds of the Germans so completely that its errors have not been clearly seen. Its startling novelty and freshness, its profound analysis, its bold speculations captivated this imaginative people. But Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, and now Schelling, are gone. What disciple wears the mantle of either? What expounder of philosophy now gathers at his feet the youth of Europe and of America to receive his dicta as the words of an Apostle? If the ardent love for this science has not subsided, the passion with which its problems were discussed, has certainly been moderated. We hear nothing now of new schemes of philosophy, but we are constantly receiving new histories of philosophy. Learned professors are quietly sifting and recording the thoughts of the past. Calmness is a prerequisite to truthful decision; and, therefore, we look to the next fifty years for the ripened and winnowed harvest of German philosophy Sober reflection and the light of advancing science shall bring out in fuller relief the truths which have been discovered, and expose the errors by which they have been obscured. Fondly as the Germans now cling to the leading ideas of one or another

of the four great thinkers whom we have mentioned above, we believe that the day is approaching when the mass of the people will reject those parts of their systems which cannot be harmonized in the main with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. A fact which indicates a tendency in the popular mind towards purer Christian sentiments is the wide-spread and increasing popularity of such authors as Julius Sturm, the liberal Roman Catholic, Oscar von Redwitz, Albert Bitzius, and Gustav Jahn. These writers are scarcely known in America, and are indebted for their fame in Germany rather to the purity and simple-hearted piety, than to the literary merits, of their works. We think, moreover, that the prevailing spirit of the chief universities of Northern Germany is more favorable than it was thirty years ago. The progress is slow, but we believe that the movement is in the right direction. But, were there no such encouragement apparent, we should still look forward with unwavering confidence in that strong faith which forms the fundamental element of German character. Its vision may for a time be obscured, and its voice for a time be drowned. But the God-like will echo the voice of God. It will not hold its peace always. Luthers will rise as its heralds and champions, though there be as many devils in the way as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses.

If Germany is gravitating back to the God whom she has deserted, can we doubt what must be the character of her poetry in the future? Must it not be imbued with a higher and a holier spirit? Must it not be the utterances of the deep emotions that swell the hearts of the nation? Shall it not paint the world as viewed by eyes which do not merely see "men as trees walking," but which have received from above an almost celestial clearness of vision? Shall not Geibel, then, be honored as one of the first to catch the earliest breakings of the better life that is springing up, and to lend to it the melodious voice of the poet? Many shall arise who are greater than he. We do not claim that his poetic merits entitle him to a place with Goethe, or Schiller, or even Uhland. He lacks the boldness of conception, the comprehensiveness and the originality of a great poet. He charms those whose sympathies and sorrowings and hopes resemble his own, by his pleasing utterance of those mysterious feelings which

"Hid from common sight
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steal by night."

But he has little of the power of captivating hearts that are unlike his own, and moulding them into his own image. He cannot paint to them ideal worlds, of which they have had no conception, with the startling vividness of life. It is doubtful whether he has any talent for dramatic writing. "König Roderick," the only piece which he has written for the stage, is unworthy of notice. His works indicate a greater aptness for Epic than for dramatic poetry. But it is evident that lyric poetry is his field of excellence. On the whole, however, it is rather as a pure and a Christian poet, than as a great and a brilliant poet, that he deserves our respect and esteem. We regard him with interest as one of the heralds and instruments of a great spiritual change. We fondly hope that his songs are but the preludes to the national anthems that shall yet rise triumphant from that land of saints and martyrs. We trust that the holy light which is shed from his works, is but the faint ray of morning, which shall yet be blended with the brilliant light of the full and perfect day.

ARTICLE V.

THE ELEMENT OF TIME IN PROPHECY.

By E. P. Barrows, Professor at Andover.

The Prophecies of the Old Testament may be distributed into two classes: those in which the succession of events in time is more or less clearly indicated, and those in which this indication is wanting. Of the former class of prophecies we have a fine illustration in the revelation made to Abraham concerning the servitude of his posterity in Egypt, and their deliverance and return to Canaan: "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and