HEINRICH HEINE

Poems & Ballads

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WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

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Heinrich Heine

Harry Heine, as he was originally named, was born in Düsseldorf on the Rhine, December 13, 1799. His father was a well-to-do Jewish merchant, and his mother, the daughter of the famous physician and Aulic Counlor Von Geldern, was, according to her son, a *"femme distinguée."* His early childhood fell in the days of the occupation of Düsseldorf by the French revolutionary troops; in the opinion of his biographer Strodtmann the influence of the French rule, thus brought directly to bear upon the formation of his character, can scarcely be exaggerated. His education was begun at the Franciscan monastery of the Jesuits at Düsseldorf, where the teachers were mostly French priests; his religious instruction was at the same time carried on in a private Jewish school. His principal companions were Jewish children, and he was brought up with a rigid adherence to the Hebrew faith. Thus in the very seed-time of his mental development were simultaneously sown the germs of that Gallic liveliness and mobility which pre-eminently distinguish him among German authors, and also of his ineradicable sympathy with things Jewish and his inveterate

antagonism to the principles and results of Christianity.

As the medical profession was in those days the only one open to Jews in Germany, the boy Heine was destined for a commercial career; in 1815 his father took him to Frankfort to establish him in a banking-house. But a brief trial proved that he was utterly unsuited to the situation, and after two months he was back again in Düsseldorf. Three years later he went to Hamburg, and made another attempt to adopt a mercantile pursuit under the auspices of his uncle, the wealthy banker Solomon Heine. The millionaire was very soon convinced that the "fool of a boy" would never be fit for a counting-house, and declared himself willing to furnish his nephew with the means for a three year course at the university toward a doctor's degree and law practice in Hamburg. It was well known that this would necessitate Harry's adoption of Christianity; but his proselytism did not strike those whom it most nearly concerned in the same way as it has impressed the world. So far from this being the case, he wrote in 1823 to his friend Moser: "Here the question of baptism enters; none of my family is opposed to it except myself; but this *myself* is of a peculiar nature. With my mode of thinking, you can imagine that the mere act of baptism is indifferent to me; that even symbolically I do not consider it of any importance, and that I shall only dedicate myself more entirely to upholding the rights of my unhappy brethren. But, nevertheless, I find it

beneath my dignity and a taint upon my honor, to allow myself to be baptized in order to hold office in Prussia. I understand very well the Psalmist's words: 'Good God, give me my daily bread, that I may not blaspheme thy name!' "

The uncle's offer was accepted. In 1819 Harry Heine entered the university of Bonn. During his stay in Hamburg began his unrequited passion for a cousin who lived in that city—a passion which inspired a large portion of his poetry, and indeed gave the keynote to his whole tone and spirit. He sings so many different versions of the same story of disappointment, that it is impossible to ascertain, with all his frank and passionate confidences, the true course of the affair. After a few months at Bonn, he removed to the university of Göttingen, which he left in 1822 for Berlin. There is no other period in the poet's career on which it is so pleasant to linger as on the two years of his residence in the Prussian capital. In his first prose work, the *Letters from Berlin,* published in the *Rhenish-Westphalian Indicator,* he has painted a vivid picture of the life and gayety of the city during its most brilliant season. "At the last rout I was particularly gay, I was so beside myself, that I really do not know why I did not walk on my head. If my most mortal enemy had crossed my path, I should have said to him, To-morrow we will kill each other, but to-night I will cordially cover you with kisses. *Tu es beau, tu es charmant! Tu es l'objet*

de ma flamme je t'adore, ma belle! these were the words my lips repeated instinctively a hundred times; and I pressed everybody's hand, and I took off my hat gracefully to everybody, and all the men returned my civilities. Only one German youth played the boor, and railed against what he called my aping the manners of the foreign Babylon; and growled out in his old Teutonic, beer-drinking bass voice, 'At a *Cherman* masquerade, a *Cherman* should speak *Cherman.*' Oh German youth! how thy words strike me as not only silly, but almost blasphemous at such moments, when my soul lovingly embraces the entire universe, when I would fain joyfully embrace Russians and Turks, and throw myself in tears on the breast of my brother the enslaved African!"

The doors of the most delightful, intellectual society of Germany were opened to the handsome young poet, who is described in a contemporary sketch as "beardless, blonde and pale, without any prominent feature in his face, but of so peculiar a stamp that he attracted the attention at once, and was not readily forgotten."

The daughter of Elise von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron, has given us a charming sketch of her mother's Thursday evening receptions, which Heine regularly attended, and where he read aloud the unpublished manuscripts of his *Lyrical Intermezzo,* and his tragedies, *Almansor* and *Ratcliffe.* "He was obliged to submit," writes Mlle. von Hohenhausen, "to many

a harsh criticism, to much severe censure; above all, he was subjected to a great deal of chaffing about his poetic sentimentality, which a few years later awakened so warm a response in the hearts of German youth." The poem ending, *Zu deinen süssen Füssen* ('At thy sweet feet'), met with such laughing opposition, that he omitted it from the published edition. Opinions of his talents were various; a small minority had any suspicion of his future undisputed poetical fame. Elise von Hohenhausen, who gave him the name of the German Byron, met with many contradictions. This recognition, however, assured her an imperishable gratitude on Heine's part.

Not only his social and intellectual faculties found abundant stimulus in this bracing atmosphere, but his moral convictions were directed and strengthened by the philosophy and personal influence of Hegel, and his sympathies with his own race were aroused to enthusiastic activity by the intelligent Jews who were at that time laboring in Berlin for the advancement of their oppressed brethren. In 1819 had been formed the "Society for the Culture and Improvement of the Jews," which, though centered in Berlin, counted members all over Prussia, as well as in Vienna, Copenhagen, and New York. Heine joined it in 1822, and became one of its most influential members. In the educational establishment of the *Verein,* he gave for several months three hours of historical instruction a week. He frankly

confessed that he, the "born enemy of all positive religions," was no enthusiast for the Hebrew faith, but he was none the less eager to proclaim himself an enthusiast for the rights of the Jews and their civil equality.

During his brief visit to Frankfort, he had had personal experience of the degrading conditions to which his people were subjected.

The contrast between his choice of residence for twenty-five years in Paris, and the tenacity with which Goethe clung to his home, is not as strongly marked as the contrast between the relative positions in Frankfort of these two men. Goethe, the grandson of the honored chief-magistrate, surrounded in his cheerful burgher-life, as Carlyle says, by "kind plenty, secure affection, manifold excitement and instruction," might well cherish golden memories of his native city. For him, the gloomy *Judengasse,* which he occasionally passed, where "squalid, painful Hebrews were banished to scour old clothes," was but a dark spot that only heightened the prevailing brightness of the picture. But to this wretched by-way was relegated that other beauty-enamored, artist-soul, Heine, when he dared set foot in the imperial Free Town. Here must he be locked in like a wild beast, with his miserable brethren every Sunday afternoon. And if the restrictions were a little less barbarous in other parts of Germany, yet how shall we characterize a national policy which closed to

such a man as Heine every career that could give free play to his genius, and offered him the choice between money changing and medicine?

It was not till he had exhausted every means of endeavoring to secure a remission of the humiliating decree that he consented to the public act of apostasy, and was baptized in the summer of 1825 in the Lutheran parsonage of Heiligenstadt with the name of Johann Christian Heinrich. During the period of his earnest labors for Judaism, he had buried himself with fervid zeal in the lore of his race, and had conceived the idea of a prose-legend, the *Rabbi of Bacharach,* illustrating the persecutions of his people during the middle ages. Accounts vary as to the fate of this work; some affirm that the manuscript was destroyed in a fire at Hamburg, and others that the three chapters which the world possesses are all that were ever completed. Heine, one of the most subjective of poets, treats this theme in a purely objective manner. He does not allow himself a word of comment, much less of condemnation concerning the outrages he depicts. He paints the scene as an artist, not as the passionate fellow-sufferer and avenger that he is. But what subtle eloquence lurks in that restrained cry of horror and indignation which never breaks forth, and yet which we feel through every line, gathering itself up like thunder on the horizon for a terrific outbreak at the end!

Would that we could hear the explosion burst at

last! We long for it throughout as the climax and the necessary result of the lowering electric influences of the story, and we lay aside the never-to-be-completed fragment with the oppression of a nightmare. But a note of such tremendous power as Heine had struck in this romance required for its prolonged sustention a singleness of purpose and an exaltation of belief in its efficacy and truth, which he no longer possessed after his renunciation of Judaism. He was no longer at one with himself, for no sooner was the irrevocable step taken than it was bitterly repented, not as a recantation of his principles—for as such, no one who follows the development of his mind can regard it—but as an unworthy concession to tyrannic injustice. How sensitive he remained in respect to the whole question is proved most conspicuously by his refraining on all occasions from signing his Christian name, Heinrich. Even his works he caused to appear under the name of H. Heine, and was once extremely angry with his publisher for allowing by mistake the full name to be printed.

The collection of poems in prose and verse known as the *Reisebilder,* embraced several years of Heine's literary activity, and represent widely-varying phases of his intellectual development. We need only turn to the volumes themselves to guess how bitter an experience must have filled the gap between the buoyant stream of sunny inspiration that ripples through the *Harz-Reise,*

and the fierce spirit of vindictive malice which prompted Heine, six years later, to conclude his third and last volume with his unseemly diatribe against Count Platen. Notwithstanding their inequalities, the *Reisebilder* remain one of the surest props of Heine's fame. So clear and perfect an utterance is sufficiently rare in all languages; but it becomes little short of a miracle when, as in this case, the medium of its transmission is German prose, a vehicle so bulky and unwieldy that no one before Heine had dared to enlist it in the service of airy fantasy, delicate humor and sparkling wit.

During the summer of 1830, while he was loitering at Helgoland, he was roused to feverish excitement by the news of the July Revolution. He inveighed against the nobility in a preface to a pamphlet, called *Kahldorf on the Nobility,* which largely increased the number of his powerful enemies. The literary censorship had long mutilated his prose writings, besides materially diminishing his legitimate income by prohibiting the sale of many of his works. He now began to fear that his personal liberty would be restricted as summarily as his literary activity; and in May, 1831, he took up his residence in Paris. He perfected himself in the French language, and by his brilliant essays on French art, German philosophy, and the Romantic School, soon acquired the reputation of one of the best prose writers of France, and the "wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire." He became deeply interested in the doctrine of St. Simonism,

then at its culminating point in Paris. Its central idea of the rehabilitation of the flesh, and the sacredness of labor, found an enthusiastic champion in him who had so long denounced the impracticable spiritualism of Christianity. He, the logical clear-headed sceptic in all matters pertaining to existing systems and creeds, seems possessed with the credulity of a child in regard to every scheme of human regeneration, or shall we call it the exaltation of the Jew, for whom the Messiah has not yet arrived, but is none the less confidently and hourly expected? Embittered by repeated disappointments, by his enforced exile, by a nervous disease which had afflicted him from his youth, and was now fast gaining upon him, and by the impending shadow of actual want, Heine's tone now assumes a concentrated acridity, and his poetry acquires a reckless audacity of theme and treatment. His *Neue Lieder,* addressed to notorious Parisian women, were regarded as an insult to decency. In literary merit many of them vie with the best of his earlier songs; but the daring defiance of public opinion displayed in the choice of subject excluded all other criticism than that of indignation and rebuke. There is but a single ray to lighten the gathering gloom of Heine's life at this period. In a letter dated April 11th, 1835, occurs his first mention of his *liaison* with the grisette Mathilde Crescence Mirat, who afterwards became his wife. This uneducated, simple-hearted, affectionate child-wife inspired in the poet, weary of intellectual strife, a love as

tender and constant as it had been sudden and passionate. A variety of circumstances having combined to reduce Heine to extreme want, he had recourse to a step which has been very severely censured. He applied for and received from the French government a pension from the fund set aside for "all those who by their zeal for the cause of the Revolution had more or less compromised themselves at home or abroad." Now that the particulars of the case are so well known, it would be superfluous to add any words of justification; it can only excite our sympathy for the haughty poet doomed to drain so bitter a cup. He was pressed to take the oath of naturalization, but he had too painful experience of the renunciation of his birthright ever to consent to a repetition of his error. He would not forfeit the right to have inscribed upon his tomb-stone: "Here lies a German poet."

In 1844 his uncle Solomon died; and, as there was no stipulation in the banker's will that the yearly allowance hitherto granted to Heinrich should continue, the oldest heir Karl announced that this would altogether cease. This very cousin Karl had been nursed by Heine at the risk of his own life during the cholera-plague of 1832 in Paris. The grief and excitement caused by his kinsman's ingratitude fearfully accelerated the progress of the malady which had long been gaining upon the poet, and which proved to be a softening of the spinal cord. One eye was paralyzed, he lost the sense of taste,

and complained that everything he ate was like clay. His physicians agreed that he had few weeks to live, and he felt that he was dying, little divining that the agony was to be prolonged for ten horrible years. It is unnecessary to dwell upon these years of darkness, in which Heine, shriveled to the proportions of a child, languished upon his "mattress-grave" in Paris. His patient resignation, his indomitable will, his sweetness and gayety of temper, and his unimpaired vigor and fertility of intellect, are too fresh in the memory of many witnesses, and have been too frequently described to make it needful here to enlarge upon them. In the crucial hour he proved no recreant to the convictions for which he had battled and bled during a lifetime. Of the report that his illness had materially modified his religious opinions, he has left a complete and emphatic denial. "I must expressly contradict the rumor that I have retreated to the threshold of any sort of church, or that I have reposed upon its bosom. No! My religious views and convictions have remained free from all churchdom; no belfry chime has allured me, no altar taper has dazzled me. I have trifled with no symbol, and have not utterly renounced my reason. I have forsworn nothing—not even my old pagan-gods, from whom it is true I have parted, but parted in love and friendship."

"I am no longer a divine biped," he wrote. "I am no longer the freest German after Goethe, as Ruge

named me in healthier days. I am no longer the great hero No. 2, who was compared with the grape-crowned Dionysius, whilst my colleague No. 1 enjoyed the title of a Grand Ducal Weimarian Jupiter. I am no longer a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor fatally-ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man."

Thus side by side flowed on the continuous streams of that wit and pathos which he poured forth inexhaustibly to the very end. No word of complaint or impatience ever passed his lips; on the contrary, with his old, irresistible humor, his fancy played about his own privations and sufferings, and tried to alleviate for his devoted wife and friends the pain of the heart-rending spectacle. His delicate consideration prompted him to spare his venerable mother all knowledge of his illness. He wrote to her every month in his customary cheerful way; and, in sending her the latest volumes of his poetry, he caused a separate copy always to be printed, from which all allusions to his malady were expunged. "For that matter," he said, "that any son could be as wretched and miserable as I, no mother would believe."

Alas! if he had known how much more eloquent and noble a refutation his life would afford than his mistaken passionate response to the imputations of his enemies! Is this patient martyr the man of whom Börne wrote: "with his sybarite nature, the fall of a rose-leaf can dis-

turb Heine's slumber. He whom all asperities fatigue, whom all discords trouble, let such a one neither move nor think—let him go to bed and shut his eyes."

Only in his last poems, which were not to be published till after his death, has Heine given free vent to the bitterness of his anguish. During the long sleepless night when he lay writhing with pain or exhausted by previous paroxysms, his mind, preternaturally clear and vigorous, conceived the glowing fantasies of the *Romancero,* or the Job-like lamentations of the *Lazarus* poems. This mental exercise was his protection against insanity: and the thought of his cherished wife, he affirmed, was his only safeguard against the delirious desire to seize the morphine bottle by his side, and with one draught put an end to his agony. On the night of the 16th of February, 1856, came the long-craved release—and on the 20th of February without mass or "Kaddish," according to his express wish, he was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre.

Early Poems

Sonnets to My Mother

B. Heine, née *von Geldern*

I have been wont to bear my forehead high—
  My stubborn temper yields with no good grace.
  The king himself might look me in the face,
And yet I would not downward cast mine eye.
But I confess, dear mother, openly,
  However proud my haughty spirit swell,
  When I within thy blessed presence dwell,
Oft am I smit with shy humility.

Is it thy soul, with secret influence,
Thy lofty soul piercing all shows of sense,
  Which soareth, heaven-born, to heaven again?
Or springs it from sad memories that tell
  How many a time I caused thy dear heart pain,
Thy gentle heart, that loveth me so well!

2

In fond delusion once I left thy side;
Unto the wide world's end I fain would fare,
To see if I might find Love anywhere,
And lovingly embrace Love as a bride.
Love sought I in all paths, at every gate;
Oft and again outstretching suppliant palms,
I begged in vain of Love the slightest alms,
But the world laughed and offered me cold hate.

Forever I aspired towards Love, forever
Towards Love, and ne'ertheless I found Love never,
And sick at heart, homeward my steps did move.
And lo! thou comest forth to welcome me;
And that which in thy swimming eyes I see,
That is the precious, the long-looked for Love.

The Sphinx

This is the old enchanted wood,
  Sweet lime trees scent the wind;
The glamor of the moon has cast
  A spell upon my mind.

Onward I walk, and as I walk—
  Hark to that high, soft strain!
That is the nightingale, she sings,
  Of love and of love's pain.

She sings of love and of love's pain,
  Of laughter and of tears.
So plaintive her carol, so joyous her sobs,
  I dream of forgotten years.

Onward I walk, and as I walk,
  There stands before mine eyes
A castle proud on an open lawn,
  Whose gables high uprise.

With casements closed, and everywhere
Sad silence in court and halls,
It seemed as though mute death abode
Within those barren walls.

Before the doorway crouched a sphinx,
Half horror and half grace;
With a lion's body, a lion's claws,
And a woman's breast and face.

A woman fair! The marble glance
Spake wild desire and guile.
The silent lips were proudly curled
In a confident, glad smile.

The nightingale, she sang so sweet,
I yielded to her tone.
I touched, I kissed the lovely face,
And lo, I was undone!

The marble image stirred with life,
The stone began to move;
She drank my fiery kisses' glow
With panting thirsty love.

She well nigh drank my breath away;
And, lustful still for more,
Embraced me, and my shrinking flesh
With lion claws she tore.

Oh, rapturous martyrdom! ravishing pain!
Oh, infinite anguish and bliss!
With her horrible talons she wounded me,
While she thrilled my soul with a kiss.

The nightingale sang: "Oh beautiful Sphinx
Oh love! what meaneth this?
That thou minglest still the pangs of death
With thy most peculiar bliss?

Thou beautiful Sphinx, oh solve for me
This riddle of joy and tears!
I have pondered it over again and again,
How many thousand years!"

Donna Clara

In the evening through her garden
Wanders the Alcalde's daughter;
Festal sounds of drum and trumpet
Ring out hither from the castle.

"I am weary of the dances,
Honeyed words of adulation
From the knights who still compare me
To the sun,—with dainty phrases.

"Yes, of all things I am weary,
Since I first beheld by moonlight,
Him my cavalier, whose zither
Nightly draws me to my casement.

"As he stands, so slim and daring,
With his flaming eyes that sparkle
From his nobly-pallid features,
Truly he St. George resembles."

Thus went Donna Clara dreaming,
On the ground her eyes were fastened,
When she raised them, lo! before her
Stood the handsome, knightly stranger.

Pressing hands and whispering passion,
These twain wander in the moonlight.
Gently doth the breeze caress them,
The enchanted roses greet them.

The enchanted roses greet them,
And they glow like love's own heralds;
"Tell me, tell me, my belovèd,
Wherefore, all at once thou blushest."

"Gnats were stinging me, my darling,
And I hate these gnats in summer,
E'en as though they were a rabble
Of vile Jews with long, hooked noses."

"Heed not gnats nor Jews, belovèd,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments.
From the almond-tree dropped downward
Myriad snowy flakes of blossoms.

Myriad snowy flakes of blossoms
Shed around them fragrant odors.
"Tell me, tell me, my belovèd,
Looks thy heart on me with favor?"

"Yes, I love thee, oh my darling,
And I swear it by our Savior,
Whom the accursèd Jews did murder
Long ago with wicked malice."

"Heed thou neither Jews nor Savior,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments;
Far-off waved as in a vision
Gleaming lilies bathed in moonlight.

Gleaming lilies bathed in moonlight
Seemed to watch the stars above them.
"Tell me, tell me, my belovèd,
Didst thou not erewhile swear falsely?"

"Naught is false in me, my darling,
E'en as in my bosom floweth
Not a drop of blood that's Moorish,
Neither of foul Jewish current."

"Heed not Moors nor Jews, belovèd,"
Spake the knight with fond endearments.
Then towards a grove of myrtles
Leads he the Alcalde's daughter.

And with love's slight, subtle meshes,
He hath trapped her and entangled;
Brief their words, but long their kisses,
For their hearts are overflowing.

What a melting bridal carol,
Sings the nightingale, the pure one!
How the fire-flies in the grasses
Trip their sparkling, torch-light dances!

In the grove the silence deepens;
Naught is heard save furtive rustling
Of the swaying myrtle branches,
And the breathing of the flowers.

But the sound of drum and trumpet
Burst forth sudden from the castle.
Rudely they awaken Clara,
Pillowed on her lover's bosom.

"Hark, they summon me, my darling.
But before I go, oh tell me,
Tell me what thy precious name is,
Which so closely thou hast hidden."

And the knight, with gentle laughter,
Kissed the fingers of his donna,
Kissed her lips and kissed her forehead,
And at last these words he uttered:

"I, Señora, your belovèd,
Am the son of the respected
Worthy, erudite Grand Rabbi,
Israel of Saragossa!"

Don Ramiro

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Hotly-loved through years of passion!
Thou hast wrought me mine undoing,
And hast wrought it without mercy!

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Still the gift of life is pleasant.
But beneath the earth 'tis frightful,
In the grave so cold and darksome.

"Donna Clara! Laugh, be merry,
For to-morrow shall Fernando
Greet thee at the nuptial altar.
Wilt thou bid me to the wedding?"

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Very bitter sounds thy language,
Bitterer than the stars' decrees are,
Which bemock my heart's desire.

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
Cast aside thy gloomy temper.
In the world are many maidens,
But us twain the Lord hath parted.

"Don Ramiro, thou who bravely
Many and many a man hast conquered,
Conquer now thyself,—to-morrow
Come and greet me at my wedding."

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
Yes, I swear it. I am coming.
I will dance with thee the measure.
Now good-night! I come to-morrow."

"So good-night!" The casement rattled,
Sighing neath it, stood Ramiro.
Long he stood a stony statue,
Then amidst the darkness vanished.

After long and weary struggling,
Night must yield unto the daylight.
Like a many-colored garden,
Lies the city of Toledo.

Palaces and stately fabrics
Shimmer in the morning sunshine.
And the lofty domes of churches
Glitter as with gold incrusted.

Humming like a swarm of insects,
Ring the bells their festal carol.
With sweet tones the sacred anthem
From each house of God ascendeth.

But behold, behold! beyond there,
Yonder from the market-chapel,
With a billowing and a swaying,
Streams the motley throng of people.

Gallant knights and noble ladies,
In their holiday apparel;
While the pealing bells ring clearly,
And the deep-voiced organ murmurs.

But a reverential passage
In the people's midst is opened,
For the richly-clad young couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace-threshold,
Wind the waving throngs of people;
There the wedding feast beginneth,
Pompous in the olden fashion.

Knightly games and open table,
Interspersed with joyous laughter,
Quickly flying, speed the hours,
Till the night again hath fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
For the dance within the palace,
And their many-colored raiment
Glitters in the light of tapers.

Seated on a lofty dais,
Side by side, are bride and bridegroom,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,—
And they murmur sweet love-whispers.

And within the hall wave brightly
All the gay-decked streams of dancers;
And the rolling drums are beaten.
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"Wherefore, wherefore, beauteous lady,
Are thy lovely glances fastened
Yonder in the hall's far corner?"
In amazement asked Fernando.

"See'st thou not, oh Don Fernando,
Yonder man in sable mantle?"
And the knight spake, kindly smiling,
"Why, 'tis nothing but a shadow."

But the shadow drew anear them,
'Twas a man in sable mantle.
Clara knows at once Ramiro,
And she greets him, blushing crimson.

And the dance begins already,
Gaily whirl around the dancers
In the waltz's reckless circles,
Till the firm floor creaks and trembles.

"Yes, with pleasure, Don Ramiro,
I will dance with thee the measure;
But in such a night-black mantle
Thou shouldst never have come hither."

With fixed, piercing eyes, Ramiro
Gazes on the lovely lady.
Then embracing her, speaks strangely,—
"At thy bidding I came hither."

In the wild whirl of the measure,
Press and turn the dancing couple,
And the rolling drums are beaten,
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"White as driven snow thy cheeks are!"
Whispers Clara, vainly trembling.
"At thy bidding I came hither,"
Hollow ring Ramiro's accents.

In the hall the tapers flicker,
With the eddying stream of dancers,
And the rolling drums are beaten,
Shrill the clamorous trumpet soundeth.

"Cold as ice I feel thy fingers,"
Whispers Clara, thrilled with terror.
"At thy bidding I came hither."
And they rush on in the vortex.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!
Like a corpse's scent thy breath is."
Once again the gloomy sentence,
"At thy bidding I came hither."

And the firm floor glows and rustles,
Merry sound the horns and fiddles;
Like a woof of strange enchantment,
All within the hall is whirling.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!"
All is waving and revolving.
Don Ramiro still repeateth,
"At thy bidding I came hither."

"In the name of God, begone then!"
Clara shrieked, with steadfast accent.
And the word was scarcely spoken,
When Ramiro had vanished.

Clara stiffens! deathly pallid,
Numb with cold, with night encompassed.
In a swoon the lovely creature
To the shadowy realm is wafted.

But the misty slumber passes,
And at last she lifts her eyelids.
Then again from sheer amazement
Her fair eyes at once she closes.

For she sees she hath not risen,
Since the dance's first beginning.
Still she sits beside the bridegroom,
And he speaks with anxious question.

"Say, why waxed thy cheek so pallid?
Wherefore filled thine eyes with shadows?"
"And Ramiro?" stammers Clara,
And her tongue is glued with horror.

But with deep and serious furrows
Is the bridegroom's forehead wrinkled.
"Lady, ask not bloody tidings—
Don Ramiro died this morning."

Tannhäuser

A Legend

Good Christians all, be not entrapped
In Satan's cunning snare.
I sing the lay of Tannhäuser,
To bid your souls beware.

Brave Tannhäuser, a noble knight,
Would love and pleasure win.
These lured him to the Venusberg.
Seven years he bode therein.

"Dame Venus, loveliest of dames,
Farewell, my life, my bride.
Oh give me leave to part from thee,
No longer may I bide."

"My noble knight, my Tannhäuser,
Thou'st kissed me not to-day.
Come, kiss me quick, and tell me now,
What lack'st thou here, I pray?

"Have I not poured the sweetest wine
Daily for thee, my spouse?
And have I not with roses, dear,
Each day enwreathed thy brows?"

"Dame Venus, loveliest of dames,
My soul is sick, I swear,
Of kisses, roses and sweet wine,
And craveth bitter fare.

"We have laughed and jested far too much,
And I yearn for tears this morn.
Would that my head no rose-wreath wore,
But a crown of sharpest thorn."

"My noble knight, my Tannhäuser,
To vex me thou art fain.
Hast thou not sworn a thousand times
To leave me never again?

"Come! to my chamber let us go;
Our love shall be secret there.
And thy gloomy thoughts shall vanish at sight
Of my lily-white body fair."

"Dame Venus, loveliest of dames,
Immortal thy charms remain.
As many have loved thee ere to-day,
So many shall love again.

"But when I think of the heroes and gods,
Who feasted long ago,
Upon thy lily-white body fair,
Then sad at heart I grow.

"Thy lily-white body filleth me
With loathing, for I see
How many more in years to come
Shall enjoy thee, after me."

"My noble knight, my Tannhäuser,
Such words thou should'st not say.
Far liefer had I thou dealt'st me a blow,
As often ere this day.

"Far liefer had I thou shouldst strike me low,
  Than such an insult speak;
Cold, thankless Christian that thou art,
  Thus the pride of my heart to break.

"Because I have loved thee far too well,
  To hear such words is my fate,
Farewell! I give thee free leave to go.
  Myself, I open the gate!"

2

In Rome, in Rome, in the holy town,
To the music of chimes and of song,
A stately procession moves,—the Pope
Strides in the midst of the throng.

This is the pious Pope Urban;
The triple crown he wears,
The crimson robe,—and many a lord
The train of his garment bears.

"Oh, holy Father, Pope Urban,
I have a tale to tell;
I stir not hence, till thou shrivest me,
And savest me from hell."

The people stand in a circle near,
And the priestly anthems cease;
Who is the pilgrim wan and wild,
Who falleth upon his knees?

"Oh, holy Father, Pope Urban,
Who canst bind and loose as well,
Now save me from the evil one,
And from the pains of hell.

"'I am the noble Tannhäuser,
Who love and lust would win,
These lured me to the Venusberg,
Seven years I bode therein.

"Dame Venus is a beauteous dame,
Her charms have a subtle glow.
Like sunshine with fragrance of flowers blent
Is her voice so soft and low.

"As the butterfly flutters anigh a flower,
From its delicate chalice sips,
In such wise ever fluttered my soul
Anigh to her rosy lips.

"Her rich black ringlets floating loose,
Her noble face enwreath.
When once her large eyes rest on thee,
Thou canst not stir nor breathe.

"When once her large eyes rest on thee,
With chains thou art bounden fast;
'Twas only in sorest need I chanced
To flee from her hill at last.

"From her hill at last I have escaped,
But through all the livelong day,
Those beautiful eyes still follow me.
'Come back!' they seem to say.

"A lifeless ghost all day I pine,
But at night I dream of my bride,
And then my spirit awakes in me.
She laughs and sits by my side.

"How hearty, how happy, how reckless her laugh!
How the pearly white teeth outpeep!
Ah! when I remember that laugh of hers,
Then sudden tears must I weep.

"I love her, I love her with all my might,
And nothing my love can stay,
'Tis like to a rushing cataract,
Whose force no man can sway.

"For it dashes on from cliff to cliff,
And roareth and foameth still.
Though it break its neck a thousand times,
Its course it would yet fulfill.

"Were all of the boundless heavens mine,
I would give them all to her,
I would give her the sun, I would give her the moon
And each star in its shining sphere.

"I love her, I love her with all my might,
With a flame that devoureth me.
Can these be already the fires of hell,
That shall glow eternally?

"Oh, holy Father, Pope Urban,
Who canst bind and loose as well,
Now save me from the evil one,
And from the pains of hell!"

Sadly the Pope upraised his hand,
And sadly began to speak:
"Tannhäuser, most wretched of all men,
This spell thou canst not break.

"The devil called Venus is the worst
Amongst all we name as such.
And nevermore canst thou be redeemed
From the beautiful witch's clutch.

"Thou with thy spirit must atone
For the joys thou hast loved so well;
Accursed art thou! thou art condemned
Unto everlasting hell!"

3

So quickly fared Sir Tannhäuser,—
His feet were bleeding and torn—
Back to the Venusberg he came,
Ere the earliest streak of morn.

Dame Venus, awakened from her sleep,
From her bed upsprang in haste.
Already she hath with her arms so white
Her darling spouse embraced.

Forth from her nose outstreams the blood,
The tears from her eyelids start;
She moistens the face of her darling spouse
With the tears and blood of her heart.

The knight lay down upon her bed,
And not a word he spake;
Dame Venus to the kitchen went
A bowl of broth to make.

She gave him broth, she gave him bread,
She bathed his wounded feet;
She combed for him his matted hair,
And laughed so low and sweet:

"My noble knight, my Tannhäuser,
Long hast thou left my side.
Now tell me in what foreign lands
So long thou couldst abide."

"Dame Venus, loveliest of dames,
I tarried far from home.
In Rome I had some business, dear,
But quickly back have come.

"On seven hills great Rome is built,
The Tiber flows to the sea.
And while in Rome I saw the Pope;
He sent his love to thee.

"Through Florence led my journey home,
Through Milan, too, I passed;
And glad at heart, through Switzerland
I clambered back at last.

"But as I went across the Alps,
The snow began to fall;
Below, the blue lakes smiled on me;
I heard the eagles call.

"When I upon St. Gothard stood,
I heard the Germans snore;
For softly slumbered there below
Some thirty kings and more.

"To Frankfort I on *Schobbas* came,
Where dumplings were my food.
They have the best religion there:
Goose-giblets, too, are good.

"In Weimar, the widowed muse's seat,
Midst general grief I arrive.
The people are crying 'Goethe's dead,
And Eckermann's still alive!' " *

* There are eight more verses to this poem, which I take the liberty of omitting. E. L.

In the Underworld

"O to be a bachelor!"
  Pluto now forever sighs.
  "In my marriage miseries,
    I perceive, without a wife
Hell was not a hell before.

"O to be a bachelor!
  Since my Proserpine is mine,
  Daily for my grave I pine,
    When she raileth I can hear
Barking Cerberus no more.

"My poor heart needs rest and ease,
  In the realm of shades I cry,—
  No lost soul is sad as I.
    Sisyphus I envy now,
And the fair Danaïdes."

2

In the realm of shades, on a throne of gold,
By the side of her royal spouse, behold
Fair Proserpine,
With gloomy mien,
While deep sighs upheave her bosom.

"The roses, the passionate song I miss
Of the nightingale; yea, and the sun's warm kiss.
Midst the Lemur's dread,
And the ghostly dead,
Now withers my life's young blossom.

"I am fast in the yoke of marriage bound
To this cursèd rat-hole underground.
Through my window at night,
Peers each ghostly sprite,
And the Styx murmurs lower and lower.

"To-day I have Charon invited to dinner,
He is bald, and his limbs they grow thinner and thinner,
And the judges, beside,
Of the dead, dismal-eyed,
In such company I shall grow sour."

3

Whilst their grievance each is venting
In the underworld below,
Ceres, on the earth lamenting,
Wrathful wanders to and fro.

With no hood in sloven fashion,
Neither mantle o'er her gown,
She declaims that lamentation
Unto all of us well-known;

"Is the blessed spring-tide here?
Has the earth again grown young?
Green the sunny hills appear,
And the icy band is sprung.

"Mirrored from the clear blue river,
Zeus, unclouded, laugheth out,
Softer zephyr's wings now quiver,
Buds upon the fresh twig sprout."

In the hedge a new refrain;
  Call the Oreads from the shore,
"All thy flowers come again,
  But thy daughter comes no more."

Ah, how many weary days
  I have sought o'er wide earth's space.
Titan, all thy sunny rays
  I have sent on her dear trace.

"Yet not one renews assurance
  Of the darling face I wot,
Day, that finds all things, the durance
  Of my lost one, findeth not.

"Hast thou ravished, Zeus, my daughter?
  Or, love-smitten by her charms,
Hath, o'er Orcus's night-black water,
  Pluto snatched her in his arms?

"Who towards that gloomy strand
  Herald of my grief will be?
Ever floats the bark from land,
  Bearing phantoms ceaselessly.

"Closed those shadowy fields are ever
Unto any blessèd sight.
Since the Styx hath been a river,
It hath borne no living wight.

"There are thousand stairs descending,
But not one leads upward there.
To her tears no token lending,
At the anxious mother's prayer."

4

Oh, my mother-in-law, Ceres,
Cease thy cries, no longer mourn.
I will grant thee, what so dear is,
I myself so much have borne.

Take thou comfort. We will fairly
Thy child's ownership divide;
And for six moons shall she yearly
In the upper world abide.

Help thee through long summer hours
In thy husbandry affairs;
Binding up for thee the flowers,
While a new straw-hat she wears.

She will dream when twilight pleasant
Colors all the sky with rose;
When by brooks some clownish peasant
Sweetly on his sheep's pipe blows.

Not a harvest dance without her,
She will frisk with Jack and Bess;
Midst the geese and calves about her
She will prove a lioness.

Hail, sweet rest! I breathe free, single,
Here in Orcus far from strife,
Punch with Lethe I will mingle,
And forget I have a wife.

5

At times thy glance appeareth to importune,
  As though thou didst some secret longing prove.
Alas, too well I know it,—thy misfortune
  A life frustrated, a frustrated love.

How sad thine eyes are! Yet have I no power
  To give thee back thy youth with pleasure rife;
Incurably thy heart must ache each hour
  For love frustrated and frustrated life.

The Vale of Tears

The night wind through the crannies pipes,
And in the garret lie
Two wretched creatures on the straw,
As gaunt as poverty.

And one poor creature speaks and says,
"Embrace me with thine arm,
And press thy mouth against my mouth,
Thy breath will keep me warm."

The other starveling speaks and says,
"When I look into thine eyes
Pain, cold and hunger disappear,
And all my miseries."

They kissed full oft, still more they wept,
Clasped hands, sighed deep and fast;
They often laughed, they even sang,
And both were still at last.

With morning came the coroner,
And brought a worthy leech,
On either corpse to certify
The cause of death of each.

The nipping weather, he affirmed,
Had finished the deceased.
Their empty stomachs also caused,
Or hastened death at least.

He added that when frost sets in
'Tis needful that the blood
Be warmed with flannels; one should have,
Moreover, wholesome food.

Solomon

Dumb are the trumpets, cymbals, drums and shawms
to-night,
The angel shapes engirdled with the sword,
About the royal tent keep watch and ward,
Six thousand to the left, six thousand to the right.

They guard the king from evil dreams, from death.
Behold! a frown across his brow they view.
Then all at once, like glimmering flames steel-blue,
Twelve thousand brandished swords leap from the
sheath.

But back into their scabbards drop the swords
Of the angelic host; the midnight pain
Hath vanished, the king's brow is smooth again;
And hark! the royal sleeper's murmured words:

"O Shulamite, the lord of all these lands am I,
This empire is the heritage I bring,
For I am Judah's king and Israel's king;
But if thou love me not, I languish and I die."

Morphine

Marked is the likeness 'twixt the beautiful
And youthful brothers, albeit one appears
Far paler than the other, more serene;
Yea, I might almost say, far comelier
Than his dear brother, who so lovingly
Embraced me in his arms. How tender, soft
Seemed then his smile, and how divine his glance!
No wonder that the wreath of poppy-flowers
About his head brought comfort to my brow,
And with its mystic fragrance soothed all pain
From out my soul. But such delicious balm
A little while could last. I can be cured
Completely only when that other youth,
The grave, pale brother, drops at last his torch.
Lo, sleep is good, better is death—in sooth
The best of all were never to be born.

Song

Oft in galleries of art
Thou hast seen a knight perchance,
Eager for the wars to start,
Well-equipped with shield and lance.

Him the frolic loves have found,
Robbed him of his sword and spear,
And with chains of flowers have bound
Their unwilling chevalier.

Held by such sweet hindrances,
Wreathed with bliss and pain, I stay,
While my comrades in the press
Wage the battle of the day.

Song

Night lay upon my eyelids,
About my lips earth clave;
With stony heart and forehead
I lay within my grave.

How long I cannot reckon,
I slept in that strait bed;
I woke and heard distinctly
A knocking overhead.

"Wilt thou not rise, my Henry?
The eternal dawn is here;
The dead have re-arisen,
Immortal bliss is near."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
I am blinded to the day.
Mine eyes with tears, thou knowest,
Have wept themselves away."

"Oh, I will kiss them, Henry,
  Kiss from thine eyes the night.
Thou shalt behold the angels
  And the celestial light."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
  My blood is still outpoured
Where thou didst wound my heart once
  With sharp and cruel word."

"I'll lay my hand, dear Henry,
  Upon thy heart again.
Then shall it cease from bleeding,
  And stilled shall be its pain."

"I cannot rise, my darling,
  My head is bleeding—see!
I shot myself, thou knowest,
  When thou wast reft from me."

"Oh, with my hair, dear Henry,
  I'll staunch the cruel wound,
And press the blood-stream backward;
  Thou shalt be whole and sound."

So kind, so sweet she wooed me,
I could not say her nay;
I tried to rise and follow,
And clasp my loving May.

Then all my wounds burst open,
From head and breast outbreak
The gushing blood in torrents—
And lo, I am awake!

Song

Death comes, and now must I make known
  That which my pride eternally
  Prayed to withhold; for thee, for thee,
My heart has throbbed for thee alone.

The coffin waits! within my grave
  They drop me soon, where I shall rest.
  But thou, Marie, shalt beat thy breast,
And think of me, and weep and rave.

And thou shalt wring thy hands, my friend.
  Be comforted! it is our fate,
  Our human fate, the good and great
And fair must have an evil end.

Homeward Bound

1823–1824

To Frederika Varnhagen von Ense,

The Songs of Homeward Bound

Are Dedicated in Joyful Homage by the Author

Heinrich Heine

I

In my life, too full of shadows,
Beamed a lovely vision bright.
Now the lovely vision's vanished,
I am girt about by night.

Little children in the darkness
Feel uneasy fears erelong,
And, to chase away their terrors,
They will sing aloud a song.

I, a foolish child, am singing
Likewise in the dark apart.
If my homely lay lack sweetness,
Yet it cheers my anxious heart.

2

I know not what spell is o'er me,
That I am so sad to-day;
An old myth floats before me—
I cannot chase it away.

The cool air darkens, and listen,
How softly flows the Rhine!
The mountain peaks still glisten
Where the evening sunbeams shine.

The fairest maid sits dreaming
In radiant beauty there.
Her gold and her jewels are gleaming.
She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she is combing;
A wondrous song sings she.
The music quaint in the gloaming,
Hath a powerful melody.

It thrills with a passionate yearning
The boatman below in the night.
He heeds not the rocky reef's warning,
He gazes alone on the height.

I think that the waters swallowed
The boat and the boatman anon.
And this, with her singing unhallowed,
The Lorelei hath done.

3

My heart, my heart is heavy,
Though merrily glows the May.
Out on the ancient bastion,
Under the lindens, I stay.

Below me the calm blue waters
Of the quiet town-moat shine;
A boy in his boat rows past me,
He whistles and drops his line.

And yonder the cheerful colors,
And tiny figures, one sees,
Of people, and villas, and gardens,
And cattle, and meadows, and trees.

Young women are bleaching linen;
They leap in the grass anear.
The mill-wheel rains showers of diamonds,
Its far away buzz I hear.

Above on the gray old tower
  Stands the sentry house of the town,
And a scarlet-coated fellow
  Goes pacing up and down.

He toys with his shining musket
  That gleams in the sunset red,
Presenting and shouldering arms now—
  I wish he would shoot me dead.

4

In tears through the woods I wander.
The thrush is perched on the bough:
She springs and sings up yonder—
"Oh, why so sad art thou?"

The swallows, thy sisters, are able
My dear, to answer thee.
They built clever nests in the gable,
Where sweetheart's windows be.

5

The night is wet and stormy,
And void of stars the sky;
'Neath the rustling trees of the forest
I wander silently.

There flickers a lonely candle
In the huntsman's lodge to-night.
It shall not tempt me thither;
It burns with a sullen light.

There sits the blind old granny,
In the leathern arm-chair tall,
Like a statue, stiff, uncanny
And speaketh not at all.

And to and fro strides, cursing,
The ranger's red haired son,
With angry, scornful laughter
Flings to the wall his gun.

The beautiful spinner weepeth,
And moistens with tears her thread.
At her feet her father's pointer,
Whimpering, crouches his head.

6

When I met by chance in my travels
All my sweetheart's family,
Papa, mamma, little sister
Most cordially greeted me.

About my health they inquired;
Nor even did they fail
To say I was nowise altered,
Only a trifle pale.

I asked after aunts and cousins,
And many a dull old bore.
And after the dear little poodle,
That barked so softly of yore.

And how was my married sweetheart?
I asked them soon. They smiled,
And in friendliest tone made answer
She was soon to have a child.

And I lisped congratulations,
  And begged, when they should see,
To give her the kindest greetings,
  A thousand times for me.

Burst forth the baby-sister,
  "That dear little dog of mine
Went mad when he grew bigger,
  And we drowned him in the Rhine."

The child resembles my sweetheart,
  The same old laugh has she;
Her eyes are the same ones over,
  That wrought such grief for me.

7

We sat in the fisher's cabin,
  Looking out upon the sea.
Then came the mists of evening,
  Ascending silently.

The lights began in the lighthouse
  One after one to burn,
And on the far horizon
  A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
  The sailor and how he thrives,
And how betwixt heaven and ocean,
  And joy and sorrow he strives.

We spake of distant countries,
  South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people,
  And curious customs there;

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
  That giant-trees embower,
Where a beautiful tranquil people
  Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
  Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small,
Who cower upon the hearthstone,
  Bake fish, and cackle and squall.

The maidens listened gravely,
  Then never a word was said,
The ship we could see no longer;
  It was far too dark o'erhead.

8

Thou fairest fisher maiden,
Row thy boat to the land.
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow,
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

9

The moon is up, and brightly
Beams o'er the waters vast.
I clasp my darling tightly;
Our hearts are beating fast.

In the dear child's bosom, nestling,
Alone I lie on the sand.
"Hear'st thou the wild winds rustling?
Why trembles thy foam-white hand?"

"That is no wild wind sighing,
That is the mermaid's lay;
And they are my sisters crying,
Whom the sea swallowed one day."

10

Up amidst the clouds, the moon,
Like a giant orange, beams,
O'er the gray sea shining down,
With broad stripes and golden gleams.

And I pace the shore alone,
Where the billows white are broken.
Many a tender word I hear,
Words within the water spoken.

Ah, the night is far too long,
And my heart throbs fast for pleasure.
Beautiful undines, come forth!
Sing and dance your magic measure.

Take my body and my soul:
On your lap my head shall rest.
Sing to death, caress to death;
Kiss the life from out my breast.

II

All in gray clouds closely muffled,
Now the high gods sleep together,
And I listen to their snoring.
Here below 'tis stormy weather.

Stormy weather, raging tempest
Soon the helpless vessel shatters.
Who these furious winds can bridle?
Who can curb the lordless waters?

I can ne'er control the tempest,
Over deck and masthead sweeping;
I will wrap me in my mantle,
And will sleep as gods are sleeping.

12

The night wind draws his trousers on,—
  His foam-white hose once more;
He wildly whips the waves anon,
  They howl, and rage, and roar.

From yon dark height, with frantic might,
  The rain pours ceaselessly.
It seems as if the ancient night
  Would drown the ancient sea.

Anigh the mast the sea-mew screams,
  With hoarse shrieks, flying low.
Its every cry an omen seems,
  A prophecy of woe.

13

The storm for a dance is piping,
With bellow and roar and hiss.
Hurrah! how the ship is tossing,
What a merry wild night is this!

A living mountain of water
The sea upheaves with might.
Here an abyss is yawning;
There towers a foaming height.

And sounds of retching and curses
Forth from the cabin come;
And I, to the mast close clinging,
Long to be safe at home.

14

The evening shades are falling,
  The sea-fog spreads with night.
Mysterious waters are calling,
  There rises something white.

The mermaid comes from the ocean,
  Beside me sitting down;
Her white breast's breathing motion,
  I see through the gossamer gown.

And she doth clasp and hold me,
  In passionate, painful way.
Too close thou dost enfold me,
  Thou lovely water fay!

"Within mine arms I hide thee,
  With all my strength enfold,
I warm myself beside thee,
  The night is far too cold."

Paler the moon is growing
Through shadowy vapors gray.
Thine eyes with tears are flowing,
Thou lovely water fay!

"With tears they are not flowing.
As I from waves did rise,
Forth from the ocean going,
A drop fell in mine eyes."

The sea-mews moan, entreating,
What does the mad surf say?
Thy heart is wildly beating,
Thou lovely water fay.

"My heart is beating sadly
And wild as ever it can,
Because I love thee madly,
Thou lovely son of man."

15

When I before thy dwelling,
In early morning pace,
How gladly in the window
I see thy gentle face.

Thy brown-black eyes in pity,
Mine own eyes, wistful scan,
"Who art thou, and what lack'st thou,
Thou strange, unhappy man?"

I am a German poet,
Of goodly German fame,
When their best names are spoken,
Mine own they are sure to name.

And what I lack, sweet maiden,
Most Germans lack the same.
When men name sharpest sŏrrows,
Mine own they are sure to name.

16

The sea outspreading glorious,
In the dying sunbeams shone.
We sat by the lonely fisher's house,
We sat there mute and alone.

The waters swell, the mists arise,
The sea-mew flutters past,
And then from out thy loving eyes
The tears come flowing fast.

I see them falling on thy hand.
Upon my knees I sink,
And from the hollow of thy hand
The burning tears I drink.

Since then strange flames my flesh devour,
My spent soul disappears,
The wretched woman in that hour
Poisoned me with her tears.

17

Up yonder on the mountain,
  There stands a castle tall;
There dwelt three beauteous maidens,
  And I was loved by all.

On Saturday Hetty kissed me,
  And Sunday was Julia's day;
On Monday Kunigunda
  Nigh hugged my breath away.

On Tuesday, in the castle,
  My maidens gave a ball.
The neighboring lords and ladies
  Came riding one and all.

But I was not invited.
  Amazed they all appeared;
The gossiping aunts and cousins
  Remarked the fact, and sneered.

18

Upon the far horizon
  Like a picture of the mist,
Appears the towered city
  By the twilight shadows kissed.

The moist, soft breezes ripple
  Our boat's wake gray and dark,
With mournful measured cadence
  The boatman rows my bark.

The sun from clouds outshining,
  Lights up once more the coast.
The very spot it shows me
  Where she I loved was lost.

19

All hail to thee, thou fairest
  And most mysterious town!
That once inclosed my dearest
  Within thy gateways brown.

Speak out, ye towers and portals!
  My sweetheart, where is she?
I left her in your keeping;
  Ye should my warders be.

The towers are not guilty,
  For rooted fast were they.
When sweetheart, with trunks and luggage,
  So quickly stole away.

The gates gave willing passage,
  With noiseless bars and locks.
A door will always open,
  When the adorer knocks.

20

I tread the dear familiar path,
  The old rŏad I have taken;
I stand before my darling's house,
  Now empty and forsaken.

Oh far too narrow is the street,
  The roofs seem tottering downward.
The very pavement burns my feet;
  I hurry faster onward.

21

Here to her vows I listened,
I tread the empty halls,
And where her tear-drops glistened,
The poisoned serpent crawls.

22

The quiet night broods over roof-tree and steeple;
Within this house dwelt my treasure rare.
'Tis long since I left the town and its people,
But the house stands still on the self-same square.

Here stands, too, a man; toward heaven he gazes,
And he wrings his hands with a wild despair.
I shudder with awe when his face he raises,
For the moonlight shows me mine own self there.

Oh, pale sad creature! my ghost, my double,
Why dost thou ape my passion and tears,
That haunted me here with such cruel trouble,
So many a night in the olden years?

23

How can'st thou slumber calmly,
  Whilst I alive remain?
My olden wrath returneth,
  And then I snap my chain.

Know'st thou the ancient ballad
  Of that dead lover brave,
Who rose and dragged his lady
  At midnight to his grave?

Believe me, I am living;
  And I am stronger far,
Most pure, most radiant maiden,
  Than all the dead men are.

24

The maiden sleeps in her chamber,
Where the trembling moonbeams glance,
Without there singeth and ringeth
The melody of a dance.

"I will look just once from the window,
To see who breaks my rest."
A skeleton fiddles before her,
And sings like one possessed.

"To dance with me you promised,
And you have broken your vow.
To-night is a ball in the churchyard,
Come out and dance with me now."

The music bewitches the maiden;
Forth from her home doth she go;
She follows the bony fiddler,
Who sings as he scrapes his bow.

He fiddles, and hops and dances,
And rattles his bones as he plays;
His skull nods grimly and strangely,
In the clear moonlight's rays.

25

I gazed upon her portrait,
  While dark dreams filled my brain,
And those beloved features
  Began to breathe again.

I saw upon her lips then
  A wondrous smile arise,
And as with tears of pity
  Glistened once more her eyes.

Adown my cheeks in silence,
  The tears came flowing free.
And oh! I cannot believe it,
  That thou art lost to me!

26

I, a most wretched Atlas, the huge world,
The whole huge world of sorrow I must carry.
Yea, the unbearable must bear, though meanwhile
My heart break in my bosom.

Thou haughty heart, thyself hast willed it thus,
Thou would'st be happy, infinitely happy,
Or infinitely wretched, haughty heart!
And lo! now art thou wretched.

27

The years are coming and going,
  Whole races are borne to their rest;
But never ceases the passion
  That burns within my breast.

Only once more I would see thee,
  And make thee a low salaam,
And with my dying breath, murmur:
  "I love you still, Madame!"

28

I dreamed that the moon looked sadly down,
And the stars with a troubled ray;
I went to my sweetheart's home—the town
Lies many a league away.

My longing led me before her door;
I kissed the stone steps brown,
That her feet had touched in the days of yore,
And the trailing hem of her gown.

The night was long, the night was cold,
Ice-cold did the stone steps seem.
In the window her own wan face, behold!
Illumed by the moon's pale beam.

29

What means this lonely tear-drop
  That blurs my troubled sight,
From olden times returning
  Back to mine eyes to-night?

Its many glimmering sisters
  Are vanished long ago,
In the night and the wind they vanished
  With all my joy and my woe.

And like the mists of evening
  Did those blue stars depart,
That smiled all joys and sorrows
  Into my trusting heart.

Alas! my love, too, melted
  Like idle breath one day;
Oh lingering, lonely tear-drop,
  Thou also fade away!

30

The pale half-moon of autumn
  Through clouds peers doubtfully.
Within the lonely churchyard
  The parsonage I see.

The mother reads in her Bible,
  The son at the light doth gaze;
One drowsy daughter is nodding,
  While another speaks and says:

"Ah me! how dreary the days are!
  How dull, and dark, and mean!
Only when there's a funeral
  Is anything to be seen."

The mother looks from her Bible:
  "Nay, only four in all
Have died since thy father was buried
  Without by the churchyard wall."

III

Then yawns the eldest daughter,
"I will starve no longer here;
I will go to the Count to-morrow,
He is rich, and he loves me dear."

The son bursts out a-laughing:
"At the 'Star' three huntsmen drink deep;
They are making gold, and they promise
To give me their secret to keep."

Toward his lean face, flings the mother
Her Bible, in wrath and grief.
"Out! God-forsaken beggar,
Thou wilt be a common thief!"

They hear a tap on the window,
And behold a beckoning hand.
There in his sable vestments
They see the dead father stand.

31

To-night is wretched weather,
  It snows, and storms, and rains;
Out in the pitch-black darkness
  I gaze through the window-panes.

There flickers a lonely candle,
  Slow winding down the street;
And a beldame, with her lantern,
  Goes hobbling on in the sleet.

I think 'tis for eggs and butter
  That she braves this weather wild,
To bake a cake for her daughter,
  Her grown-up ailing child

Who lies at home in her arm-chair,
  And sleepily blinks at the light.
Over her beautiful forehead
  Her golden curls wave bright.

32

They think my heart is breaking,
In sorrow's bitter yoke,
I too begin to think it,
As well as other folk.

Thou large-eyed little darling,
Do I not always say
I love thee past all telling—
Love gnaws my heart away?

But only in my chamber
I dare express my pain;
For always in thy presence
Quite silent I remain.

For there were evil angels
Who sealed my lips so close.
And oh! from evil angels
Sprang all my wretched woes.

33

Ah, those pure white lily fingers,
  Once again could I but kiss them,
Press them close against my heart,
  Melt away in silent weeping!

Oh, those clearest eyes of violet
  Hover day and night before me,
And I ponder o'er the meaning
  Of those lovely blue enigmas.

34

"Did she ne'er express compassion
For thy tender situation?
Could'st thou never in her glances
Read thy love's reciprocation?

"Could'st thou ne'er surprise the spirit
In her bright eyes unawares?
Yet thou surely art no donkey,
Dearest friend, in these affairs!"

35

They loved one another, but neither
  Confessed a word thereof.
They met with coldest glances,
  Though pining away with love.

At last they parted; their spirits
  Met but in visions rare.
They are long since dead and buried,
  Though scarcely themselves aware.

36

And when I lamented my cruel lot,
You yawned in my face and you answered not.
But now that I set it in daintiest rhyme,
You flourish my trumpet all the time.

37

I called the devil and he came,
His face with wonder I must scan;
He is not ugly, he is not lame,
He is a delightful, charming man.
A man in the prime of life, in fact,
Courteous, engaging and full of tact.
A diplomat, too, of wide research
Who cleverly talks about state and church
A little pale, but that is *en règle,*
For now he is studying Sanscrit and Hegel.

His favorite poet is still Fouqué;
With the brawls of the critics he meddles no more,
For all such things he has given o'er,
Unto his grandmother Hecaté.
He praised my forensic works that he saw,
He had dabbled a little himself in law.
He said he was proud my acquaintance to make,
And should prize my friendship, and bowed as he spake.
And asked if we had not met before
At the house of the Spanish Ambassador?
Then I noted his features line by line,
And found him an old acquaintance of mine.

38

Mortal, sneer not at the devil;
  Life's a short and narrow way,
And perdition everlasting
  Is no error of the day.

Mortal, pay thy debts precisely,
  Life's a long and weary way;
And to-morrow thou must borrow,
  As thou borrowd'st yesterday.

39

Three holy kings from the land of the West
  Go asking whoso passes,
"Where is the road to Bethlehem,
  Ye gentle lads and lasses?"

But neither young nor old can tell.
  The kings fare patient onward,
They follow a golden star o'erhead,
  That bright and kind shines downward.

The star stands still o'er Joseph's house,
  Thither the pilgrims bringing;
The oxen low, the Infant cries,
  The three wise kings are singing.

40

My child, we two were children,
  As lively as ever you saw,
We crept into the hencoop,
  And we hid there beneath the straw.

And there, like cocks, crowed loudly,
  While folk went passing by,
"Kickery-koo!" They fancied,
  'Twas really the cock's own cry.

The chests that lay in the courtyard,
  With paper we overlaid.
Therein we lived together;
  An excellent house we made.

The old cat of our neighbor
  Would visit us at whiles;
We gave her bows and curtsies,
  And compliments and smiles.

After her health we inquired
  Gravely whenever she came.
To many an ancient Tabby
  Since then we have done the same.

We talked like grown folks sagely,
  And sat there oft and long,
Complaining how all had altered,
  Since the days when we were young.

How love and faith and friendship
  Had vanished, the world was bare;
How dear were tea and coffee,
  And money had grown so rare!

Those childish games are over,
  All things roll on with youth,—
Money, the world, and the seasons,
  And faith and love and truth.

41

My heart is heavy; from the present
It yearns towards those old days again,
When still the world seemed fair and pleasant,
And men lived happy, free from pain.

Now all things seem at six and sevens,
A scramble and a constant dread;
Dead is the Lord God in the heavens,
Below us is the devil dead.

And all folks sad and mournful moving,
Wear such a cross, cold, anxious face;
Were there not still a little loving,
There would not be a resting place.

42

As the moon with splendor pierces
Thrqugh the dark cloud-veil of night,
From my darksome Past emerges
Once again a dream of light.

All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing down the Rhine.
Green with June the shores were glowing
In the evening's sunset-shine.

At the feet of a fair lady
Sat I, full of thoughts untold,
O'er her pale and lovely features
Played the sunlight's ruddy gold.

Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wondrous joy on stream and shore.
Blue and bluer grew the heavens,
And the spirit seemed to soar.

Hill and city, wood and meadow,
Glided past in fairy-wise.
And I saw the whole scene mirrored
In the lovely lady's eyes.

43

In a dream I saw my sweetheart,
A woman harassed with care;
Faded, and haggard, and withered,
The form that had bloomed so fair.

One child in her arms she carried,
And one by the hand she led.
And trouble and poverty plainly
In her eyes and her raiment I read.

Across the square she tottered,
And face to face we stood.
She looked at me, and I spoke then
In quiet but mournful mood.

"Come home with me to my dwelling,
Thou art pale and ill, I think,
And there, with unceasing labor,
I will furnish thee meat and drink.

"And I will serve thee, and cherish
Thy children so wan and mild.
And thyself more dearly than any,
Thou poor, unhappy child.

"Nor will I vex thee by telling
The love that burns in my breast;
And I will weep when thou diest
Over thy place of rest."

44

"Dearest friend, what may it profit
To repeat the old refrain?
Wilt thou, brooding still above it,
Sitting on love's egg remain!

"Ah, it needs incessant watching;
From the shell the chicks have risen.
Clucking, they reward thy hatching,
And this book shall be their prison."

45

Only bear with me in patience,
  If the notes of former wrongs
Many a time distinctly echo
  In the latest of my songs.

Wait! the slow reverberation
  Of my grief will soon depart,
And a spring of new song blossom
  In my healed, reviving heart.

46

ime that, more sober and serious grown,
om folly at last I break free.
o so long in comedian's gown,
ave played in the play with thee.

scenes gaily painted were bright to behold,
nd in ultra-romantic tints shone.
knightly, rich mantle was spangled with gold;
oblest feelings were ever mine own.

ow with grave trouble my thoughts are beset,
though from the stage I depart;
my heart is as wretchedly miserable yet,
; though I still acted my part.

God! all unwitting and wholly in jest,
That I felt and I suffered I told.
e fought against Death who abode in my breast
ke the dying wrestler of old.

47

The great king Wiswamitra
In dire distress is now.
He seeks with strife and penance
To win Waschischta's cow.

Oh, great King Wiswamitra,
Oh what an ox art thou!
So much to struggle and suffer,
And only for a cow.

48

Heart, my heart, oh, be not shaken!
Bravely bear thy fate. Once more
Shall the coming Spring restore
What the Winter rude hath taken.

How abundant is thy measure!
Still, O world, how fair thou art!
And thou yet may'st love, my heart,
Everything that gives thee pleasure.

49

Thou seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair,
Imploring God to keep thee,
So bright, and pure, and fair.

50

Child, I must be very careful,
For thy soul would surely perish,
If the loved heart in thy bosom
Love for me should ever cherish.

But the task proves all too easy,
Strange regrets begin to move me.
Meanwhile many a time I whisper:
"If I could but make her love me!"

51

When on my couch reclining,
  Buried in pillows and night,
There hovers then before me
  A form of grace and light.

As soon as quiet slumber
  Has closed my weary eyes,
Then softly does the image
  Within my dream arise.

But with my dream at morning,
  It never melts away;
For in my heart I bear it
  Through all the livelong day.

52

Maiden with the lips of scarlet,
Clearest, sweetest eyes that be,
O my darling little maiden,
Ever do I think of thee!

Dreary is the winter evening:
Would that I were in thy home,
Sitting by thee, calmly chatting,
In the cosy little room.

And upon my lips, my darling,
I would press thy small white hand.
I would press and I would moisten
With my tears thy small white hand.

53

Let the snow without be piled,
Let the howling storm rage wild,
Beating o'er the window-pane,—
I will never more complain,
For within my heart bide warm
Spring-tide joy and sweetheart's form.

54

Some to Mary bend the knee,
Others unto Paul and Peter,
I, however, I will worship,
Sun of beauty, only thee.

Kiss me, love me, dearest one,
Be thou gracious, show me favor,
Fairest sun among all maidens,
Fairest maiden under the sun.

55

Did not my pallid cheek betray
  My love's unhappy fate?
And wilt thou force my haughty lips
  To beg and supplicate?

Oh far too haughty are these lips,
  They can but kiss and jest.
They speak perchance a scornful word,
  While my heart breaks in my breast.

56

Dearest friend, thou art in love,
  Tortured with new woes thou art;
Darker grows it in thy brain,
  Lighter grows it in thy heart.

Dearest friend, thou art in love,
  Though thou hast not yet confessed.
I can see thy flaming heart
  Burn already through thy vest.

57

I fain by thee would tarry,
To rest there and to woo;
But thou away must hurry,
Thou had'st too much to do.

I told thee that my spirit
Was wholly bound to thee,
And thou did'st laugh to hear it,
And curtsy low to me.

Yea, thou did'st much misuse me,
In all my love's distress,
And even did'st refuse me
At last the parting kiss.

I will not for thy glory
Go drown, when all is o'er;
My dear, this same old story
Befell me once before.

58

Sapphires are those eyes of thine,
So lovely and so sweet,
Thrice blessed is the happy man
Whom they with love will greet.

Thy heart, it is a diamond,
That sheds a splendid light.
Thrice blessed is the happy man
For whom it glows so bright.

As red as rubies are thy lips,
Naught fairer can I prove.
Thrice blessed is the happy man
To whom they whisper love.

Oh, knew I but that happy man,
Could I at last discover,
Deep in the greenwood, all alone—
His bliss were quickly over.

59

Lovers' vows, wherefrom thou turnest,
  Bound me closely to thy heart,
Now my jest grows sober earnest,
  I am pierced by mine own dart.

Laughingly thou stand'st before me—
  If thou leave me in my need,
All the powers of hell come o'er me,
  I shall shoot myself indeed.

60

Our life and the world have too fragment-like grown;
To the German Professor I'll hie me anon
  Who sets in straight order all things overhurled.
He will draw up a sensible system, I think,
With his nightcap and nightgown he'll stop every chink
  In this tumble-down edifice known as the world.

61

Long through my racked and weary brain
Did endless thoughts and dreams revolve;
But now thy lovely eyes, my dear,
Have brought me to a firm resolve.

Within their radiance wise and kind,
Where'er thine eyes shine, I remain.
I could not have believed it true
That I should ever love again.

62

To-night they give a party,
The house is all a-glow.
Above, in the lighted window,
Moves a shadow to and fro.

Thou see'st me not in the darkness,
I stand below, apart.
Still less, my dear, thou see'st
Within my gloomy heart.

My gloomy heart it loves thee;
It breaks for love of thee,
It breaks, and yearns, and bleedeth,
Only thou wilt not see.

63

I fain would outpour all my sorrows
In a single word to-day.
To the merry winds I would trust it,
They would merrily bear it away.

They would bear it to thee, my darling,
The word of sorrowful grace.
Thou should'st hear it at every hour,
Thou should'st hear it in every place.

And scarce in the midnight darkness
Should'st thou close thine eyes in sleep,
Ere my whispered word, it would follow,
Though thy dream were ever so deep.

64

Thou hast diamonds, and pearls and jewels,
All thy heart covets in store,
And the loveliest eyes under heaven—
My darling, what would'st thou more?

Upon thine eyes, so lovely,
Have I written o'er and o'er
Immortal songs and sonnets—
My darling, what would'st thou more?

And with thine eyes so lovely
Thou hast stung me to the core,
And hast compassed my undoing—
My darling, what would'st thou more?

65

He who for the first time loves,
E'en rejected, is a god.
He who loves a second time,
Unrequited, is a fool.

Such a fool am I, in loving
Once again with no return.
Sun and moon and stars are laughing;
I am laughing too—and dying.

66

They gave me advice, they counseled sense,
They overpowered with compliments.
Patience! they said, and in my need
They'd prove themselves my friends indeed.

Despite their promise to help and protect,
I surely had perished of sheer neglect,
Had there not come a worthy man,
Who bravely to help me now began.

Oh, the worthy man! he gave me to eat;
Such kindness as his I shall never forget.
I long to embrace him, but never can,
For I am myself this excellent man.

67

This most amiable of fellows
  Ne'er enough can honored be.
Ah! to oysters, Rhine-wine, cordial,
  Many a time he treated me.

Natty are his hose and trousers,
  Nattier his cravat is seen;
And he enters every morning,
  Asks me how my health has been.

Of my rich renown he speaketh,
  Of my charms and wit displayed.
Zealous, eager seems he ever
  To befriend me and to aid.

And at parties in the evening,
  With inspired brow and eye,
He declaims before the ladies
  My immortal poesy.

How delightfully refreshing
  Now-a-days to find still here
Such a youth, when good things surely
  More and more do disappear.

68

I dreamt I was Almighty God,
And sat within the sky,
And angels sat on either side,
And praised my poetry.

And sweets and pasties there I ate,
And drank the best Tokay,
Worth many a precious florin bright,
Yet had no bill to pay.

No less was I nigh bored to death,
And longed for earth and evil,
And were I not Almighty God,
I fain had been the devil.

"Thou long-legged angel Gabriel,
Make haste; begone from here!
And hither bring my friend Eugene,
The friend I love so dear.

"Within the college seek him not,
But where good wine inspires.
And seek him not in Hedwig Church,
But seek him at Miss Myers'."

Then spreading broad his mighty wings,
The angel doth descend,
And hastens off, and brings me back
Dear Bendel, my good friend.

Lo, youth, I am Almighty God!
The earth is my estate.
Did I not always promise thee
I should be something great?

And I accomplish miracles
That shall thy homage win.
To-day to please thee I shall bless
The city of Berlin.

Behold, the pavements of each street
Now wider, broader, grown!
And to an oyster, fresh and clear,
Transformed is every stone.

A shower of sweet lemonade
Pours down like dew divine.
And through the very gutters flows
The mellowest Rhine wine.

Oh, how the Berlinese rejoice!
They lush o'er such good fare.
The councillors and aldermen
Will drain the gutters bare.

The poets are in ecstasies
  At such a feast divine.
The captains and the corporals
  Lick up the streaming wine.

The captains and the corporals,
  What clever men are they!
They think—such miracles as these
  Occur not every day.

69

I left you in the midmost of July,
To-day, my friends in winter I behold.
Then in the heat ye basked so warm and bright,
But now ye have grown cool, yea, even cold.

Soon I depart again, and come once more,
Then shall I find you neither warm nor cold.
And I shall moan lamenting o'er your graves,
And mine own heart shall then be poor and old.

70

Oh, to be chased from lovely lips! and torn
From lovely arms that clasped as in a dream.
I fain had stayed with thee another morn.
Then came the postboy with his tinkling team.

E'en such is life, my child, a constant moan—
A constant parting, evermore good-byes,
Could not thy heart cling fast unto mine own?
Couldst thou not hold me steadfast with thine eyes?

71

All night, in the shadowy post-chaise,
We drove through the winter weather.
We slept on each other's bosoms,
We jested and laughed together.

But how were we both astonished,
When morning bade us stir,
Betwixt us two sat Cupid,
The blindfold passenger.

72

Lord knows where the reckless creature
Chose her transient stopping-place!
Swearing through the rainy weather,
Everywhere I seek her trace.

I have been to every tavern
Running up and running down,
And of every surly waiter
Made inquiries in the town.

Lo, I see her in yon window!
And she beckons—all is well!
Could I guess that you had chosen,
Lady, such a grand hotel?

73

Like shadows black the houses
  Uprise in long array.
Enveloped in my mantle
  I hurry on my way.

The old cathedral-belfry
  Chimes midnight grave and slow.
With all her charms and kisses
  My love awaits me now.

The moon is my companion,
  Kind-beaming from the sky
I reach the house beloved,
  And joyously I cry—

"I thank thee, trusty servant,
  That thou hast cheered my way.
And now, dear moon, I leave thee.
  On others shed thy ray.

"And if a lonely lover
Who sings of grief, thou see,
Oh give him such sweet solace
As thou hast given me."

74

Wert thou, in sooth, mine honored wife,
  Then should'st thou envied be;
A merry pastime were thy life—
  All pleasure, mirth, and glee.

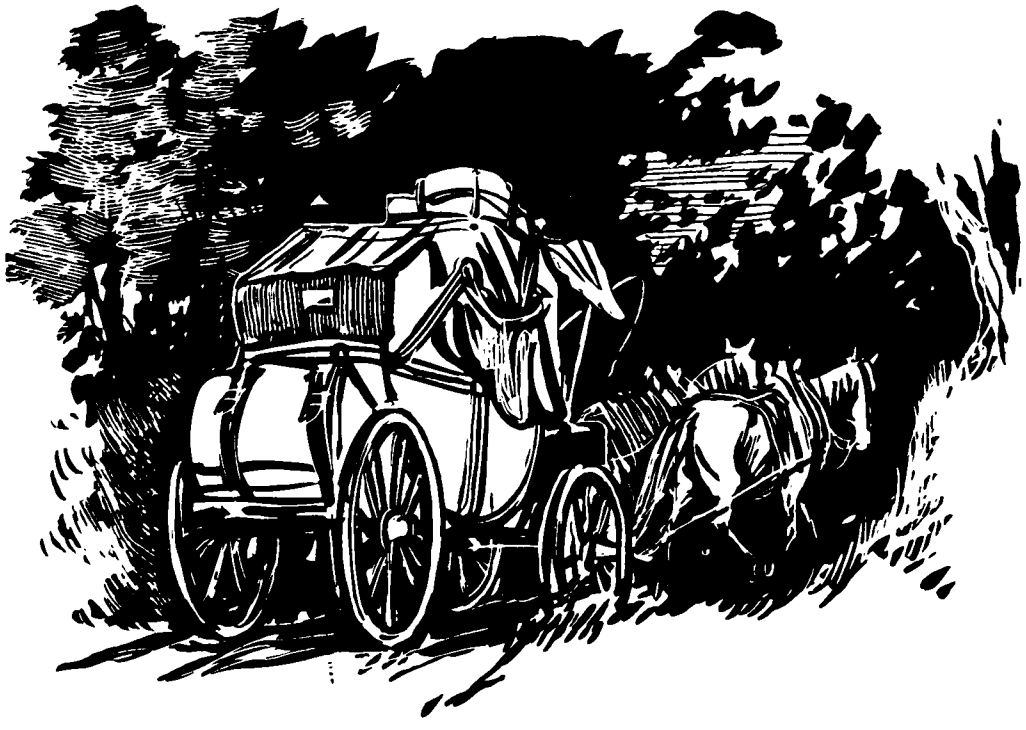
And should'st thou scold, and rail and curse,
  I'd meekly bear my fate;
But if thou do not praise my verse,
  Then shall we separate.

75

Upon thy snow-white shoulders
I lean my head at rest;
And secretly I hearken
To the yearning of thy breast.

In thy heart Hussars_blue-coated
Are riding and blowing their horn;
And my darling will surely desert me
With the earliest streak of morn.

And if thou desert me to-morrow,
None the less art thou mine to-day.
And within thine arms so lovely,
Still doubly blest I stay.



76

Hussars are blowing their trumpets,
And to thy doors they ride.
A garland of wreathed roses
I bring to thee, my bride.

That were a boisterous household,
Landpests and soldiery!
And in thy little heart, dear,
The goodliest quarters be.

77

I, too, in my youth did languish,
Suffered many a bitter anguish,
  Burning in love's spell.
Now the price of fuel's higher,
And extinguished is the fire,
  Ma foi! and that is well.

Think of this, my youthful beauty,
Dry the stupid tears of duty,
  Quell love's stupid, vague alarms.
Since thy life is not yet over,
Oh forget thy former lover,
  Ma foi! within mine arms.

78

Dost thou hate me then so fiercely,
  Hast thou really changed so blindly?
To the world I shall proclaim it,
  Thou could'st treat me so unkindly.

Say, ungrateful lips, how can you
Breathe an evil word of scorning,
Of the very man who kissed you
So sincerely, yestermorning?

79

Yes, they are the self-same eyes
  That still brighten as I greet her,
Yes, they are the self-same lips
  That made all my life seem sweeter.

Yes, it is the very voice,
  At whose slightest tones I faltered.
But no more the same am I;
  I wend homeward strangely altered.

By the fair white arms embraced
  With a close and tender passion,
Now I lie upon her heart,
  Dull of brain, in cold vexation.

80

Ye could not understand mine ire
Nor I the tales that ye did tell,
But when we met within the mire,
We knew each other very well.

81

But the eunuchs still complained,
When I raised my voice to sing—
They complained and they maintained
That it had too harsh a ring.

And they raised with one accord
All their dainty voices clear,
Little crystal trills outpoured—
Oh, how pure and fine to hear!

And they sang of love so sweet,
Love's desire and love's full measure,
That the rare artistic treat
Made the ladies weep for pleasure.

82

On the walls of Salamanca
  Gently sigh the breezes yonder.
Often with my gracious Donna,
  There on summer eves I wander.

Round my beauty's slender girdle,
  Tenderly mine arm enwreathing,
I can feel with blessed finger
  Her proud bosom's haughty breathing.

But I hear an anxious whisper
  Through the linden-branches coming,
And below, the somber mill-stream
  Murmurs dreams of evil omen.

Ah, Señora, I foresee it!
  I shall be expelled forever,
On the walls of Salamanca,
  We again shall wander never!

83

Next to me lives Don Henriquez,
He whom folk "the beauty" call;
Neighborly our rooms are parted
Only by a single wall.

Salamanca's ladies flutter
When he strides along the street,
Clinking spurs, mustachios twirling,
And with hounds about his feet.

But in quiet hours of evening
He will sit at home apart,
His guitar between his fingers,
And sweet dreams within his heart.

Then he smites the chords with passion,
All at once begins to strum.
Ah, like squalling cats his scrapings,
Toll-de-roll and toodle-dum!

84

We scarcely had met ere thy voice and thine eye
  Assured me, my darling, that thou wast mine own;
And had not thy mother stood cruelly nigh,
  I think I should really have kissed thee anon.

To-morrow again I depart from the town,
  And hasten forth on my weary track,
From the window my yellow-haired lass peeps down,
  And the friendliest greetings I waft her back.

85

Lo, on the mountains the sunbeams' first kiss!
The bells of the herd ring afar on the plain,
My darling, my lambkin, my sun and my bliss,
Oh, fain would I see thee and greet thee again!

I gaze on thy windows with curious eyes.
Farewell, dearest child, I must vanish for thee,
In vain! for the curtain moves not—there she lies,
There slumbers she still—and dreams about me?

86

In Halle, near the market,
  There stand two mighty lions.
Ah, lion-strength of Halle town,
  How art thou tamed and broken!

In Halle, near the market,
  There stands a mighty giant,
He holds a sword and he never moves,
  He is petrified with terror.

In Halle, near the market,
  A stately church is standing,
Where the *Burschenschaft* and the *Landsmannschaft*
  Have plenty of room to worship.

87

Dusky summer-eve declineth
Over wood and verdant meadow,
Golden moon in azure heavens,
Wafting fragrance, softly shineth.

By the brook-side chirps the cricket,
Something stirs within the water,
And the wanderer hears a rustling,
Hears a breathing past the thicket.

In the streamlet, white and slender,
All alone the nymph is bathing,
Beautiful her arms and shoulders
Shimmer in the moonbeams' splendor.

88

Night enfolds these foreign meadows,
  Sick heart, weary limbs caressing.
Ah, thy light athwart the shadows,
  Moon, is like a quiet blessing!

Gentle moon, thy mild beams banish
  Gloomy terrors where they hover.
All my woes dissolve and vanish,
  And mine eyes with dew brim over.

89

Death is like the balmy night,
  Life is like the sultry day;
  It is dark, and I am sleepy.
I am weary of the light.

O'er my couch a tree doth spring
  In its boughs a nightingale
  Sings of love, of naught but love,
In my dream I hear him sing.

90

"Tell me where's your lovely maiden,
Whom you sang of erst so well,
As a flame that through your bosom
Pierced with rare, enchanted spell."

Ah, that flame is long extinguished!
And my heart is cold above.
And this little book the urn is
For the ashes of my love.

Songs to Seraphine

I

In the dreamy wood I wander,
In the wood at even-tide;
And thy slender, graceful figure
Wanders ever by my side.

Is not this thy white veil floating?
Is not that thy gentle face?
Is it but the moonlight breaking
Through the dark fir-branches' space?

Can these tears so softly flowing
Be my very own I hear?
Or indeed, art thou beside me,
Weeping, darling, close anear?

2

Over all the quiet sea-shore
  Shadowing falls the hour of Hesper;
Through the clouds the moon is breaking,
  And I hear the billows whisper.

"Can that man who wanders yonder
  Be a lover or a dunce?
For he seems so sad and merry,
  Sad and merry both at once."

But the laughing moon looks downward,
  And she speaks, for she doth know it:
"Yes, he is both fool and lover,
  And, to cap it all, a poet!"

3

Behold! 'tis a foam-white sea-mew
  That flutters there on high.
Far over the black night-waters
  The moon hangs up in the sky.

The shark and the roach dart forward
  For breath as the breeze floats by.
The sea-mew poises and plunges,
  The moon hangs up in the sky.

Oh, lovely transient spirit,
  How heavy of heart am I!
Too near to thee is the water,
  The moon hangs up in the sky.

4

In moonlit splendor rests the sea,
The soft waves ripple along.
My heart beats low and heavily,
I think of the ancient song.

The ancient song that quaintly sings
Towns lost in olden times;
And how from the sea's abyss there rings
The sound of prayers and chimes.

But pious prayers and chimes, I ween,
Are offered all in vain.
For that which once hath buried been
May never come back again.

5

I knew that thou must love me—
'Twas long ago made clear.
But thy confession filled me
With deep and secret fear.

I clambered up the mountain,
And sang aloud for glee.
Then while the sun was setting,
I wept beside the sea.

My heart is like the sun, dear,
Yon kindled flame above;
And sinks in large-orbed beauty
Within a sea of love.

6

How enviously the sea-mew
  Looks after us, my dear;
Because upon thy lips then
  So close I pressed mine ear.

He fain would know what issued,
  Most curious of birds!
If thou mine ear fulfillest
  With kisses or with words.

What through my spirit hisses?
  I, too, am sore perplexed!
Thy words, dear, and thy kisses
  Are strangely intermixed.

7

Shy as a fawn she passed me by;
And, fleet as any heifer,
She clambered on from cliff to cliff,
Her hair flew with the zephyr.

Where to the sea's edge slope the rocks,
I reached her, trembling near it.
Then, softly with the softest words,
I melted her proud spirit.

There we two sat as high as heaven,
And heaven's own rapture drinking.
While in the dark waves far below;
The gradual sun was sinking.

Below us in the deep, dark sea,
The fair sun dropped; then dashing,
The waves broke wildly over him,
With turbulence of passion.

Oh do not weep! he is not dead,
'Neath billows swelling higher;
He has but hidden in my heart,
With all his burning fire.

8

Come, let us build upon this rock,
  The Church of God's last lover,
The third New Testament's revealed,
  The agony is over.

Refuted is the second book
  That fooled us through long ages.
The stupid torture of the flesh
  Is not for modern sages.

Hear'st thou the Lord in the dark sea,
  With thousand voices speaking?
See'st thou o'erhead the thousand lights
  Of God's own glory breaking?

The holy God dwells in the light,
  As in the dark abysses.
For God is everything that is:
  His breath is in our kisses.

9

Gray night broods above the ocean,
  Little stars gleam sparkling o'er us.
And the waters' many voices
  Chant in deep, protracted chorus.

Hark! the old northwind is playing
  On the polished waves of ocean,
That, like tubes of some great organ,
  Thrill and stir with sounding motion.

Partly pagan, partly sacred,
  Rise these melodies upswelling
Passionately to the heavens,
  Where the joyous stars are dwelling.

And the stars wax large and larger,
  In bright mazes they are driven,
Large as suns at last revolving,
  Through the spaces of vast heaven.

And weird harmonies they warble
With the billows' music blending.
Solar nightingales, they circle
Through the spheres strange concord sending.

And with mighty roar and trembling,
Sky and ocean both are ringing;
And a giant's stormy rapture
Feel I in my bosom springing.

10

Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,
  Life of shadows, wondrous strange!
Shall all hours be sweet as this is,
  Silly darling, safe from change?

All things that we clasp and cherish,
  Pass like dreams we may not keep.
Human hearts forget and perish,
  Human eyes must fall asleep.

II

She stood beside the ocean,
  And sighed as one oppressed,
With such a deep emotion
  The sunset thrilled her breast.

Dear maiden, look more gayly,
  This trick is old, thou'lt find.
Before us sinks he daily,
  To rise again behind.

12

My ship sails forth with sable sails,
Far over the savage sea;
Thou know'st how heavy is my woe,
Yet still thou woundest me.

Thy heart is fickle as the wind,
And flits incessantly.
My ship sails forth with sable sails,
Far over the savage sea.

13

I told nor man, nor woman
  How ill you dealt with me;
I came abroad and published it
  To the fishes in the sea.

Only upon terra firma
  I have left you your good name;
But over all the ocean
  Every creature knows your shame.

14

The roaring waves press onward
To reach the strand.
Then swell, and, crashing downward,
Break on the sand.

They roll with surging power,
Nor rest, nor fail—
And then ebb slow and slower—
Of what avail?

15

The Runenstein juts in the sea,
I sit here with my dreams,
The billows wander foamingly;
Winds pipe, the sea-mew screams.

Oh I have loved full many a lass,
And many a worthy fellow,
Where have they gone? The shrill winds pass,
And wandering foams the billow.

16

The waves gleam in the sunshine,
They seem of gold to be.
When I am dead, my brothers,
Oh drop me in the sea.

For dearly have I loved it.
Like cooling balm descends
Upon my heart its current:
We were the best of friends.

To Angelique

Now that heaven smiles in favor,
  Like a mute shall I still languish,—
I, who when unhappy, ever
  Sang so much about mine anguish?

Till a thousand striplings haunted
  By despair, my notes re-fluted,
And unto the woe I chanted,
  Greater evils still imputed.

Oh ye nightingales' sweet choir,
  That my bosom holds in capture,
Lift your joyous voices higher,
  Let the whole world hear your rapture!

2

Though thou wert fain to pass me quickly,
  Yet backward didst thou look by chance;
Thy wistful lips were frankly parted,
  Impetuous scorn was in thy glance.

Would that I ne'er had sought to hold thee,
  To touch thy fleeing gown's white train!
The dear mark of thy tiny footprints
  Would that I ne'er had found again!

For now thy rare wild charm has vanished,
  Like others thou art tame to see,
Intolerably kind and gentle—
  Alas! thou art in love with me.

3

Ne'er can I believe, young beauty,
Thy disdainful lips alone:
For such big black eyes as thine are
Virtue never yet did own.

And those brown-streaked lies down-glancing
Say "I love thee!" clearly scanned,
Let thy little white heart kiss me—
White heart, dost thou understand?

4

From the slightest of emotions,
What a sudden transformation,
To the most unbounded passion,
And the tenderest relation!

Every day it waxes deeper,
My affection for my lady.
I am almost half-persuaded
That I am in love already.

Beautiful her soul: though truly
That's a question of opinion.
I am surer of the beauty
Of the bodily dominion.

Oh that waist! And oh that forehead!
Oh that nose! The sweet enclosure
Of the lovely lips in smiling!
And the bearing's proud composure!

5

Ah, how fair thou art when frankly
  Thou reveal'st thy soul's dimensions,
And thy speech is overflowing
  With the noblest of intentions.

When thou tell'st me how thy feelings
  Always have been truest, highest,
To the pride within thy bosom
  Thou no sacrifice denyest.

Not for millions, thou averrest,
  Man could thy pure honor buy,
Ere thou sell thyself for money
  Ah, thou wouldst far liefer die.

I before thee stand and listen;
  To the end I listen stoutly,
Like a type of faith in silence,
  And I fold my hands devoutly.

6

I closed my sweetheart's either eye,
And on her mouth I kissed,
Now asking me the reason why
She never gives me rest.

From set of sun till morning rise,
Each hour does she persist,
"Oh wherefore did you close mine eyes,
When on my mouth you kissed?"

I never yet have told her why,
Myself I scarcely wist.
I closed my sweetheart's either eye,
And on her mouth I kissed.

7

When I, enraptured by precious kisses,
Rest in thine arms for briefest season,
Of Germany thou must not ask me,
I cannot bear it—there is a reason!

Leave Germany in peace, I do beseech thee,
Vex not with endless questions my poor spirit
Concerning home, friends, social, kind relations,
There is a reason why I cannot bear it.

The oak-tree there is green, the German women
Have soft blue eyes—tender they are and fair.
They whisper sighs of hope and truth and passion.
I have good cause—'tis more than I can bear.

8

Whilst I, after other people's,
  Other people's darlings gaze,
And before strange sweethearts' dwellings
  Sighing pace through weary days.—

Then perhaps those other people
  In another quarter pine,
Pacing by my very windows,
  Coveting that girl of mine.

That were human! God in heaven,
  Watch us still whate'er befall!
God in heaven, joy and blessing,
  Joy and blessing send us all!

9

Dismiss me not, e'en if my thirst
  Quenched with that sweet draught be!
Bear with me for a season yet,
  That shall suffice for me.

Canst thou no longer be my love,
  Then be to me a friend;
For friendship only just begins
  When love is at an end.

10

This mad carnival of loving,
This our heart's intoxication
Ends at last, and we twain, sobered,
Yawningly look each on each.

All the luscious cup is drained
That was filled with sensuous juices,
Foaming to the brim, enticing,
All the luscious cup is drained.

And the violins are silent,
That so sweetly played for dancing,
For the giddy dance of passion—
Yes, the violins are silent.

And the lanterns are extinguished,
That with gorgeous light illumined
All the motley troop of maskers—
Yes, the lanterns are extinguished.

And to-morrow comes Ash-Wednesday,
I will draw upon thy forehead
Then an ashen cross, and murmur,
Woman, thou art dust—remember!

Spring Festival

This is the spring-tide's mournful feast,
The frantic troops of blooming girls
Are rushing hither with flying curls,
Moaning they smite their bare white breast,
Adonis! Adonis!

The night has come. By the torches' gleams
They search the forest on every side,
That echoes with anguish far and wide,
With tears, mad laughter, and sobs and screams,
Adonis! Adonis!

The mortal youth so strangely fair,
Lies on the cold turf pale and dead;
His heart's blood staineth the flowers red,
And a wild lament fulfills the air,
Adonis! Adonis!

Childe Harold

Lo, a large black-shrouded barge
  Sadly moves with sails outspread,
And mute creatures' muffled features
  Hold grim watch above the dead.

Calm below it lies the poet
  With his fair face bare and white,
Still with yearning ever turning
  Azure eyes towards heaven's light.

As he saileth sadly waileth
  Some bereaven undine-bride.
O'er the springing waves outringing,
  Hark! a dirge floats far and wide.

The Asra

Daily the fair Sultan's daughter
Wanders to and fro at twilight
By the margin of the fountain,
Where the waters white are rippling.

•

Daily the young slave at twilight
Stands beside the fountain's margin,
Where the waters white are rippling,
Daily grows he pale and paler.

There one evening moved the princess
Toward the slave with words swift-spoken,
"Tell me, tell me what thy name is,
Where thy home is, what thy lineage?"

Spake the youthful slave: "My name is
Mahomet, I come from Yemen;
And by birth I am an Asra,
One who dieth when he loves."

Helena

Thou hast invoked me from my grave,
  And through thy magic spell
Hast quickened me with fierce desire,
  This flame thou canst not quell.

Oh press thy lips against my lips,
  Divine is mortal breath;
I drink thy very soul from thee.
  Insatiable is death.

Song

There stands a lonely pine-tree
  In the north, on a barren height;
He sleeps while the ice and snow flakes
  Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree
  Far in the sunrise-land,
Lonely and silent longing
  On her burning bank of sand.

The North Sea

1825–26

To Frederick Merckel
The Pictures of The North Sea
Are Affectionately Dedicated by the Author

First Cyclus

"To be disinterested in everything, but above all in love and friendship, was my supreme wish, my maxim, my practice; hence my daring expression at a later period: 'If I love thee, what is that to thee?' sprang directly from my heart."

Goethe's Truth and Poetry, *Book 14*

Coronation

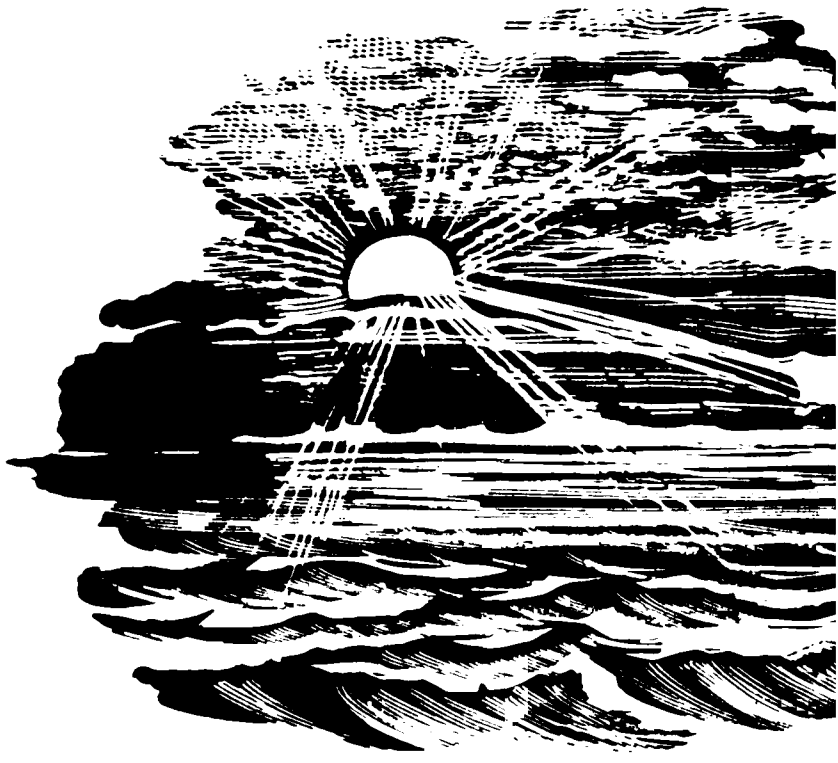
Oh songs of mine! belovèd songs of mine,
Up, up! and don your armor,
And let the trumpets blare,
And lift upon your shield
This youthful maiden
Who now shall reign supreme
Over my heart, as queen!
Hail! hail! thou youthful queen!
From the sun above
I snatch the beaming red gold,
And weave therewith a diadem
For thy consecrated head.
From the fluttering azure-silken canopy of heaven,
Where blaze the diamonds of night,
A precious fragment I cut:

And as a coronation mantle,
I hang it upon thy royal shoulders.
I bestow on thee a court
Of richly-attired sonnets,
Haughty *Terzine* and stately stanzas.
My wit shall serve thee as courier,
My fancy shall be thy fool,
Thy herald, whose crest is a smiling tear,
Shall be my humor.

But I myself, oh Queen,
Low do I kneel before thee,
On the cushion of crimson samite,
And as homage I dedicate to thee
The tiny morsel of reason,
That has been compassionately spared me
By thy predecessor in the realm.

2 *Twilight*

On the wan shore of the sea
Lonely I sat with troubled thoughts.
The sun dropped lower, and cast
Glowing red streaks on the water.
And the white wide waves,
Crowding in with the tide,
Foamed and rustled, nearer and nearer,
With a strange rustling, a whispering, a hissing,
A laughter, a murmur, a sighing, a seething,
And amidst all these a mysterious lullaby.
I seemed to hear long-past traditions,
Lovely old-time fairy-tales,
Which as a boy I had heard,
From the neighbor's children,
When on summer evenings we had nestled
On the stone steps of the porch.
With little eager hearts,
And wistful cunning eyes,
Whilst the grown maidens
Sat opposite at their windows
Near their sweet-smelling flower pots,
With their rosy faces,
Smiling and beaming in the moonlight.



3 *Sunset*

The glowing red sun descends
Into the wide, tremulous
Silver-gray ocean.
Ethereal, rosy tinted forms
Are wreathed behind him, and opposite,
Through the veil of autumnal, twilight clouds,
Like a sad, deathly-pale countenance,
Breaks the moon,
And after her, like sparks of light,

In the misty distance, shimmer the stars.
Once there shone forth in heaven,
Nuptially united,
Luna the goddess, and Sol the god.
And around them gathered the stars,
Those innocent little children.

But evil tongues whispered dissension,
And in bitterness parted
The lofty, illustrious pair.

Now all day in lonely splendor
The sun-god fares overhead,
Worshiped and magnified in song,
For the excellence of his glory,
By haughty prosperity—hardened men.
But at night
In heaven wandereth Luna,
The poor mother,
With her orphaned, starry children;
And she shines with a quiet sadness,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Dedicate to her their tears and their songs.
Poor weak Luna! Womanly-natured,
Still doth she love her beautiful consort.
Towards evening pale and trembling,
She peers forth from light clouds,
And sadly gazes after the departing one,

And in her anguish fain would call to him, "Come!
Come! our children are pining for thee!"
But the scornful sun-god,
At the mere sight of his spouse,
Glows in doubly-dyed purple,
With wrath and grief,
And implacably he hastens downward
To the cold waves of his widowed couch.

Thus did evil-whispering tongues
Bring grief and ruin
Even upon the immortal gods.
And the poor gods in heaven above
Painfully wander
Disconsolate on their eternal path,
And cannot die;
And drag with them
The chain of their glittering misery.

But I, the son of man,
The lowly-born, the death-crowned one,
I murmur no more.

4 Night on the Shore

Starless and cold is the night,
The sea yawns;
And outstretched flat on his paunch, over the sea,
Lies the uncouth North-wind.
Secretly with a groaning, stifled voice,
Like a peevish, crabbed man in a freak of good humor,
He babbles to the ocean,
And recounts many a mad tale,
Stories of murderous giants,
Quaint old Norwegian Sagas,
And from time to time, with re-echoing laughter,
He howls forth
The conjuration-songs of the Edda,
With Runic proverbs
So mysteriously arrogant, so magically powerful,
That the white children of the sea
High in the air upspring and rejoice,
Intoxicated with insolence.

Meanwhile on the level beach,
Over the wave-wetted sand,
Strides a stranger whose heart
Is still wilder than wind or wave.

Where his feet fall
Sparks are scattered and shells are cracked.
And he wraps himself closer in his gray mantle,
And walks rapidly through the windy night,
Surely guided by a little light,
That kindly and invitingly beams
From the lonely fisherman's hut.

Father and brother are on the sea,
And quite alone in the hut
Bides the fisher's daughter,
The fisher's rarely-beautiful daughter.
She sits on the hearth,
And listens to the cosy auspicious hum
Of the boiling kettle,
And lays crackling fagots upon the fire.
And blows thereon,
Till the flickering red flames
With a magic charm are reflected
On her blooming face.
On her delicate white shoulders
Which so pathetically outpeep
From the coarse gray smock,
And on her little tidy hand
Which gathers more closely the petticoat
About her dainty loins.

But suddenly the door springs wide,
And in steps the nocturnal stranger.
His eyes rest with confident love
On the slim, white maiden,
Who stands trembling before him,
Like a frightened lily.
And he flings his mantle to the ground
And laughs and speaks.
"Thou see'st my child! I keep my word,
And I come, and with me, comes
The olden time when the gods of heaven
Descended to the daughters of men,
And embraced the daughters of men,
And begot with them
A race of sceptre-bearing kings,
And heroes, the wonder of the world.
But thou my child, no longer stand amazed
At my divinity.
And I beseech thee, boil me some tea with rum,
For it is cold out doors,
And in such a night-air as this,
Even we, the eternal gods, must freeze.
And we easily catch a divine catarrh,
And an immortal cough."

5 *Poseidon*

The sunbeams played
Upon the wide rolling sea.
Far out on the roadstead glimmered the vessel
That was to bear me home.
But the favoring wind was lacking,
And still quietly I sat on the white down,
By the lonely shore.

And I read the lay of Odysseus,
The old, the eternally-young lay,
From whose billowy-rushing pages
Joyously into me ascended
The breath of the gods,
And the lustrous spring-tide of humanity,
And the blooming skies of Hellas.

My loyal heart faithfully followed
The son of Laertes in his wanderings and vexations,
By his side I sat with troubled soul,
On the hospitable hearth
Where queens were spinning purple.

And I helped him to lie and happily to escape
From the dens of giants and the arms of nymphs.
And I followed him into Cimmerian night,
Into storm and shipwreck,
And with him I suffered unutterable misery.

With a sigh I spake: "Oh, thou cruel Poseidon,
Fearful is thy wrath,
And I myself tremble
For mine own journey home."
Scarce had I uttered the words,
When the sea foamed,
And from the white billows arose
The reed-crowned head of the sea-god.
And disdainfully he cried:
"Have no fear, Poetling!
Not in the least will I imperil
Thy poor little ship.
Neither will I harass thy precious life
With too considerable oscillations.
For thou, Poetling, hast never offended me.
Thou hast not injured a single turret
On the sacred stronghold of Priam.
Not a single little lash hast thou singed
In the eyelid of my son Polyphemus;
And never hast thou been sagely counselled and
protected
By the goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene."

Thus exclaimed Poseidon,
And plunged again into the sea.
And, at his coarse sailor-wit,
Laughed under the water
Amphitrite, the stout fishwoman,
And the stupid daughters of Nereus.

6 *Declaration*

Shadowing downward came dusky evening,
Wildly the breakers rolled,
I sat alone upon the shore and gazed
At the white dance of the waves.

And my bosom heaved with the sea,
A deep homesickness yearningly seized my heart
For thee, oh lovely image,
Who surround'st me everywhere,
Who call'st to me everywhere,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the rushing of the wind, in the dashing of the sea,
And in the sighing of mine own breast.

With a slender reed I wrote upon the sand,
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But the wicked waves came overflowing
That sweet confession,
And blotted it out.

Oh brittle reed! oh swiftly-scattered sand!
Oh flowing waves, I trust you no more!
The heavens grow darker, my heart beats more wildly,

And with a mighty hand, from the Norwegian woods
I snatch the loftiest fir,
And I plunge it
Into Etna's glowing gulf;
And, with such a fire-steeped giant's pen,
I write on the dusky canopy of heaven,
"Agnes, I love thee!"
Each night hereafter overhead shall blaze
Those eternal letters of flame.
And all future generations of our descendants
Shall joyously read the celestial sign,
"Agnes, I love thee!"

7 *Night in the Cabin*

The ocean hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But oh, my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart.
And fairer than pearls or stars
Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my mighty heart.
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
Are melting away with love.

On the azure vault of heaven,
Where the beauteous stars are shining,
I am fain to press my lips now,
Wildly press midst stormy weeping.

Yonder myriad stars the eyes are
Of my darling, and they twinkle,
And they beckon to me kindly
From the azure vault of heaven.

Towards the azure vault of heaven,
Towards the eyes of my belovèd,
Piously mine arms uplifting,
Thus I supplicate and worship;

Lovely eyes, ye lights of heaven,
Graciously my soul inspire—
Let me die and let me win you,
You and all your spacious heavens.

From the eyes of heaven yonder,
Golden sparks fall trembling downward,
Through the night. My soul dilateth,
Filled and overfilled with passion.

Oh ye eyes of heaven yonder,
Weep yourselves to death within me!
Till my spirit overfloweth
With the radiant starry tear drops.

Cradled by the waves of ocean,
And by drowsy thoughts and visions,
Still I lie within the cabin,
In my berth so dark and narrow.

Through the open hatchway yonder,
I can see the stars clear shining.
The belovèd eyes so gentle,
Of my gentle well-belovèd.

The belovèd eyes so gentle
Hold above my head their vigil;
And they glimmer and they beckon
From the azure vault of heaven.

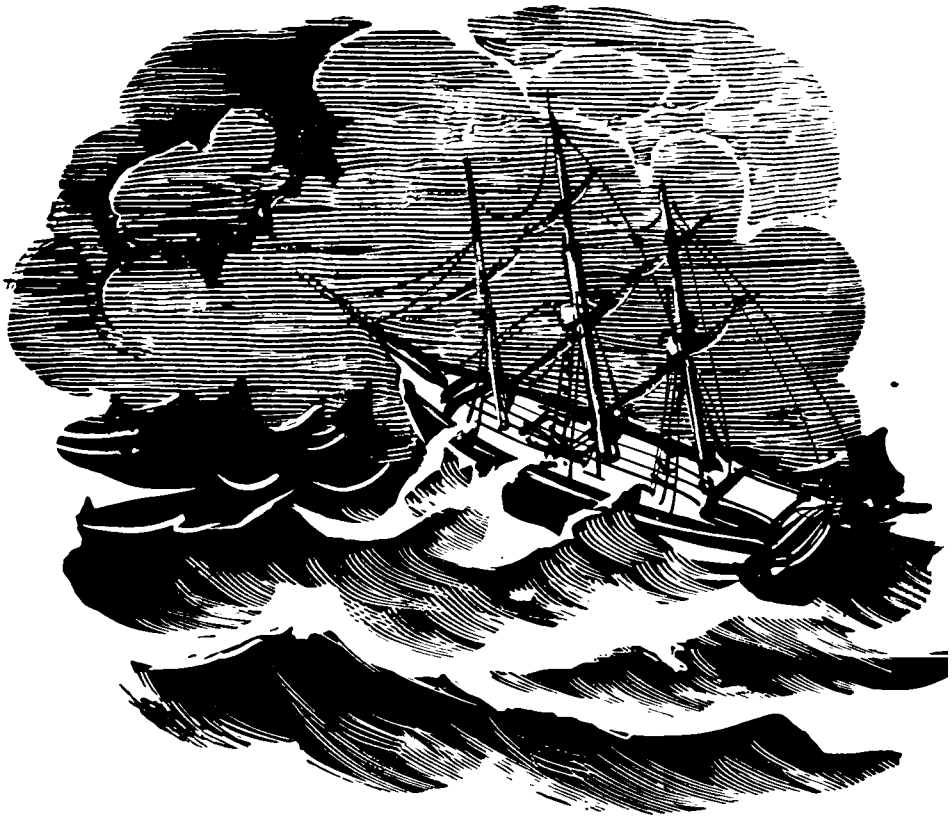
On the azure vault of heaven,
Still I gaze through blessèd hours,
Till a white and filmy vapor
Veils from me those eyes belovèd.

Against the wooden wall of the ship
Where my dreaming head reclines,
Break the waves, the wild sea-waves.
They whisper and murmur
Close into mine ear:
"Oh foolish young fellow,

Thine arm is short and the sky is far off,
And the stars are all firmly nailed above
With golden nails.
Vain is thy yearning and vain is thy sighing!
The best thou canst do is to go to sleep."

I dreamed a dream about a strange vast heath,
All overlaid with white and quiet snow.
And I beneath that white snow buried lay,
And slept the cold and lonely sleep of death.

But from the dark and shadowy heavens yonder,
Upon my grave the starry eyes looked down.
Those gentle eyes! Triumphantly they sparkled,
With still serenity, yet full of love.



8 Storm

The tempest is raging.
It lashes the waves,
And the waves foaming and rearing in wrath
Tower on high, and the white mountains of water
Surge as though they were alive,
While the little ship over-climbs them
With laborious haste,
And suddenly plunges down
Into the black, wide-yawning abyss of the tide.

O sea,
Thou mother of beauty, of the foam-engendered one,
Grandmother of love, spare me!
Already scenting death, flutters around me
The white, ghostly sea-mew,
And whets his beak on the mast.
And hungers with glutton-greed for the heart
Which resounds with the glory of thy daughter,
And which the little rogue, thy grandson,
Hath chosen for his play-ground.

In vain are my prayers and entreaties,
My cry dies away in the rushing storm,
In the battle-tumult of the winds.
They roar and whistle and crackle and howl
Like a bedlam of tones.
And amidst them, distinctly I hear
Alluring notes of harps,
Heart-melting, heart-rending,
And I recognize the voice.

Far away on the rocky Scotch coast,
Where the little gray castle juts out
Over the breaking waves,—
There at the lofty-arched window

Stands a beautiful suffering woman,
Transparently delicate, and pale as marble.
And she plays on the harp, and she sings,
And the wind stirs her flowing locks,
And wafts her melancholy song
Over the wide, stormy sea.

9 *Calm*

Calm at sea! The sunbeams flicker
Falling on the level water,
And athwart the liquid jewels
Ploughs the ship her emerald furrows.

By the rudder lies the pilot
On his stomach, gently snoring,
Near the mast, the tarry ship-boy
Stoops at work, the sail repairing.

'Neath their smut his cheeks are ruddy,
Hotly flushed,—his broad mouth twitches.
Full of sadness are the glances
Of his eyes so large and lovely.

For the captain stands before him,
Raves and scolds and curses: "Rascal!
Little rascal, thou hast robbed me
Of a herring from the barrel."

Calm at sea! above the water
Comes a cunning fish out-peeping.
Warms his little head in sunshine,
Merrily his small fins plashing.

But from airy heights, the sea-mew
On the little fish darts downward.
Carrying in his beak his booty
Back he soars into the azure.

I however lay on the edge of the vessel,
And gazed with dreamy eyes
Down into the glass-clear water.
And gazed deeper and deeper,
Deep down into the bottom of the sea.
At first like a twilight mist,
Then gradually more distinctly colored,
Domes of churches and towers arose,
And at last, as clear as sunshine, a whole city,
An antique Netherland city,
Enlivened with people.
Grave men with black mantles,
And white ruffs, and chains of honor,
And long swords and long faces,
Strode over the swarming market-place,
Towards the court-house with its high steps,
Where the stone effigies of emperors
Kept guard with scepter and sword.
Near by, past long rows of houses,
Past casements like polished mirrors,
And pyramidal, clipped lindens,
Wandered, in rustling silks, the young maidens
With slender forms, and flower-faces
Decently encircled by their black hoods,

And their waving golden hair.
Motley-clad folk in Spanish garb
Strut past and salute each other.
Elderly dames
In brown, old-fashioned attire,
Missal and rosary in hand,
Hasten with tripping steps
Towards the great cathedral,
Drawn thither by the chiming bells,
And by the deep-voiced tones of the organ.

And the far-off chimes smite me also
With mysterious awe.
Insatiable yearning, profound sadness
Steal into my heart,
Into my scarcely-healed heart.
I feel as if its wounds
Were kissed open by belovèd lips,
And began to bleed afresh,
With hot, red drops,
That fall long and slowly,
On an old house below there,
In the deep city of the sea;—
On an old high-gabled house,
Sadly deserted by all living creatures,
Save that in the lower window,
Sits a maiden,
Her head resting on her arms,
Like a poor, forsaken child,

And I know thee, thou poor, forsaken child.
Deep down, deep as the sea,
Thou hiddest thyself from me,
In a childish freak,
And never couldst rise again.

And thou sat'st a stranger among strangers,
Through long ages,
Whilst I, my soul full of grief,—
I sought thee over the whole earth.
Forever I sought thee,
Thou ever-belovèd,
Thou long-lost,
Thou found at last!
I have found thee, and I see once more
Thy sweet face,
The wise, loyal eyes,
The darling smile,
And never again will I leave thee,
And I come down to thee now,
And with wide-stretched arms,
I leap down upon thy breast.

But just at the right moment
The captain seized me by the foot,
And drew me from the edge of the vessel,
And cried with a peevish laugh,
"Doctor, are you possessed by the devil?"

11 *Purification*

Remain in thy deep sea-home,
Thou insane dream,
Which so many a night
Hast tortured my heart with a counterfeit happiness,
And which now as a vision of the sea
Dost threaten me even in the broad daylight.
Remain there below to all eternity!
And I cast moreover down unto thee
All my sorrows and sins,
And the cap and bells of folly
That have jingled so long upon my head.
And the cold, sleek serpent's skin
Of dissimulation,
Which so long has enwound my soul—
My sick soul,
My God-denying, angel-denying
Wretched soul.
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho! Here comes the breeze.
Up with the sails! They flutter and belly to the wind.
Over the treacherous smooth plain
Hastens the ship
And the emancipated soul rejoices.

High in heaven stood the sun,
Surrounded by white clouds.
The sea was calm;
And I lay musing on the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing, and, half-awake,
Half asleep, I saw Christ,
The Savior of the world.
In waving white raiment
He strode gigantically tall
Over land and sea.
His head touched heaven,
He spread his hands in benediction
Over land and sea;
And for a heart in his bosom
He bore the sun,
The red fiery sun,
And the red, fiery sun-heart
Showered its beams of grace,
And its pure love-bestowing light,
That illumines and warms
Over land and sea,
Peals of festal bells drew hither and thither,
As swans might draw by chains of roses.

The smooth-gliding vessel,
And sportively drew it to the verdant banks,
Where folk dwelt in a lofty-towered
Overhanging town.
Oh miracle of peace! How quiet was the town!
Hushed was the dull murmur of chattering, sweltering
Trade.
And through the clean, resounding streets,
Walked people clad in white,
Bearing branches of palm.
And when two such would meet,
They looked at each other with ardent sympathy
And, trembling with love and self denial,
Kissed each other's brow,
And glanced upward
Towards the sun-heart of the Savior,
Which in glad propitiation irradiated downward
Its crimson blood:
And thrice they exclaimed,
"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

Couldst thou have conceived this vision,
What wouldst thou have given,
Most dearly belovèd,—
Thou who art so weak in body and mind,
And so strong in faith!
Thou who so singly honorest the Trinity,
Who kissest daily the pug and the reins and the paws

Of thy lofty protectress,
And hastenest with canting devotion
To the Aulic councilor and to the councilor of just
And at last to the council of the Realm
In the pious city,
Where sand and faith flourish,
And the long-suffering waters of the sacred Spree
Purify souls and dilute tea.
Couldst thou have conceived this vision
Most dearly belovèd,
Thou hadst borne it to the lofty minnows of the mar
place,
With thy pale blinking countenance,
Rapt with piety and humility;
And their high mightinesses
Ravished and trembling with ecstasy,
Would have fallen praying with thee on their knees
And their eyes glowing with beatitude,
Would have promised thee an increase of salary,
Of a hundred thalers Prussian currency.
And thou wouldst have stammered with folded har
"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

Second Cyclus

Motto, Xenophon's Anabasis—*4, 5*

Salutation to the Sea

Thalatta! Thalatta!
All hail to thee, thou Eternal Sea!
All hail to thee ten thousand times
From my jubilant heart,
As once thou wast hailed
By ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Misfortune-combating, homeward-yearning,
World-renowned Grecian hearts.
The waters heaved,
They heaved and roared.
The sun poured streaming downward
Its flickering rosy lights.
The startled flocks of sea-mews
Fluttered away with shrill screams;
The coursers stamped, the shields rattled,
And far out, resounded like a triumphal pæan,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

All hail to thee, thou Eternal Sea!
Like the language of home, thy water whispers to m
Like the dreams of my childhood I see it glimmer
Over thy billowy realm of waves.
And it repeats to me anew olden memories,
Of all the belovèd glorious sports,
Of all the twinkling Christmas gifts,
Of all the ruddy coral-trees,
Tiny golden fishes, pearls and bright-hued mussels,
Which thou dost secretly preserve
Below there in thy limpid house of crystal.

Oh, how I have pined in barren exile!
Like a withered flower
In the tin box of a botanist,
My heart lay in my breast.
I feel as if all winter I had sat,
A sick man, in a dark, sick room,
Which now I suddenly leave.
And dazzlingly shines down upon me
The emerald spring, the sunshine-awakened spring,
And the white-blossomed trees are rustling;
And the young flowers look at me,
With their many-colored, fragrant eyes.
And there is an aroma, and a murmuring, and a breat
ing and a laughter,
And in the blue sky the little birds are singing,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou valiant, retreating heart,
How oft, how bitter oft
Did the fair barbarians of the North press thee hard!
From their large victorious eyes
They darted burning shafts
With crooked, polished words,
They threatened to cleave my breast.
With sharp-pointed missives they shattered
My poor, stunned brain.
In vain I held up against them my shield,
The arrows whizzed, the strokes cracked,

And from the fair barbarians of the North
I was pressed even unto the sea.
And now with deep, free breath, I hail the sea
The dear, redeeming sea—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

2 *Tempest*

Gloomy lowers the tempest over the sea,
And through the black wall of cloud
Is unsheathed the jagged lightning,
Swift-outflashing, and swift-vanishing,
Like a jest from the brain of Chronos.
Over the barren, billowy water,
Far away rolls the thunder,
And up leap the white water-steeds,
Which Boreas himself begot
Out of the graceful mare of Erichthon,
And the sea-birds flutter around,
Like the shadowy dead on the Styx,
Whom Charon repels from his nocturnal boat.

Poor, merry, little vessel,
Dancing yonder the most wretched of dances!
Eolus sends it his liveliest comrades,
Who wildly play to the jolliest measures;
One pipes his horn, another blows,
A third scrapes his growling bass-viol.
And the uncertain sailor stands at the rudder,
And constantly gazes at the compass,

The trembling soul of the ship;
And he raises his hands in supplication to Heaven—
"Oh, save me, Castor, gigantic hero!
And thou conquering wrestler, Pollux."

3 *Wrecked*

Hope and love! everything shattered
And I myself, like a corpse
That the growling sea has cast up,
I lie on the strand,
On the barren cold strand.
Before me surges the waste of waters,
Behind me lies naught but grief and misery;
And above me, march the clouds,—
The formless, gray daughters of the air,
Who from the sea, in buckets of mist,
Draw the water,
And laboriously drag and drag it,
And spill it again in the sea—
A melancholy, tedious task,
And useless as my own life.

The waves murmur, the sea-mews scream,
Old recollections possess me;
Forgotten dreams, banished visions,
Tormentingly sweet, uprise.

There lives a woman in the North,
A beautiful woman, royally beautiful.

Her slender, cypress-like form
Is swathed in a light, white raiment.
Her locks, in their dusky fullness,
Like a blessed night,
Streaming from her braid-crowned head,
Curl softly as a dream
Around the sweet, pale face;
And from the sweet, pale face
Large and powerful beams an eye,
Like a black sun.
Oh thou black sun, how oft,
How rapturously oft, I drank from thee
The wild flames of inspiration!
And stood and reeled, intoxicated with fire.
Then there hovered a smile as mild as a dove,
About the arched, haughty lips.
And the arched, haughty lips
Breathed forth words as sweet as moonlight,
And delicate as the fragrance of the rose.
And my soul soared aloft,
And flew like an eagle up into the heavens.

Silence ye waves and sea-mews!
All is over! joy and hope—
Hope and love! I lie on the ground
An empty, shipwrecked man,
And press my glowing face
Into the moist sand.

4 *Sunset*

The beautiful sun
Has quietly descended into the sea.
The surging water is already tinted
By dusky night—
But still the red of evening
Sprinkles it with golden lights.
And the rushing might of the tide
Presses toward the shore the white waves,
That merrily and nimbly leap
Like woolly flocks of sheep,
Which at evening the singing shepherd boy
Drives homeward.

"How beautiful is the sun!"
Thus spake after a long silence, the friend
Who wandered with me on the beach.
And, half in jest, half in sober sadness,
He assured me that the sun
Was a beautiful woman, who had for policy
Espoused the old god of the sea.
All day she wanders joyously
In the lofty heavens, decked with purple,
And sparkling with diamonds;

Universally beloved, universally admired
By all creatures of the globe,
And cheering all creatures of the globe
With the radiance and warmth of her glance.
But at evening, wretchedly constrained,
She returns once more
To the wet home, to the empty arms
Of her hoary spouse.

"Believe me," added my friend,
And laughed and sighed, and laughed again,
"They live down there in the daintiest wedlock;
Either they sleep or else they quarrel,
Until high upheaves the sea above them,
And the sailor amidst the roaring of the waves can hear
How the old fellow berates his wife:
'Round strumpet of the universe!
Sunbeam coquette!
The whole day you shine for others,
And at night for me you are frosty and tired.'
After such curtain lectures,—
Quite naturally—bursts into tears
The proud sun, and bemoans her misery,
And bemoans so lamentably long, that the sea-god
Suddenly springs desperately out of his bed,
And quickly swims up to the surface of the ocean,
To collect his wits and to breathe."

Thus did I myself see him yester-night,
Uprise from the bosom of the sea.
He had a jacket of yellow flannel,
And a lily-white night cap,
And a withered countenance.

5 *The Song of the Oceanides*

'Tis nightfall and paler grows the sea.
And alone with his lonely soul,
There sits a man on the cold strand
And turns his death-cold glances
Towards the vast, death-cold vault of heaven,
And toward the vast, billowy sea.
On airy sails float forth his sighs;
And melancholy they return,
And find the heart close-locked,
Wherein they fain would anchor.
And he groans so loud that the white sea-mews,
Startled out of their sandy nests,
Flutter circling around him.
And he laughingly speaks to them thus:

"Ye black-legged birds,
With white wings, oversea flutterers!
With crooked beaks, salt-water bibbers,
Ye oily seal-flesh devourers!
Your life is as bitter as your food.
I, however, the fortunate, taste naught but sweets!
I taste the fragrance of the rose,
The moonshine-nourished bride of the nightingale.

I taste still sweeter sugar-plums,
Stuffed with whipped cream.
And the sweetest of all things I taste,
The sweets of loving and of being loved!

"She loves me, she loves me, the dear girl!
Now stands she at home on the balcony of her house,
And gazes forth in the twilight upon the street,
And listens and yearns for me,—really!
Vainly does she glance around, and sigh,
And sighing she descends to the garden,
And wanders midst the fragrance and the moonlight,
And talks to the flowers, and tells them
How I, her beloved, am so lovely and so lovable—
really!
Later in her bed, in her sleep, in her dreams,
Blissfully she hovers about my precious image,
So that in the morning at breakfast
Upon the glistening buttered bread,
She sees my smiling face,
And she devours it for sheer love—really!"

Thus boasted and boasted he,
And meanwhile screamed the sea-mews,
As with cold, ironical tittering
The twilight mists ascended,
Uncannily forth from lilac clouds
Peered the greenish-yellow moon.

Loud roared the billows,
And deep from the loud roaring sea,
As plaintive as a whispering monsoon,
Sounded the song of the Oceanides—
Of the beautiful, compassionate mermaids,
Distinct midst them all the lovely voice
Of the silver-footed spouse of Peleus—
And they sigh and sing:

"Oh fool, thou fool, thou boasting fool,
Tormented with misery!
Destroyed are all thy hopes,
The playful children of the heart—
And ah! thy heart, Niobe-like,
Is petrified with grief!
In thy brain falls the night.
And therein are unsheathed the lightnings of frenzy,
And thou makest a boast of thy trouble!
Oh fool, thou fool, thou boasting fool!
Stiff-necked art thou as thy forefather,
The lofty Titan, who stole celestial fire
From the gods, and bestowed it upon man.
And tortured by eagles chained to the rock,
Olympus-high he flung defiance, flung defiance and groaned,
Till we heard it in the depths of the sea,
And came to him with the song of consolation.
Oh fool, thou fool, thou boasting fool!

Thou, however, art more impotent still.
'Twere more seemly that thou shouldst honor the gods,
And patiently bear the burden of misery,
And patiently bear it, long, so long,
Till Atlas himself would lose patience,
And cast from his shoulders the ponderous world
Into eternal night."

So rang the song of the Oceanides,
Of the beautiful compassionate mermaids,
Until louder waves overpowered it.
Behind the clouds retired the moon,
The night yawned,
And I sat long thereafter in the darkness and wept.

Full-blooming moon, in thy radiance,
Like flowing gold shines the sea.
With daylight clearness, yet twilight enchantment,
Thy beams lie over the wide, level beach.
And in the pure, blue starless heavens,
Float the white clouds,
Like colossal images of gods
Of gleaming marble.
No more again! those are no clouds!
They are themselves—the gods of Hellas,
Who erst so joyously governed the world,
But now, supplanted and dead,
Yonder, like monstrous ghosts, must fare,
Through the midnight skies.
Amazed and strangely dazzled, I contemplate
The ethereal Pantheon.
The solemnly mute, awfully agitated,
Gigantic forms.
There is Chronos yonder, the king of heaven;
Snow-white are the curls of his head,
The world-renowned Olympus-shaking curls.
He holds in his hand the quenched lightning,

In his face dwell misfortune and grief;
But even yet the olden pride.
Those were better days, oh Zeus,
When thou didst celestially divert thyself
With youths and nymphs and hecatombs.
But the gods themselves reign not forever;
The young supplant the old,
As thou thyself, the hoary father,
And thy Titan-uncle didst supplant
Jupiter-Parricida!
Thee also, I recognize, haughty Juno;
Despite all thy jealous care,
Another has wrested thy scepter from thee,
And thou art no longer Queen of Heaven.
And thy great eyes are blank,
And thy lily arms are powerless,
And nevermore may thy vengeance smite
The divinely-quickened Virgin,
And the miracle-performing son of God.
Thee also I recognize, Pallas Athena!
With thy shield and thy wisdom, could'st thou not avert
The ruin of the gods?
Also thee I recognize, thee also, Aphrodite!
Once the golden, now the silvern!
'Tis true that the love-charmed zone still adorns thee
But I shudder with horror at thy beauty.
And if thy gracious body were to favor me
Like other heroes, I should die of terror.

Thou seemest to me a goddess-corpse,
Venus Libitina!
No longer glances toward thee with love,
Yonder the dread Ares!
How melancholy looks Phoebus Apollo
The youth. His lyre is silent,
Which once so joyously resounded at the feast of the gods.
Still sadder looks Hephaistos.
And indeed nevermore shall the limper
Stumble into the service of Hebe,
And nimbly pour forth to the assemblage
The luscious nectar. And long ago was extinguished
The unextinguishable laughter of the gods.

I have never loved you, ye gods!
For to me are the Greeks antipathetic,
And even the Romans are hateful.
But holy compassion and sacred pity
Penetrate my heart,
When I now gaze upon you yonder,
Deserted gods!
Dead night-wandering shadows,
Weak as mists which the wind scares away.
And when I recall how dastardly and visionary
Are the gods who have supplanted you,
The new, reigning, dolorous gods,
Mischief-plotters in the sheep's clothing of humility,

Oh then a more sullen rancor possesses me,
And I fain would shatter the new Temples,
And battle for you, ye ancient gods,—
For you and your good ambrosial cause.
And before your high altars,
Rebuilt with their extinguished fires,
Fain would I kneel and pray,
And supplicating uplift mine arms.

Always ye ancient gods,
Even in the battles of mortals,
Always did ye espouse the cause of the victor.
But man is more magnanimous than ye,
And in the battles of the gods, he now takes the part
Of the gods who have been vanquished.

Thus spake I, and lo, visibly blushed
Yonder the wan cloud figures,
And they gazed upon me like the dying,
Transfigured by sorrow, and suddenly disappeared.
The moon was concealed
Behind dark advancing clouds.
Loud roared the sea.
And triumphantly came forth in the heavens
The eternal stars.

7 *The Phœnix*

A bird comes flying out of the West;
He flies to the Eastward,
Towards the Eastern garden-home,
Where spices shed fragrance, and flourish,
And palms rustle and fountains scatter coolness.
And in his flight the magic bird sings:

"She loves him! she loves him!
She carries his portrait in her little heart,
And she carries it sweetly and secretly hidden,
And knoweth it not herself!
But in dreams he stands before her.
She implores and weeps and kisses his hands,
And calls his name,
And calling she awakes, and she lies in affright,
And amazed she rubs her beautiful eyes,—
She loves him! she loves him!"

Leaning on the mast on the upper deck,
I stood and heard the bird's song.
Like blackish-green steeds with silver manes,
Leapt the white crisp-curling waves.
Like flocks of swans glided past,

With gleaming sails, the Helgolands,
The bold nomads of the North Sea.
Above me in the eternal blue
Fluttered white clouds,
And sparkled the eternal sun,
The Rose of Heaven, the fire-blossoming,
Which joyously was mirrored in the sea.
And the heavens and seas and mine own heart
Resounded in echo—
She loves him! she loves him!

8 Question

By the sea, by the desolate nocturnal sea,
Stands a youthful man,
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubt.
And with bitter lips he questions the waves:
"Oh solve me the riddle of life!
The cruel, world-old riddle,
Concerning which, already many a head hath been racked.
Heads in hieroglyphic-hats,
Heads in turbans and in black caps,
Periwigged heads, and a thousand other
Poor, sweating human heads.
Tell me, what signifies man?
Whence does he come? whither does he go?
Who dwells yonder above the golden stars?"

The waves murmur their eternal murmur,
The winds blow, the clouds flow past.
Cold and indifferent twinkle the stars,
And a fool awaits an answer.

9 *Sea-Sickness*

The gray afternoon clouds
Drop lower over the sea,
Which darkly riseth to meet them,
And between them both fares the ship.

Sea-sick I still sit by the mast
And all by myself indulge in meditation,
Those world-old ashen-gray meditations,
Which erst our father Lot entertained,
When he had enjoyed too much of a good thing,
And afterward suffered such inconvenience.
Meanwhile I think also of old stories;
How pilgrims with the cross on their breast in days of yore,
On their stormy voyages, devoutly kissed
The consoling image of the blessed Virgin.
How sick knights in such ocean-trials,
Pressed to their lips with equal comfort
The dear glove of their lady.
But I sit and chew in vexation
An old herring, my salty comforter,
Midst caterwauling and dogged tribulation.

Meanwhile the ship wrestles
With the wild billowy tide.
Like a rearing war-horse she stands erect,
Upon her stern, till the helm cracks.
Now crashes she headforemost downward once more
Into the howling abyss of waters,
Then again, as if recklessly love-languid,
She tries to recline
On the black bosom of the gigantic waves,
Which powerfully seethe upward,
And immediately a chaotic ocean-cataract
Plunges down in crisp-curling whiteness,
And covers me with foam.

This shaking and swinging and tossing
Is unendurable!
Vainly mine eye peers forth and seeks
The German coast. But alas! only water,
And everywhere water—turbulent water!

Even as the traveller in winter thirsts
For a warm cordial cup of tea,
So does my heart now thirst for thee
My German fatherland.
May thy sweet soil ever be covered
With lunacy, hussars and bad verses,
And thin, lukewarm treatises.
May thy zebras ever be fattened

On roses instead of thistles.
Ever may thy noble apes
Haughtily strut in negligent attire,
And esteem themselves better than all other
Priggish heavy-footed, horned cattle.
May thine assemblies of snails
Ever deem themselves immortal
Because they crawl forward so slowly;
And may they daily convoke in full force,
To discuss whether the cheesemould belongs to the cheese;
And still longer may they convene
To decide how best to honor the Egyptian sheep,
So that its wool may improve
And it may be shorn like others,
With no difference.
Forever may folly and wrong
Cover thee all over, oh Germany,
Nevertheless I yearn towards thee—
For at least thou art dry land.

10 *In Port*

Happy the man who has reached port,
And left behind the sea and the tempest,
And who now sits, quietly and warm,
In the goodly town-cellar of Bremen.

How pleasantly and cordially
The world is mirrored in the wine-glass.
And how the waving microcosm
Pours sunnily down into the thirsty heart!
I see everything in the glass,—
Ancient and modern tribes,
Turks and Greeks, Hegel and Gans,
Citron groves and guard-parades,
Berlin and Schilda, and Tunis and Hamburg.
Above all the image of my belovèd,
The little angel-head against the golden background
of Rhine-wine.

Oh how beautiful! how beautiful thou art, belovèd!
Thou art like a rose.
Not like the Rose of Shiraz,
The Hafiz-besung bride of the nightingale.
Not like the Rose of Sharon,

The sacred purple extolled by the prophet.
Thou art like the rose in the wine-cellar of Bremen.
That is the rose of roses,
The older it grows the fairer it blooms,
And its celestial perfume has inspired me.
And did not mine host of the town-cellar of Bremen
Hold me fast, fast by my hair,
I should tumble head over heels.

The worthy man! we sat together,
And drank like brothers.
We spake of lofty, mysterious things,
We sighed and sank in each other's arms.
And he led me back to the religion of love:
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave all bad poets,
As I shall some day hope to be forgiven myself.
I wept with fervor of piety, and at last
The portals of salvation were opened to me,
Where the twelve Apostles, the holy wine-butts,
Preach in silence and yet so intelligibly
Unto all people.

Those are men!
Without, unseemly in their wooden garb,
Within, they are more beautiful and brilliant
Than all the haughty Levites of the Temple,
And the guards and courtiers of Herod,

Decked with gold and arrayed in purple.
But I have always averred
That not amidst quite common folk—
No, in the very best society,
Perpetually abides the King of Heaven.

Hallelujah! How lovely around me
Wave the palms of Beth-El!
How fragrant are the myrrh-trees of Hebron!
How the Jordan rustles and reels with joy!
And my immortal soul also reels,
And I reel with her, and, reeling,
The worthy host of the town-cellar of Bremen
Leads me up-stairs into the light of day.

Thou worthy host of the town-cellar of Bremen,
See'st thou on the roofs of the houses,
Sit the angels, and they are drunk and they sing.
The glowing sun up yonder
Is naught but a red drunken nose.
The nose of the spirit of the universe,
And around the red nose of the spirit of the universe
Reels the whole tipsy world.

11 Epilogue

Like the stalks of wheat in the fields,
So flourish and wave in the mind of man
His thoughts.
But the delicate fancies of love
Are like gay little intermingled blossoms
Of red and blue flowers.

Red and blue flowers!
The surly reaper rejects you as useless.
The wooden flail scornfully thrashes you,
Even the luckless traveler,
Whom your aspect delights and refreshes,
Shakes his head,
And calls you beautiful weeds.

But the rustic maiden,
The wearer of garlands,
Honors you, and plucks you,
And adorns with you her fair locks.
And thus decorated she hastens to the dancing-green
Where the flutes and fiddles sweetly resound;
Or to the quiet bushes
Where the voice of her beloved soundeth sweeter still
Than fiddles or flutes.

HEINE.

HEINE IN 1827.

Edited by NEWELL DUNBAR

HEINRICH HEINE

HIS

WIT WISDOM

POETRY

Preceded by the essay of

MATTHEW ARNOLD

With Illustrations

Boston
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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE reading public of the United States has always been friendly to good anthologies. This doubtless is largely due to the fact that, while Americans *desire* always the best, living hurriedly as we do, we are as a rule too often unfortunately forced, as regards the commendable objects of our inclination, to content ourselves somewhat parsimoniously with a hastily-snatched and almost surreptitious *sip*, in place of properly sitting down and at our leisure draining the cup of enjoyment. Such being the case, it is eminently desirable that the sip should be at any rate from the *cream:* and the cream — or, at least, *some* of the cream — of the inimitable Heine (which is what this little book aims to present) should, if the skimming has been skillfully performed, be found to afford a delicious refreshment and sustenance indeed. By no means "milk for babes" is the yield from the udders Heinean; its consistency is such as renders it satisfying, and in point of fact not infrequently quite pungent, meat for the strongest men and women,—a nourishment whereof, when once it has been tasted, the flavor and invigoration are wholly forgotten afterwards never!

Various volumes of selections from Heine's *prose* have been published in English — notably the excellent one of Mr. Snodgrass, to which I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness; and numerous volumes of selections from Heine's *verse* have appeared: the present collection *combines* prose and verse in about equal proportions, something like an all-round presentment of the author being thus given in a single volume. In this respect the book will, I think, be found to be (at any rate, in English) unique; and this uniqueness should prove an additional excuse for its existence. The incorporation in it of the sympathetic yet judicial — if, perhaps, on the whole not quite thoroughly satisfactory — essay of Mr. Arnold must greatly enhance its value. Also, some of the illustrations used have, I believe, never hitherto been placed before English-readers.

NEWELL DUNBAR.

Boston, 1892.

Illustrations.

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INTRODUCTION.

The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!

—Matthew Arnold.

HEINRICH HEINE.

"I know not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a *sword;* for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity."

Heine had his full share of love of fame, and cared quite as much as his brethren of the *genus irritabile* whether people praised his verses or blamed them. And he was very little of a hero. Posterity will certainly decorate his tomb with the emblem of the laurel rather than with the emblem of the sword. Still, for his contemporaries, for us, for the Europe of the present century, he is significant chiefly for the reason which he himself in the words just quoted assigns. He is significant because he was, if not pre-eminently a brave, yet a brilliant, a most effective soldier in the Liberation War of humanity.

To ascertain the master-current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is one of the critic's highest functions;

in discharging it he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office, — justness of spirit. The living writer who has done most to make England acquainted with German authors, a man of genius, but to whom precisely this one quality of justness of spirit is perhaps wanting, — I mean Mr. Carlyle, — seems to me in the result of his labors on German literature to afford a proof how very necessary to the critic this qnality is. Mr. Carlyle has spoken admirably of Goethe; but then Goethe stands before all men's eyes, the manifest centre of German literature; and from this central source many rivers flow. Which of these rivers is the main stream? which of the courses of spirit which we see active in Goethe is the course which will most influence the future, and attract and be continued by the most powerful of Goethe's successors? — that is the question. Mr. Carlyle attaches, it seems to me, far too much importance to the romantic school of Germany, — Tieck, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, — and gives to these writers, really gifted as two, at any rate, of them are, an undue prominence. These writers, and others with aims and a general tendency the same as theirs, are not the real inheritors and continuators of Goethe's power; the current of their activity is not the main current of German literature after Goethe. Far more in Heine's

works flows this main current; Heine, far more than Tieck or Jean Paul Richter, is the continuator of that which, in Goethe's varied activity, is the most powerful and vital; on Heine, of all German authors who survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell. I do not forget that when Mr. Carlyle was dealing with German literature, Heine, though he was clearly risen above the horizon, had not shone forth with all his strength; I do not forget, too, that after ten or twenty years many things may come out plain before the critic which before were hard to be discerned by him; and assuredly no one would dream of imputing it as a fault to Mr. Carlyle that twenty years ago he mistook the central current in German literature, overlooked the rising Heine, and attached undue importance to that romantic school which Heine was to destroy; one may rather note it as a misfortune, sent perhaps as a delicate chastisement to a critic, who, — man of genius as he is, and no one recognises his genius more admirably than I do, — has, for the functions of the critic, a little too much of the self-will and eccentricity of a genuine son of Great Britain.

Heine is noteworthy, because he is the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity. And

which of Goethe's lines of activity is this? — His line of activity as "a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity."

Heine himself would hardly have admitted this affiliation, though he was far too powerful-minded a man to decry, with some of the vulgar German liberals, Goethe's genius. "The wind of the Paris Revolution," he writes after the three days of 1830, "blew about the candles a little in the dark night of Germany, so that the red curtains of a German throne or two caught fire; but the old watchmen, who do the police of the German kingdoms, are already bringing out the fire engines, and will keep the candles closer snuffed for the future. Poor, fast-bound German people, lose not all heart in thy bonds! The fashionable coating of ice melts off from my heart, my soul quivers and my eyes burn, and that is a disadvantageous state of things for a writer, who should control his subject-matter and keep himself beautifully objective, as the artistic school would have us, and as Goethe has done; he has come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition: — poor German people! that is thy greatest man!"

But hear Goethe himself: "If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their *liberator*."

Modern times find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward; yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavor of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of the old European system of dominant ideas and facts we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it.

And how did Goethe, that grand dissolvent in an age when there were fewer of them that at present, proceed in his

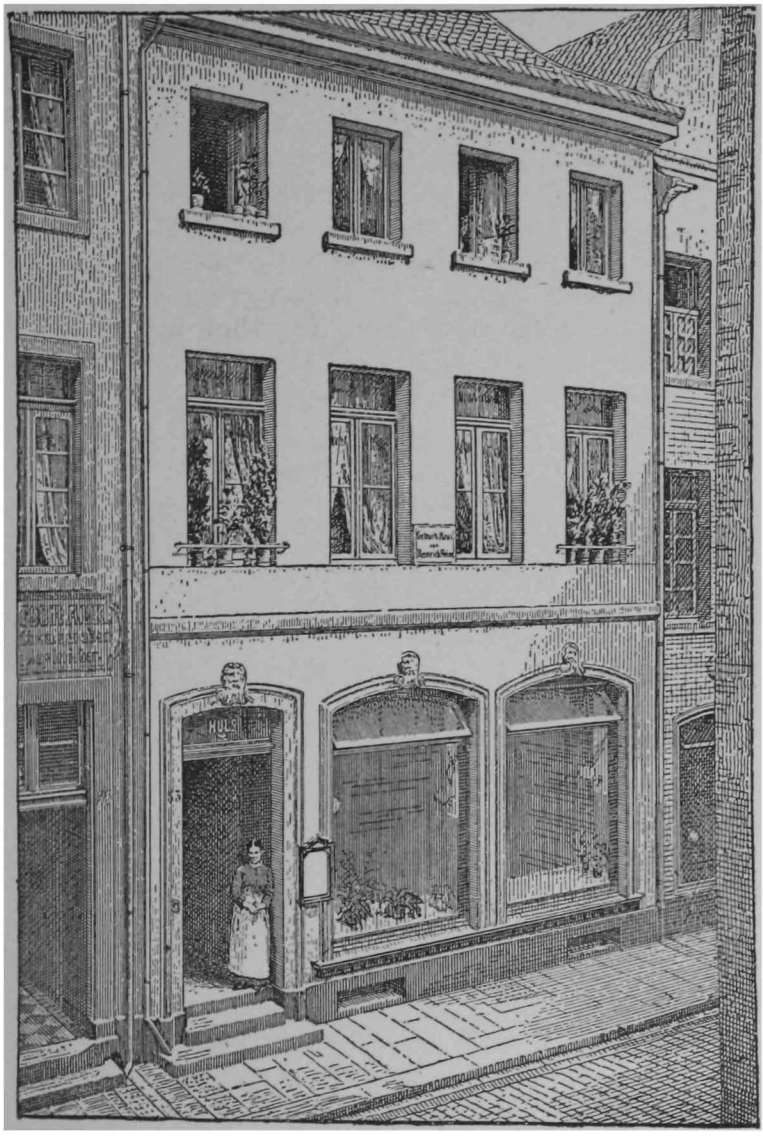
task of dissolution, of liberation of the modern European from the old routine? He shall tell us himself. "Through me the German poets have become aware that, as man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality. I can clearly mark where this influence of mine has made itself felt; there arises out of it a kind of poetry of nature, and only in this way is it possible to be original."

My voice shall never be joined to those which decry Goethe, and if it is said that the foregoing is a lame and impotent conclusion to Goethe's declaration that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general, and of the young German poets in particular, I say it is not. Goethe's profound, imperturbable naturalism is absolutely fatal to all routine thinking; he puts the standard, once for all, inside every man instead of outside him; when he is told, such a thing must be so, there is immense authority and custom in favor of its being so, it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers with Olympian politeness, "But *is* it so? is it so to *me?*" Nothing could be more really subversive of the foundations on which the old European order rested; and it may be remarked that no persons are so radically detached from this

order, no persons so thoroughly modern, as those who have felt Goethe's influence most deeply. If it is said that Goethe professes to have in this way deeply influenced but a few persons, and those persons poets, one may answer that he could have taken no better way to secure, in the end, the ear of the world; for poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance. Nevertheless the process of liberation, as Goethe worked it, though sure, is undoubtly slow; he came, as Heine says, to be eighty years old in thus working it, and at the end of that time the old Middle-Age machine was still creaking on, the thirty German courts and their chamberlains subsisted in all their glory; Goethe himself was a minister, and the visible triumph of the modern spirit over prescription and routine seemed as far off as ever. It was the year 1830; the German sovereigns had passed the preceding fifteen years in breaking the promises of freedom they had made to their subjects when they wanted their help in the final struggle with Napoleon. Great events were happening in France; the revolution, defeated in 1815, had arisen from its defeat, and was wresting from its adversaries the power. Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, and with all the culture of Germany, but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France,

whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been,as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French Emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy, — Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humor for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. Taking that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle. What was that battle? the reader will ask. It was a life and death battle with Philistinism.

Philistinism! — we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the thing. At Soli, I imagine, they did not talk of solecisms; and here, at the very head-quarters of Goliath, nobody talks of Philistinism. The French have adopted the term *épicier* (grocer), to designate the sort of being whom the Germans designate by the term Philistine; but the French term, — besides that it casts a slur upon a respectable class, composed of living and susceptible members, while the original Philistines are dead and buried long ago, — is really, I think, in itself much less apt and expressive than the German term.



HEINE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Efforts have been made to obtain in English some term equivalent to *Philister* or *épicier;* Mr. Carlyle has made several such efforts: "respectability with its thousand gigs," he says; — well, the occupant of every one of these gigs is, Mr. Carlyle means, a Philistine. However, the word *respectable* is far too valuable a word to be thus perverted from its proper meaning; if the English are ever to have a word for the thing we are speaking of, — and so prodigious are the changes which the modern spirit is introducing, that even we English shall perhaps one day come to want such a word, — I think we had much better take the term *Philistine* itself.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong. This explains the love which Heine, that Pala-

din of the modern spirit, has for France; it explains the preference which he gives to France over Germany: "the French," he says, "are the chosen people of the new religion, its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines." He means that the French, as a people, have shown more accessibility to ideas than any other people; that prescription and routine have had less hold upon them than upon any other people; that they have shown most readiness to move and to alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This explains, too, the detestation which Heine had for the English: "I might settle in England," he says, in his exile, "if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." What he hated in the English was the "ächtbrittische Beschränktheit," as he calls it, — the *genuine British narrowness*. In truth, the English, profoundly as they have modified the old Middle-Age order, great as is the liberty which they have secured for themselves, have in all their changes proceeded, to use a familiar expression, by the rule of thumb; what was intolerably inconvenient to them they have suppressed, and as they have suppressed it, not because it was irrational, but be-

cause it was practically inconvenient, they have seldom in suppressing it appealed to reason, but always, if possible, to some precedent, or form, or letter, which served as a convenient instrument for their purpose, and which saved them from the necessity of recurring to general principles. They have thus become, in a certain sense, of all people the most inaccessible to ideas and the most impatient of them; inaccessible to them, because of their want of familiarity with them; and impatient of them because they have got on so well without them, that they despise those who, not having got on as well as themselves, still make a fuss for what they themselves have done so well without. But there has certainly followed from hence, in this country, somewhat of a general depression of pure intelligence: Philistia has come to be thought by us the true Land of Promise, and it is anything but that; the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country, that the sky over his head is of brass and iron. The enthusiast for the idea, for reason, values reason, the idea, in and for themselves; he values them, irrespectively of the practical conveniences which their triumph may obtain for him; and the man who regards the possession of these practical conveniences as something sufficient in itself, something which compensates for the absence or surren-

der of the idea, of reason, is, in his eyes, a Philistine. This is why Heine so often and so mercilessly attacks the liberals; much as he hates conservatism he hates Philistinism even more, and whoever attacks conservatism itself ignobly, not as a child of light, not in the name of the idea, is a Philistine. Our Cobbett is thus for him, much as he disliked our clergy and aristocracy whom Cobbett attacked, a Philistine with six fingers on every hand and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number: a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam. Thus he speaks of him:—

"While I translate Cobbett's words, the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a mocking exultation at his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in his calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage,

and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett! England's dog! I have no love for thee, for every vulgar nature my soul abhors; but thou touchest me to the inmost soul with pity, as I see how thou strainest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves, who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling."

There is balm in Philistia as well as in Gilead. A chosen circle of children of the modern spirit, perfectly emancipated from prejudice and commonplace, regarding the ideal side of things in all its efforts for change, passionately despising half-measures and condescension to human folly and obstinacy, — with a bewildered, timid, torpid multitude behind, — conducts a country to the government of Herr von Bismarck. A nation regarding the practical side of things in its efforts for change, attacking not what is irrational, but what is pressingly inconvenient, and attacking this as one body, "moving altogether if it move at all," and treating children of light like the very harshest of stepmothers, comes to the prosperity and liberty of modern England. For all that, however, Philistia (let me say it again) is not the true promised land, as we English commonly imagine it to be; and our excessive neglect of the idea, and consequent inaptitude for it, threatens us, at a moment when the

idea is beginning to exercise a real power in human society, with serious future inconvenience, and, in the meanwhile, cuts us off from the sympathy of other nations, which feel its power more than we do.

But, in 1830, Heine very soon found that the fire-engines of the German governments were too much for his direct efforts at incendiarism. "What demon drove me," he cries, "to write my *Reisebilder*, to edit a newspaper, to plague myself with our time and its interests, to try and shake the poor German Hodge out of his thousand years' sleep in his hole? What good did I get by it? Hodge opened his eyes, only to shut them again immediately; he yawned, only to begin snoring again the next minute louder than ever; he stretched his stiff ungainly limbs, only to sink down again directly afterwards, and lie like a dead man in the old bed of his accustomed habits. I must have rest; but where am I to find a resting-place? In Germany I can no longer stay."

This is Heine's jesting account of his own efforts to rouse Germany: now for his pathetic account of them; it is because he unites so much wit with so much pathos that he is so effective a writer: —

"The Emperor Charles the Fifth sate in sore straits, in the Tyrol, encompassed by his enemies. All his knights

and courtiers had forsaken him; not one came to his help. I know not if he had at that time the cheese face with which Holbein has painted him for us. But I am sure that under lip of his, with its contempt for mankind, stuck out even more than it does in his portraits. How could he but contemn the tribe which in the sunshine of his prosperity had fawned on him so devotedly, and now, in his dark distress, left him all alone? Then suddenly his door opened, and there came in a man in disguise, and, as he threw back his cloak, the Kaiser recognized in him his faithful Conrad von der Rosen, the court jester. This man brought him comfort and counsel, and he was the court jester!

"O German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. The man whose proper business was to amuse thee, and who in good times should have catered only for thy mirth, makes his way into thy prison in time of need; here, under my cloak, I bring thee thy sceptre and crown; dost thou not recognize me, my Kaiser? If I cannot free thee, I will at least comfort thee, and thou shalt at least have one with thee who will prattle with thee about thy sorest affliction, and whisper courage to thee, and love thee, and whose best joke and best blood shall be at thy service. For thou, my people, art the true Kaiser, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign, and more

legitimate far than that purple *Tel est notre plaisir*, which invokes a divine right with no better warrant than the anointings of shaven and shorn jugglers; thy will, my people, is the sole rightful source of power. Though now thou liest down in thy bonds, yet in the end will thy rightful cause prevail; the day of deliverance is at hand, a new time is beginning. My Kaiser, the night is over, and out there glows the ruddy dawn.

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou art mistaken; perhaps thou takest a headsman's gleaming axe for the sun, and the red of dawn is only blood.'

"'No, my Kaiser, it is the sun, though it is rising in the west; these six thousand years it has always risen in the east; it is high time there should come a change.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast lost the bells out of thy red cap, and it has now such an odd look, that red cap of thine!'

"'Ah, my Kaiser, thy distress has made me shake my head so hard and fierce, that the fool's bells have dropped off my cap; the cap is none the worse for that.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, what is that noise of breaking and cracking outside there?'

"'Hush! that is the saw and the carpenter's axe, and soon the doors of thy prison will be burst open, and thou wilt be free, my Kaiser!'

"'Am I then really Kaiser? Ah, I forgot, it is the fool who tells me so!'

"'Oh, sigh not, my dear master, the air of thy prison makes thee so desponding! when once thou hast got thy rights again, thou wilt feel once more the bold imperial blood in thy veins, and thou wilt be proud like a Kaiser, and violent, and gracious, and unjust, and smiling, and ungrateful, as princes are.'

"'Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, when I am free, what wilt thou do then?'

"'I will then sew new bells on to my cap.'

"'And how shall I recompense thy fidelity?'

"'Ah, dear master, by not leaving me to die in a ditch!'"

I wish to mark Heine's place in modern European literature, the scope of his activity, and his value. I cannot attempt to give here a detailed account of his life, or a description of his separate works. In May 1831 he went over his Jordan, the Rhine, and fixed himself in his new Jerusalem, Paris. There, henceforward, he lived, going in general to some French watering-place in the summer, but making only one or two short visits to Germany during the rest of his life. His works, in verse and prose, succeeded each other without stopping; a collected edition of them, filling seven closely-printed octavo volumes, has been published in America;*

*A complete edition has at last appeared in Germany.

in the collected editions of few people's works is there so little to skip. Those who wish for a single good specimen of him should read his first important work, the work which made his reputation, the *Reisebilder*, or "Travelling Sketches": prose and verse, wit and seriousness, are mingled in it, and the mingling of these is characteristic of Heine, and is nowhere to be seen practised more naturally and happily than in his *Reisebilder*. In 1847 his health, which till then had always been perfectly good, gave way. He had a kind of paralytic stroke. His malady proved to be a softening of the spinal marrow: it was incurable; it made rapid progress. In May 1848, not a year after his first attack, he went out of doors for the last time; but his disease took more than eight years to kill him. For nearly eight years he lay helpless on a couch, with the use of his limbs gone, wasted almost to the proportions of a child, wasted so that a woman could carry him about; the sight of one eye lost, that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring, that it might be exercised, to have the palsied eyelid lifted and held up by the finger; all this, and, besides this, suffering at short intervals paroxysms of nervous agony. I have said he was not pre-eminently brave; but in the astonishing force of spirit with which he retained his activity of mind, even his gaiety, amid all his suffering, and

went on composing with undiminished fire to the last, he was truly brave. Nothing could clog that aërial lightness. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" his doctor asked him one day, when he was almost at his last gasp;—"siffler," as every one knows, has the double meaning of *to whistle* and *to hiss:*—"Hélas! non," was his whispered answer; "pas même une comédie de M. Scribe!" M. Scribe is, or was, the favourite dramatist of the French Philistine. "My nerves," he said to some one who asked him about them in 1855, the year of the great Exhibition in Paris, "my nerves are of that quite singularly remarkable miserableness of nature, that I am convinced they would get at the Exhibition the grand medal for pain and misery." He read all the medical books which treated of his complaint. "But," said he to some one who found him thus engaged, "what good this reading is to do me I don't know, except that it will qualify me to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth about diseases of the spinal marrow." What a matter of grim seriousness are our own ailments to most of us! yet with this gaiety Heine treated his to the end. That end, so long in coming, came at last. Heine died on the 17th of February 1856, at the age of fifty-eight. By his will he forbade that his remains should be transported to Germany. He lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, at Paris.

His direct political action was null, and this is neither to be wondered at nor regretted; direct political action is not the true function of literature, and Heine was a born man of letters. Even in his favourite France the turn taken by public affairs was not at all what he wished, though he read French politics by no means as we in England, most of us, read them. He thought things were tending there to the triumph of communism; and to a champion of the idea like Heine, what there is gross and narrow in communism was very repulsive. "It is all of no use," he cried on his death-bed, "the future belongs to our enemies, the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist." "And yet,"—he added with all his old love for that remarkable entity, so full of attraction for him, so profoundly unknown in England, the French people, —"do not believe that God lets all this go forward merely as a grand comedy. Even though the Communists deny him to-day, he knows better than they do, that a time will come when they will learn to believe in him." After 1831, his hopes of soon upsetting the German Governments had died away, and his propagandism took another, a more truly literary, character. It took the character of an intrepid application of the modern spirit to literature. To the ideas with which the burning questions of modern life filled him, he made all

his subject-matter minister. He touched all the great points in the career of the human race, and here he but followed the tendency of the wide culture of Germany; but he touched them with a wand which brought them all under a light where the modern eye cares most to see them, and here he gave a lesson to the culture of Germany,—so wide, so impartial, that it is apt to become slack and powerless, and to lose itself in its materials for want of a strong central idea round which to group all its other ideas. So the mystic and romantic school of Germany lost itself in the Middle Ages, was overpowered by their influence, came to ruin by its vain dreams of renewing them. Heine, with a far profounder sense of the mystic and romantic charm of the Middle Age than Gœrres, or Bretano, or Arnim, Heine the chief romantic poet of Germany, is yet also much more than a romantic poet; he is a great modern poet, he is not conquered by the Middle Age, he has a talisman by which he can feel, —along with but above the power of the fascinating Middle Age itself,—the power of modern ideas.

A French critic of Heine thinks he has said enough in saying that Heine proclaimed in German countries, with beat of drum, the ideas of 1789, and that at the cheerful noise of his drum the ghosts of the Middle Age took to flight. But this is rather too French

an account of the matter. Germany, that vast mine of ideas, had no need to import ideas, as such, from any foreign country; and if Heine had carried ideas, as such, from France into Germany, he would but have been carrying coals to Newcastle. But that for which France, far less meditative than Germany, is eminent, is the prompt, ardent, and practical application of an idea, when she seizes it, in all departments of human activity which admit it. And that in which Germany most fails, and by failing in which she appears so helpless and impotent, is just the practical application of her innumerable ideas. "When Candide," says Heine himself, "came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold-nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king's children, and he was not a little astonished when he found that in Eldorado gold-nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the schoolboys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner, when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them; but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold-nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only com-

mon school-boys." Heine was, as he calls himself, a "Child of the French Revolution," an "Initiator," because he vigorously assured the Germans that ideas were not counters or marbles, to be played with for their own sake; because he exhibited in literature modern ideas applied with the utmost freedom, clearness, and originality. And therefore he declared that the great task of his life had been the endeavour to establish a cordial relation between France and Germany. It is because he thus operates a junction between the French spirit, and German ideas and German culture, that he founds something new, opens a fresh period, and deserves the attention of criticism far more than the German poets his contemporaries, who merely continue an old period till it expires. It may be predicted that in the literature of other countries, too, the French spirit is destined to make its influence felt,—as an element, in alliance with the native spirit, of novelty and movement,—as it has made its influence felt in German literature; fifty years hence a critic will be demonstrating to our grandchildren how this phenomenon has come to pass.

We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far

to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism, — to use the German nickname, — which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them, to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. They were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas, — the ideas of the Renascence and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakespare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation*, says Job, *and straiteneth it again.*

In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas;

but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakspeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The gravest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle-Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than

those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect, — they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will long be remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognized for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra.*

Heine's literary good fortune was superior to that of Byron and Shelley. His theatre of operations was Germany, whose Philistinism does not consist in her want of ideas, or in her inaccessibility to ideas, for she teems with them and loves them, but, as I have said, in her feeble and hesitating application of modern ideas to life. Heine's intense modernism, his absolute freedom, his utter rejection of stock classicism and stock romanticism, his bringing all things under the point of view of the nineteenth century, were understood and laid to heart by Germany, through virtue of her immense, tolerant intellectualism, much as there was in all Heine said to affront and wound Germany. The wit and ardent modern spirit of

France Heine joined to the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany. This is what makes him so remarkable; his wonderful clearness, lightness, and freedom, united with such power of feeling, and width of range. Is there anywhere keener wit than in his story of the French abbé who was his tutor, and who wanted to get from him that *la religion* is French for *der Glaube:* "Six times did he ask me the question: 'Henry, what is *der Glaube* in French?' and six times, and each time with a greater burst of tears, did I answer him — 'It is *le credit.*' And at the seventh time, his face purple with rage, the infuriated questioner screamed out: 'It is *la religion;*' and a rain of cuffs descended upon me, and all the other boys burst out laughing. Since that day I have never been able to hear *la religion* mentioned, without feeling a tremor run through my back, and my cheeks grow red with shame." Or in that comment on the fate of Professor Saalfeld, who had been addicted to writing furious pamphlets against Napoleon, and who was a professor at Göttingen, a great seat, according to Heine, of pedantry and Philistinism: "It is curious," says Heine, "the three greatest adversaries of Napoleon have all of them ended miserably. Castlereagh cut his own throat; Louis the Eighteenth rotted upon his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still a professor at Göttin-

gen." It is impossible to go beyond that.

What wit, again, in that saying which every one has heard: "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother." But the turn Heine gives to this incomparable saying is not so well known; and it is by that turn he shows himself the born poet he is, — full of delicacy and tenderness, of inexhaustible resource, infinitely new and striking: —

"And yet, after all, no one can ever tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. *But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother;* he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children."

Is it possible to touch more delicately and happily both the weakness and the strength of Germany; — pedantic, simple, enslaved, free, ridiculous, admirable Germany?

And Heine's verse, — his *Lieder?* Oh, the comfort, after dealing with French

people of genius, irresistibly impelled to try and express themselves in verse, launching out into a deep which destiny has sown with so many rocks for them, — the comfort of coming to a man of genius, who finds in verse his freest and most perfect expression, whose voyage over the deep of poetry destiny makes smooth! After the rhythm, to us, at any rate, with the German paste in our composition, so deeply unsatisfying, of —

"Ah! que me dites-vous, et que vous dit mon âme?
Que dit le ciel à l'aube et la flamme à la flamme?"

what a blessing to arrive at rhythms like —

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn —"

or —

"Siehst sehr sterbeblässlich aus,
Doch getrost! du bist zu Haus —"

in which one's soul can take pleasure! The magic of Heine's poetical form is incomparable; he chiefly uses a form of old German popular poetry, a ballad-form which has more rapidity and grace than any ballad-form of ours; he employs this form with the most exquisite lightness and ease, and yet it has at the same time the inborn fulness, pathos, and old-world charm of all true forms of

popular poetry. Thus in Heine's poetry, too, one perpetually blends the impression of French modernism and clearness, with that of German sentiment and fulness; and to give this blended impression is, as I have said, Heine's great characteristic. To feel it, one must read him; he gives it in his form as well as in his contents, and by translation I can only reproduce it so far as his contents give it. But even the contents of many of his poems are capable of giving a certain sense of it. Here, for instance, is a poem in which he makes his profession of faith to an innocent beautiful soul, a sort of Gretchen, the child of some simple mining people having their hut among the pines at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, who reproaches him with not holding the old articles of the Christian creed: —

"Ah, my child, while I was yet a little boy, while I yet sate upon my mother's knee, I believed in God the Father, who rules up there in Heaven, good and great;

"Who created the beautiful earth, and the beautiful men and women thereon; who ordained for sun, moon, and stars their courses.

"When I got bigger, my child, I comprehended yet a great deal more than this, and comprehended, and grew intelligent; and I believe on the Son also;

"On the beloved Son, who loved us, and revealed love to us; and, for his

reward, as always happens, was crucified by the people.

"Now, when I am grown up, have read much, have travelled much, my heart swells within me, and with my whole heart I believe on the Holy Ghost.

"The greatest miracles were of his working, and still greater miracles doth he even now work; he burst in sunder the oppressor's stronghold, and he burst in sunder the bondsman's yoke.

"He heals old death-wounds, and renews the old right; all mankind are one race of noble equals before him.

"He chases away the evil clouds and the dark cobwebs of the brain, which have spoilt love and joy for us, which day and night have loured on us.

"A thousand knights, well harnessed, has the Holy Ghost chosen out to fulfil his will, and he has put courage into their souls.

"Their good swords flash, their bright banners wave; what, thou wouldst give much, my child, to look upon such gallant knights?

"Well, on me, my child, look! kiss me, and look boldly upon me! one of those knights of the Holy Ghost am I."

One has only to turn over the pages of his *Romancero*, — a collection of poems written in the first years of his illness, with his whole power and charm still in them, and not, like his latest poems of all, painfully touched by the

air of his *Matrazzen-gruft*, his "mattress-grave," — to see Heine's width of range; the most varied figures succeed one another, — Rhampsinitus, Edith with the Swan Neck, Charles the First, Marie Antoinette, King David, a heroine of *Mabille*, Melisanda of Tripoli, Richard Cœur de Lion, Pedro the Cruel, Firdusi, Cortes, Dr. Döllinger; — but never does Heine attempt to be *hübsch objectiv*, "beautifully objective," to become in spirit an old Egyptian, or an old Hebrew, or a Middle-Age knight, or a Spanish adventurer, or an English royalist; he always remains Heinrich Heine, a son of the nineteenth century. To give a notion of his tone, I will quote a few stanzas at the end of the *Spanish Atridæ*, in which he describes, in the character of a visitor at the court of Henry of Transtamare at Segovia, Henry's treatment of the children of his brother, Pedro the Cruel. Don Diego Albuquerque, his neighbour, strolls after dinner through the castle with him:

"In the cloister-passage, which leads to the kennels where are kept the king's hounds, that with their growling and yelping let you know a long way off where they are,

"There I saw, built into the wall, and with a strong iron grating for its outer face, a cell like a cage.

"Two human figures sate therein, two young boys; chained by the leg,

they crouched in the dirty straw.

"Hardly twelve years old seemed the one, the other not much older; their faces fair and noble, but pale and wan with sickness.

"They were all in rags, almost naked; and their lean bodies showed wounds, the marks of ill-usage; both of them shivered with fever.

"They looked up at me out of the depth of their misery; 'who,' I cried in horror to Don Diego, 'are these pictures of wretchedness?'

"Don Diego seemed embarrassed; he looked round to see that no one was listening; then he gave a deep sigh; and at last, putting on the easy tone of a man of the world, he said:

"'These are a pair of king's sons, who were early left orphans; the name of their father was King Pedro, the name of their mother, Maria de Padilla.

"'After the great battle of Navarette, when Henry of Transtamare had relieved his brother, King Pedro, of the troublesome burden of the crown,

"'And likewise of that still more troublesome burden, which is called life, then Don Henry's victorious magnanimity had to deal with his brother's children.

"'He has adopted them, as an uncle should; and he has given them free quarters in his own castle.

"'The room which he has assigned to them is certainly rather small, but

then it is cool in summer, and not intolerably cold in winter.

"'Their fare is rye-bread, which tastes as sweet as if the goddess Ceres had baked it express for her beloved Proserpine.

"'Not unfrequently, too, he sends a scullion to them with garbanzos, and then the young gentlemen know that it is Sunday in Spain.

"'But it is not Sunday every day, and garbanzos do not come every day; and the master of the hounds gives them the treat of his whip.

"'For the master of the hounds, who has under his superintendence the kennels and the pack, and the nephews' cage also,

"'Is the unfortunate husband of that lemon-faced woman with the white ruff, whom we remarked to-day at dinner.

"'And she scolds so sharp, that often her husband snatches his whip and rushes down here, and gives it to the dogs and to the poor little boys.

"'But his majesty has expressed his disapproval of such proceedings, and has given orders that for the future his nephews are to be treated differently from the dogs.

"'He has determined no longer to entrust the disciplining of his nephews to a mercenary stranger, but to carry it out with his own hands.'

"Don Diego stopped abruptly; for the seneschal of the castle joined us,

and politely expressed his hope that we had dined to our satisfaction."

Observe how the irony of the whole of that, finishing with the grim innuendo of the last stanza but one, is at once truly masterly and truly modern.

No account of Heine is complete which does not notice the Jewish element in him. His race he treated with the same freedom with which he treated everything else, but he derived a great force from it, and no one knew this better than he himself. He has excellently pointed out how in the sixteenth century there was a double renascence, — a Hellenic renascence and a Hebrew renascence, — and how both have been great powers ever since. He himself had in him both the spirit of Greece and the spirit of Judæa; both these spirits reach the infinite, which is the true goal of all poetry and all art, — the Greek spirit by beauty, the Hebrew spirit by sublimity. By his perfection of literary form, by his love of clearness, by his love of beauty, Heine is Greek; by his intensity, by his untamableness, by his "longing which cannot be uttered," he is Hebrew. Yet what Hebrew ever treated the things of the Hebrews like this? —

"There lives at Hamburg, in a one-roomed lodging in the Baker's Broad Walk, a man whose name is Moses Lump; all the week he goes about in wind and rain, with his pack on his

back, to earn his few shillings; but when on Friday evening he comes home, he finds the candlestick with seven candles lighted, and the table covered with a fair white cloth, and he puts away from him his pack and his cares, and he sits down to table with his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter, and eats fish with them, fish which has been dressed in beautiful white garlic sauce, sings therewith the grandest psalms of King David, rejoices with his whole heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt, rejoices, too, that all the wicked ones who have done the children of Israel hurt, have ended by taking themselves off; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and all such people, are well dead, while he, Moses Lump, is yet alive, and eating fish with wife and daughter; and I can tell you, Doctor, the fish is delicate and the man is happy, he has no call to torment himself about culture, he sits contented in his religion and in his green bedgown, like Diogenes in his tub, he contemplates with satisfaction his candles, which he on no account will snuff for himself; and I can tell you, if the candles burn a little dim, and the snuffers-woman, whose business it is to snuff them, is not at hand, and Rothschild the Great were at that moment to come in, with all his brokers, bill discounters, agents, and chief clerks, with

whom he conquers the world, and Rothschild were to say: 'Moses Lump, ask of me what favour you will, and it shall be granted you;'—Doctor, I am convinced, Moses Lump would quietly answer: 'Snuff me those candles!' and Rothschild the Great would exclaim with admiration: 'If I were not Rothschild, I would be Moses Lump.'"

There Heine shows us his own people by its comic side; in the poem of the *Princess Sabbath* he shows it to us by a more serious side. The Princess Sabbath, "the *tranquil Princess*, pearl and flower of all beauty, fair as the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's bosom friend, that blue stocking from Ethiopia, who wanted to shine by her *esprit*, and with her wise riddles made herself in the long run a bore" (with Heine the sarcastic turn is never far off), this princess has for her betrothed a prince whom sorcery has transformed into an animal of lower race, the Prince Israel.

"A dog with the desires of a dog, he wallows all the week long in the filth and refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the street.

"But every Friday evening, at the twilight hour, suddenly the magic passes off, and the dog becomes once more a human being.

"A man with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in almost clean garb, he enters the halls of his Father.

"Hail, beloved halls of my royal Father! Ye tents of Jacob, I kiss with my lips your holy door-posts!"

Still more he shows us this serious side in his beautiful poem on Jehuda ben Halevy, a poet belonging to "the great golden age of the Arabian, Old-Spanish, Jewish school of poets," a contemporary of the troubadours: —

"He, too, — the hero whom we sing, — Jehuda ben Halevy, too, had his lady-love; but she was of a special sort.

"She was no Laura, whose eyes, mortal stars, in the cathedral on Good Friday kindled that world-renowned flame.

"She was no châtelaine, who in the blooming glory of her youth presided at tourneys, and awarded the victor's crown.

"No casuistress in the Gay Science was she, no lady *doctrinaire*, who delivered her oracles in the judgment-chamber of a Court of Love.

"She, whom the Rabbi loved, was a woe-begone poor darling, a mourning picture of desolation . . and her name was Jerusalem."

Jehuda ben Halevy, like the Crusaders, makes his pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and there, amid the ruins, sings a song of Sion which has become famous among his people: —

"That lay of pearled tears is the wide-famed Lament, which is sung in

all the scattered tents of Jacob throughout the world.

"On the ninth day of the month which is called Ab, on the anniversary of Jerusalem's destruction by Titus Vespasianus.

"Yes, that is the song of Sion, which Jehuda ben Halevy sang with his dying breath amid the holy ruins of Jerusalem.

"Barefoot, and in penitential weeds, he sate there upon the fragment of a fallen column; down to his breast fell,

"Like a gray forest, his hair; and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it, — his troubled pale face, with the spiritual eyes.

"So he sate and sang, like unto a seer out of the foretime to look upon; Jeremiah, the Ancient, seemed to have risen out of his grave.

"But a bold Saracen came riding that way, aloft on his barb, lolling in his saddle, and brandishing a naked javelin;

"Into the breast of the poor singer he plunged his deadly shaft, and shot away like a winged shadow.

"Quietly flowed the Rabbi's life-blood, quietly he sang his song to an end; and his last dying sigh was Jerusalem!"

But, most of all, Heine shows us this side in a strange poem describing a public dispute, before King Pedro and his Court, between a Jewish and a

Christian champion, on the merits of their respective faiths. In the strain of the Jew all the fierceness of the old Hebrew genius, all its rigid defiant Monotheism, appear: —

"Our God has not died like a poor innocent lamb for mankind; he is no gushing philanthropist, no declaimer.

"Our God is not love, caressing is not his line; but he is a God of thunder, and he is a God of revenge.

"The lightnings of his wrath strike inexorably every sinner, and the sins of the fathers are often visited upon their remote posterity.

"Our God, he is alive, and in his hall of heaven he goes on existing away, throughout all the eternities.

"Our God, too, is a God in robust health, no myth, pale and thin as sacrificial wafers, or as shadows by Cocytus.

"Our God is strong. In his hand he upholds sun, moon, and stars; thrones break, nations reel to and fro, when he knits his forehead.

"Our God loves music, the voice of the harp and the song of feasting; but the sound of church-bells he hates, as he hates the grunting of pigs."

Nor must Heine's sweetest note be unheard, — his plaintive note, his note of melancholy. Here is a strain which came from him as he lay, in the winter night, on his "mattress-grave" at Paris, and let his thoughts wander home to Germany, "the great child,

entertaining herself with her Christmas-tree." "Thou tookest,"—he cries to the German exile,—

"Thou tookest thy flight towards sunshine and happiness; naked and poor returnest thou back. German truth, German shirts,—one gets them worn to tatters in foreign parts.

"Deadly pale are thy looks, but take comfort, thou art at home! one lies warm in German earth, warm as by the old pleasant fireside.

"Many a one, alas, became crippled, and could get home no more! longingly he stretches out his arms; God have mercy upon him!"

God have mercy upon him! for what remain of the days of the years of his life are few and evil. "Can it be that I still actually exist? My body is so shrunk that there is hardly anything of me left but my voice, and my bed makes me think of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand in Brittany, under high oaks whose tops shine like green flames to heaven. Ah, I envy thee those trees, brother Merlin, and their fresh waving! for over my mattress-grave here in Paris no green leaves rustle; and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and the jingle of the piano. A grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed, who have no longer any need to spend

money, or to write letters, or to compose books. What a melancholy situation!"

He died, and has left a blemished name; with his crying faults,—his intemperate susceptibility, his unscrupulousness in passion, his inconceivable attacks on his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks on his friends, his want of generosity, his sensuality, his incessant mocking,—how could it be otherwise? Not only was he not one of Mr. Carlyle's "respectable" people, he was profoundly *dis*respectable; and not even the merit of not being a Philistine can make up for a man's being that. To his intellectual deliverance there was an addition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance. Goethe says that he was deficient in *love;* to me his weakness seems to be not so much a deficiency in love as a deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character. But on this negative side of one's criticism of a man of great genius, I for my part, when I have once clearly marked that this negative side is and must be there, have no pleasure in dwelling. I prefer to say of Heine something positive. He is not an adequate interpreter of the modern world. He is only a brilliant soldier in the Liberation War of humanity. But, such as he is, he is

(and posterity too, I am quite sure, will say this), in the European poetry of that quarter of a century which follows the death of Goethe, incomparably the most important figure.

What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! Look at Byron, that Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron, the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, which has appeared in our literature since Shakspeare. And what became of this wonderful production of nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces against the huge, black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth-century English gentleman, with little culture and with no ideas. Well, then, look at Heine. Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half-result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I

say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give promise of running well; — so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. *Many are called, few chosen.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WIT,

WISDOM,

POETRY.

Wit, Wisdom, Poetry

THE POET.

A wonderful Sunday-child is the poet:* he sees the oak forests that still slumber in the acorn, and he holds converse with generations yet unborn. They whisper to him their secrets, and he prattles of them in the market-place. But his voice dies away unheard amid the loud strife of daily passions: few hear him, no one understands him. Frederick Schlegel called the historian a prophet who looks back into the past; with greater reason we may say of the poet that he is an historian whose eye discerns the future.

THE GERMAN NATION.

Other nations may be more versatile, more witty, and more entertaining, but

* In Germany it is a superstition that fortunate people are born on Sunday.

none is so trusty as the trusty German people. Did I not know that fidelity is as old as the world I should believe that a German heart had discovered it.

NATURE.

Nature, like a great poet, knows how to produce the grandest effects with the fewest materials. You have only a sun, trees, flowers, water, and love. In sooth, should this last be absent from the heart of the beholder, the aspect of the whole may be poor enough, for then the sun is only so and so many miles in diameter, and trees are good for fuel, and flowers are classified according to their stamens, and water is wet.

FLOWERS.

Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart, imagining itself alone and unwatched, feels most deeply in the night-time, so seems it as if the flowers, in musing modesty, await

the mantling eventide ere they give themselves up wholly to feeling, and breathe forth their sweetest odors.

REASON AND FAITH.

We know that the happiness for which we are indebted to a lie can be no true happiness, and that in certain solitary fragmentary moments of god-like intuition, a higher dignity of soul, a purer happiness is ours, than in long vegetating years of blind faith.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rome has always yearned for sovereignty and when her legions fell she sent dogmas into the provinces.

THE POET'S MOTHER.

With foolish fancy I deserted thee;
I fain would search the whole world
through to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,

That I might love embrace right lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to spurn —
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
And so I homeward went with troubled thought;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then,
That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

NAPOLEON AT DUSSELDORF.

The Emperor wore his simple green uniform and the little, world-renowned hat. He rode a small white horse that paced along so proudly, so deliberately, and with such an air of distinction that, had I been the Crown Prince of Prussia, I should have envied the lot of the Emperor's horse. Carelessly, almost in a

stooping attitude, rode the Emperor, with one hand holding aloft the rein, with the other stroking in kindly fashion his horse's neck. It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand, one of those two hands that had bound the many-headed monster of anarchy, and enforced order amidst the conflict of the nations; and now it was caressing good-naturedly the mane of his horse! His face too had the sheen that we notice in the countenances of Greek and Roman statues; its features certainly were cast in the noble mold of the antique, and on them was written — Thou shalt have no other gods beside me. A smile that warmed and lulled into tranquillity every heart played about his lips; and yet one knew these lips had but to whistle, *et la Prusse n'existait plus*; these lips had but to whistle, and the Vatican would fall to pieces; these lips had but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman Empire would be set dancing. Yet these lips now wore a smile, and a smile beamed in his eye. It was an eye clear as the heavens, it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a single glance all the things of the earth, which we others see only in detail, one by one, and as colored shadows. The forehead was less serene, there were brooding over it the spectres of future battles, and at times there was a twitching of the brow, as crowding thoughts passed over it, great seven-leagued-booted

thoughts, with which the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly through the world, thoughts, a single one of which would, I believe, have furnished a German author with materials for writing during all his life-time.

HEINE'S JEWISH BLOOD.

The sense of pleasure in the noble, the beautiful, and the good, may often be imparted through education, but the sense of pleasure in hunting lies in the blood. When one's ancestors have been hunters of the buck from time immemorial, their descendants find a delight in this lawful occupation. My ancestors, however, belonged not to the race of hunters, but much rather to that of the hunted, and I feel my blood revolt at the thought of taking deadly aim at the descendants of their former colleagues in misfortune.

ITALIAN BEAUTY.

I love those pale elegiac countenances, from which great black eyes shed forth their love-pain; I love, too, the dark tint of those proud necks — their first love was Phœbus, who kissed them

brown; I love even the over-ripe bust with its purple points, as if amorous birds had been pecking at it; but above all, I love the gracious bearing, that dumb music of the body, those limbs that move in sweetest rhythm, voluptuous, pliant, with divine enticement, with indolent death-languor, and yet with ethereal grandeur, and always full of poetry. I love such forms, as I love poetry itself; and these melodiously moving figures, this marvellous human concert whose rhythmic waves flowed round me, found an echo in my heart, and awoke in it responsive accords.

THE POET'S WIFE.

When once you are my wife, I swear
You shall be envied far and near;
For you shall pass your life away
In merriment and pleasure gay.

Scold as you will — the storms you raise,
I'll bear them all — but mind you praise
My verses, for unless you do,
I'll straightway be divorced from you.

PHILOSOPHY AND REVOLUTION.

Only our latest descendants will be in a position to decide whether we are to be praised or blamed for having first worked out our philosophy, and afterwards our revolution. It seems to me that a methodical people, such as we are, must begin with the Reformation, must then occupy itself with systems of philosophy, and only after their completion could it pass to the political revolution. I find this sequence quite rational. The heads that have first served for philosophical speculation can afterwards be struck off by the revolution for whatever objects it may have in view; but philosophy would not have been able to utilize the heads struck off by a revolution that preceded it. But give yourselves no anxiety, ye dear fellow-countrymen; the German revolution will not prove any milder or gentler because it was preceded by the criticism of Kant, the transcendental idealism of Fichte, or even by the Philosophy of Nature. These doctrines have served to develop revolutionary forces that only await their time to break forth and fill the world with terror and with admiration. When ye hear the trampling of feet and the clashing of arms, ye neighbor children, ye French, be on your guard, and see that ye mingle not in the fray going on among us at home there in

Germany: it might fare ill with you. See that ye take no hand in kindling the fire; see that ye attempt not to extinguish it. Ye might readily burn your fingers in the flame. Smile not at my counsel, at the counsel of a dreamer, who seeks to warn you against all such philosophies, whether Kantian, or Fichtean, or Philosophies of Nature. Smile not at the fancy of one who foresees in the region of reality the same outburst of revolution that has taken place in the region of intellect. The thought precedes the deed as the lightning the thunder. German thunder is of true German character; it is not very nimble, but rumbles along somewhat slowly. But come it will, and when ye hear a crashing such as never before has been heard in the world's history, then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. At this commotion the eagles will drop dead from the skies, and the lions in the furthest wastes of Africa will bite their tails and creep into their royal lairs. There will then be played in Germany a tragedy compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyl . . . Take heed, then! I mean it well with you; therefore it is I tell you the bitter truth. Ye have more to fear from a free Germany than from the entire Holy Alliance, with all its Croats and Cossacks. For, in the first place, they do not love you in Germany,

which indeed is almost incomprehensible, since ye are so amiable, and during your stay among us took great pains to please at least the better and fairer half of the German people. But even though this half still love you, it is precisely the half that does not bear arms, and its friendship would therefore be of little help to you. . . . As ye are, despite your present romantic tendency, a truly classical people, ye know Olympus. Among the joyous gods and goddesses quaffing and feasting of nectar and ambrosia, ye may behold one goddess who, amid such gaiety and pastime, wears ever a coat of mail, the helm on her head, and the spear in her hand. She is the goddess of Wisdom.

ARISTOCRACY.

The Hanoverian squires are asses, who can talk of nothing but horses.

THE TOUCH HEINEAN.

Dear, when I look into thine eyes,
My deepest sorrow straightway flies;
But when I kiss thy mouth, ah, then
No thought remains of bygone pain.

And when I lean upon thy breast,
No dream of heaven could be more
blest;
But when thou say'st thou lovest me,
I fall to weeping bitterly.

EDUCATION.

Had I not known the names of the Roman kings by heart, it would in after years have been a matter of indifference to me whether Niebuhr had, or had not, proved that they never really existed. As regards Latin, you, madam, have no idea what a complicated language it is. Truly if the Romans had had to learn it for themselves they could never have found time for conquering the world. Fortunate people, who knew from their cradle the nouns that take *im* in the accusative! I, however, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow. As for the irregular verbs — which distinguish themselves from the regular verbs by the greater amount of thrashing one gets over the the former — they are horribly difficult. About Greek I can hardly trust myself to speak, lest I should fall into a rage. The monks of the middle-ages were not far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the Devil's. With German I made better progress,

though the learning of it is no child's-play. For we poor Germans, as if we were not already sufficiently plagued by billeting, military service, poll-tax, and a thousand other taxes, must forsooth, burden ourselves with Adelung, * and torment one another with the accusative and the dative.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

The Emperor is dead. On a waste island in the Atlantic Ocean is his lonely grave; and he for whom the world was too narrow lies quietly under a little hillock, where five weeping willows hang their green heads, and a little brook, murmuring sorrowfully, ripples by. There is no inscription on his tomb; but Clio, with a just pen, has written thereon invisible words, which will resound, like spirit-tones, through thousands of years.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

A man should become either a handicraftsman or a philologist; breeches will be required in all ages, and there will always be schoolboys in need of declensions and conjugations.

* Author of a German Dictionary in five volumes.

A DREAM.

I dreamt I was the Lord Himself,
Throned up in heaven so grandly,
With sweet young angels round my throne,
Who praised my verses blandly.

And cakes I ate, and comfits, too,
By crownsworths, day by day there;
With cardinal I washed them down,
And not a groat to pay there.

But sheer *ennui* it plagued me sore,
I longed on earth to revel,
And were I not the Lord Himself,
Had gone straight to the devil.

"Thou long-legged angel Gabriel,
Put on thy boots directly;
Seek me my gossip dear, Eugene,
But, mark me, circumspectly.

"Don't look for him in lecture-rooms,
But where Tokay inspires;
Don't look for him in Hedwig's church,
But snug at Mam'selle Meyer's."

Swift he unfurls his pair of wings,
And down from heaven he flings him,
Picks up my friend, my dear old pal,
And back to heaven he brings him.

"Ay, lad, I am the Lord Himself,
The whole world owns my sway, man!

I always told thee I should turn
Respectable some day, man.

"And every morn some miracle
I'll work for thy impressing;
And for thy sport I'll pour to-day
Upon Berlin my blessing.

"The paving-stones in every street
Shall split, the town all over,
And lo! an oyster fresh and clear
Shall every stone discover.

"A rain of fresh-squeezed lemon-juice
Shall daintily bedew them,
The very kennels, rare old Hock
Shall run like water through them."

How all Berlin comes out to browse,
With hearts in joyous flutter!
The gentry of the county courts
Lap wine from every gutter.

How gleefully the poets rush
This feast for gods to eat up!
Lieutenants eke with ensigns troop
To lick the very street up.

The ensigns and lieutenants, though,
Are shrewdest in the mellay:
They know that every day can't work
Such wonders for their belly.

HEINE'S VERSION.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum — of the living speak nothing but evil.

THE ENGLISH.

The English in general, thorough-bred Englishmen — (may God forgive me the sin!) — I detest with my whole soul, and sometimes I cannot even consider them as my fellow men, but look upon them as tiresome automata, as machines whose internal main-spring is egotism. It then seems to me as if I could hear the sound of the mechanism by which they think, feel, calculate, digest, and pray. Their prayers, their mechanical Anglican devotion, their church-going with gilded prayer-book under their arms, their absurd and wearisome Sunday observances, their awkward piety is especially repugnant to me. I am firmly persuaded that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more agreeable spectacle in the sight of God, than a praying Englishman! *

* It is but fair to say, Heine mitigated in later life his unfavorable opinion of Englishmen.

THE COMING FRAY.

The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering on a battle.

THE GREAT CAMEL QUESTION.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." This saying of the divine Communist is a terrible anathema, and testifies to his bitter hatred against the *bourse* and *haute finance* of Jerusalem. The world swarms with philanthropists, there are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and very much is done to alleviate the miseries of the poor; but for the rich, who are even more to be pitied, nothing is done. Instead of prizes for essays on the culture of the silk-worm, stall-feeding and the philosophy of Kant, our learned societies should announce a prize of considerable value for the solution of the problem — How to get a camel through the eye of a needle? Until this great camel question is settled and the rich obtain some prospect of entering the kingdom of heaven, no effectual remedy for the poor can be devised. The rich would become less stony-hearted if they had a better

hope than that of mere earthly happiness, and were not so much tempted to envy the poor who can look forward to an eternal life *in floribus*. The rich say —"How can we be expected to do anything for the beggarly rabble on earth, since they will one day be better off than we are, and since there is certainly no chance of our meeting them after death?" The poor say — "Did the rich know that up above they should be our fellow house-mates through eternity, they would surely give themselves some concern about us here below, and would take heed not to ill-treat us too much." Before all things, therefore, let us solve the great camel question!

PLEASURE AND SORROW.

Sweet Pleasure is a giddy girl,
And loves in no place long to stay;
From off your brows she'll brush a curl,
And kiss you quick and flit away.

Dame Sorrow, scornful of all flurry,
Herself to your embrace commits;
She says she's in no kind of hurry,
And on your bed sits down and knits.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo is an Egoist, or, to use a stronger term, he is a Hugoist.

THE BIBLE.

Although at heart a Hellenist, I have derived not only entertainment, but also solid edification from the Bible. What a book it is! Vast as the universe, striking its roots into the very depths of creation, and towering aloft into the mysterious blue of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death — the whole drama of humanity is to be found in this book. It is the books of Books, *Biblia*. . . . A book? Yes, an old homely-looking book, modest as nature and natural as it; a book that has a work-a-day and unassuming look, like the sun that warms us, like the bread that nourishes us, a book that seems to us as familiar and as full of kindly blessing as the old grandmother, who reads daily in it with dear trembling lips, and with spectacles on her nose. And the Book is called quite shortly — The Book, the Bible. Rightly do men also call it the Holy Scripture. He that has lost his God can find him

again in this Book, and toward him that has never known God it sends forth the breath of the divine word.

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

History shows that the majority of men who have done anything great have passed their youth in seclusion.

THE FRENCH.

In the manners, as well as in the language of the French, there is much of that sweet flattery which costs little, and yet is so beneficent and refreshing. God has given us tongues in order that we may say pleasant things to our fellow-men.

THE BELOVED.

The rose and the lily, the moon and the dove,
Once loved I them all with a perfect love.
I love them no longer, I love alone
The Lovely, the Graceful, the Pure, the One,

Who twines in one wreath all their
beauty and love,
And rose is, and lily, and moon and
dove.

A TERRIBLE FATE.

Like Romeo I can say: "O I am fortune's fool!" I stand before the great soup-pot, but I have no spoon. What boots it to me that at festivals of mirth my health is drunk from golden cups brimming with rarest wine, when I, a stranger to all earth's joys, can but moisten my lips with insipid tisane! What boots it though all the roses of Sharon so tenderly bloom and give forth sweetest fragrance for me! Alas! Sharon is two thousand leagues from the Rue d' Amsterdam, where, in the peevish solitude of my sick-room, the only perfume that greets my senses is the smell of heated napkins! Ah! but the mockery of God presses heavily upon me. The great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, seeks to prove with awful severity to me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are but miserable jests compared with his, and how pitifully my humor falls short of his colossal irony.

MADAME DE STAEL.

This blue-stocking was a worse scourge than war.

A VISION.

Thou hapless earth, thy miseries I know!
I see the fever raging in thy breast;
I see thee bleeding from a thousand veins;
I see thy wounds, how they burst wide agape,
And from them flames gush out, and smoke, and blood.
I see thy all-defying giant sons,
Primeval brood, from dusky chasms ascending,
And swinging flaming torches in their hands.
They fix their iron ladders, and dash up
Madly to storm the citadel of heaven;
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them, and all
The golden stars above crash into dust.
With reckless hands they tear the golden curtain
From God's own tent; the angel-hosts fall down
Upon their faces with a piercing cry;
Upon His throne God sits, pale, ashy pale,

Plucks from His head the diadem, tears
His hair;
Near, and more near, the rabble rout
sweeps on;
The giants hurl their blazing brands
afar
Through the vast firmament; the dwarfs
with thongs
Of quick flame scourge the angels where
they lie,
Who writhe and cower in agonies of
pain,
And by the hair are dragg'd perforce
away:
And mine own angel 'mongst the rest I
see,
With his fair locks and gracious linea-
ments,
With love that cannot die about his lips,
And in his azure eyes the calm of
bliss; —
And a black goblin, hideous to the
sight,
Snatches him up, that angel pale of
mine,
Eyes over with a grin his noble limbs,
Clutches him tight with a caressing
gripe —
Then rings a wild shriek through the
universe;
The pillars topple, earth and heaven
collapse,
And ancient Night resumes her ghastly
reign.

BELLINI.

When one met him in society, and heard him rack and torture the poor French words like a hangman, as he poured forth a continuous torrent of cock-and-bull stories, one often fancied that the world was about to come to an end with a thunder-crash. On such occasions, a death-like silence pervaded the drawing-room, terror was depicted on every countenance, on some in the color of chalk, on others in that of vermilion: ladies hesitated whether to faint or to make their escape; men looked nervously toward their trousers to satisfy themselves that they really had them on; and, what was more dreadful still, this general anxiety excited a convulsive desire to laugh, which could be suppressed only with the greatest difficulty.

ART AND POLITICS.

A pure work of art is seldom brought forth in an age in which politics are predominant. The poet in such an epoch resembles the sailor on a stormy sea, who beholds on the distant shore a cloister standing on a tall cliff; the white nuns stand there singing, but the storm outroars their voices.

SHAKESPEARE.

Generous Nature never entirely disinherits any of her creatures, and if she has denied to Englishmen everything that is beautiful and pleasing, if she has given them neither a voice for singing nor the sense of enjoyment, she has yet bestowed upon them by way of compensation, a large measure of civil liberty, the art of comfortably arranging their homes, and William Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S HERO.

Humanity is his hero, a hero continually dying and continually being born, continually loving, continually hating, yet loving more than hating; to-day crawling like a worm, to-morrow soaring like an eagle toward the sun; to-day meriting a fool's cap, to-morrow a laurel wreath, oftener deserving both at once — the big dwarf, the pigmy giant, the god prepared on homœopathic principles in whom the divinity, though much diluted, still exists. Ah! let modesty and shame keep us from too much talking of the heroism of such a hero!

LAUGHTER.

I only laugh at the invidious grin
With which the goat-faced herd at me do stare;
I laugh too, at the foxes, who with bare
Gaunt paunches sniff and gape, all hunger-thin.
I laugh, too, at the apes that *look* so wise,
And swell themselves to arbiters of thought;
I laugh, too, at the craven good-for-nought,
Who with his poisoned steel in ambush lies.
For when Good Fortune's wreath of Life's best flowers
Is smitten by the hand of adverse Fate,
And shattered at our feet lies all forlorn;
And when the heart within the breast is torn,
Torn, broken, cleft in twain and desolate, —
Why, — shrill, ironic laughter still is ours!

A LOTTERY.

Every man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein — treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

CHRIST.

Christ is the God whom I love best — not because he is a legitimate God whose father was God before Him and has since infinite time ruled the world; but because He, though a born Dauphin of Heaven, has democratic sympathies and delights not in courtly ceremonies; because he is no God of an aristocracy of crop-headed theological pedants and fantastic warriors, but a modest God of the people, a citizen-God, *un bon dieu citoyen.*

GENIUS AND SOCIETY.

Society is a Republic. When an individual endeavors to lift himself above his fellows, he is dragged down by the mass, either by means of ridicule or of calumny. No one shall be more virtuous or more intellectually gifted than others. Whoever, by the irresistible force of genius, rises above the common herd is certain to be ostracised by society, which will pursue him with such merciless derision and detraction that, at last, he will be compelled to retreat into the solitude of his thoughts.

ANNO 1829.

I crave an ampler, worthier sphere:
I'd liefer bleed at every vein
Than stifle 'mid these hucksters here,
These lying slaves of paltry gain.

They eat, they drink; they're every whit
As happy as their type, the mole;
Large are their bounties — as the slit
Through which they drop the poor man's dole.

With pipe in mouth they go their way,
With hands in pockets; they are blest
With grand digestions: only *they*
Are such hard morsels to digest!

The hand that's red with some dark deed,
Some giant crime, were white as wool
Compared with these sleek saints, whose creed
Is paying all their debts in full.

Ye clouds that sail to far-off lands,
O waft me to what clime ye will!
To Lapland's snows, to Lybia's sands,
To the world's end — but onward still!

Take me, O clouds! They ne'er look down;
But (proof of a discerning mind)
One moment hang o'er Hamburg town,
The next they leave it leagues behind.

THE DELIGHT OF LIVING.

Let others enjoy the happiness of the loved one wreathing their tombstone with flowers and moistening it with faithful tears. O women! hate me, laugh at me, mock me, but let me live! Life is all too merrily sweet and the world is all too lovingly confused. It is the dream of a wine-drunk divinity, who has slipped out without leave-taking from the symposium of the gods and has laid himself to sleep in a lonesome star, and knows not that he himself creates all that he dreams. His dream-pictures take, now madly mingled shapes, now shapes harmoniously reasonable — the Iliad, Plato, the Battle of Marathon, Moses, the Venus de Medici, Strasburg Cathedral, the French Revolution, Hegel, Steamboats, are individual happy thoughts in this creating god-dream; but it will not last long. The god will awake, will rub his drowsy eyes, will laugh, and our world will relapse into nothingness, nay, it will not even have existed.

LISZT'S PLAYING.

The keys seemed to bleed.

HEARTLESS.

Upon my darling's beaming eyes
  I plied my rhyming trade;
Upon my darling's cherry lips
  An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
  I penn'd a song upon it;
And if she had but had a heart,
  Her heart had had a sonnet.

CHILDHOOD.

My child, we were two children,
Small, merry by childhood's law;
We used to creep to the henhouse,
And hide ourselves in the straw.

We crowed like cocks, and whenever
The passers near us drew —
"Cock-a-doodle!" they thought
'Twas a real cock that crew.

The boxes about our courtyard
We carpeted to our mind,
And lived there both together —
Kept house in a noble kind.

The neighbor's old cat often
Came to pay us a visit;
We made her a bow and courtesy,
Each with a compliment in it.

After her health we asked,
Our care and regard to evince —
(We have made the very same speeches
To many an old cat since).

We also sat and wisely
Discoursed, as old folks do,
Complaining how all went better
In those good old times we knew: —

How love, and truth, and believing
Had left the world to itself,
And how so dear was the coffee,
And how so rare was the pelf.

The children's games are over,
The rest is over with youth —
The world, the good games, the good times,
The belief, and the love, and the truth.

RUSSIA.

By all means let us now lean for support upon Russia — on the stick with which we have been beaten!

IN HEAVEN.

One eats from morning to night, and the cookery is as good as Jagor's; roast geese fly round with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if any one eats them; tarts gleaming with butter grow wild like sunflowers; everywhere there are brooks of *bouillon* and champagne, everywhere trees on which napkins flutter, and you eat and wipe your lips and eat again without injury to your stomach; you sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear, delicate little angels, or take a walk on the green Hallelujah-Meadow, and your white flowing garments fit very comfortably, and nothing disturbs the feeling of blessedness, no pain, no vexation — even when one accidentally treads on another's corns and exclaims, "*Excusez!*" he smiles as if enraptured, and assures, "Thy foot, brother, did not hurt in the least, quite *au contraire*, a deeper thrill of heavenly rapture shoots through my heart!"

IN HELL.

Hell appeared to me like a great kitchen, with an endlessly long stove, on which stood three rows of iron pots, and

in these sat the damned, and were cooked. In one row were placed Christian sinners, and, incredible as it may seem, their number was anything but small, and the devils poked the fire under them with special good-will. In the next row were Jews, who continually screamed and cried, and were occasionally mocked by the fiends, which sometimes seemed very amusing, as, for instance, when a fat, wheezy old pawnbroker complained of the heat, and a little devil poured several buckets of cold water on his head, that he might realise what a refreshing benefit baptism was. In the third row sat the heathen, who, like the Jews, could take no part in salvation, and must burn forever. I heard one of these, as a burly devil put fresh coals under his kettle, cry out from his pot, "Spare me! I was Socrates, the wisest of mortals. I taught Truth and Justice, and sacrificed my life for Virtue." But the stupid, burly devil went on with his work, and grumbled, "Oh, shut up, there! All heathens must burn, and we can't make an exception for the sake of a single man." I assure you, Madame, the heat was terrible, with such a screaming, sighing, groaning, quacking, grunting, and squealing.

THE MESSAGE.

Up, boy! arise, and saddle quick,
And mount your swiftest steed,
And to King Duncan's castle ride
O'er bush and brake with speed.

There slip into the stable soft,
Till one shall see you hide,
Then ask him: Which of Duncan's girls
Is she that is a bride?

And if he say, The dark-haired one,
Then give your mare the spur;
But if he say, The fair-haired one,
You need not hurry her.

You only need, if that's the case,
Buy me a hempen cord,
Ride slowly back and give it me,
But never speak a word.

HUMANITY.

Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than those cold, blameless citizens of virtue, in whose white hearts the power of evil is quenched; but also the power of good. I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted, and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity.

ENGLAND'S UPPER TEN.

Yes, over the vulgar multitude which sticks fast to the soil, soar, like beings of a higher nature, England's nobility, who regard their little island as only a temporary resting-place, Italy as their summer garden, Paris as their social saloon, and the world as their inheritance. They sweep along, knowing nothing of sorrow or suffering, and their gold is a talisman which conjures into fulfilment their wildest wish.

GERMAN WOMEN.

German women are dangerous on account of their diaries, which their husbands may find.

ENFANT PERDU.

In Freedom's War, of "Thirty Years" and more,
A lonely outpost have I held — in vain!
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
A friend awake, if e'er to doze inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
Or fear — for all but fools know fear sometimes —
To rouse myself and them, I piped and took
A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes! there I stood, my musket always ready,
And when some sneaking rascal showed his head,
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

But war and justice have far different laws,
And worthless acts are often done right well;
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
And I was hit — and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;
Unconquered — I have done what could be done,
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.

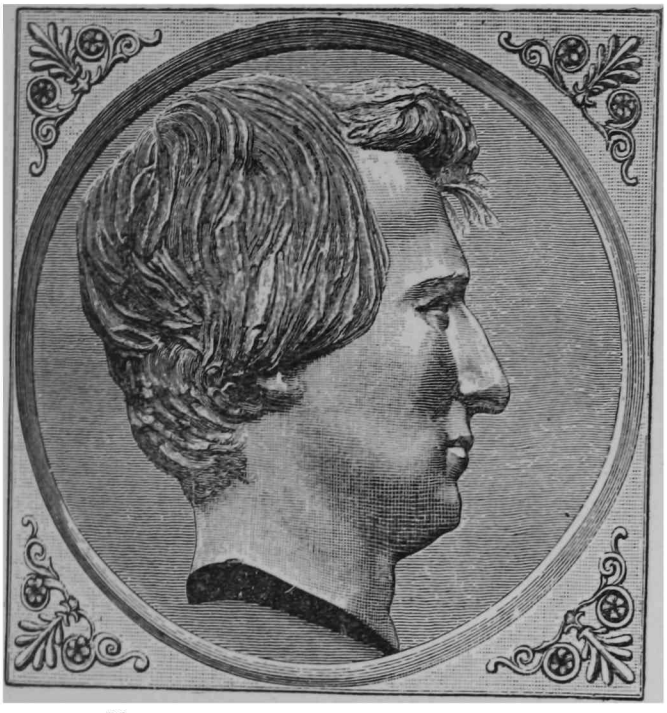
THE MILITARY.

The day the blue Hussars rode off,
A-down the city street
And through the gate, I brought thee, dear,
A knot of roses sweet.

Oh, that was a wild company!
The land had much to bear.
Why — even in thy little heart —
Some few had quarters there!

POTENTIAL BOREDOM.

Dangerous Germans! They suddenly produce a poem from their pockets, or begin a conversation on philosophy.



MEDALLION RELIEF OF HEINE.

JEWISH RELIGION AND RACE.

Do not speak to me of the old Jewish religion, I would not desire that faith for my worst enemy. One has nothing but contumely and shame from it. I tell you it is not a religion — it is a misfortune . . . I believe that if the Jewish race were extinct, but it were known that a single survivor of that people still existed somewhere, men would journey a hundred leagues to grasp his hand: but now, we are despised!

A PORTRAIT.

He was so lean that even his full face looked like a profile, and the sighs in his bosom were visible before they rose.

SOCIETY.

Black dress-coats, and silken stockings,
Cuffs of starched and courtly whiteness,
Civil speeches, sleek embracings, —
Throbbed but hearts through your politeness!

DEATH IN LIFE.

Give me thy hand and lay it near
Against my heart — now dost thou hear
How loud the noisy hammers beat
Within the narrow chamber, sweet?

There dwells a carpenter within,
Who works amid this ceaseless din.
A cruel man is he — I trow
My coffin he is making now.

This weary knocking, night and day,
Long since has driven sleep away.
Good carpenter, now work thy best
And let me soon lie still and rest.

TREU UND-FEST.

I loved thee once, I love thee still,
And, fell this world asunder,
My love's eternal flame would rise
'Midst chaos, crash, and thunder!

LESSING.

His wit was no little French spaniel chasing his own shadow; it was more

like a great German tom-cat playing with a mouse before strangling it.

SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

To dare is the secret of success in literature, as well as in revolution and in love.

IN SPRING.

The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and great Night arises with her longing eye, oh! then true joy quivers through me, the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens, and the stars beckon me, and I arise and soar forth over the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

HEINE'S BIRTHPLACE.

I first saw the light of the world by the side of that beautiful stream on

whose green banks Folly grows, is gathered in harvest, trodden, poured into casks, and sent abroad. Indeed 'twas but yesterday I heard one say a foolish thing which, in the year 1811, was contained in a bunch of grapes that I myself saw growing on the Johannisberg.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

All of my songs are poisoned —
How could it otherwise be?
The bloom of my very existence
Hast thou e'en poisoned for me.

All of my songs are poisoned —
How could it otherwise be?
In my bosom I've many a serpent;
There too, my love, I have thee.

MEN.

They are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, cry, slander each other, are greatly troubled about the propagation of their race, try to seem what they are not and to do what they cannot, never shave un-

til they have a beard, and often have beards before they get discretion, and when they at last have discretion, they drink it away in white and red folly.

THE JEWISH RACE.

The dough whereof gods are kneaded.

ALL THE WORLD A STAGE.

On it there are tipsy heroes, kings who forget their part, scenes which obstinately stay up in the air, prompters' voices sounding above everything, *danseuses* who create astonishing effects with the poetry of their legs, and costumes which are the main thing. And high in Heaven, in the first row of the boxes, sit the dear little angels, and keep their *lorgnettes* on us comedians here down below, and the blessed Lord himself sits seriously in his great box, and, perhaps, finds it dull, or calculates that this theatre cannot be kept up much longer, because this one gets too high a salary, and that one too little, and they all play much too badly.

THE TYPICAL GERMAN SAVANT.

He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head.

LORELEI.

I canna tell what has come ower me
That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
And the Rhine slips saftly by;
The taps of the mountains shimmer
I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her gowden adornments are glancin',
She is kaimin' her gowden hair.

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
The while she is singin' a song
That hands the rapt soul that listens,
With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,
Is seized with a wild weird love;

He sees na the black rocks under, —
He sees but the vision above.

The waters their waves are flingin'
Ower boatie and boatman anon;
And this, with her airtful singin'
The Waterwitch Lurley hath done.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

The desperate republican, who, like Brutus, plunged a knife to his heart, perhaps smelt it first to see whether some one had not split a herring with it.

THE YOUNG YEAR.

The sun burst forth from the sky to nourish with its beams that old child, the Earth; the hills trembled for very joy and wept vehemently in tears of melting snow, the ice coverings of the lakes growled and burst asunder, the earth opened her blue eyes, from her bosom sprang the sweet flowers, and the sounding forest — those green palaces of the nightingales; all nature wore a smile, and this smile is called Spring. Then

also began within me a new Spring, new flowers put forth their buds in my heart, the sense of freedom, like a rose, sprang up, and tender longings too, like new-born violets, and among them truly many a weed. Over the graves of dead wishes hope spread her smiling mantle of green, melodies of poesy also returned like birds of passage which, having spent the winter in the warm south, now sought again their forsaken northern nests, and my forlorn northern heart rejoiced and blossomed as before, only I knew not how it all came about. Was it a dusky or a fair complexioned sun that again awakened Spring in my heart, and kissed away the sleep of the flowers, and with its smiles brought back the nightingales? Was it nature herself which sought an echo in my bosom, to gaze therein, as in a mirror, at her own new beauty of Spring-time?

IN LOVE.

Worthy friend, thou art in love,
  Wounded by a recent dart;
All grows darker in thy head,
  All grows lighter in thy heart.

Worthy friend, thou art in love,
  And 'tis vain to answer no,

When I see the amorous flame
Through your very waistcoat glow.

GOETHE.

Goethe holds the mirror up to nature, or rather, he is himself the mirror of nature. Nature, desiring to know how she looked, created Goethe.

THE GREEKS, THE HEBREWS, AND THE ROMANS.

This is how it is: as the Greek is great through his conception of art, the Hebrew through his belief in a most high God; so the Romans are great through the idea of the eternal city, great wherever under the inspiration of this idea they have fought, or written, or built.

ITALIAN BEAUTY AND ART.

A physiognomist might easily detect, in the ideality of their features, the influence of the plastic arts on the corpo-

real forms of the Italian people. Nature has here got back from the artists the capital she formerly lent to them; and see! it is restored with handsome interest. Nature, which formerly supplied the artist with models, now copies the masterpieces created by the artist from her own models. The sense of the beautiful has permeated the whole nation, and as formerly the flesh exercised its influence over the spirit, so now the spirit influences the flesh. Not fruitless is the worship of those beautiful Madonnas, of the fair altar pictures that impress themselves on the soul of the bridegroom, while the bride carries devoutly in her breast the features of some beautiful saint. Through such elective affinity a race of beings has here arisen fairer than the sweet soil whereon it blossoms and the sunny sky that sheds a halo round it like a frame of gold.

POOR PETER.

I.

Grete and Hans come dancing by,
They shout for very glee;
Poor Peter stands all silently,
And white as chalk is he.

Grete and Hans were wed this morn,
And shine in bright array;
But ah, poor Peter stands forlorn,
Dressed for a working-day:

He mutters, as with wistful eyes
He gazes at them still:
"'Twere easy — were I not too wise —
To do myself some ill. . . . ."

II.

"An aching sorrow fills my breast,
My heart is like to break;
It leaves me neither peace nor rest,
And all for Grete's sake.

"It drives me to her side, as though
She still could comfort me;
But in her eyes there's something now
That makes me turn and flee.

"I climb the highest hill-top where
I am at least alone:
And standing in the stillness there
I weep and make my moan."

III.

Poor Peter wanders slowly by;
So pale is he, so dull and shy,
The very neighbors in the street
Turn round to gaze, when him they meet.

The maids speak low: "He looks, I ween,
As though the grave his bed had been."
Ah no, good maids, ye should have said:
"The grave will soon become his bed."

He lost his sweetheart — so may be
The grave is best for such as he;
There he may sleep the years away,
And rest until the Judgment Day.

ROTHSCHILD.

I have seen people, who, when they approached the great Baron, quivered as if experiencing a shock from a voltaic battery. Even before the threshold of his private room many are seized with a shudder of veneration, such as Moses felt on the Mount of Horeb when he perceived that he was standing upon holy ground. M. de Rothschild's private room is indeed a wonderful place; it awakens elevated thoughts and sublime feelings, like the prospect of the wide expanse of ocean, or of the starry sky, or of great mountains or vast forests: we see here how little is man, and how great is God! For money is the god of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The question of the Dardanelles is only one symptom of the whole Eastern Question, of the question of the Turkish inheritance, the deep-seated disease with which we are smitten, the poisonous matter which is festering in the body politic of Europe, and which unfortunately can be extirpated only by the surgery of the sword. Even when they are discussing quite other subjects, all the great rulers of Europe are casting anxious glances toward the Sublime Porte, toward the old Byzance, Stamboul, Constantinople — for the plague-spot has many names. . . . What wonder then that none of the high potentates of Europe is willing to permit the great inheritance to be absorbed by Russia, and that each is eager to have his share of the Oriental cake! The appetite of each will be whetted as he beholds the barbarians of the North gorging themselves, and the pettiest duodecimo German prince will at least put in a claim for beer-money.

NOT TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY.

Maiden, it would be thy ruin,
And I strive most earnestly

To prevent thy gentle bosom
Ever feeling love for me.

But that this should be so easy
Rather hurts me, I confess;
And I ne'er the less would like it,
Wouldst thou love me ne'er the less.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

The Academy is a nursery for aged men of letters in their second childhood — a truly philanthropic institution, the idea of which is taken from the Hindoos, who provide hospitals for aged and decrepit apes.

THE POWER OF WOMEN.

When I read history, and am impressed by any deed or occurrence, I often feel as if I should like to see the woman concealed behind it, as the secret spring. Women govern, although the *Moniteur* makes mention only of men: they make history, although historians know only the names of men.

MARTIN LUTHER.

How shall I describe him? He had
n him something primordial, incom pre-
ıensible, miraculous, such as we find in
ıll providential men; something naïvely
;errible, something boorishly wise, some-
;hing lofty yet circumscribed, something
nvincibly dæmoniacal.

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE MEN.

The dwarf standing on the shoulders
of the giant can indeed see further than
his supporter, especially if he puts on
spectacles; but to such a lofty survey
is wanting the elevated feeling, the
giant-heart, to which we cannot lay
claim.

JEALOUSY INDETERMINATE.

Two sapphires those dear eyes of thine,
Soft as the skies above thee;
Thrice happy is the man to whom
Those dear eyes say: "I love thee."

A diamond is thy heart that gleams
With rays of purest fire;
Thrice happy is the man for whom
It glows with love's desire.

Two rubies are those lips of thine,
Unrivalled in fresh glory;
Thrice happy is the man to whom
They whisper their love story.

Could I but find that lucky man,
But meet that happy lover —
Meet him alone in some dark wood, —
His joy would soon be over.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

The whole Italian people is suffering, and the suffering have always a greater air of distinction than the healthy. It is only the suffering man that is truly happy; all his limbs have their history of pain, they are all *be-souled.* I even believe that through the agony of suffering dumb animals may become human; for once I saw a dying dog that gazed at me in his death-struggle with an almost human look.

THIERS.

M. Thiers' language trickles forth continuously like wine from a cask of which the spigot has been left out; but the

wine is always exquisite. When M. Thiers speaks, no one else can put in a single word. Only when he is in the act of shaving can any one hope to find in him an attentive auditor; only so long as the razor is at his throat is he silent and ready to listen to another's talk.

THE TWO INDISPENSABLES.

I can dispense with everybody in this world except, possibly, the sun and myself; for without these two personages, I can imagine no spring, nor any zephyrs of springtime, no *grisettes*, and no German literature! The whole world would else be nothing but a yawning void, the shadow of a cipher, the dream of a flea, a poem by Carl Streckfuss!

THE RUSSIANS.

On the banks of the Bosphorus shall their Emperor bring all the nations of the earth under subjection to his sceptre of thongs — that sceptre suppler and stronger than steel, which is called the *knout*.

LONGING.

Lassie, with the lips sae rosy,
With the eyne sae saft and bricht,
Dear wee lassie, I keep thinkin',
Thinkin' on thee day and nicht.

Winter nichts are lang and eerie;
Oh, gin I were with thee, dear,
Arms about thee, cracking couthly,
With nae mortal by to hear!

With my kisses I would smother
Thy white hand sae jimp and sma,'
And my tears for very rapture
On that wee white hand should fa.'

MR. JOSEPH HUME.

An engraved portrait of him should be prefixed to all account-books.

BENEFACTORS AND OPPRESSORS.

The tree of humanity forgets the modest gardener who tended it amidst the cold, watered it in time of drought, and shielded it from hurtful animals; but it preserves faithfully the names mercilessly cut into its bark by the sharp steel, and transmits them to latest generations in ever-enlarging characters.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

Sweet pine-apple perfume of politeness! how beneficently thou refreshed'st my languishing soul, which had endured in Germany so much tobacco-smoke, smell of *sauerkraut*, and rudeness of manners. I was almost abashed at such sweet politeness, accustomed as I was to the clownish German thrust in the ribs without any accompanying apology. During the first week of my stay in Paris, I sometimes intentionally exposed myself to be jostled, just to have the pleasure of hearing the music of such expressions of apology.

STORM AT SEA.

The storm tunes up for dancing,
With whistle and sough and roar,
Hurrah! how the good ship capers,
Night lustily takes the floor.

Live ranges of water-mountains
Are shaped by the raging sea,
Here yawning in black abysses,
There towering white on our lee.

What cursing, puking, and praying
In reeks from the cabin come;
I hug the masts like a lover,
And wish myself safe at home.

THE EAGLE.

His fellow-animals, men especially, imagine that the eagle cannot sing — they know not that he sings only when he is beyond their realm, and is too proud to have any but the sun for a listener. He is right; some of his feathered kindred down below might want to criticise his song. I have myself had experience how such criticism sounds. The hen standing on one leg clucks — the singer has no spirit; the turkey splutters out he is wanting in real earnestness; the dove coos — he knows nothing of true love; the goose cackles — he is ignorant of science; the capon twitters — he is immoral; the bullfinch chirps — alas! he has no religion; the sparrow peeps — he is not productive enough; hoopoes, magpies, owls, — all croak, screech, or caw. The nightingale alone joins not in the chorus of the critics; unconcerned about all the world, the red rose is her only thought and her only song, she hovers yearningly over it, and in the intensity of her joy falls upon the loved thorns, and bleeds and dies.

AN APHORISM.

Thought is unseen Nature, as Nature is unseen Thought.

MEN OF THOUGHT AND MEN OF ACTION.

Mark this, ye haughty men of action. Ye are naught but the unconscious servants of the men of thonght, who, oftentimes in the humblest obscurity, have marked out your tasks for you with the utmost exactitude. Maximilian Robespierre was only the hand of Jean Jacques Rousseau — the bloody hand that from the womb of time drew forth the body whose soul Rousseau had created. Did the restless anxiety that embittered the life of Jean Jacques arise from a foreboding that his thoughts would require such a midwife to bring them into the world?

THE GERMANS.

They are a speculative people, ideologists, a race of dreamers who look before and after, who live only in the past and future, and who have no present. . . . . The German has nothing for which to combat, and no sooner did he begin to suspect that there might be things the possession of which is desirable, than philosophical wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

The night-wind through the dormer howls,
And two poor creatures lay
In a garret upon a truckle-bed,
And wasted and wan were they.

And one unto the other says:
"Oh, gather me into your arm,
And press your lips, dear, close to mine,
I want you to make me warm."

And this is what the other says:
"When I look into your eyes,
Hunger and cold and want are forgot,
All my earthly trouble flies."

Much did they kiss, they wept still more,
Clasp'd hand to hand, and sighed.
They laughed very often, and even sang,
Then their talk into silence died.

Next morning the police inspector came,
And there by that woful bed
He with the parish doctor stood,
Who certified both were dead.

"The cruel weather," said his report,
"Combined with inanition,
Has caused the collapse of both, — at least,
Has hastened that condition."

"When frosts set in," he went on to say,
"'Tis vital the body should
Be protected by woollen blankets—likewise
Be nourished by wholesome food."

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

An association of ideas in the sense in which we speak of industrial association, for example, an alliance between philosophic and politico-economic conceptions, would produce the most astounding results.

A DISINTERESTED QUESTION.

May not poetry itself be only a malady of mankind, as the pearl is but a diseased secretion of the poor, suffering oyster?

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

I sometimes imagine the devil, the nobility, and the Jesuits exist only so long as they are believed in.

THE FISHER-MAIDEN.

You lovely fisher-maiden,
  Bring now the boat to land:
Come here and sit beside me,
  We'll prattle hand in hand.

Your head lay on my bosom,
  Nor be afraid of me:
Do you not trust all fearless
  Daily the great wild sea?

My heart is like the sea, dear,
  Has storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many purest pearl-gems
  Within its dim depth glow.

A HAPPY DEATH.

When all is said, it is much the same in whatever cause one dies, so long as it is for something that is dear to us.

THE COMPLETEST LOVE.

To be wholly loved with the whole heart, one must be suffering. Pity is the last consecration of love, is perhaps love itself.

SUPREMACY OF LOVE.

Now, alas! I have no faith in the sweet tales of the nightingale, the flatterer of Spring. I know how quickly Spring's splendor fades, and when I behold the youngest rosebuds, it is but to see them bloom in crimson robes of sorrow, soon to grow pale, and be scattered by the wind. Everywhere I see only a disguised Winter. But in my bosom still glows that flame of love which soars in ecstasy above the earth, and takes its adventurous flight through the wide yawning space of the sky till it strikes the cold stars, and sinks down again to the little earth, and with mingled sighs and shouts of joy, confesses that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful, nothing better than the human heart. This love is an inspiration always of God-like essence, whether it prompt to wise or to foolish actions.

INTERNATIONALISM.

There are no longer nations in Europe but only parties, and it is surprising to observe how, in spite of diversity of color, they recognize one another so readily, and how, notwithstanding the many varieties of language, they understand each other so well.

HEINE IN EXILE.

More than six moons have waned since any German voice fell upon my ear, and all my thoughts clothe themselves laboriously in foreign phrase. You may perhaps have some notion of bodily exile, but of spiritual exile none but a German poet is capable of forming any conception — one, also, who is forced to speak French all day, to write it, and at night even to sigh in French in the arms of his beloved! My very thoughts are exiled, exiled in a foreign tongue.

LONDON.

Send, if you choose, a philosopher to London, but on no account send a poet thither! Send a philosopher and place him at a corner of Cheapside. He will there learn more than out of all the books of the last Leipzig Fair. As the human waves roar about him, a sea of new thoughts will rise within him. The infinite spirit which broods over it will breathe upon him, the most hidden secrets of the social order will suddenly reveal themselves to him, he will hear with the ear and see with the eye, the heartbeat of the world.

BIMINI.

Who's with me for Bimini?
Step in, gentlemen and ladies!
Wind and weather serving, safely
We shall sail for Bimini.

Feel you any gouty twinges,
Noble lords? And you, fair ladies,
Have you yet on your white foreheads
Any lurking wrinkles spied?

Follow me to Bimini,
There shall you be surely rid of
All such troublesome discomforts;
Hydropathic is the cure.

Fear not, gentlemen and ladies!
Solid is my boat, and builded
Of stout trochees, strong as oak-beams
Are the keel and ribs thereof.

At the prow sits Fancy. Breezelike
In the sails blows blithe Good Humor;
Wit my shipmate is, — a brisk one!
As for Common Sense, if he

Be on board, I cannot tell you.
Metaphors my spars and yards are,
An hyperbole the mainmast,
And my flag — Black, Red, and Gold.

Black, Red, Gold — romantic colors!
Tricolor of Barbarossa:
Which I've also seen at Frankfort,
In the town church of St. Paul's.

Thro' the seas of Fableland, now,
Thro' the azure deeps of Fable,
Doth my ship, — my wizard shallop,
Glide along her dreamlike course.

Scattering sparkles, flitting, flashing,
From the softly-heaving azure,
Shoals of clumsy headed dolphins
Round us gambol as we go.

And, upon their shoulders hoisted,
Gaily ride my sea postillions,
Little Loves, with puft cheeks blowing
Thro' the quaintest rosy conches.

Shrilly they their trumpets flourish —
But, O hark ! I hear deep under,
In the depth of the dim waters,
Little mocking laughters sound.

Well I know that sound sarcastic !
'Tis the saucy water-faeries
And pert nixies, — unbelievers
Who are making fun of us :

Laughing at my Ship of folly,
Laughing at my foolish shipmates,
Mocking us for our fool's errand
To the Isle of Bimini !

STERNE.

He was the favorite child of the pale goddess of tragedy. Once, in a paroxysm

of cruel tenderness, she kissed his young heart so vehemently, with such passionate love and fervor, that his heart began to bleed, and suddenly comprehended all the sorrows of this earth, and was filled with infinite compassion. But the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of gaiety, was quickly at hand, and took the suffering boy into her arms, and tried to comfort him with laughter and song, and gave him for playthings the mask of comedy and the fool's bells, and soothed him with kisses; and with her kisses bestowed upon him all her levity, all her thoughtless giddiness, all her witty coquettish arts. Ever after, there was perpetual contradiction between the thoughts of Sterne's heart and the words of his lips. Often when his heart is moved by tragic feeling, and he seeks to express the deep bleeding anguish of his soul, lo! even to his own amazement, from his lips flow smiling delightsome words.

FREEDOM.

If freedom, which God forbid! were ever to disappear from the whole earth, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams.

REPETITION.

The satiated king of Israel and Juda said with truth, "There is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps the sun itself is but an old warmed-up piece of pleasantry, decked out with new rays, and now glittering with imposing splendor!

THE COMMON LOT.

After all it comes to the same thing in what fashion we make the grand tour, on foot, on horseback, or on ship-board. We all reach at last the same hostelry, the same poor tavern, where the door is opened with a spade, where our appointed chamber is so narrow, so cold, so dark, but where one sleeps well, almost too well.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ZEAL.

Whatever we may say against the zealots of the Roman Catholic Church, one thing is certain: they are no egotists, they concern themselves about their brother-men; unfortunately, often rather too much.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

German philosophy is precisely the opposite of what has hitherto been called piety and Godly reverence, and our newest philosophers proclaim the most thoroughgoing atheism as the last word of German metaphysics. They have mercilessly, and in the Bacchanalian pride of life, torn aside the blue curtains that veiled the German heaven, shouting aloud: — "Behold! all the deities are fled, and up there sits only an old maid with leaden hands and sorrowful heart: Necessity." . . . We have now monks of atheism, grand inquisitors of unbelief who would have condemned M. Arouet de Voltaire to the stake, because in his inmost soul he was a bigoted deist.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.

Those holy boudoirs furnished in the daintiest rococo style, where the censers give forth the perfume of lavender, where the confessionals are luxuriously upholstered, where everything is pervaded by rose-colored light and languishing music, everywhere flowers and wanton angels, a coquettish devotion fanning itself with Boucher and Watteau fans — a Pompadour Christianity.

PRUSSIA.

I could not trust this Prussia, this tall pietistic hero in gaiters, this braggart with the capacious maw, carrying a corporal's staff, which he first dips in holy water before bringing it down on one's head. I had great misgivings about this philosophic-Christian-military despotism, this medley of beer, deceit, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me was ever this Prussia, this pedantic, hypocritical, sanctimonious Prussia—this Tartuffe among the nations.

THE EXORCISM.

The young Franciscan sits alone
  Within his cloister-cell,
He reads an old magician's book,
  'Tis called "The Stress of Hell."

And when the hour of midnight strikes,
  He can curb himself no mo' ;
With pale, pale lips he calls upon
  The powers of the world below :

"Ye spirits, fetch me from the grave
  The fairest of womankind :
Give her life for me just this one night,
  'Twill edify my mind."

He speaks the exorcism dread,
Straightway is his wish complete;
The poor long-buried beauty comes,
Swathed up in her winding-sheet.

Her look is woe-worn; from her breast
Sighs sad with anguish rise;
She sits down by him, they speak no word,
And gaze in each other's eyes.

LA CUISINE.

Had Robespierre merely introduced Spartan cookery in France, the guillotine would have been superfluous; for the aristocrats would have died of horror to the last man, or speedily emigrated.

ROBESPIERRE AND KANT.

Nature had destined them for weighing coffee and sugar, but fate decided that they should weigh other things; and into the scales of the one it laid a king, into the scales of the other, a God. — And they both gave the correct weight!

THE FAIR SEX.

Women have unfortunately only one way of making us happy, while they have thirty thousand different modes of rendering us miserable. . . . . Nothing wounds a man so keenly as a woman's little pin-pricks. We are prepared for slashing swordstrokes, and are tickled in the most ticklish parts. Oh the women! We must needs forgive them much for they love much, and also many! Their hatred is really a species of love that has become apostate. They often try to do us an injury, because in doing so they think to please some other man.

ROBESPIERRE.

Maximilian Robespierre, the great citizen of the Rue Saint Honoré, had, it is true, his sudden attacks of destructiveness when it was a question of the monarchy, and his frame was violently convulsed when the fit of regicidal epilepsy was on; but as soon as it came to be a question about the Supreme Being, he wiped the white froth from his lips, washed the blood from his hands, donned his blue Sunday coat with shining metal buttons, and stuck a nosegay in the bosom of his broad vest.

A RESURRECTION DREAM.

Night lay upon my eyelids;
  Upon my mouth lay lead;
With rigid brain and bosom,
  I lay among the dead.

How long it was I know not
  That sleep thus rest me gave;
I wakened up, and heard then
  A knocking at my grave.

"Wilt thou not rise up, Henry?
  The eternal day comes on,
The dead are all arisen,
  The endless joys begun."

"My love, I cannot raise me,
  For I have lost my sight;
My eyes with bitter weeping,
  They are extinguished quite."

"From thy dear eyelids, Henry,
  I'll kiss the night away;
Thou shalt behold the angels,
  And also Heaven's display."

"My love, I cannot raise me;
  Still out the blood is poured,
Where thou heart-deep didst stab me
  With a keen-pointed word."

"I will my hand lay, Henry,
  Soft, soft upon thy heart;
And that will stop its bleeding —
  And soothe at once the smart."

"My love, I cannot raise me,
My head is bleeding too;
When thou wast stolen from me,
I shot it through and through."

"I with my hair, dear Henry,
Will stop the fountain red,
Press back again the blood-stream,
And heal thy wounded head."

She begged so soft, so dearly,
I could no more say no;
I tried and strove to raise me,
And to my darling go.

Then the wounds again burst open:
With torrent force outbreak
From head and breast the blood-streams;
And see! I came awake.

WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

Wellington, the dull ghost, with an ashy grey soul in a buckram body, a wooden smile on his freezing face — and by his side one thinks of the figure of Napoleon, every inch a god!

LONGEVITY OF GERMAN POTENTATES.

People cannot understand why our German princes live to such great ages: they are afraid to die, they fear lest they should meet Napoleon again in the other world.

THE TYROLESE.

The Tyrolese are handsome, sprightly, honest, brave, and of inscrutable shallowness of intellect. They are a healthy race of men, perhaps because they are too stupid to be sickly.

GERMAN HATE.

We do not hate one another as you French do about mere trifles, because of wounded vanity, on account of an epigram, or of an unreturned visiting card: no, we hate in our enemies the deepest, most essential thing, namely, their thought. As in your love so in your hatred, you French are hasty, superficial. We Germans hate thoroughly, lastingly. Too honest, perhaps too unskilful, to revenge ourselves by speedy perfidy, we hate till our last breath.

NAPOLEON AND FREEDOM.

Bonaparte, who might have become the Washington of Europe, and only became its Napoleon, never felt at ease in his imperial mantle of purple; the spectre of freedom haunted him like the ghost of a murdered mother; her voice was always ringing in his ears; at night she drove him in terror from his couch and from the embraces of the espoused legitimacy: then might he be seen stalking through the empty, re-sounding chambers of the Tuileries, raging and storming, and when in the morning, pale and exhausted, he took his place in the Council of State, he would complain of ideology, and always of ideology, and of most dangerous ideology, and Corvisart would shake his head.

ENGLISH TRAITS.

In discussing *politics*, the stupidest Englishman will always contrive to say something rational; but whenever the conversation turns upon *religion*, the most intelligent Englishman will exhibit nothing but stupidity.

GREAT MEN.

As the stars are the glory of the sky, so great men are the glory of their country, yea, of the whole earth. The hearts of great men are the stars of earth; and doubtless when one looks down from above upon our planet, these hearts are seen to send forth a silvery light just like the stars of heaven. From such an exalted standpoint, one might perhaps perceive how many radiant stars are scattered over the face of our earth, how many of them gladden the obscure desert places with their unacknowledged and lonely lights, how thickly strewn they are in the German Fatherland, how brilliant, how radiant with them is France, the "Milky Way" of great human hearts.

GOETHE'S LYRICS.

Goethe's songs have a coquettish charm that is indescribable. The harmonious verses entwine themselves about the heart like a tenderly loved one: the word embraces while the thought kisses thee.

THE VENDOME COLUMN.

On this bronze pillar place Napoleon, the man of bronze, here, as in life, supported by his cannon glory, in awful isolation towering to the clouds, so that every ambitious soldier as he looks up at him — him, the unattainable — may feel his heart humbled and cured of its vain thirst for glory. In this way, the colossal metal pillar serves as a lightning-conductor for conquest-seeking heroism, and is of the greatest value for the peace of Europe.

IN THE EVENING.

Golden stars across the heavens
With their small feet softly creep,
Fearing lest they should awaken
Mother Earth, who lies asleep.

Listening stand the silent forests,
Every leaf a little ear,
And, as in a dream, the mountain
Shadow-arms outstretches near.

But who called? — I heard an echo;
Through my listening heart it fell.
Could it be her voice — or was it
Nothing but the nightingale?

MATHILDE HEINE.

LOVE ANALYZED AND DESCRIBED.

Love! it is the highest and most victorious of all the passions. But its world-compelling power lies in its boundless generosity, in its almost superhuman disinterestedness, in its self-sacrificing contempt for life. For love there is no yesterday, and she thinks not of any morrow; she covets only the present day, but she desires it wholly, unstinted, without shadow of trouble; she will not save of her present joy for any future, and she disdains the warmed-up leavings of the past. "Before me night, behind me night." She is a wandering flame between two darknesses. Whence comes she? — From tiniest, almost inconceivable sparks. What is her end?—She is extinguished as incomprehensibly, and leaves no trace. The more violently she burns, the more quickly she goeth out; yet that hinders not that she wholly giveth herself up to her blazing passion, as if its fire would last forever.

THIERS AND GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Monsieur Thiers understands everything. It is a pity he has not made a study of German philosophy; this also he would have been able to elucidate.

IN THE HARBOR.

Happy is he who hath reached the safe harbor,
Leaving behind him the stormy wild ocean,
And now sits cosy and warm
In the good old Town-Cellar of Bremen.

How sweet and home-like the world is reflected,
In the chalice green of a Rhinewine Rummer.
And how the dancing microcosm
Sunnily glides down the thirsty throat!
Everything I behold in the glass,

History, old and new, of the nations,
Both Turks and Greeks, and Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron and big reviews,
Berlin and Shilda, and Tunis and Hamburg;
But, above all, thy image, Beloved,
And thy dear little head a gold-ground of Rhenish!

SECOND LOVE.

For a woman there is no second love. Her nature is too delicate to withstand a second time that most terrible convulsion of the soul.

HEINE AND HEGEL.

One beautiful starlit evening, as we were standing together at a window, I, a youth of two-and-twenty, who had just well dined and had drunk my coffee, began to speak sentimentally of the stars, which I called the abode of the blessed. The Master, however, only muttered, "The stars, hum! hum! the stars are merely a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens." "In God's name," cried I, "is there then no happy place above where the virtuous after death may find reward?" But Hegel, staring for a moment at me with his leaden eyes, said sharply, "You think then that you should have a gratuity for tending your sick mother, or for not poisoning your elder brother?" After saying this, he looked round with anxiety, but seemed quickly reassured when he saw that no one was near except Henry Beer, who had come to ask him to take a hand at whist.

A WOMAN'S MODESTY.

The modesty of a woman is a protection to her virtue more secure than all the robes in the world, however little they may be cut down at the neck.

TEMPTATION

Cleopatra is a thorough woman; she loves and deceives at the same time. It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have ceased to love us. In this they are only following their natural instinct; and even when they have no wish to drain the forbidden cup, they like to sip a little, to put their lips to the rim, just to try how poison tastes.

PERFECT HAPPINESS.

I am of a most peaceful disposition. My wishes are: a modest cottage with roof of thatch, but a good bed, good food, milk and butter of the freshest, before my window flowers, by the side of my door a few fair trees; and if God were pleased to render me perfectly happy, he would permit me the satisfaction of seeing about six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. From the depth of my heart I would forgive them all the wrong they had inflicted upon me during their lives. Yes; we must forgive our enemies — but not until they are hanged!

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

From childhood I always associated the French language with the idea of distinguished birth. And I found that a Parisian market-woman spoke better French than a German canonness with four-and-sixty ancestors.

FRENCH MANNERS.

In France the desire to please is so great that every one strives zealously to cause pleasure, not only to his friends, but to his enemies. There is thus a continual posing and display of fine manners, so that women are put to their wit's end to outdo men in coquetry — and yet they succeed.

THE TEUTONIC CHARACTER.

Faust is the true type of the Germans, of the race that satisfies its passion through knowledge rather than through life.

HEINE AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

In my youth I was often overpowered by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious and blessed effluence, the delirious death-ecstasy, of Catholicism.

THE PARISIENNE.

There are people who fancy they can accurately examine a butterfly when they have fastened it to a piece of paper with a pin through it. This is as absurd as it is cruel. The pinned, motionless butterfly is no longer a butterfly. One must observe the butterfly as it flutters from flower to flower, and one must study a Parisian woman, not in her domestic sphere as she sits with the needle fastened in her bosom, but in the drawing-room, at *soireés*, at balls, as she flutters about with wings of embroidered silk and gauze under the sparkling chandeliers. Then it is that she reveals her eager love of life, her yearning for the sweet stupor of pleasure, her craving for intoxication, through which she becomes almost terribly beautiful, and wins a charm that delights yet troubles our souls.

DREAMING AND DEATH.

Why have we not a much greater fear of going to sleep than of being laid in our graves? Is it not dreadful to think that the body can remain death-still throughout a whole night while the soul within it pursues its most active life, a life clothed with all the terrors of that separation which we have created between body and spirit? When in some future age both will be again united in our consciousness, then perhaps there will be no more dreaming, or at least only the sick, those in whom the harmony of life is destroyed, will dream.

DEATH-BED CONVERSIONS.

So many free-thinkers, you say, have been converted on their death-beds! But do not make too much of this. Such stories of conversion belong at best to pathology, and are very doubtful evidence for your case. After all, they only prove that it was impossible to convert these free-thinkers so long as they went about under God's open sky, in the enjoyment of their healthy senses and in full possession of their reasoning faculty.

POETIC THRIFT.

"Worthy friend, how can it help you,
Still these stale old songs to fashion?
Wilt thou sit forever brooding
O'er the addled eggs of passion?

"Why, it's one eternal hatching!
From the shells the chickens shake them:
And they chirp about and flutter,
And straight in a book you bake them."

A CHARACTERIZATION.

Napoleon, in whose brain the eagles of inspiration built their eyries while in his bosom writhed the serpents of calculation.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

Herculaneum and Pompeii, those palimpsests of nature where the old stone text is again being brought to light.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

Ah, love! the sea-gulls hover,
And are watching ever near,
As wishful to discover,
When thy sweet lips press mine ear,

What the sweet low voice has murmured,
That thrilleth me so with bliss;
And if love's secret passeth
In a whisper or a kiss?

Ah, Love! What should I answer?
There is none can answer this; —
Adroitly intermingled
Are the whisper and the kiss.

THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

The history of literature is the great *Morgue* wherein each one seeks the dead whom he loves or with whom he is spiritually related. When amid so many insignificant corpses, I behold Lessing or Herder with their noble human countenances, my heart beats quickly. How can I pass without stooping hastily to kiss your pale lips!

TAKE HEART.

Heart, my heart, yield not to sadness;
Be submissive to thy fate;
And spring restoreth — only wait —
All that winter steals from gladness.

Think but how much there still is left
thee,
Think but how fair the world is still;
Heart, my heart, befall what will,
Love can never be bereft thee.

RASHNESS AND RELUCTANCY.

The more ignorant a nation is, the more rashly does it plunge into the stream of action: the more learned and reflective a people is, the longer does it continue to sound the depths and shoals which it fords with prudent steps, or even remains trembling on the bank because unable to fathom the flood, or because terrified at the prospect of a national cold in the head from the effects of a wetting. In the end it matters little that our progress is slow, or that we lose a few short centuries by standing still, for the future belongs to the German race — a long and mighty future.

THE WOMAN IN THE NORTH.

Far in the North there dwells
A woman, a fair woman, queenly fair.
About her tall and slender cypress-form
A garment, white and soft, clings tenderly.
A haze of dusky locks,
Escaping from a braided crown of hair,
Hovers, a tender cloud,
About the pale, sweet face:
While from the pale, sweet face
Shine mighty eyes, that gleam,
Like a black sun.

How often, O black sun,
And with what rapture, have I drawn from thee
The wild, consuming soul-inspiring flame,
And stood before thee, reeling, drunk with fire. —
Then on thy proud and noble lips there dawned
A gentle smile, while from those noble lips
Breathed forth some word, as soft as moonlight is
And tender as the perfume of the rose.
Then would my soul arise,
And, like an eagle, take its flight to heaven.

GERMAN GRAVITY.

A living German is truly a sufficiently serious being, but he is not to be compared to a dead German! You have no idea how grave we are after death. Our countenances are then even longer than when we are in life, and the worms that feed on us grow melancholy as they behold us at their repast.

CUVIER'S IMPOLITENESS.

Cuvier, by his discovery of the remains of so many huge animals that no longer exist, proved in the most ungallant fashion that our mother Earth was many thousand years older than she had hitherto represented herself to be.

SHAKESPEARE AND ARISTOPHANES.

Shakespeare had more poetry in his great toe than was possessed by all the Greek poets, with the exception of Aristophanes. The Greeks were great artists, not poets; they had more artistic sensibility than poetic feeling.

SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM.

In all ages are to be found men in hom the capacity for enjoyment is incomplete, men with stunted senses and ompunctious frames, for whom all the rapes in the garden of God are sour, ho see in every paradise-apple the encing serpent, who seek in abnegaon their triumph, and in suffering heir sole joy. On the other hand, we nd in all ages men of robust growth, atures filled with the pride of life, who ain carry their heads right haughtily; ll the stars and the roses greet them ith sympathetic smile; they listen deghtedly to the melodies of the nightngale and of Rossini; they are enmoured of good fortune and of the flesh f Titian's pictures; and to the hypocritcal companion for whom such things re a torment, they answer in the words f Shakespeare's character, "Dost thou hink because thou art virtuous, there hall be no more cakes and ale?"

THE METHOD OF HISTORY.

In the world's history every event is ot the direct consequence of another, ut all events mutually act and react on ne another.

THE FUTURE.

The future smells strongly of Russia leather and of blood, of godlessness, and of a vast deal of flogging. I recommend our descendants to come into the world with very thick skins upon their backs.

THE ARTIST AND THE WORLD.

The Artist is the fabled child of popular legend, whose tears are all pearls. Alas! his wicked step-mother, the World, beats the poor child the more unmercifully in order that he may weep plenty of pearls.

SPINOZA.

In reading Spinoza's works we become conscious of a feeling such as pervades us at the sight of great Nature herself in her most life-like state of repose. We behold a forest of heaven-reaching thoughts whose blossoming topmost boughs are tossing like waves of the sea, while their immovable stems are rooted in the eternal earth.

SERVILITY.

Servants that are without a master are not on that account free men: servility is in their soul.

SURRENDERED TO THE ENEMY.

Laid on thy snow-white shoulder
My head is at rest;
And I listen, —and know the unquiet
Desire of thy breast.

The gorgeous hussars have stormed it,
And entered without strife;
And, to-morrow, a woman will leave me
That I love as my life.

What tho' in the morning she leave me,
To-night she is mine, —
My head is at rest on her shoulder,
And her snow-white arms entwine.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

It is always a pleasure to me when two of my friends like one another, just as I am always glad when two of my enemies take to fighting one another.

SWEET DELUSION.

Ah, what lies the kisses cover!
In their seeming, ah, what bliss!
Sweet 'tis to delude a lover,
Sweeter the delusion is!

Spite thy protestations, fairest,
I can tell what thou'lt receive!
I'll believe in all thou swearest,
And I'll swear all thou'lt believe.

WOMEN WRITERS.

When they write, they have one eye on the paper and the other on a man. This rule applies to all authoresses, with the exception of Countess Hahn-Hahn, who only has one eye. We male authors have also our prejudices. We write for or against something, for or against an idea, for or against a party; but women always write for or against one particular man, or, to express it more correctly, on account of one particular man. We men will sometimes lie outright; women, like all passive creatures, seldom invent, but can so distort a fact that they can thereby injure us more surely than by a downright lie. I verily believe my friend Balzac was right when he once said to me, in a sorrowful tone, "*La femme est un être dangereux.*"

THE CONFESSIONAL A DOMESTIC SAFETY-VALVE.

Whether there is more fidelity among wives of the evangelic faith, I shall not attempt to discuss. But the Catholicism of the wife certainly saves the husband from many annoyances. When Catholic women have committed a fault, they do not secretly brood over it, but confess to the priest, and as soon as they have received absolution they are again as merry and light-hearted as before. This is much pleasanter than spoiling the husband's good spirits or his soup by downcast looks or grieving over a sin for which they hold themselves in duty bound to atone during their whole lives by shrewish prudery and quarrelsome excess of virtue. The confessional is likewise useful in another respect. The sinner does not keep her terrible secret preying on her mind; and since women are sure, sooner or later, to babble all they know, it is better they should confide certain matters to their confessor than they should, in some moment of overpowering tenderness, talkativeness, or remorse, blurt out to the poor husband the fatal confession.

A MEETING.

All under the lime-trees the music sounds,
And lads and lasses dance there, too;
A couple are dancing whom no one knows,
They are tall, and of noble air, too.

To and fro in a weirdlike way,
They glide and meander slowly;
They smile to each other, they wave their heads,
The lady whispers lowly:

"My fine young fellow, in your cap
A water-pink is twined, sir;
It only grows at the roots of the sea, —
You come not of Adam's kind, sir.

"You are a Merman; to beguile
These village beauties you wish, eh?
I knew you at the very first glance
By your teeth so sharp and fishy."

To and fro, in a weirdlike way,
They glide and meander slowly;
They smile to each other, they wave their heads,
The young man whispers lowly:

"My pretty maiden, tell me why
As cold as ice your hand is?
Ay, tell me why your white robe's hem
As moist as the wet sea-sand is?

"I knew you at the very first,
By your curtsey all so tricksy; —
No mortal child of earth are you,
You are my cousin, the Nixie."

The fiddles are silent, the dance is done,
They part with a courtly greeting;
They know each other, alas! too well,
So shun any future meeting.

THE RENAISSANCE.

At the time of the reformation, Catholic poetry was gradually dying out in Europe, and in its place we behold the long-buried Grecian style of poetry again reviving. It was, in sooth, only an artificial spring, the work of the gardener and not of the sun; the trees and flowers were stuck in narrow pots, and a glass sky protected them from the wind and cold weather.

MIND AND MATTER.

Alas! mental torture is easier to be endured than physical pain; and were I offered the alternative between a bad conscience and an aching tooth, I should choose the former.

MYSTERY OF THE JEWS.

The deeds of the Jews are just as little known to the world as is their real character. Some think they know the Jews because they can recognize their beards, which is all they have ever revealed of themselves. Now, as during the middle ages, they remain a wandering mystery, a mystery that may perhaps be solved on the day which the prophet foretells, when there shall be but one shepherd and one flock, and the righteous who have suffered for the good of humanity shall then receive a glorious reward.

THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMEN.

Yes, women are dangerous; but I must admit that beautiful women are not so dangerous as those whose attractions are intellectual rather than physical; for the former are accustomed to having men pay court to them, while the latter meet the vanity of men halfway, and through the bait of flattery acquire a more powerful influence than the beautiful women.

THE ROMAN ABBATE.

Oh, what a happy mortal is such a Roman *abbate!* He serves not only the Church of Christ, but also Apollo and the Muses, whose favorite he is. The Graces hold his inkstand for him when he indites the sonnets which, with such delicate cadences, he reads in the Accademia degli Arcadi. He is a connoisseur of art, and needs only to taste the lips of a young songstress in order to be able to foretell whether she will some day be celeberrima cantatrice, a diva, a world-renowned prima-donna. He understands antiquities, and will write a treatise in the choicest Ciceronian Latin concerning some newly-unearthed torso of a Grecian Bacchante, reverentially dedicating it to the supreme head of Christendom, to the Pontifex Maximus, for so he addresses him. And what a judge of painting is the Signor *Abbate*, who visits the painters in their ateliers and directs their attention to the fine points of their female models! The writer of these pages had in him just the material for such an *abbate*, and was just suited for strolling in delightful *dolce far niente* through the libraries, art galleries, churches, and ruins of the Eternal City, studying among pleasures, and seeking pleasure while studying.

BRITISH MISSIONS.

They expect to elevate a petty, narrow dogma to supremacy, and to monopolize heaven as they do the sea, making it a British Church domain — and see, without knowing it, they are demanding the over-throw of all Protestant sects: for, as they all draw their life from the Bible, when the knowledge of the Bible becomes universal, all sectarian distinctions will be obliterated. While by tricks of trade, smuggling, and commerce the British gain footholds in many lands, with them they bring the Bible, that grand democracy wherein each man shall not only be king in his own house, but also bishop. They are demanding, they are founding, the great Kingdom of the spirit, the Kingdom of the religious emotions, and the love of humanity, of purity, of true morality, which cannot be taught by dogmatic formulas, but by parable and example, such as are contained in that beautiful, sacred educational book for young and old — the Bible.

TEUTONIC CRAZES.

A French madness falls short of a German lunacy in violence, for in the latter, as Polonius would say, there is method.

HEINE'S FAME AS A POET.

No, I will not feign a hypocritical humility, I will not depreciate that name. It is much to be a poet, especially to be a great lyric poet, in Germany, among a people who in two things — in philosophy and in poetry — have surpassed all other nations. I will not with a sham modesty — the invention of worthless vagabonds — depreciate my fame as a poet. None of my countrymen have won the laurel at so early an age; and if my colleague, Wolfgang Goethe, complacently writes that "the Chinese with trembling hand paints Werther and Lotte on porcelain," I can, if boasting is to be in order, match his Chinese fame with one still more legendary, for I have recently learned that my poems have been translated into the Japanese language.

CONTEMPLATION VERSUS IMITATION.

Francesca da Polenta and her handsome friend paid dearly for reading together such a book; — the greater danger, it is true, lay in the fact that they suddenly stopped reading.

THE POET'S HEART.

The Butterfly is in love with the Rose,
And hovers around her alway,
But a golden Sunbeam loves him again,
And flutters around him all day.

But tell me, with whom is the Rose in love?
That would I know soonest by far;
Or is it the singing Nightingale?
Or the silent Evening Star?

I know not with whom is the Rose in love;
But I love you all as ye are:
The Butterfly, Sunbeam, and Nightingale,
The Rose, and the Evening Star.

PHILOSOPHY AND PROTESTANTISM.

Although German Philosophy now proudly takes its stand by the side of the Protestant Church; yes, even assumes an air of superiority; yet it is only the daughter of the latter, and as such owes her filial respect and consideration; and when threatened by Jesuitism, the common foe of them both, the bonds of kindred demanded that they should combine for mutual defence.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE CORSICAN.

And, in fact, against Napoleon none could help but God Himself. No reliance could be placed on the earthly legions; hence all eyes were religiously turned to Heaven.

MADAME DE STAEL'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

I by no means intend to insinuate that Madame de Staël was ugly; but beauty is something quite different . . . I am told that she really had very pretty hands and beautiful arms, which she always displayed. Surely the Venus of Milo could not show such beautiful arms! Her teeth surpassed in whiteness those of the finest steed of Araby. She had very large, beautiful eyes, a dozen amorets would have found room on her lips, and her smile is said to have been very sweet: therefore she could not have been ugly, — no woman is ugly. But I venture to say that had fair Helen of Sparta looked so, the Trojan War would not have occurred, and the strongholds of Priam would not have been burned, and Homer would never have sung the wrath of Pelidean Achilles.

THE FAIRIES.

The waves they plash on the lonely strand,
The moon gives out her beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand,
Begirt with happy dreams.

The beautiful Fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great sea's deeps,
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he certainly sleeps.

Then one with curious fingers feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals,
And plays with the chain upon it.

A third one laughs, and with cunning hand
Unsheaths the sword from its keeper;
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches, well-pleased, the sleeper.

A fourth, shé flutters about and above,
And sighs from her little bosom:
"Ah me! that I were thy true, true love,
Thou beautiful human blossom!"

A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasped,
Filled with Love's longing blisses;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His cheeks and lips she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary;
But quietly lies, to be kissed in the moon,
By fairy after fairy.

THE JESUITS.

Pedagogy was the specialty of the Jesuits, and although they sought to pursue it in the interest of their order, yet sometimes the passion for pedagogy itself, the only human passion that was left in them, gained the mastery; they forgot their aim, the repression of reason and the exaltation of faith, and, instead of reducing men to a state of childhood, as was their purpose, out of the children they involuntarily made men by their instruction. The greatest men of the Revolution were educated in Jesuit schools. Without the training there acquired, that great intellectual agitation would perhaps not have broken out till a century later.

PROTESTANTISM.

At an earlier period, when philosophy possessed for me a paramount interest, I prized Protestantism only for its services in winning freedom of thought, which, after all, is the foundation on which in later times Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel could build. Luther, the strong man with the axe, must, in the very nature of things, have preceded these warriors, to open a path for them. For this service I have honored the Reformation as being the beginning of German philosophy, which justified my polemical defence of Protestantism. Now in my later and more mature days, when the religious feeling again surges up in me, and the shipwrecked metaphysician clings fast to the Bible, — now I chiefly honor Protestantism for its services in the discovery and propagation of the Bible.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

Madonna Maria was the pretty *dame du comptoir* of the Catholic Church, whose customers, especially the barbarians of the North, she attracted and held fast by her celestial smiles.

A. D. 1848.

Unprecedented and fabulous were indeed the events of those crazy February days, when the wisdom of the wisest was brought to naught; and the chosen ones of imbecility were raised aloft in triumph. The last became the first, and the lowliest became the highest. Matter, like thought, was turned upside down, and the world was topsy-turvy. If in those mad days I had been sane, those events would surely have cost me my wits; but, lunatic as I then was, the contrary necessarily came to pass, and, strange to say, just in the days of universal madness I regained my reason! Like many other divinities of that revolutionary period, I was compelled to abdicate ignominiously, and to return to the lowly life of humanity. I came back into the humble fold of God's creatures. I again bowed in homage to the almighty power of a Supreme Being.

THE NATIONAL DISH.

The table was laid. And now the smell
Of old German cookery rose gay.
Ah, blessed be thou, my sour kraut —
Thy scent to me is a nosegay!

OCCIDENTAL ORIENTALIZATION.

To the observant thinker it is a wonderful spectacle to view the countries where the Bible, since the Reformation, has been exerting its elevating influence on the inhabitants, and has impressed on them the customs, modes of thought, and temperaments which formerly prevailed in Palestine, as portrayed both in the Old and in the New Testament. In the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon sections of Europe and America, especially among the Germanic races, and also to a certain extent in Celtic countries, the customs of Palestine have been reproduced in so marked degree that we seem to be in the midst of the ancient Judean life. Take, for example, the Scotch Protestants: are not they Hebrews, whose names even are biblical, whose very cant smacks of the Phariseeism of ancient Jerusalem, and whose religion is naught else than a pork-eating Judaism? It is the same in Denmark and in certain provinces of North Germany, not to mention the majority of the new sects of the United States, among whom the life depicted in the Old Testament is pedantically aped. In the latter, that life appears as if daguerreotyped: the outlines are studiously correct, but all is depicted in sad, sombre colors; the golden tints and harmonising colors of the promised land are lacking. But

the caricature will disappear sooner or later. The zeal, the imperishable and the true — that is to say, the morality — of ancient Judaism will in those countries bloom forth just as acceptably to God as in the old time it blossomed on the banks of Jordan and on the heights of Lebanon. One needs neither palm-trees nor camels to be good; and goodness is better than beauty.

JEWISH DESCENT.

I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but that the Jews were always men, strong, unyielding men, not only in the past, but to this very day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and suffering. Since that time I have learned to appreciate them better, and, were not all pride of ancestry a silly inconsistency in a champion of the revolution and its democratic principles, the writer of these pages would be proud that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave the world a God and a morality, and who have fought and suffered on all the battle-fields of thought.

THE MINOR UNDERTONE.

The sun in May shines brightly,
  Yet so sad, so sad am I;
I lean against the lime-tree
  Far up on the ramparts high.

Below me the blue waters
  Sleep calm in the city moat;
And the while a boy is whistling
  As he fishes from his boat.

Along the bank bright pictures
  Are outstretched on yonder side —
Meadows and cattle — houses,
  And gardens and woodlands wide.

The maids are bleaching linen,
  They trip down the grassy way; —
I can hear the mill-wheel humming
  As it showers its diamond spray.

A sentry-box is standing
  On the gray old tower below;
A scarlet-coated soldier
  Paces ever to and fro.

He turns and moves his musket,
  It shines in the sunlight red;
Now he presents and shoulders —
  I wish he would shoot me dead.

THE LINNÆAN AND THE FEMININE CLASSIFICATIONS.

My French had grown rusty since the battle of Waterloo, but after half-an-hour's conversation with a pretty flower-girl in the Passage de l'Opéra it soon flowed fluently again. I managed to stammer forth gallant phrases in broken French, and explained to the little charmer the Linnæan system, in which flowers are classified according to their stamens. The little one practised a different system, and divided flowers into those which smell pleasantly and those which smell unpleasantly. I believe that she applied a similar classification to men.

UHLAND.

His Pegasus was a knightly steed that gladly trotted back to the past, but obstinately refused to budge when urged forward into modern life; and so our worthy Uhland smilingly dismounted, quietly unsaddled the unruly steed, and led it back to the stable. There it remains to this very day; like its colleague, the famous war-horse Bayard, it possesses all possible virtues, and one only fault; it is dead.

THE POET'S IMPARTIALITY.

In the works of all great poets there are, in fact, no minor characters at all; every character in its place is the chief personage. Such poets are absolute monarchs, and resemble the Emperor Paul of Russia, who, when the French ambassador remarked that a man of importance in his empire was interested in a certain matter, sharply interrupted the speaker with the memorable words —"In my Empire there is no man of importance except he to whom I may happen to be speaking; and he is of importance only so long as I address him." An absolute poet, who also holds power by the grace of God, in like manner views that person in his intellectual realm as the most important who at that particular moment is speaking through his pen. From this art-despotism arises that wonderful perfection of the most trivial and unimportant figures which we find in the works of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

FIELDING.

Fielding at once takes us behind the scenes, and there shows us all the emotions covered with deceitful rouge; the

gross motives that underlie the most generous deeds; the colophony that is afterwards to blaze aloft into enthusiasm; the bass drum, while on it repose the drumsticks, which are destined to sound the furious thunder of passion. In short, he shows us the whole interior machinery by which theatrical effects are produced; he exposes the colossal deceit by which men assume an appearance far different from the reality, and through which the truth and gladness of life are lost.

RATIONALIST.

This name is in Germany applied to those who hold that the claims of reason should not be put aside in matters of religion, in opposition to the supernaturalists, who to a greater or less degree discard reason in religion. The latter, in their furious hate of the poor rationalists, resemble the inmates of a lunatic asylum, who, although they will not believe in each other's hallucinations, yet in a measure tolerate one another. Bnt with all the fiercer hate do they turn against the man whom they consider their common enemy, who is no other than the physician who seeks to restore their reason.

SCHILLER.

The living spirit of the times thrilled through Frederick Schiller; it wrestled with him; it vanquished him; he followed it to battle; he bore its banner, and, lo! it was the same banner under which the conflict was being enthusiastically waged across the Rhine, and for which we are always ready to shed our heart's best blood, Schiller wrote for the grand ideas of the Revolution; he razed the bastilles of the intellect; he helped to erect the temple of freedom, that colossal temple which shelters all nations like a single congregation of brothers: in brief, he was a cosmopolitan.

ABROAD.

Erewhile I had a beauteous Fatherland.
The oak there seemed
To grow so tall; there violets nodded low.
It was a dream.

In German it kissed me, — in German spake
(You scarce believe
How sweet the sound!) this one word,
"I love thee."
It was a dream.

PATRIOTISM AND POCKET.

To what extent the sympathy awakened by Republicanism is perpetually repressed by pecuniary interests, became very apparent to me during a conversation which I had lately with a highly enlightened banker, who said to me with the greatest ardor: — "Who is there that denies the advantages of a Republican form of government? I myself am at times an out-and-out Republican. For, look, when I thrust my hand into my right trousers-pocket, where I carry my money, the mere contact with the cold metal causes me to shudder, I become anxious about my property, and feel strongly Monarchical; but if, on the contrary, I thrust my hand into the left trousers-pocket, which is empty, all anxiety instantly disappears, I begin merrily to whistle the 'Marseillaise,' and am ready to vote for the Republic!"

GERMANIA.

The land belongs to Russia and
France,
The Britons look after the ocean,
To us has been left the world of dreams,
In which to stir up a commotion.

FRENCH AND GERMAN PATRIOTISM.

The patriotism of the French consists in this: the heart warms; through this warmth it expands; it enlarges so as to encompass, with its all-embracing love, not only the nearest and dearest but all France, all civilization. The patriotism of the Germans, on the contrary, consists in narrowing and contracting the heart, just as leather contracts in the cold; in hating foreigners; in ceasing to be European and cosmopolitan, and in adopting a narrow-minded and exclusive Germanism. We beheld this ideal empire of churlishness organized into a system by Herr Jahn; with it began the crusade of the vulgar, the coarse, the great unwashed — against the grandest and holiest idea ever brought forth in Germany, the idea of humanitarianism; the idea of the universal brotherhood of mankind, of cosmopolitanism — an idea to which our great minds, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, and all people of culture in Germany, have ever paid homage.

HEINE AND UNCLE TOM.

It is strange! during my whole life I have been strolling through the various

festive halls of philosophy, I have participated in all the orgies of the intellect, I have coquetted with every possible system, without being satisfied, like Messalina after a riotous night; and now, after all this, I suddenly find myself on the same platform whereon stands Uncle Tom. That platform is the Bible, and I kneel by the side of my dusky brother in faith with the same devotion. What humiliation! With all my learning, I have got no further than the poor ignorant negro who can hardly spell! It is even true that poor Uncle Tom appears to see in the holy book more profound things than I, who am not yet quite clear, especially in regard to the second part.

THE PINE-TREE.

A Pine-Tree standeth lonely
In the North on an upland bare;
It standeth whitely shrouded
With snow, and sleepeth there.

It dreameth of a Palm Tree
Which far in the East alone,
In mournful silence standeth
On its ridge of burning stone.

A SUPPLICATION.

A star dawns beauteous in my gloomy night,
A star that sheds sweet comfort with its light,
Promising me new life and joy, —
Oh, do not lie!

Like as the ocean to the moon swells free,
So mounts my soul, daring and glad to thee, —
To thee, and to thy light of joy, —
Oh, do not lie!

VIEWS OF GOETHE.

The orthodox were vexed that in the trunk of this great tree there was no niche provided for the statuettes of the saints, but that, on the contrary, ever the nude dryads of heathendom were permitted to carry on their witchery beneath it. The pietists would gladly have imitated Saint Boniface, and with consecrated axe have felled this magic oak. The liberals, on the other hand were indignant that they could not use it as a liberty tree and as a barricade. But, in truth, the tree was too lofty to have a red cap placed on its

top, or a *carmagnole* danced beneath it. But the public at large honored it just because it was so stately and independent; because it filled the whole world with its delicious fragrance; because its branches towered majestically to the heavens, so that the stars seemed to be merely the golden fruit of the great and and wonderful tree.

GERMAN COMMISERATION.

When one gets soundly thrashed in Germany one can always count on the pity and tears of the multitude. In this respect the Germans resemble those old crones who never miss an opportunity of witnessing an execution, and who eagerly press to the front of the curious spectators, setting up a bitter lamentation at sight of the poor wretch, and even taking his part. The snivelling old women who attend literary executions, and put on such grief-stricken airs, would nevertheless be very much disappointed if the poor sinner was suddenly to receive a pardon, and they be sent trudging homeward without beholding the anticipated flogging. Their worst fury would then be directed against the one who had balked their expectation.

SHEPHERD AND LAMB.

O little lamb, I was assigned
To be thy shepherd true and kind;
And 'mid this barren world and rude
To shelter thee as best I could.
I gave thee of my bread thy fill,
I brought thee water from the rill;
And through the raging winter storm
Safe in my bosom kept thee warm.
I held thee close in that embrace;
And when the cold rain fell apace,
When through the gorge the torrents poured,
And wolves and floods in concert roared,
Thou did'st not tremble then nor fear.
E'en when the lightning's mighty spear
Cleft the tall pine — upon my breast
Still thou did'st sleep and calmly rest.

My arm grows weak, and faint my heart,
Pale Death creeps near. The shepherd's part
Is now played out, the game is o'er.
O God, then in Thy hands once more
I lay the crook, and do Thou keep
My little lamb, when I to sleep
Am laid. Oh, guard her day by day
From every harm; and shield, I pray,
Her fleece from thorns that may bring pain
And from the miry swamps that stain.
Beneath her feet, in field and wood,
Let greenest pastures spring for food;
And let her calmly sleep and rest,
As once she slept upon my breast.

CHRIST AND MOSES.

What a benign figure is the God-man! How insignificant in comparison with him does the hero of the Old Testament appear! Moses loves his people with a pathetic intensity; as a mother, he cares for the future of Israel. Christ loves humanity; he is the sun that sheds the warm rays of his love over the whole earth. What a soothing balm for all wounds of this life are his words! What a healing fountain for all suffering was the blood that flowed on Calvary! The white marble gods of the Greeks were bespattered with this blood; they grew sick from inward awe, and for them there was no recovery!

FOUQUE'S "UNDINE."

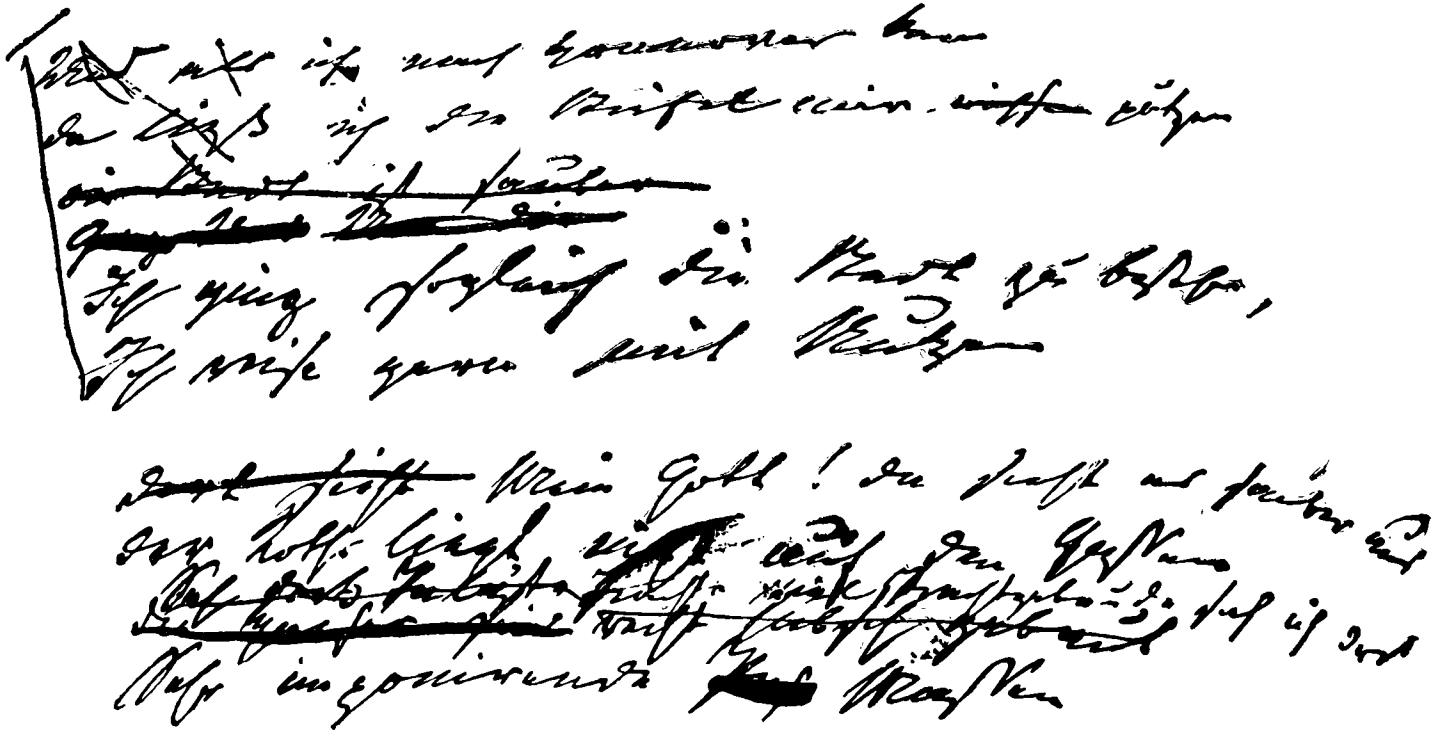
"Undine" is indeed a charming poem. This poem is itself a kiss! The genius of poetry kissed the sleeping spring, and as it opened its laughing eyes all the roses exhaled their sweetest perfumes, and all the nightingales sang; and the fragrance of the roses and the songs of the nightingales, all this did our good Fouqué clothe in words, and called it "Undine."

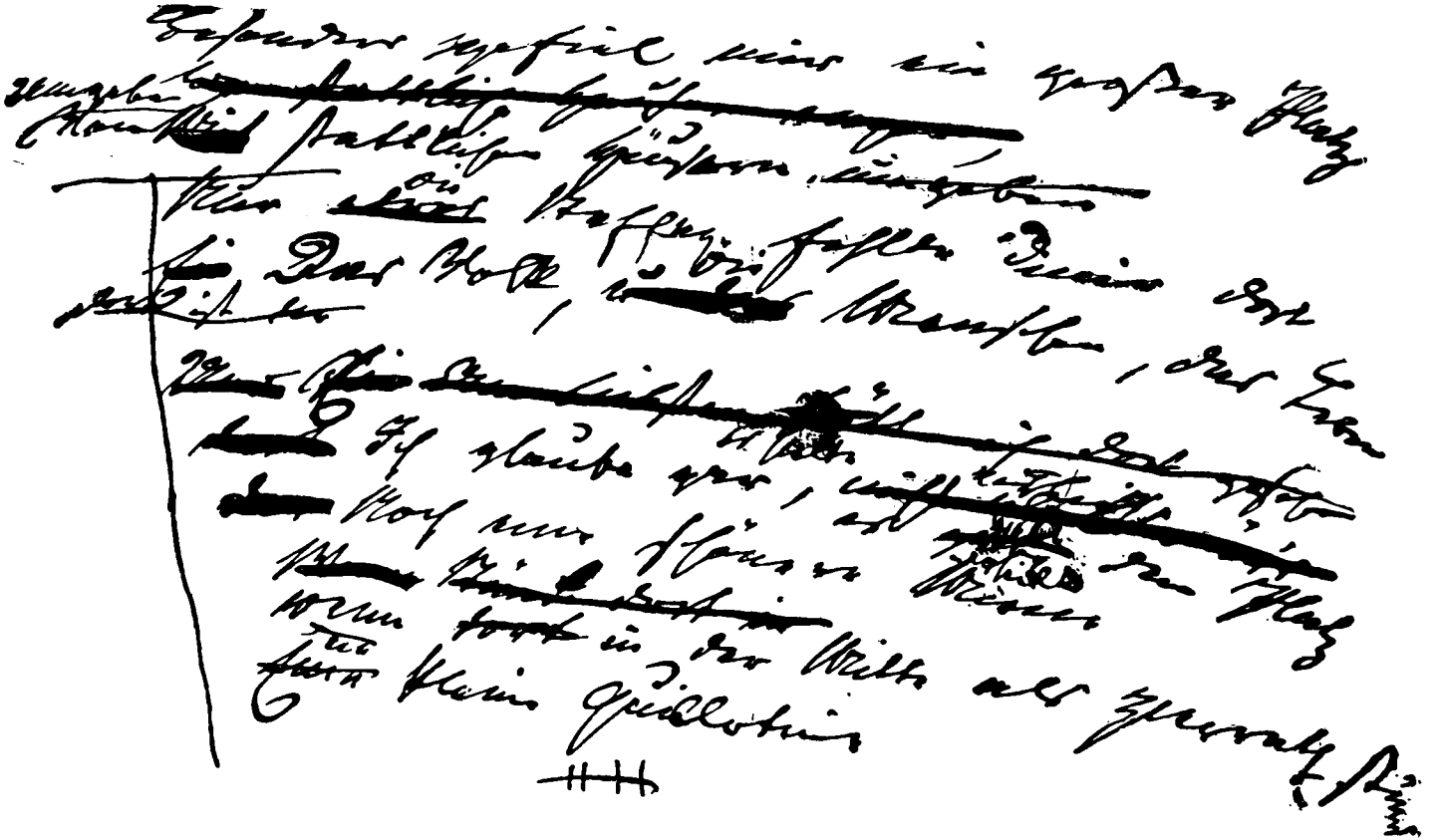
QUESTIONS.

Beside the sea, the desolate, dark sea,
Amid the gloom of night, a youth there stands;
His head is full of doubts, of grief his heart;
With sullen lips he questions the wild waves.

"Oh, solve for me the riddle of this life,
The old, tormenting riddle of all time,
Whereon so many heads have thought and dreamed.
Yes, heads with hieroglyphic signs adorned,
Heads clothed in turbans, and in students caps,
Heads wearing wigs and thousand other such
Poor, weary, puzzled, hard-worked human heads —
Oh tell me, what man is and whence he comes —
Whither he goes — and who they be that dwell
So far above us on the golden stars."

The wild waves murmur their eternal song,
And clouds fly fast before the whispering wind —
The stars shine on, indifferent and cold —
And a fool waits for an answer.





CHIVALRY.

— that hermaphrodite creature,

Balderdash Chivalry, which we know
As one of the loathesomest dishes
Of modern lust and gothic caprice,
And neither flesh nor fish is.

WEIGHING GENIUS.

Only a narrow shopkeeper mind will attempt to weigh genius in its miserable cheese scales.

VARIUM ET MUTABILE.

With women never
Knows one clearly, where the angel
Leaves off and the devil begins.

AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Ye fools! to look in my coffers indeed!
For empty away ye must toddle;
The contraband that travels with me,
I carry about in my noddle.

RICHTER.

Instead of thought he gives us his thinking itself. We see the material activity of his brain; he gives us, as it were, more brain than thought, and meanwhile the flashes of his wit skip about, like the fleas of his heated imagination. He is the merriest, and, at the same time, the most sentimental of authors. In fact, sentimentality always finally overcomes him, and his laughter abruptly turns into tears. He sometimes disguises himself as a gross, beggarly fellow; but then, like stage princes, he suddenly unbuttons the coarse overcoat and reveals the glittering insignia of his rank.

HEINE ON HIS MATTRESS-GRAVE.

It is a pitiful condition; a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the dead, who need spend no money, nor write any letters, nor worse still books. The measure for my coffin was taken long ago, as also for my necrology; but I am so long about dying, that it is beginning to get tiresome for me, as well as for my friends. But have patience; everything comes to an end. Some morning ye will find the show-

booth closed where ye used so often to take delight in the puppet-play of my wit.

IMMORTALITY.

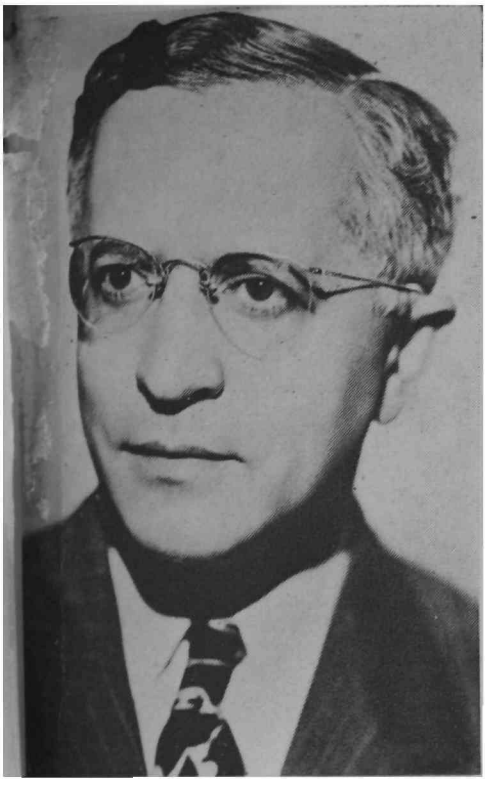
God has made no revelation pointing to a life beyond the grave; even Moses tells us nothing about it. God is perhaps not quite pleased that the pious feel so firmly persuaded of a future life. In his Fatherly kindness he wishes perhaps to give us a surprise.

WHERE?

Where shall once the wanderer weary
Meet his resting-place and shrine?
Under palm-trees by the Ganges?
Under lindens of the Rhine?

Shall I somewhere in the desert
Owe my grave to stranger hands?
Or upon some lonely sea-shore
Rest at last beneath the sands?

Tis no matter! God's wide heaven
Must surround me there as here;
And as death-lamps o'er me swinging
Night by night the stars burn clear.



Dear Hellen
Cordially
Sol Liptzin

A distinguished scholar presents a ne and different life story of the famou German-Jewish poet, the centenary e whose death will be observed on Februar 17, 1956.

About the Author

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"The life of Heinrich Heine, who was born at Duesseldorf on December 13, 1797, did not end with his death in Paris on February 17, 1856. The centenary of his birth found his native country embroiled in a bitter controversy between his detractors and his defenders, while the English-speaking peoples acclaimed him with almost complete unanimity. For the centenary of his death let the tale be told of the turbuelnt afterlife of this German-Jewish poet, this strange guest with the sardonic smile, who found a home in our hearts and whom our generation now hails as a citizen of the wor! .."

(From the Preface)

The English Legend
of
HEINRICH HEINE

ALSO BY SOL LIPTZIN

Germany's Stepchildren
Arthur Schnitzler
Richard Beer-Hofmann
Shelley in Germany
The Weavers in German Literature
Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany
Historical Survey of German Literature
From Novalis to Nietzsche
Eliakum Zunser
Peretz
Heine

THE ENGLISH LEGEND

of

HEINRICH HEINE

BY

SOL LIPTZIN

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PREFACE

THE life of Heinrich Heine, who was born at Düsseldorf on December 13, 1797, did not end with his death in Paris on February 17, 1856. The centenary of his birth found his native country embroiled in a bitter controversy between his detractors and his defenders, while the English-speaking peoples acclaimed him with almost complete unanimity. For the centenary of his death let the tale be told of the turbulent afterlife of this German Jewish poet, this strange guest with the sardonic smile, who found a home in our hearts and whom our generation now hails as a citizen of the world.

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S. L.

The English Legend
of
HEINRICH HEINE

INTRODUCTION

FOR a century and more Heinrich Heine has had an international vogue unsurpassed by that of any other German poet, unless Goethe. Great minds, in country after country, have been stimulated by his recorded attitude towards eternal problems and writers of diverse movements have reacted strongly, in love and hate, to his unique literary contributions.

What is the explanation? Why is he still felt as a living force not only in his native land, defeated in two World Wars, but also in the realms of the victorious powers: America, England, France, and Russia? What intellectual need does he satisfy? To which of man's ever recurring moods does he appeal? What is the magic force encased in his simple verses that is still capable of stirring emotions of old and young, generations after his physical death?

The present study seeks an answer to these questions by investigating Heine's impact upon the English mind and the reverberation of that impact down the generations until our own day. The saga

of Heine's inroads upon English thought and E
lish letters is worth relating now that we are
proaching the centenary of his death. The wave
time have brought to the English-speaking peo
one image of Heine after another, depositing
layer of Heine influence upon another, until th
emerged the many-dimensional complex perso
ity visible to mid-twentieth century eyes. In sh
ing the rise to dominance of ever new attitu
towards the poet, the conclusion must not be dr
that older attitudes disappeared but merely
they had lost their novelty and were hence
longer in the center of public discussion.

Great literary personalities come to us not o
bearing the gifts of their own works but also
landed, swathed, and costumed by critical inter
ters, translators, adapters, and biographers. The
human being becomes in time a formula, the o
living individual a legend. Each age mirrors it
not alone in its symbolic contemporary figures
also in its re-interpretation of the significant fig
of long ago. Each people reveals itself not me
in its own intellectual leaders, chosen or
appointed, but also in its evaluation of the in
lectual élite of its neighbors, friends, and foes.

The English legend of Heine, from its origi

pre-Victorian days to its present configuration, is markedly different from the German legend and sheds new light both upon Heine and upon the English-speaking world which has assimilated him into its cultural pattern.

Our Heine, citizen of the world, bears the contours of our day, contours that are no less valid or fascinating than those etched by our forebears in the many decades since he first appeared upon the literary horizon. Our Heine, as reshaped by us, may be exerting a significant influence upon the thinking and dreaming of the Occident in the years to come, even as the Heine of our fathers has influenced us in our eventful years. It is, therefore, of value to us to know that ever changing legend of Heinrich Heine.

THE ENGLISH LEGEND OF HEINRICH HEINE

CHAPTER I

Blackguard and Apostate

HEINE'S youthful poems attracted scant notice in Germany upon their first appearance and were totally ignored abroad. The gems of *Lyrical Intermezzo*, wedged in between two unimportant tragedies, required considerable time before they won favor with Germans. The few critics who did take note of their publication in 1823 censured their immorality, cynicism, and godlessness, but found little to praise. Although the author sent personal copies to Goethe, Tieck, and Uhland, with laudatory dedications, he was not even encouraged

by a formal acknowledgment that these famed li
ary masters had peered into the volume. Small w
der, therefore, that England, which had not
reconciled itself to Byron and Shelley and wl
had not yet discovered Keats, paid no attentio
the young German lyricist.

With the appearance of Heine's *Travel Sket*
from 1826 on, however, the indifference of rea
and critics gave way to curiosity about the w
and irreverent writer. The bold mixture of p
and verse, politics and literature, humor and ir
startled German critics. Though they felt obli
to deprecate his attacks upon religion and mora
and to censure his radical anti-government vie
these critics could no longer ignore him. When
authorities of the principal German states took
step of proscribing his sketches, he immediately
came in the eyes of many the brave warrior of
pen and the noble champion of liberalism.

The earliest English reference to Heine reflec
this mixed reception accorded the young aut
in his own native land and included a prophecy
his coming greatness. The *Foreign Quarterly*
view of February, 1828, commented on the
two volumes of the *Travel Sketches*, the only
which had appeared, in the following mann

"Both prose and verse of this author are lively and entertaining, nor does it seem improbable that he may one day make a considerable figure in the world; for, although these volumes have apparently been written with the utmost carelessness and nonchalance, yet passages occur here and there which prove that Mr. Heine is perfectly able to adopt a higher tone, when he thinks proper to use the requisite exertion. This is particularly indicated by his poetry. As the matter now stands, Mr. Heine has (very unintentionally, perhaps) given such offense to many people by his facetious levity of style and satirical illustrations of character that his book has been actually proscribed in the Austrian and Prussian states!" [1]

It is doubtful whether the writer of the review was aware that Heine had been in England during the preceding year. The London press had mentioned, among its political news items, the arrival from Hamburg of Mr. Heine, who was on his way to France. The young poet proudly communicated this fact to Varnhagen von Ense, the Prussian diplomat, in a letter of June 1, 1827.[2] He did not hint, however, that he owed whatever attention he attracted in London circles during his brief stay far less to his own literary prominence than to

his relationship to Salomon Heine, the Hamburg banker and businessman who had supplied him with a rather impressive letter-of-credit for this trip. At any rate, English men-of-letters remained unmindful of him. From his arrival in April to his departure in August, his reports to his friends in Germany were filled with complaints about his loneliness and about his complete lack of contact with Englishmen of intellect or spirit. His disappointment with the English cropped out in the articles written soon after his return to the Continent and in his oft-quoted caustic comments on English ways and characteristics.

The first reactions of the English press did not take the form of a rebuttal of Heine's unjustified attacks. On the contrary, the *Athenaeum*, good-naturedly, reprinted on September 10, 1828, Heine's article on London — the finest of the entire series of *English Fragments*, and many a reader must have pondered on the insight of the talented foreigner, who ferreted out both the strength and the weakness of the hustling, bustling metropolis.

The *Athenaeum* retained a friendly attitude towards Heine throughout the difficult years when he was battling his way to fame and when it seemed as though his hand were against every man and

every man's hand were against him. It did not join the chorus of abuse levelled at his head after the appearance of the later volumes of *Travel Sketches*. Reviewing the second edition of 1831, it reproved but mildly the licentiousness which it could not condone. It found in Heine's whimsicality a certain affinity to Laurence Sterne and in his grossness a quality comparable to Swift. If the German writer seemed to be professing infidelity, such as Englishmen were little accustomed to tolerate, it felt that maturer consideration of his literary products would disclose not so much real infidelity as rather a cynical levity in treating all subjects, holy as well as profane. "This cynical levity is often offensive, even beyond the license of French scepticism, perhaps from a greater hardness of the wit which generated it; but in this, as in many other matters, the fault seems to be rather in the imagination than the heart. Heine, occasionally, in his loftier moments, breathes naturally forth feelings of very deep, if not altogether orthodox, piety, and expresses great horror of infidelity, at least in women." [3]

The *Athenaeum* did not want to see Heine translated, since he was not wholesome fare for general readers. But it believed that whosoever de-

sired to understand the character of German literature could not afford any longer to overlook him. For this purpose he was as indispensable as the philosopher Immanuel Kant. Heine's wit was original, his intellect was powerful, his politics were an interesting mixture of cosmopolitanism, enthusiasm for liberty, scorn of patriotism, and adoration for Napoleon. It was true that he espoused a type of equality once preached by the French Revolution, a type which Englishmen could not approve; but this was not to be wondered at, since he had experienced feudalism in its most oppressive form. As a German, who was daily exasperated by the many petty irritations and the many exclusive privileges of an out-dated order, he probably could not envisage as ideal the English system, where diversity of ranks existed side by side with perfect liberty and with equality before the law — the most useful and practicable kind of equality. If Heine would only think through to a logical conclusion his proposed social system, wherein distinctions between mine and thine were obliterated and matrimony was replaced by free love, he would probably not be willing to accept all the consequences. But, whatever fault might be found with his imagined state of perfect freedom and

bliss, his ideas were undoubtedly stimulating and his prose and verse were of great significance.

About a week after the appearance of the review in the *Athenaeum*, Heine's articles on the state of German literature of his day began to be published in the Parisian journal *l'Europe litteraire*. The editor of the *Athenaeum* must have been favorably impressed by the brilliant analyses and by the inexhaustible wit of the first contributions, for he invited Heine to present to English readers a similar survey of contemporary German literature.

The *Athenaeum* sought to increase its circulation by a promise of Heine as its authority on Central Europe and Sainte-Beuve as its authority on France. It welcomed a report that Sarah Austin, who had written eloquently about the Weimar circle and who had personal contact with Heine after his arrival in France, intended to make him better known to the British public than could be done within the limited space of reviews. It called upon the French essayist Edgar Quinet to prepare a paper on Heine that was to serve as an introduction to the latter's own articles. In the final issue of 1833, it reported to its readers that the appearance of Heine's articles had been delayed because the writer had enlarged his views as he proceeded to examine and to con-

sider the subject further. He came to see the contemporary state of German literature as the consequence of causes that reached back for generations and he, therefore, intended to deal in detail with Germany since the days of Luther.

A month later the *Athenaeum* had to urge its readers to exercise patience for a few weeks longer. Apparently difficulties had arisen and the editor still hoped that these could be overcome. Finally, on February 15, 1834, the readers had to be given the unpleasant news that Heine's articles were unpublishable. "M. Heine has considered his subject under four different heads — religion — philosophy — history — and literature. Now, with all possible respect for M. Heine's sincerity, and all admiration of his genius, he is certainly one of the last men to whom we should have applied for an article on the history or influence of Christianity; we should have anticipated just such an essay as we have received — one full of splendid passages, but sarcastic, withering, and appalling — one which, in the language of M. Quinet, leaves 'nature a void, the heavens a desert, and the heart also.' " [4]

The series of articles, which the English journal refused to print, began to appear in Paris from

March, 1834 on, in the *Revue de deux Mondes* and in *l'Europe litteraire*, and exercised an important influence in shaping the French attitude toward German literary and cultural phenomena. Readers of the *Athenaeum*, however, had to content themselves with Edgar Quinet's essay, a brilliant study that whetted curiosity but that was hardly a satisfactory substitute for the censored, audacious German.

Quinet directed attention to Heine's poetry, upon which English critics had until then placed little stress. Heine was, in the opinion of the Frenchman, a Satanic genius, whose wrath and hatred were sweeping over a decadent Europe. Heine was the creator of perfect works of art, of fancy, of originality, and of immorality. His Mephistophelic temperament produced a mixture of honey and wormwood. The songs, that seemed to be so simple in texture and so innocent in content, were dangerous in the extreme. They harbored a subtle poison which must drug pure imaginations. "They are charming flowers, wrought and colored with the ancient skill of Teutonic art, which dart the glance of a basilisk. There are transparent and delicate sonnets after the manner of Petrarch, in the depths of which you can see the

crawling reptile — ballads which hide under their liveliness, as a woman under her veil, their evil thoughts and their poisons. There are love songs, which bear you encradled along their stream, to drown you at last in one Satanic word — for it is the original characteristic of this poet to make you drink the gall and the lees of our times, in the form of expression and the honey of primitive ages — the age of Byron in the age of Hans Sachs." [5]

Quinet's literary portrait of Heine was not unfriendly or unjust. The German poet, during his twenties and thirties, aspired to share Byron's laurels and liked to see himself in the rôle of a modern Mephistopheles. His clownish flirting with St. Simonian sects in the early Eighteen-Thirties, his infatuation with extreme radical doctrines, and at the same time his revelation of their comic absurdities — confused friends and foes alike. Nor was this mystification wholly displeasing to him. As a consequence of the dubious light in which he was seen and apparently wished to be seen, English journals were at a loss in appraising his stand on any issue. The results were often entertaining. Thus, the *Foreign Quarterly Review* devoted a lengthy article in its issue of August, 1832, to a defense of Heine, whom it viewed as perhaps the ablest satirist of the radical

doctrines which he was supposedly espousing. If he really believed what he claimed to believe, it felt that no words would be too strong to express the mingled indignation, disgust, and contempt which such productions deserved to inspire. But, in its opinion, Heine could not possibly mean seriously the horrible pronouncements elaborated so piquantly in his *Travel Sketches* — any more than Börne could be held responsible for similar expressions of faith in the *Letters from Paris*. Obviously, both of these works were admirable satires on the German ultra-liberal press. Under the disguise of an affected and exaggerated liberalism, Heine and Börne were aiming to turn into ridicule the entire slang of the party and to expose mercilessly the wild, unprincipled views of its leading organs in Germany, their bare-faced attempts on the credulity of the public, and their total incapacity to substitute anything in place of the systems which they were seeking to destroy. Börne and Heine had apparently become aware of the ruinous effects of the German press on morality and taste, and in their indignation had penned vitriolic satires upon its spirit and tendency. Both had for a time collaborated with the liberal movements but had been converted to wiser and sounder views by the extravagance and insanity of

their erstwhile colleagues. Acquaintance with the secrets of the enemies' camp enabled them to direct their fire with telling effect against the weak points in their adversaries' lines.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review* approved the line of action supposedly undertaken by Börne and Heine, because ridicule was more effective than logic in changing people's opinions. Besides, readers were in the habit of perusing only those journals which catered to their ingrained prejudices. There was no way of breaking through the enemies' entrenchments, except in disguise: "This is the plan which has been adopted by Börne and Heine. Under the disguise of liberals, and with a huge parade of all the ordinary cant of the party, they contrive, by concentrating and combining in a short space the most striking instances of ignorance, impiety, selfishness, malignity, or inconsistency, which writings of the ultra-liberal party for some time past afford, to impart to these an air of irresistible absurdity, and to render the character of its supporters more contemptible than we believe it could have been made in any other way." [6] Heine was especially successful in exposing the peculiar fondness of the liberals for Napoleon, the most unrelenting enemy of liberalism in modern times. He was also successful in

caricaturing the scoffing, irreligious tone of the radicals. He likewise cleverly parodied the manner in which the extremist press reviewed books; this parody took the form of a mock critique of the poems of Count Platen. Börne and Heine wore the masquerade garment of literary sansculottes with the greatest ease, so that to the negligent observer they seemed to be "blackguards both."

This theory of Heine as the caricaturist of liberalism failed to make headway. The avalanche of hatred let loose upon him by the literary representatives of the established order within Germany itself plainly indicated to English reviewers that he really was a nihilist iconoclast and that traditionalists must indeed deem him a blackguard and apostate, a Jacobin propagandist and blasphemous unbeliever.

The *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1832, contrasted him with Uhland, the genuine poet and liberal. Unlike the Swabian patriot, Heine desired not reform but revolution, not constitutional changes but sweeping and sudden catastrophe. Hence his virulent abuse against the institutions, the great men, and even the national character of his native land. Because of his association with Börne and other literary assassins of Germany, his humor,

his imagination, his power of writing were declining; his originality of speculation was degenerating into mere paradox or audacious impiety, his strength and freshness of style into fantastic or startling impudence of expression, his pathos into a prolonged whine, his humor into convulsive and almost demoniacal grimaces.[7]

If the publication of *Travel Sketches* was capable of stirring up such violent antagonism as has just been noted, it is not difficult to guess at the reactions of the English press to the more spectacular and sensational doctrines promulgated in Heine's essays on German philosophy, religion, and literature — essays which the *Athenaeum* had refused to print but which appeared in French organs in 1834 and then in book form in 1835 under the title *De l'Allemagne*.

Blackwood's Magazine in September, 1835, coupled Heine with Börne and with Joel Jacoby as the chief representatives of the modern German School of Irony, whose founder was Jean Paul. All three possessed playful fancy, passionate enthusiasm, deep feeling, wild wit, but they fell short of their prototype in literary quality, in brilliancy, and raciness. Börne and Heine were Siamese twins, the two most hyper-ultra-revolutionists of all existing

liberals, writers who seemed to consider rebellion and revolution not as fearful means to an important and desirable end, but as things in themselves delightful and desirable. Heine was a more agreeable stylist than Börne and therefore more dangerous: "It is not merely that we mourn over the perversion, the desecration of one of the noblest gifts of God to man, i.e. genius — nor is it merely that we loathe this utter recklessness of the moral corruption which such writings as these are calculated to generate among the young, the inexperienced, the unenlightened. We look farther, and confess that we consider this heterogeneous intellectual amalgam, this voluntary debasement in powerful minds, as amongst the most fearful, the most portentous, of the signs of the times." [8]

A similar note was struck by the *Quarterly Review* in articles of December, 1834 and December, 1835. The first article, entitled *Recent German Belles-Lettres*, discussed Heine as the heir of Jean Paul, as a literary star malign in its influence, wavering in its orbit, and unsteady in its light, but sparkling all over with a rare brilliancy: "At the present moment, he is regarded as a literary outlaw, a downright *caput lupinum*, in the literary circles of Germany, where his hand is against every

man, and every man's hand is against him. Yet we believe him to be possessed of many noble and generous qualities — we are told that he is now eagerly striving to work himself pure — and nourish a strong hope that he will come round, ere long, to a due sense of the evil of his ways." [9]

This hope was abandoned, however, when the second article appeared a year later. The same reviewer then confessed himself at a loss to explain how an able writer such as Heine could indulge in the blasphemous audacities to which he gave vent in *De l'Allemagne*, a volume that was meant to supersede Madame de Staël's book on the same subject. Perhaps his heredity offered a partial excuse. Jewish blood mingled with Prussian blood in Heine's veins. The reviewer conjured up a legend, which had no basis in reality but which was nevertheless brought to the fore repeatedly throughout later decades. This was the legend that Heine was only half-Jewish. In the hands of his admirers, this legend could serve to weaken unpleasant thought-associations that Englishmen might have in connection with the Jewish people. In the essays of his opponents, on the other hand, this legend could be useful as an explanation of Heine's many contradictory traits and opinions. As the offspring of a Prus-

sian lady of good quality and of a Jewish father, who had thrown off Judaism without adopting any other creed, Heine found himself in an anomalous position. Because he was half-Jewish and half-German, more than that, because he had ceased to be a Jew and was not accepted as a German, he had to devote himself, according to the English interpreter, to the cause of a great social revolution which would improve his personal position. Furthermore, there was something in his blood which prevented him from surveying religious systems in general with the cold indifference of a "right German rationalist." Since he was devoid of all genuine convictions, he had to display the bitter and sneering malignity of a crucifying Sadducee:

"The two great obstacles to a radical revolution in Germany (as elsewhere) are the prevalence of Christian principles among the mass of the population — and the remains of respect for the civil institutions of their ancestry. Heine, having attacked both religion of the Bible and the monarchical and aristocratic institutions of the German states with unparalleled virulence, and having moreover distinguished himself most offensively by the style of his personal vituperation — carrying his warfare with the most reckless malice into the domestic

relations of all his literary opponents, both theological and political — has rendered himself the object, not at all to our astonishment, of equal aversion and alarm, even in the most liberally governed of the German communities; and with talents which no one refuses to admire, and attainments which it would be worse than idle to disparage, he has thus contrived, at what may be called an early period of a literary life, to make it all but impossible for himself to exist on his native soil. He has accordingly transplanted himself to Paris, and there associated himself in an intimate league, offensive and defensive, with the most violent section of the Jacobin Propagandists — whose plans embrace the entire extirpation of the Christian faith in each and all its modifications, and the total abolition of monarchy and aristocracy in Europe." [10]

As evidence of Heine's destructive intentions, the reviewer analyzed in detail the doctrine of the rehabilitation of the flesh. He held that this abominable doctrine could arouse only wonder and horror among Englishmen, and yet Heine was apparently sincere in advocating it.

The slogan "rehabilitation of the flesh," which Heine and the writers of "Young Germany" had taken over from the French followers of St. Simon

and hurled as a challenge to the existing order, was not so very revolutionary. Nevertheless, it subjected these writers to ostracism in Germany and to intense vituperation in England. Blackguards, atheists, apostates were some of the epithets flung at those idealists, who, in pre-Victorian days, dared to assert that the separation of body and soul must yield to a joyful acceptance of the divinity of both and that it was as undesirable to impose upon the flesh the laws of the spirit as it would be to impose upon the spirit the laws of the flesh. English reviewers who still retained fresh in their memory Shelley's assaults in prose and verse upon the moral structure, could not look with complacence upon Heine's wittier and hence more devastating attacks.

The only English journal to discuss Heine's book on Germany with any degree of sympathy was the *Westminster Review*, the same periodical in which George Eliot was to champion Heine's cause two decades later. Its issue of October, 1835, devoted thirteen pages to a summary of *De l'Allemagne* and to a defense of its author against the charge of anti-Germanism. The reviewer felt that contemplation of the unfortunate state of Germany had filled Heine with sorrow and caused him to pen his barbed words. The poet was no

traitor and renegade. He wanted to bring to his native land the liberalism of Western Europe, as best symbolized by the tri-colored flag of France. Much knowledge could be acquired from his analyses and criticisms.

Other English quarterlies were less charitable. The *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1836, preferred Wolfgang Menzel's comments on literature to those of Heine. Menzel, the arch-foe of "Young Germany," was, in its opinion, a pleasing poet and an eminent critic. Heine, on the other hand, wrote in the most despicable spirit of personal hostility to individuals. He inculcated views and principles equally at variance with truth, good taste, and morality. Nevertheless, Heine was widely read and discussed, while Menzel was unknown to the English and his latest book, *Die deutsche Literatur*, was scarcely noticed.

The reviewer could have expanded on the perversity of the reading public had he been aware that, while he was writing his article, there was appearing an English translation of Heine's critical essays under the title *Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany*. This translation, the work of an American, G. W. Haven, aroused considerable interest in New Eng-

land literary circles. It was discussed at length in *The North American Review* and in *The* (American) *Monthly* in 1836.[11]

British journals, however, continued to berate Heine throughout the Eighteen-Thirties. The *Foreign Quarterly Review* in 1837 reprinted from Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* the comment of the Weimar sage that Heine possessed many shining qualifications but that he lacked one thing — love.[12] Goethe was quoted as prophesying that Heine would be feared and might even be a god to those who, without possessing his talent, had the ambition to work in the same destructive vein, but that all his gifts would avail him naught because he was altogether destitute of love. In a later issue of the same year, the quarterly accused Heine of being defective in mental chastity: "Henry Heine has no reverence either for himself or for those of whom he writes, or for those to whom he writes, — for gods above or for devils below." [13]

It is thus evident that the initial patronizing and not entirely unfriendly attitude which English journals assumed toward young Heine before his removal to Paris in 1831 changed more and more to violent hostility as the decade wore on. The

author of the *Book of Songs* and of the early *Travel Sketches* was to some extent acceptable to the English, but not the splenetic exile who sneered at all existing religious, political, social, and moral institutions. Critics continued throughout the decade to focus attention upon him as poet, thinker, and wit; but they stressed the perverse character of his poetry, the malignity of his thought, and the corrosiveness of his wit.

Small wonder, therefore, that Carlyle, who was in the Eighteen-Thirties the chief English interpreter of German letters, failed to rank Heine with Jean Paul, Novalis, or other important representatives of the Romantic School. Carlyle's gift of interpretation did not include an appreciation of the niceties of lyric poetry. He was, therefore, deaf to Heine the lyricist, and only grudgingly accepted the *Lorelei* as a genuine work of art. The English critic was at his best in his dissection of the labyrinthine profundities of German thought. The intellectual approach of Heine was, however, wholly alien to him and he had no reason to take issue with the English press that reviled the German freethinker. On the contrary, throughout his long life he berated visitors who dared to plead Heine's cause. He remained the English champion of the

Weimar tradition and the foe of "Young Germany." Once he called Heine a blackguard. On another occasion he referred to him as a "filthy, foetid sausage of spoiled victuals." [14] Long after adoration of Heine became general in England, he continued to rage at him. In 1865 he stormed at Matthew Arnold for esteeming obscene, impudent, untruthful Heine, the continuator of Goethe.[15] In 1870 he told Friedrich Althaus that it was shameful to put the dirty, blaspheming Jew Heine in front of Goethe.[16] Coventry Patmore reported that by 1874 Carlyle and he were the only ones who dared to think, much less speak, evil of Heine.[17] In 1875 the Scottish novelist William Black was asked by Carlyle for which German he had the greatest affection and, when Black replied: "Heine," Carlyle flared up and began to thunder: "That slimy and greasy Jew — fit only to eat sausages made of toads." [18] The vehemence of Carlyle's wrath whenever Heine's name was mentioned resulted from deeply ingrained prejudices against the latter's background no less than from differences in attitudes towards political, social, and moral problems. That Charles Kingsley spoke of Heine as a wicked man, we may perhaps also ascribe to the influence of Carlyle, for in his atti-

tude towards Germany and Germans, he often followed in Carlyle's footsteps.[19]

The early hostile approach to Heine ebbed in the Eighteen-Forties. It ebbed but did not disappear. Joseph Gostwick in his book on *The Spirit of German Poetry*, published in 1845, still classified Heine among the negative writers and satirists who declaimed against all existing institutions, while the objects for which these iconoclasts contended were only vague generalities. Gostwick translated poems that he believed to be morally harmless and politically innocuous, such as *The Grenadiers* and *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, but he warned that most of Heine was harmful, affected, coarse, cynical, irreverent, profane, and that it might be best not to meddle with the bitter jests and the vile ironies of this German arch-fool and harlequin. Gostwick, who was himself barren of originality, merely followed in his strictures the pre-Victorian tradition. A new attitude was, however, coming to the fore. As the English became more aware of Heine's unique qualities as poet, thinker, and wit, admiration for him increased. Young intellectuals took up his defense. Lord Houghton and the Earl of Lytton, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold were the weavers of the Vic-

torian Heine-legend. This legend, dominant in England ever since, effected a juster appraisal of the poet's work and greater tolerance towards his human failings.

CHAPTER II

Martyr of Montmartre

THE years after the ascent of Queen Victoria to the throne of England witnessed a constant increase in Heine's influence upon English thought and English letters. The vituperation heaped upon him by the pre-Victorian publicists continued to some extent throughout the succeeding decades, but there was mingled with all the bitter reproaches about his malign influence a definite admiration for his talent as a poet and his brilliance as a wit.

There were three distinct avenues through which Heine's influence made itself felt. In the first place, there were the English reviews and English translations, which increased in number and in depth of insight from year to year. In the second place, there were Englishmen, such as George Meredith and Julian Fane, who studied or travelled in Germany at a time when Heine's literary star was in the ascendancy and his songs were captivating the

hearts of his countrymen. In the third place, there were Englishmen, such as Colonel John Mitchell and Richard Monckton Milnes, later known as Lord Houghton, who stayed in France and who came in contact with the exiled poet and his circle of Parisian admirers.

To begin with the English reviews, these were more numerous in the Eighteen-Forties than in the Eighteen-Thirties and their tone was less hostile. Thus, the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which in 1835 almost exhausted its vocabulary of invectives in assailing the German poet, wrote of him with greater tolerance in its issue of July, 1845. It referred to him as "the seditious, profane, immoral, witty, genial, and graceful Heine." [1] It called him a true poet of the Epicurean school, even though he scandalized many persons by assuming the falsehood and meanness of kings, national sentiments, and respectable traditions. Beneath his laughter at everything that had a serious pomposity, it sensed a tenderness of feeling, which gave relief to his destructive humor.

The *Dublin University Magazine* in 1846 conferred on Heine the title of the Teutonic Voltaire. It reprinted his verses on *Barbarossa* as typical of his amusing satire on both of the extreme political

parties of Germany, the Republicans and the Absolutists.[2] A year earlier, this periodical had reviewed his poems at great length. It did not hide its horror at his poetic packages of poison, at his infamous tone which rivalled Macchiavelli and Voltaire at their worst. But it did admire his all-embracing humor. It found his prose racy, sparkling, and far surpassing Goethe's in force, rapidity of thought, and transparent clearness of style. Though the curse of the sneerer was upon him, it saw him rising at times to supreme heights and giving sublime renderings to themes of devotion, of chivalrous heroism, or of bruised affection, themes that others, with purer intentions, only succeeded in making ridiculous. Because of the melancholy misdirection of his glorious faculties, he was more deserving of pity than condemnation. He must be regarded as the German Byron, since he possessed to the full Byron's faults and Byron's genius.[3]

Two articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, a leading organ of English opinion, illustrate the gradual ebbing of hostility towards Heine during the Eighteen-Forties. The earlier remarks on the poet appeared in April, 1840.[4] Heine was introduced as a German author who spent a life of exile in comical

striving after French vivacity of style. Stress was put upon his hatred of England and everything English. Though his own works were prohibited in his native Prussia and though he had the reputation of a liberal, he yet sought the downfall and utter extinction of the English nation. He thereby joined hands with the most bigoted champions of absolutism against the people, whose manners might be absurd from his viewpoint but who otherwise little deserved his enmity.

Two years later, however, *Fraser's Magazine* introduced Heine in more pompous terms as "the proscribed Heine, the banished Heine, the Heine whose satire has made kings repugn him, philosophers hate him, statesmen prosecute him, and the Romish Church excommunicate him." [5] In December, 1842, it printed the reminiscences of an English officer who knew him in Paris and who drew a vivid pen-portrait of him at the height of his productive career, when he enjoyed his rôle as the idol of Young Germany and the curse of Old Germany.

The anonymous author of the *Reminiscences of Men and Things* has been identified as Colonel John Mitchell, an accomplished linguist, diplomat, and traveller, the confidant and biographer of the

Duke of Wellington. Mitchell's sketches of famous personalities abounded in intimate personal details. He wrote on Lafayette, Louis Philippe, Metternich, Thiers, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, and Guizot. His description of Heine was never reprinted and yet it contained many interesting observations of the poet's character and mannerisms: "Look at the little man as he walks along the Paris Boulevards, with a sort of indescribable strut — indescribable, because not intended, and being a sort of demi-strut between strutting and walking. See how he talks to himself, smiles, as if pleased with some new conceit he has just imagined, or with some new notion he is about to forward to the *Augsburg Gazette*. But what a wonderful face he has! How full of animation, soul, mind! How, when he looks at you, he appears to read all your thoughts, and to weigh, adopt, or reject them! How he pounces down on any original ideas which may escape the lips of some one in society with him; and how, after turning it over and over again, he returns it to you either dissected, cut to atoms, and shown to contain nothing valuable; or else how it comes forth dressed up in fairy importance, and made to appear wonderful and sublime."

The first meeting between Heine and the Englishman took place in the reading room of Galignani at Paris, where Heine often went in order to look through the latest journals from the various European centers. Theodore Morawski, an exiled Polish patriot, introduced the two to each other. Heine's sardonic smile and penetrating glance were fixed upon the stranger, who described the encounter as follows: "The little man surveyed me, looked at my frame, my head, my arms, and then into my eyes. It was a survey which occupied some two or three minutes — most minute, certainly, but by no means agreeable. He did not rise from his chair, nor did he take off his hat, but smiled most satirically, and then recommenced turning over the leaves of the *Austrian Observer* and of the *Augsburg Gazette*. I had known all about him before that period; but I had not before been introduced to him. Morawski made a signal to walk in the garden, and Heine came rolling after us. His hands were in his pockets as if searching for coin; his shoulders were raised so high that his head seemed buried between them, his under lip had dropped most sardonically, and his smile indicated that he had something very wicked or very witty to utter — perhaps both." The conversa-

tion turned about politics, and especially English politics. Heine expressed many bitter aversions. He never laid aside his habit of critical observation and he was especially keen in discovering the ridiculous aspect of any situation. "Heine looks upon himself as he does upon all men — as actors, some playing farce, others comedy, and few tragedy; but all actors."

Apparently the Englishman was no less observant than the German, for his comments encompassed not only Heine, the poet, the dramatist, the sketcher of nature, the philosopher most akin to Zeno, but also Heine, the lover and the humanitarian. Concerning Heine's boundless affection for the fair sex, there was the following remark: "His imagination seems inexhaustible when he revels in the delight of talking or writing about them. But it is not their minds, but their hearts; not their intellects, but their passions; not their social and domestic, but their enthusiastic and ardent characteristics he admires; and hence when in his writings he describes women in their family spheres and moral circles of quiet home enjoyment, he dips his pen in gall, and satirizes them most unkindly." Concerning the more humane side of Heine's character, there was the following notation: "And

yet Henri Heine is a kind, good-hearted man to the afflicted, the sorrowing, or the unfortunate. He has always a word of interest, a look of sympathy, a double-handed shake of the hand, for those who seem to need his love, or to ask for his bounty. But he has more than this. His purse is never his own where humanity has a claim upon it, and charity asks not in vain for his aid. But take care! do not be pathetic, do not round your phrase, or poetize your appeal, when you ask him to assist some unhappy exile or some unfortunate being. For if you do, the ludicrousness of your having 'got up' the scene, 'simply to induce him to perform an act of humanity,' will rush across his mind; and he will laugh, not at you, and not at the misery of which you speak, but at the scene you are enacting. This is Henri Heine. On he writes, and on he labors, a real literary Hercules, and one third of Europe thinks him unrivalled."

The one third of Europe, mentioned in these reminiscences of 1842, included old and young, lords and commoners, Germans, Frenchmen, and not a few Englishmen. It was in this very year of 1842 that George Meredith attended school in Germany but none of the school authors were as dear to him as the proscribed Heine. After his six-

teenth birthday he would quote the poems of Heine ten at a time and the simple lyrics of the *Book of Songs* filled his youthful heart with rapture.[6] Throughout a long life he retained his interest in the German poet. He read him in the original and in translation. In 1849 he published in the *Monthly Observer* his own rendering into English of four Heine poems. In 1868 he referred to Heine as the irritant exile who was able to interest readers in his every mood as long as he lived. In *The Tragic Comedians*, a novel centering about the love and death of Ferdinand Lassalle, the Socialist agitator and admirer of Heine, the German poet was eulogized as the "incomparable Heinrich." Meredith also read various critical and biographical studies on Heine, including those by Matthew Arnold, William Stigand, and William Sharp. Almost half a century after his first acquaintance with the works of the exiled poet, he wrote to Sharp at the close of 1888: "Your Heine gave me pleasure. I think it competently done; and coming as a corrective of Stigand's work, it brings the refreshment of the antidote. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, we will converse upon Heine. Too much of his — almost all of the Love poems — draw both tenderness and tragic emotion

from a form of sensualism; much of his wit too was wilful; a trick of the mind." [7]

Another young Englishman who in the Eighteen-Forties succumbed to the spell of Heine's poetry was Julian Fane, the son of Lord Burghersh. In 1844 at the age of seventeen, he was appointed attaché at Berlin, where his father served as the British Minister to Prussia. In this home, frequented by Alexander von Humboldt, Giacomo Meyerbeer, Felix Mendelssohn, and other brilliant representatives of the political and artistic élite, Heine must have been often a subject for conversation. The young attaché became his most ardent worshipper. When Fane returned to England and entered Cambridge in 1847, he soon found himself the leader of a group of young intellectuals known as the "Cambridge Apostles" and he doubtless was influential in winning their affection for the much maligned German poet. His unflagging enthusiasm also infected his friend and later biographer, Robert Bulwer, Earl of Lytton, who is better known under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith and who afterwards wrote one of the finest essays on Heine. Both Julian Fane and Robert Lytton were on the British diplomatic staff in Vienna during the early Eighteen-Fifties. Since their of-

ficial duties were not too strenuous, they found time to collaborate on a long poetic version of the Tannhäuser legend, which had recently been popularized on the Continent by Heine and Wagner. It was then also that Julian Fane occupied his many leisure hours with translations from Heine. These were printed for private circulation in 1854 in Vienna and were favorably reviewed by Lord Houghton in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1856. Julian Fane also planned a critical biography of Heine. Though an early death prevented the completion of this biography, an insight into Fane's portrait of his hero can be obtained from an article which he contributed to the *Saturday Review* in November, 1855.

The article was entitled "Heinrich Heine, Poet and Humorist." It presented the hero as the founder of a new school of German letters. It recommended the *Travel Sketches* not as a descriptive book of travels but as a picture of the times, as a mirror of the hopes and fears which agitated the minds of men, as an expression of the conflict of opinions, religious, moral, and political, which convulsed society, as a successful assault upon the strongholds of antiquated reactionary ideas, as a contemptuous satire upon the follies, unjustified

expectations, and sullen lethargy of the Germans: "Into the province of Art the young Reformer entered with an audacity which astounded its sober and terrified guardians. Singing his wild 'Ça Ira,' he proceeded with revolutionary zeal to overturn the idols he there found enthroned. The romantic school, with its nasal twang, must depart; the maudlin worshipers of a canting sentimentalism must be thrust out; senseless forms, from which the spirit had long since fled, now get buried without any rites of sepulture; exact propriety and pompous gravity are dismissed with a laugh, and pedantry with all its sickly shapes must be banished from the national literature. Great was the dismay, and great also the indignation, produced by the feat of the adventurous writer. His countrymen divided at once into two hostile parties, one of which saw with alarm and shame the attack made upon all that it had been taught to consider venerable, while the other, gazing with rapture on the havoc that had been done, hailed its author as the chief of a happy revolution in the history of literature and art." [8]

Fane noted that this division of opinion yielded to general acclamation after the appearance of the *Book of Songs,* for here were lyrics with a fresh-

ness of diction and a terseness of expression which would have done honor even to Goethe. Fane went so far as to find a resemblance between Heine and the gentle Wordsworth in simplicity of style and in the selection and treatment of some subjects. In other qualities, however, Fane saw a much closer affinity of Heine to the fierce, fretful soul of Byron. Despite Heine's satirical invective, which respected neither things human nor things divine, he was not really misanthropic. His apparently fiendish characteristics resulted from disappointed idealism. The tender, imaginative poet, who, like Wordsworth, could clothe simple thoughts in a purity of language not unbecoming the lips of a saint, learned, as a result of his life's bitter experiences, to scoff with the temerity of Voltaire, to ridicule with the savageness of Swift, and to rail with the spleen of Byron. When Heine's youthful faith collapsed, he lost his anchor in life. He ceased to be an earnest man or to retain any consistency in his approach to morals or politics. He did not know whether he should smile blandly or snarl bitterly at humanity. He was a most perplexing figure: "Indeed, the wanton insults which he heaped upon his countrymen, the unjustifiable personalities in which he has approached subjects the

most sacred in the eyes of the vast majority of his fellow-beings, do give evidence of a certain moral turpitude in the man — out of which, however, as from a fetid soil, have grown those pure and perfect lilies of song with which he has adorned the literature of his native land. It is impossible not to condemn much that he has written; it is scarcely possible sufficiently to praise a great deal more; and while children and the purest of women love him for the simple beauty of his songs, many a man, little given to the affectation of purism, abominates him for the scurrilous ribaldry of his satires. If his countrymen perplex themselves in endeavoring to spell the enigma of his character, it is perhaps because they make the attempt upon very false principles. Surely it is a vain labor to seek for consistency in the thoughts, and consecutives in the acts, of the greatest humorist of the age; and the metaphysician, who is only intent on discovering the *Grundidee*, or leading principle in a man's life, can scarcely hope to gauge the character of Heinrich Heine." [9]

Fane was too fond of his hero, however, to end his essay on a note of disapproval. He rather sought to center final attention upon the martyr of Montmartre, the paralyzed, blind, and bedridden poet

who was dying in an obscure Paris lodging and who amidst acutest torments still dreamed romantic dreams and still delighted mankind with his incomparable humor.

Fane's translations of fifty-seven poems by Heine are practically unknown. They were originally printed in 1854 in a limited edition for his friends. They were revised after this printing, partly as a result of Lord Houghton's criticisms, and would probably have been included in the biography of Heine planned by Fane but never completed. Robert Lytton incorporated these revised and improved versions in his book, *Julian Fane. A Memoir*, which appeared in 1871, and these gems have been quietly reposing in this rare volume, while poorer translations have been read and sung by several generations of Englishmen and Americans. Fane was an excellent German scholar. Not a single subtlety of Heine's lyricism escaped him. Furthermore, Fane was a gifted musician and a composer of music. His translations, pleasant to the ear, would be a delight for singers. Finally, Fane never interposed his own personality in his renderings. He never tried to improve upon Heine but rather sought to reproduce the original in idiomatic English. Because of his fine poetic

taste and his facility of expression, he succeeded more often than any of his contemporaries.

Among the Early Victorians, only Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, could boast of translations of equally fine worth. This older friend of Julian Fane, however, selected different poems and took greater liberties with the original. The interest of Milnes in Heine went back to the year 1840 and remained undiminished throughout the following decades. Like Julian Fane, he too treated the Tannhäuser legend, but his version is uninfluenced by Wagner and derives its inspiration mainly from Heine. Its very title, *The Goddess Venus in the Middle Ages*, is evidence of this influence. It appeared in 1844, four years after Milnes had made Heine's acquaintance in Paris. That both poets had a high opinion of each other can be deduced from articles on Heine written by Milnes in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1856, and in the *Academy* of March 4, 1876, as well as from a letter written by Heine to Lady Duff-Gordon not long before his death. This lady had introduced the young Englishman to the poet and, as Heine on his mattress-grave recalled the pleasant impressions produced by his English visitors, he regretted his early vitriolic comments on Eng-

land. He confessed: "I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English, and to be so spiteful towards them, but it really was only petulance. I never hated them; indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets odious. But England has revenged herself well; she has sent me most excellent friends — thyself and Milnes — that good Milnes — and others." [10]

The first article of Milnes on Heine appeared only a few months after that of Julian Fane, yet whereas the latter had to make a concession to Victorian public opinion by mentioning Heine's moral turpitude, the former dared to speak of Heine's moral greatness and to plead for a juster appreciation of Heine's rare talents, which gave glory to his youth and which did not desert him in the bitterest sufferings of his maturity. Milnes claimed that the martyr of Montmartre was misunderstood by his time: "With so acute a sense of classical forms and antique grace as to make him often well content to live 'A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' he was regarded as a chief of the Romantic School; with a genial and pleasure-loving temperament, he was mortified by physical infirmity and moral disap-

pointment into a harsh and sometimes cruel satirist; with a deep religious sentiment, and even narrow theological system, he was thrust into the chair of an apostle of scepticism; with no clear political convictions or care for theories of government, he had to bear all the pains and penalties of political exile, the exclusion from the commerce of the society he best enjoyed, and the inclusion among men from whom he shrank with an instinctive dislike." [11]

Milnes called Heine "the living shade of the Champs Elysees" and to many an Englishman the German poet was indeed a living shade ever since 1847 when the false rumor of his death went the rounds of the press. It was this rumor which Heine denied in the epilogue to *Romancero*, when he reported that the measure had already been taken for his coffin and for his obituary but that he was dying so slowly that his friends were becoming more and more bored.

The most important of the premature obituaries was penned by Henry Fothergill Chorley for the *Athenaeum* of December 4, 1847. It was reprinted in *Gentleman's Magazine* in January, 1848, and formed the basis for the pseudobiographic sketch by W. H. Hurlbut in the *North American Review* a year later. Chorley mirrored the opinions of the

average educated Englishman of the Eighteen-Forties. He lacked the first hand knowledge of Milnes and the thoroughness of Julian Fane, but he was not unsympathetic in his approach. He recalled that Heine's *Sketches of German Literature of the Nineteenth Century* were first undertaken for the *Athenaeum*, but that their tone and temper precluded the possibility of their appearing in an English periodical. He regretted that Heine's appetite for raillery and satire swallowed up his more poetic vein: "From the moment when he commenced the career of a political controversialist, Heine would appear also to have begun that game of cross-purposes with Life in the playing of which genius too often takes a morbid or cynical pleasure, — certain, alas! to lose. He connected himself with European liberalism — without having mastered the truth that such a profession of faith demands energy, uprightness, and self-sacrifice to distinguish the apostle of liberty from the apologist of license. In proportion as he gave up writing *Reisebilder* and fairy tales for social and political satire, the taste for mockery spread. From laughing at 'creeds outworn,' he took to laughing at everyone's and at his own sincerity. Such mirth — the death-rattle of poetry — can no more be heard without pain than

the dismal convulsions which announce the extinction of physical life." [12]

While English readers were thus being offered details of Heine's death, he was engaged in negotiations with "Her Majesty's Theatre" for the production of a ballet on the subject of Faust. The prospectus of this London opera house promised the Faust-ballet for the season of 1847. Preparations were already in progress for its staging, when Benjamin Lumley, the director, suddenly ordered its removal from the repertoire, despite the expenses lavished upon this work by the manager. In his reminiscences, published in 1864, Lumley reprinted his correspondence with Heine from 1847 to 1852 regarding this ballet and gave his reasons for the decision to lay it aside: "True, it was the work of a poet; but of a poet unacquainted with the necessities of stage representation, especially in England — of a man of powerful imagination, who presupposed that a public would see the effects as *he* saw them, and feel with *his* feelings. In short, the execution of the ballet was an impossibility." [13]

Although Heine's ballet on *Faust* was not produced in England because of practical difficulties, nevertheless the fact that its staging was seriously considered by the Court theatre clearly indicated

that the early hostility towards the poet was waning. The moral reasons, which once weighed so heavily against the poet and which in 1834 prevented the *Athenaeum* from opening its columns to him, no longer seemed so important. Englishmen still did not justify his apparent moral aberrations but they sought to explain them and to discover mitigating circumstances. Faults he undoubtedly had, but were they not the faults of his time? Might not his sneers and his scepticism be ascribed to his desire to wean his countrymen from their pet failings?

The Revolution of 1848 accustomed the European reading public to extreme boldness of utterance, to pungency of style, and to a questioning of fundamental social values. Compared with the communist tracts of Marx, Engels, and Lassalle, Heine's satirical essays seemed mild and entertaining. As a political pamphleteer, Heine was losing caste. Retaining pre-revolutionary slogans in post-revolutionary years, he was gradually becoming obsolete and ineffective. As a poet, on the other hand, he could now reckon with universal admiration. His songs, once considered as the frivolous ebullitions of a childish fancy, were taking a firm hold of the English no less than of the German mind. His *Lorelei* was on the lips of millions.

Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine* devoted two issues in 1851 to a study of "Heine, His Works and Times." The study was a spirited defense of the poet against his accusers. It blamed the disastrous Napoleonic age for the unpleasant metamorphosis of a personality that was originally soft, patient, forbearing, and open to feelings of tenderness and admiration. It blamed Heine's environment for the deterioration of his sensitive, humble, and loving mind. It blamed his supposed descent from a Jewish father and a Christian mother for the conflicting strains which troubled his soul. Though it could not guarantee his sincerity, it defended him on the ground that authors in general were insincere and it saw no reason why a higher standard should be expected of the German poet: "The memoirs of literary men of all times and nations reduce us to the sad necessity of considering the very best authors in the light of actors. We remember the rigorous respectability of Goldsmith's writings in connection with the excesses of his private life. We think of Sterne's public sensibility and private hardness of heart: he neglects his mother and bewails the fate of a dead jackass. We remember, also, the glorious aspirations for liberty in Goethe's *Faust*, the tragic pathos in *Iphigenia*, and the exquisite touches of female heroism

in *Clavigo*, and we compare with them the cold, selfish, and overbearing character of the author's self. With warnings like these, we are by no means inclined to stand up for Heine's sincerity. Perhaps he was as little sincere as his fellows, whose professional cant is not the less admired for being known as such." [14]

Fraser's Magazine joined other publications of the Eighteen-Fifties in toning down its dislike of Heine, the political satirist, and in stressing the achievements of Heine, the poet. In an article on "Young Germany," which appeared in January, 1854, it voiced satisfaction that this group, of which Heine was the head, had lost its political influence since the collapse of the Revolution of 1848. Heine alone was deemed worthy of respect because, in the epilogue to *Romancero*, he had the manly courage to admit his errors. In politics, he must be classed as a rebellious Titan, heaving mountains, destroying much, without building up anything high, solid, or enduring. In poetry, on the other hand, he remained ever resplendent and his visions were unmarred by his bodily torture. *Romancero*, composed when he was physically dead to all sensation and hopeless of recovery, furnished additional proof of his great genius: "The mind of the man, always lively, en-

ergetic, fresh for the conflict, seems, however, to have kindled into even greater clearness and force under this awful infliction. His constant flashing satire, exquisitely lyric faculty, wonderful humor, and subtle genius are revived with tenfold vigor, and glow with unquenchable brilliancy, and he is yet more than a match for them who may have the ill-fortune to come across him." [15]

Heine's long illness and the fortitude with which he bore his misfortunes won him much sympathy in England. If the *Travel Sketches* and the political tracts of young Heine outraged English public opinion, *Romancero* and the *Confessions* of the dying Heine effected a lasting reconciliation. The Martyr of Montmartre spoke to the hearts of readers who had failed to react to the splenetic pamphleteer. In January, 1855, a year before his death, the *Westminster Review* eulogized him as follows: "Poor Heine! these latest touches of his pen will excite the admiration of every reader of French and German, wherever in the habitable globe these languages are studied, while the writer, with pale countenance and eyes half-closed with pain, lays a head weary with a long life-battle on the pillow of sickness, in the Rue d'Amsterdam, where it has now settled for the last five years. And such is Fame! Yet the Titan

though o'erthrown is unconquered still, and the old love, laughter, hate, and scorn, are sublimed by suffering in the poet's heart, to such a degree, that we shudder while we gaze, awe-struck, on this victory of man over man's most terrible foes, sickness and pain." [16]

The dying poet, who publicly renounced his atheistic aberrations and who confessed his homecoming to God as a necessary step which alleviated his physical and spiritual suffering, found forgiveness and sympathetic understanding among English readers who had been revolted by his earlier cynicism and bitter irony. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had long experienced the struggle of a brilliant mind imprisoned in an aching body, comforted herself and her friends in hours of pain with the example of the martyr of Montmartre. In a letter of September 4, 1854, she wrote to an ailing friend: "You know how that brilliant, witty, true poet Heine, who was an atheist (as much as a man can pretend to be) has made a public profession of a change of opinion which was pathetic to my eyes and heart the other day as I read it. He has joined no church, but simply (to use his own words) has 'returned home to God like the prodigal son after a

long tending of the swine.' It is delightful to go home to God, even after a tending of the sheep. Poor Heine had lived a sort of living death for years, quite deprived of his limbs, and suffering tortures to boot, I understand." [17]

It is thus obvious that even before Heine's death the pre-Victorian picture of him as the Beelzebub among the poets was gradually yielding to a greater admiration for his unique talents. The first English legend of him as blackguard and apostate never faded wholly, but it was modified by the Early Victorians to include a higher appraisal of his genius. He thus became in their eyes the wit among the poets, the most lucid of German prose writers, the most brilliant of Satan's brood, the Teutonic counterpart of Byron and Voltaire. To quote from an epigram by Clement Mansfield Ingleby:

> "Three Lyric Poets, in three generations
> Were born and flourished in three rival nations.
> The first in mockery and wit surpassed:
> The next in intellect: in both the last.
> Spent Nature rested when she'd made the pair,
> Then Heine formed from Byron and Voltaire." [18]

And before long the mid-Victorians were destined to elevate the poet to dizziest heights and to super-

impose their legend of Heine as the German Aristophanes, Heine as the fulfillment of Goethe, Heine as the peer of Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare. George Eliot and Matthew Arnold are the chief creators of the mid-Victorian Heine-legend.

CHAPTER III

Continuator of Goethe

GEORGE ELIOT'S essay on Heine appeared in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1856, about a month before the German poet's death. She had completed it in November of the preceding year, shortly after her return from the Continent. At Berlin she had been in frequent contact during several months with Varnhagen von Ense, the husband of Rahel and a lifelong friend of Heine. Varnhagen had placed at the disposal of his English visitor his excellent library and his inexhaustible store of memories. From this Prussian diplomat she could obtain intimate glimpses of young Heine, who had come under the spell of Rahel during his student days and who had dedicated his lyric collection *Die Heimkehr* to this inspiring woman. Varnhagen had remained in touch with Heine throughout the latter's quarter of a century in exile and George Eliot could have found no source of information more sympathetic to the much ma-

ligned poet. Furthermore, the reasons that caused many Germans and Englishmen to be sparing in their praise of Heine were not likely to carry any weight with her. Heine's blasphemies and irreligious raillery were no blemish in the eyes of the authoress, who in her early twenties had broken with her father because of her refusal to attend church and who had won her first literary laurels as translator of the iconoclastic theologian, David Friedrich Strauss, and of the materialistic philosopher, Ludwig Feuerbach. Heine's immorality, condemned by all righteous critics, could not damage his reputation with her, for she herself had just been the victim of general opprobrium, which had forced her and her companion, George Henry Lewes, to flee to Germany. Finally, Heine's Jewish origin, that brought down upon his head much hostility in some quarters, merely added to his eminence in the estimation of the novelist who was to paint in *Daniel Deronda* the most ideal portrait of a Jew in English literature.

The work of the German poet in his Parisian exile was an inspiration to the English novelist in her Berlin exile and she often read his lyrics aloud to George Henry Lewes during the long winter evenings of 1855. Many of the ideas expressed by

the head of "Young Germany" were not unlike those that the couple had heard and approved in the London circles of Leigh Hunt, Harriet Martineau, and John Chapman, and that George Eliot, as assistant editor of *Westminster Review*, had herself voiced in her anonymous column. The prediction could, therefore, be ventured that, in giving an account of Heine and his works, she would not make herself an overzealous agent of heaven, she would not dwell lengthily on his failings, she would not "hold the candle up to dusty, vermin haunted corners, but let the light fall as much as possible on the noble and more attractive details." [1]

This was indeed her approach. Entitling her essay "German Wit," she began with a distinction between wit and humor and then accused the Germans of being the only great European people that contributed nothing of any importance to the world's stock of either wit or humor — nothing until Heine. He alone deserved universal attention, for he was one of the most remarkable men of the century, no echo but a real voice: "a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art — who sheds his sunny

smile on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and — in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false — a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow-men."

George Eliot was the first English writer of eminence to appraise Heine as a lyric genius equalled by none save Goethe: "His song has a wide compass of notes; he can take us to the shores of the Northern Sea and thrill us by the sombre sublimity of his pictures and dreamy fancies; he can draw forth our tears by the voice he gives to our sorrows, or to the sorrows of *Poor Peter;* he can throw a cold shudder over us by a mysterious legend, a ghost story, or a still more ghastly rendering of hard reality; he can charm us by a quiet idyl, shake us with laughter at his overflowing fun, or give us a piquant sensation of surprise by the ingenuity of his transitions from the lofty to the ludicrous. . . . His songs are all music and feeling; they are like birds, that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts,

and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain; there is not an image in it, not a thought; but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a big round tear; it is pure feeling breathed in pure music."

If in lyric poetry George Eliot ranked Heine as second only to Goethe, she felt that as an artist in prose he surpassed even this genius of Weimar. Heine proved, according to her, what no writer before him had been able to prove, namely, that it was possible to be witty in German. In his hands, prose ceased to be heavy, clumsy, or dull. It became like clay in the hands of a chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant. It possessed epigrammatic pith, imaginative grace, daring piquancy. It could express every hue of thought from the wildly droll and fantastic to the sombre and the terrible.

In outlining Heine's achievements in five directions — as humorist, as wit, as lyricist, as master of prose, and as lover of freedom — George Eliot did not hide the fact that there was brass and iron and miry clay mingled with his precious gold, that coarseness, scurrility, Mephistophelean contempt for the reverent feelings of other men interpenetrated his exquisite poetry, wit, humor, and just thought. But in the light of his magnificent quali-

ties, his failings could be forgiven. The Titan, chained to the rock and writhing in pain, ought not to be annoyed by the pinpricks of pygmies. Conservatives, who denounced Heine as a social incendiary, and radicals, who upbraided him for his half-hearted espousal of their cause, were equally at fault. "Why should we demand of Heine that he should be a hero, a patriot, a solemn prophet, any more than we should demand of a gazelle that it should draw well in harness? Nature has not made him of her sterner stuff — not of iron and adamant, but of pollen of flowers, the juice of the grape, and Puck's mischievous brain, plenteously mixing also the dews of kindly affection and the gold-dust of noble thoughts."

George Eliot's apotheosis of Heine in 1856 ushered in the mid-Victorian era of Heine-worship in England and America. Her essay appeared not alone in the *Westminster Review*. It was reprinted in the *Eclectic Magazine*, in Litell's *Living Age*, and in later editions of her works.[2] It had wide circulation and enduring influence.

About this time also there began to circulate among English readers numerous translations of Heine's verse and prose.[3] Periodicals and publishers welcomed the contributions of his admirers. Julian

Fane's rendering of fifty-seven lyrics was printed in 1854, but only for private circulation. In the following year, however, selections from Heine's poetry were available in a volume by John Stores Smith. In 1856 the entire *Book of Songs* was englished by John E. Wallis. Two years later, in 1858, Edgar Alfred Bowring met the increasing demand of the reading public by translating the *Complete Poems* of Heine in original metres. This edition was soon exhausted and in 1861 it was reproduced in Bohn's *Standard Library*, where it attained a very large circulation. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had never risked translating from the German, although she was successful in translating from other languages, attempted a rendering of six Heine poems in 1860 during her sojourn in Rome. They were the last translations before her death. English readers could also avail themselves of the version by the American, Charles Godfrey Leland, a popular balladist of the Civil War period, who was better known under his pseudonym Hans Breitman. His version was begun while Heine was still alive and was continued for almost four decades. In 1893 Leland completed the eighth or final volume of Heine's *Collected Works*. Meanwhile, the first volume, containing the *Travel Sketches*, had gone

through five editions between 1856 and 1866, an unmistakable proof of Heine's vogue in this mid-Victorian decade.

The vogue extended even to Heine's bitterest opponents, the theologians on both sides of the Atlantic. These too were becoming reconciled to him, although they felt impelled to moralize about his final suffering as just compensation for an unholy life. The magazine *Ecclesiastic and Theologian* devoted in 1859 eight pages to the Julian of poetry and his rare mixture of beauty and moral poison.[4] Theodore Parker, the Boston divine, wrote in a letter dated September 21, 1857: "Heine has a deal of the Devil in him, mixed with a deal of genius. Nobody could write so well as he — surely none since Goethe; that Hebrew nature has a world of sensuous and devotional emotion in it, and immense power of language also. But his genius is lyric, not dramatic, not epic; no muse rises so high as the Hebrew, but it cannot keep long on the wing. The Psalms and Prophets of the Old Testament teach us this; Oriental sensuousness attained their finest expression in the *Song of Solomon* and in Heine's *Lieder*." [5]

Heine's death on February 17, 1856, evoked much comment throughout Europe and was noted

by many Englishmen. Robert Lytton, who was then attaché to the English Embassy at Paris, wrote to his father, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, in a letter of March 10, that with the death of Heine a great light had gone out.[6] The *Illustrated London News* of March 8, wrote that Heine's death left a vacancy in the world of Continental literature.[7] *Blackwood's Magazine* referred to him in October as the great German poet, the jest of whose existence had just ended at Paris.[8] It found his later writings unsurpassed in grim sarcasm and his earlier poems exquisitely pathetic, despite a slight half-conscious tinge of the ludicrous with which they were colored. The *Saturday Review* of the following January 17 expressed the wish that someone would write for the English public a biography of Heine, somewhat on the plan of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*.[9]

Every volume of translations furnished reviewers with an opportunity to voice their admiration of the German poet and their dissatisfaction with his English versifiers. The *Saturday Review* of April 26, 1856 contrasted the heaviness of the version by John E. Wallis with the buoyancy of the original German. It remarked that rhythm and rhyme were no fetters to Heine but rather wings

that helped him to float through ether. Song seemed as natural to him as to the thrush and the nightingale: "Heine's *Book of Songs*, like Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, draws its inspiration from a single theme. But the English poet, while adhering to the same poetic form, and revolving round the same central emotion, takes a wide sweep of thought — the German poet, on the contrary, keeps within a narrow circle of ideas and feelings, but perpetually varies his poetic form. Unhappy love is the almost unvarying theme of the *Book of Songs;* but we have read them seriatim, again and again, without any disagreeable sense of monotony — so ever changing, ever charming, are the melodies of Heine's verse, so inexhaustibly diversified are the modes in which his imagination presents the same feeling. He gives it us in eerie dreams, in ballads, in idyls, in sonnets, and most of all in delicious little lyrics, which he seems to find as easy as sighing; and everywhere there is the same wonderful grace — everywhere there is that completeness of expression without effort, which reminds us of nothing so much as of the rapid revelations of feeling which may be read in the beautiful and expressive human face." [10]

When Edgar Alfred Bowring followed up his

translations of Goethe and Schiller with one of Heine, the *Dublin University Magazine*, in a nine page review in its issue of November, 1859, commended him for undertaking this task because, since Goethe, no poet had wielded a power like that of Heine.[11]

The tradition of Heine as the continuator of Goethe was rapidly being formed. George Eliot had lent it its original impetus, but it was Matthew Arnold who gave it its most impressive expression and greatest vogue. Ralph Waldo Emerson's reference to Heine in 1862 as a quack and charlatan was the last gasp of a dying tradition, the last lapping of the anti-Heine wave that swept westward from Germany a generation earlier and that in England still claimed the allegiance of Thomas Carlyle and Charles Kingsley.[12] Arnold's essay in *Cornhill Magazine* of August, 1863, was the highest crest of the new wave of adoration that surged over mid-Victorian England.

Arnold's first reading of Heine dated back to the revolutionary year 1848 and his first impression was one of annoyance. In a letter to his mother on May 7, 1848, he wrote: "I have just finished a German book I brought with me here: a mixture of poems and travelling journal by Heinrich Heine,

the most famous of the young German literary set. He has a good deal of power, though more trick; however, he has thoroughly disgusted me. The Byronism of a German, of a man trying to be gloomy, cynical, impassioned, *moquer*, etc., all *á la fois*, with their honest bonhommistic language and total want of experience of the kind that Lord Byron, an English peer with access everywhere, possessed, is the most ridiculous thing in the world. . . . I see the French call this Heine a 'Voltaire au clair de lune,' which is very happy." [13]

Ten years later, however, Arnold's attitude, like that of most Englishmen, had undergone a change. On September 14, 1858, he visited Montmartre Cemetery in Paris, where Heine had been buried in 1856, and he was stimulated to begin his poem, *Heine's Grave*. On March 9, 1861, he recommended to his friend Arthur Hugh Clough the reading of Heine as more profitable than the reading of Tennyson.[14] Throughout 1862 and the first months of 1863 he was at work on his elegy on Heine. He completed it in April of the latter year, although it was not published until 1867. In 1863 Arnold also prepared for his Oxford audience a lecture on Heine. In a letter of May 14, he stated his object to be not so much to give a literary his-

tory of Heine's works as to mark his place in modern European letters, his special tendency and significance.[15] He intended to make *Romancero* his principal text. It was, therefore, Heine of the mattress-grave whose face peered through the verse and prose of Arnold.

Much of the inspiration for the poem has been ascribed to Saint-René Taillander, a French critic, whose article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of April 1, 1852, contained several details used by Arnold both in the elegy and in the essay. Besides, Taillander's article was preceded by an arresting portrait of Heine on his death-bed, which might have influenced Arnold's verses on the martyr of Montmartre.

The poem begins with a description of Heine's tomb. There the German poet knows quiet. Paris is but a faint murmur outside. Surely, Heine was not loath to come away from the uproar of the streets and the pain of existence in order to sleep in Montmartre under the wings of renown. It is true that, when alive, he never yielded to pain. Though a weak son of mankind, he raised his brow to the stars and defied the storms of misfortune. Calmness was never his lot on earth and calmness is not his even in the grave. Sweet Virgil, austere

Dante, radiant Shakespeare are beyond controversy, but bitter spirits still claim Heine and the peace of his final abode is still poisoned. England remembers his sharp upbraidings. Perhaps he was right in arraigning her, but what a pity that his satire came from a heart devoid of love! For, not by the lightnings of wit and not by the thunder of scorn, but by love, the fountain of charm, should a poet seek to draw the world to his way. The singer abuses God's gift of song, if he makes it a vehicle of satire, declaring that the great are hollow and dull, artists envious, and the mob profane. He should rather help us forget such barren knowledge. Heine, ever in the midst of polemics, was probably not happy, despite his worldly triumphs. Often he must have longed to escape from hot Paris drawing-rooms, brilliant crowds, famous men, salon ladies, and fumes of praise. Often he must have yearned for the tranquil, cool, far German home of his youth. He must have seen himself, young and carefree, journeying in May along the Harz Mountains, climbing up to the Brocken to enjoy the sunset, or romping down the valley of the Ilse at dawn, fresh and vigorous and smiling. Years before him, Goethe too had been at the Harz in the ferment of youth and had left it for a life of creative work.

Heine, alas, left it only to laugh his bitter laugh and to die:

But something prompts me: Not thus
Take leave of Heine! not thus
Speak the last word at his grave!
Not in pity, and not
With half censure! with awe
Hail, as it passes from earth
Scattering lightnings, that soul!

The Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdity of men —
Their vaunts, their feats — let a sardonic smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine! — for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled: now 'tis pass'd away.

That was Heine! and we,
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all, but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the spirit in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one?

Spirit, who fillest us all!
Spirit, who utterest in each
New-coming son of mankind
Such of thy thoughts as thou wilt!
O thou, one of whose moods,
Bitter and strange, was the life
Of Heine — his strange, alas,
His bitter life! — may a life
Other and milder be mine!
May'st thou the rapture of peace

Deep have embreathed at its core;
Made it a ray of thy thought,
Made it a beat of thy joy!"

The influence of Arnold's poem upon later portraits of Heine, even until our own day, is evident from the fact that two biographies, which appeared generations later, still culled their titles from it. They are Ludwig Diehl's volume of 1926, *The Sardonic Smile*, and Henry Baerlein's biography of 1928, *Heine, the Strange Guest*.

Immediately after completing the poem in April, 1863, Arnold, who then occupied the chair of poetry at Oxford, began to prepare a lecture on Heine. By the middle of May he was so far advanced in his writing that he refused an offer by M. E. Grant-Duff, who wished to place additional Heine-material at his disposal.[16] The lecture was delivered in June before an Oxford audience which consisted chiefly of women. In a letter to his mother on June 16, he informed her that, in composing the lecture, he thought of the public that would read him and not of the dead bones that would hear him. He added that, nevertheless, Heine's wit was so effective that, when he did deliver the address, even the wooden Oxford audience laughed aloud.[17] Two reviews applied for the right of pub-

lication. *Cornhill Magazine* was especially eager. In February of that year it had carried an article on *The Sharpshooters of the Press: In England, France, and Germany*.[18] Heine did not fare ill in this survey but he was in bad company. Arnold's essay would rehabilitate him.

The essay appeared in the August issue and created a sensation. It was reprinted in America and in Germany. Thomas Carlyle, Walt Whitman, James Thomson, and other noted contemporaries reacted to it and English studies on Heine bear to this day the mark of its influence.

Arnold distinguished between Heine, the poet, and Heine, the soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. He acknowledged that posterity would express its preference for the pure lyricist. The nineteenth century must, however, hail him primarily as the liberator.

Arnold took issue with Carlyle because the latter attached too much importance to the Romantic School and gave too much prominence to Tieck, Novalis, and Jean Paul. These writers were not, in Arnold's opinion, the true heirs of Goethe, and the main current of German literature did not flow in their works. Heine, the destroyer of the Romantic School, was the most important German successor

and continuator of the real Goethe, the critically-minded Goethe, the liberator from ancient dogmas and inherited traditions, the dissolvant of the old European system, the awakener of the modern spirit. Heine, like Goethe, broke with routine thinking. The fact that a custom or a principle had been accepted for a thousand years did not prevent Heine, as it did not prevent Goethe, from questioning it and from subjecting it to the test of his own rational faculties. Nothing could be more subversive than such an attitude. But, while Goethe contented himself with influencing deeply a few superior minds and hoping for a gradual process of liberation, Heine declared open war against the supreme enemy. His weapon was the pen. His chief enemy was *Philistinism.*

Philistinism! — the word was little known to the English. Arnold took it over from Heine and popularized it among the mid-Victorians. The Philistines, in Arnold's characterization, were the self-satisfied humdrum people, the slaves to routine, the narrow-minded enemies of enlightenment, the respectable opponents of new ideas, the inertia-ridden decent folk whom Ibsen two decades later was to dub "the damned, compact, liberal majority."

According to Arnold, Heine sought to rouse

Germany from the drowsiness of Philistinism. He was a political and social incendiary. The fire engines of the German governments, however, effectively quelled his direct efforts at setting the old system afire. He was driven into exile. But from Paris, the new Jerusalem, he continued to direct his arrows against the abodes of the Philistines. He did not succumb to the lure of medievalism, as did his Romantic contemporaries who came to ruin, dreaming vainly of renewing the past. With a far profounder sense of the mystic charm of the Middle Ages than Görres, or Brentano, or Arnim, he sensed also the power of modern ideas and sought to make literature minister to the burning questions of modern life. He did for German letters what Byron and Shelley had attempted for English letters. The titanic efforts of these English poets failed because the resistance of the Philistines was too great and their own creative ability insufficient to overcome all obstacles. Heine was more successful: "Heine's intense modernism, his absolute freedom, his utter rejection of stock classicism and stock romanticism, his bringing all things under the point of view of the nineteenth century, were understood and laid to heart by Germany, through virtue of her immense, tolerant intellectualism, much as

there was in all Heine said to affront and wound Germany. The wit and ardent modern spirit of France Heine joined to the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany. This is what makes him so remarkable: his wonderful clearness, lightness, and freedom, united with such power of feeling, and width of range." [19]

Arnold found Heine's greatness marred by but a single fault: his deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character. But the English critic did not like to dwell upon this negative side of a genius whom he proclaimed as the most important figure in the European literature of that quarter of a century which followed the death of Goethe. He merely noted that Heine, who had all the culture of Germany and in whose head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe, failed to attain to the distinction for which his natural gifts destined him, that highest summit attained by Shakespeare and Goethe, because he lacked moral balance and nobility of character.

Arnold's essay aroused the wrath of Carlyle. To call the blaspheming blackguard the continuator of Goethe was a critical crime of enormous proportions and Carlyle did not mince words in telling Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, an admirer of Heine and of

Arnold, what he thought of Arnold's cool way of ignoring the inconvenient fact that his hero was obscene and impudent and addicted to facile untruth.[20]

Walt Whitman, on the other hand, felt that the best thing Arnold ever did was his essay on Heine. He confided to Horace Traubel that it was the one product of Arnold's pen that he liked unqualifiedly: "It's the only thing from Arnold that I have read with zest. Heine! Oh, how great! The more you stop to look, to examine, the deeper seem the roots; the broader and higher the umbrage. And Heine was free — was one of the men who win by degrees. He was a master of pregnant sarcasm; he brought down a hundred humbuggeries if he brought down two. At times he plays with you with a deliberate, baffling sportiveness." [21]

James Thomson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, wrote a lengthy article commending Arnold but expressing the belief that the latter had no need to introduce the terms *Philistine* and *Philistinism* from the German. Thomson suggested popularizing the expressions *Bumble*, *Bumbledom*, *Bumbleism*. These words were already available and their very sound — heavy, obese, rotund, awkward — echoed their meaning. They were inti-

mately allied with such respectable and ancient English words as grumble, stumble, mumble, jumble, fumble, rumble, crumble, tumble — all heads of families of the very choicest middle-class blood in the language. In Thomson's opinion, English writers were, on the whole, subservient to Bumble and few had the courage, that Heine had, to publish their thoughts and feelings on subjects interdicted by Bumble, namely, on the most important and urgent problems in religion and sociology. Instead of following in the footsteps of Heine, the vast majority of Victorian men-of-letters preferred to suppress their own most vigorous and honest thoughts and to lubricate Bumbledom with oily cant inexpressibly and revoltingly nauseous. It was expected that in reviewing books, such as those of Heine, "all the narrative pieces which specially tickled and enthralled must be overwhelmed with the fiercest of virtuous indignation; all the argumentative passages which really throw light upon vexed questions must be sternly denounced, the illumination being clearly traced to the Nether Fire. This condition faithfully observed, the poor and uneducated scared from corruption, Society may read without stint. Thou dear respectable Churchwarden-Bumble, it is pleasant to think how thy

Vicar and Archdeacon and Bishop have laughed with inextinguishable laughter over Aristophanes and Lucian and Rabelais and Heine!" [22]

Thomson, the embittered pessimist, probably exaggerated the opposition to Heine, whose defenders certainly outnumbered his detractors in England of the Eighteen-Sixties. Heine did not have the best repute but he was widely read. Robert Lytton testified that each new book of Heine's was received with hungry eagerness and feverish impetuosity.[23] Not all who read him admired his approach to religion and politics but none denied the power of his personality. He was for the mid-Victorians a literary force exceeding in vitality that of any other German save Goethe. And, as the continuator of Goethe, he enthralled this age of George Eliot and Matthew Arnold.

CHAPTER IV

Hellenist and Cultural Pessimist

BY 1870 the battle for Heine was won. He had entered into the English cultural stream. He had become as much a part of Western literary tradition as Voltaire or Goethe or Byron. His authority was frequently quoted in justification of certain tenets espoused by some Englishmen or in opposition to certain ideas disliked by others. Thackeray read him in translation and Emily Dickinson in the original.[1] John Addington Symonds, in 1868, was amused and wearied by the wisdom, the humor, the stinging satire, and the exquisite lyricism of the *Travel Sketches*.[2] Havelock Ellis, in 1876, gained mastery of German by becoming absorbed in Heine and, during the following decades, he translated Heine's *Florentine Nights* and edited Heine's *Prose Writings* for English readers.[3] Dante Gabriel Rossetti sought in Heine inspiration for paintings and his brother, William Michael Rossetti, paid tribute to the German poet in a sonnet which summed up

the various aspects of the complex personality then visible to English eyes:[4]

> The most delicious master of the lash,
> Most intricate in choice simplicity,
> Sweetest in love-tilt, and in irony
> Consummate, as the opposed perceptions clash,
> And leave a tingling silence; born to abash
> The priest and acolyte, and half to free
> The ponderous German mind with augury
> Of coming storm and sunshine when the crash
> Of lightning-hearted France shall penetrate
> The air which knights and professors breathe;
> Heine, the clarion of all brains which seethe
> With bright revolt and swift iconoclasm;
> Unvanquished martyr of his eight years' spasm;
> French German Jew, immortal reprobate.

In this lyric portrait of Heine, William Michael Rossetti failed to list one trait which loomed to the fore in the Eighteen-Seventies and which fascinated the English mind throughout the late Victorian era. This was Heine's Hellenism. William Stigand, the English biographer of Heine, frankly pleaded guilty, in 1875, to some exaggeration in the exclusive estimate he formed of the Hellenic or pagan element in Heine's poetry. The *Athenaeum* of January 15, 1876, wrote that Heine was a Greek in his love of the ideal, in his unquenchable thirst after the beautiful, and in his unrivalled plastic power. It was

the Hellenism of Heine that in this decade influenced Walter Pater and Robert Buchanan, James Thomson and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Heine's authority was repeatedly invoked in the struggle between Christ and the Gods of Greece, a struggle which raged throughout the closing decades of the past century and which led, on the one hand, to a revival of religious mysticism and, on the other hand, to a poetic idealization of ancient paganism.

As early as 1864, Matthew Arnold stressed Heine's position in this conflict. In an essay on *Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment*, Arnold illustrated pagan religious emotion by means of the beautiful story of Adonis, as treated by Theocritus, and Christian religious feeling by means of the life and hymns of St. Francis of Assisi. In Heine's misdirected efforts to revive the religion of pleasure and in his ultimate confession of failure, Arnold saw evidence of the inadequacy of paganism to satisfy the spiritual cravings of modern man. Paganism possessed a certain cheerfulness, grace and beauty, but nothing that was elevating or consoling. It might seem attractive to a gay and pleasure-loving multitude. It might suffice for a light-hearted people that sought gratification of the senses and the understanding. But it had little of value to offer in hours

of seriousness, sickness or sorrow. By concentrating exclusively on the joyous side of human nature, it roused in man a desire for a change of some kind, a desire for clouds, storms and suffering. St. Francis, the Christian, fulfilled this desire. He taught poverty and pain, neglect of the senses and negation of the body. In him, humanity, rebounding violently from paganism, reached the extreme of spiritualism. But it could not remain there permanently. The pendulum had to swing back. The Renaissance was, in part, a return toward the pagan spirit — the Renaissance but not the Reformation, for there was nothing of the Greek in Luther. Indeed, not until the nineteenth century did the most brilliant champion of a revived paganism appear in the figure of Heine. This German poet divided the whole world into Hellenes and barbarians. He reproached the Christian extreme most bitterly for its melancholy abstinence from the joys of the senses. He extolled the pagan extreme most rapturously for its devotion to unfettered pleasure. Ultimately, however, he himself best illustrated the bankruptcy of the religion of pleasure. Stricken with incurable disease, he called out from his mattress-grave: "What does it profit me that my health is drunk at banquets out of gold cups and in most exquisite

wines, if I myself, while these ovations are going on, lonely and cut off from the pleasures of the world, can only just wet my lips with barley-water? What good does it do me that all the roses of Shiraz open their leaves and burn for me with passionate tenderness? Alas! Shiraz is some two thousand leagues from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where in the solitude of my sick chamber all the perfume I smell is that of hot towels." Heine, the champion of paganism and materialism, thus demonstrated most poignantly that Christianity, the religion of sorrow and spiritualism, had more to offer man in the deepest reaches of his soul, in his hours of adversity, and that it was, therefore, a surer stay for the masses, whose lives abounded in hardships.

English critics agreed with Arnold that Heine's striving after the blithe classic temper was a failure and that he did not sit on the heights of Olympus by natural right — for his abode was nearer to Sinai. It was generally recognized that the statuesque calm of Sophocles had not been granted him and that the atmosphere about his works was not the delicate air of Athens but rather the enchanted air of medieval romance or the Hebraic air heavy with the sighs of innumerable generations that stood beside the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem. His

example proved that paganism could not be resuscitated, since he was never really joyous, never really glad like the Greeks, never really an Apollo or Dionysus descending from mountain heights to our perplexed world and bringing with him gifts of wine and music. A true Greek poet was just as impossible in the nineteenth century as a second Phidias again carving with religious earnestness an Olympian Zeus or an Athena for a modern Acropolis. The exotic paganism of Heine and of his English disciples was not to be taken too seriously.

The *London Quarterly Review*, organ of conservative British opinion, gave expression to the above views in 1889, after Englishmen had for two decades flirted with Heine's neo-paganism.[5] It found his poetic paganism a mere affectation but his revolt against Christianity a genuine phenomenon — largely because he did not read the Christian message aright. He saw in the dominant creed a code of repression, consecrating established injustice, condemning millions to fruitless toil, giving the substance of good things to the rich, and bidding the poor be content with a shadow and a promise. His erroneous view of Christianity was shared by St. Simon, Auguste Comte, Ludwig Feuerbach, and others of his generation. They

offered as a substitute for the dominant religion of the Occident a so-called religion of pure humanity — the rehabilitation of the flesh. This substitute, however, could hardly lead to salvation. Its end was cultural pessimism. It would never bring about the kingdom of heaven on earth. The real need was for a wider application of truly Christian principles to the state, to industry, and to the life of multitudes.

One of Heine's most memorable passages in the *Travel Sketches* dealt with the overthrow of the Olympian divinities by the Nazarene. This passage had been quoted with horror by the first English interpreters of the German poet as an illustration of his blasphemy, but among the late Victorians it found favor and was reproduced by George Eliot, Robert Buchanan, James Thomson and others. It described a banquet of the Greek deities: "All at once there approached, panting, a pale Jew, with blooddrops on his brow, a crown of thorns on his head, and a huge cross on his shoulders; and he cast the cross on the banquet-table of the gods, so that the golden cups trembled, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they finally dissolved away into mist." This passage furnished the inspiration for a dirge by Robert Buchanan, the Scottish

lyricist whom the late Victorians held in high acclaim and whose sensational crusade against Rossetti, Swinburne, and the "Fleshly School of Poetry" was long remembered. Buchanan entitled his lyric *The Last Song of Apollo*.[6] Bewailing the end of the Olympian dynasty and lamenting the passing of beauty and passion from the earth, the sun-god turns to his beloved lyre for the last time and intones a chant of the twilight of paganism:

O Lyre! O Lyre!
Strung with celestial fire!
Thou living soul of sound that answereth
These fingers that have troubled thee so long,
With passion, and with beauty, and with breath
Of melancholy song, —
Answer, answer, answer me,
With thy mournful melody!
For the earth is old, and strange
Mysteries are working change,
And the Dead who slumber'd deep
Startle sobbing in their sleep,
And the ancient gods divine,
Wan and weary o'er their wine,
Fade in their ghastly banquet-halls, with large eyes fixed on mine!

Ah me! ah me!
The earth and air and sea
Are shaken; and the great pale gods sit still,
The roseate mists around them roll away; —
Lo! Hebe falters in the act to fill,

And groweth wan and gray;
On the banquet-table spread,
Fruits and flowers grow black and dead,
Nectar cold in every cup
Gleams to blood and withers up;
Aphrodité breathes a charm,
Gripping Pallas' bronzed arm;
Zeus the Father clenches teeth,
While his cloud-throne shakes beneath;
The passion-flower in Hera's hair melts in a snowy wreath!

Ah, woe! ah, woe!
One climbeth from below, —
A mortal shape with pallid smile doth rise,
Bearing a heavy Cross and crowned with thorn, —
His brow is moist with blood, his strange sweet eyes
Look piteous and forlorn:
Hark! Oh hark! his cold foot-fall
Breaks upon the banquet-hall!
God and goddess start to hear,
Earth, air, ocean, moan in fear;
Shadows of the Cross and Him
Make the banquet-table dim,
Silent sit the gods divine,
Old and haggard over wine,
And slowly to my song they fade, with large eyes fixed on mine!

O Lyre! O Lyre!
Thy strings of golden fire
Fade to their fading, and the hand is chill
That touches thee; the once glad brow grows gray —
I faint, I wither, while that conclave still
Dies wearily away!

Ah, the prophecy of old
Sung by Pan to scoffers cold! —
God and goddess droop and die,
Chilly cold against the sky,
Strange look Moon and Stars and Sun!
God and goddess fade, and see!
All their large eyes look at me!
While woe! ah, woe! in dying song, I fade, I fade, with thee!

Heine's influence interpenetrated not only the poetry of Robert Buchanan but also his prose.[7] An important essay by him in 1868, bore the title *On a Passage in Heine*. It opened with a conversation on immortality between Heine and the philosopher Hegel. This conversation, humorously related by Heine in his *Confessions*, was made the basis for theological reflections by Buchanan, for an exposition of the proper attitude to be assumed by mortals in their relationship to God and to a world beyond.

In an essay on *Tennyson, Heine, and de Musset*, Buchanan compared these three poets who, in his opinion, brought to perfection the thoughts of many generations of lyricists. He joined in the prevalent evaluation of Heine as the greatest German poet after Goethe.

Reviewing Theodore Martin's translation of Heine, Buchanan criticized the English versifier for missing the spirit of the subtle German lyricist even

while doing justice to the verbal dress in which this spirit was garbed. Martin's rendering was faithful and conscientious but this respectable Victorian was, according to Buchanan, more fitted by temperament to become the biographer of the blameless Prince Consort of England than to become the interpreter of the inspired Gnome of German poetry. A refined and cultivated gentleman like Theodore Martin, who was called upon to edit and to prepare dainty documents of the Court, could not be equally successful with the literary products of a revolutionary poet. As a result, his English adaptations were no more like the original than the postures of a dancing master were like the leaps of Oberon on the starlit sward: "As wild as Goethe's Flea, as tricksome as an Elf, as uncertain and misleading as a Will-o'-the-Wisp, gamesome and lachrymose by turns, by turns outraging all the proprieties, now the most doleful German that ever spun ditties to his mistress's eyebrow, and again (what Thiers called him) the wittiest Frenchman that ever lived, Heine is the last spirit in the world to rise to the conjuration of a respectable elderly English gentleman, armed with a German dictionary, a quill pen, and an 'expurgating' apparatus."

A greater master of prose than Buchanan, however, felt deeply the impress of Heine's neo-paganism during the late Victorian era. As early as 1869, Walter Pater came in contact with Heine's fancies of the survival of the Greek gods in the Middle Ages and, until 1893, the influence of this contact was discernible in essay after essay.[8] Thus, in *Pico della Mirandola*, published in 1871, Pater quoted extensively from Heine's *Gods in Exile* and followed Heine's precedent in describing an earlier and simpler generation, which saw in the Hellenic divinities so many malignant spirits or demons, the defeated but still living centers of the religion of darkness, struggling, not always in vain, against the kingdom of light. Pater portrayed in the Italian scholar of the fifteenth century the representative of a later generation, which was impressed by the beauty and power of pagan mythology and which attempted to reconcile Christianity with the religion of ancient Greece. For to Pater, as to Heine, the gods of Greece were not dead. He held that nothing which had ever interested living men and women could wholly lose its vitality, no language once spoken, no oracle once heeded, no dream once dreamed, no faith once fervently entertained. The rehabilitation of the old gods was a passion with

him, as it had been with Pico and with Heine. In *Denys l'Auxerrois*, printed in 1886, he drew an imaginary portrait of a medieval Dionysus, based in large measure upon extant Greek myths but also upon Heine's description of Dionysus as a medieval monk. In the story *Apollo in Picardy*, published in 1893, Pater again followed in the footsteps of Heine. This beautiful tale told of the reappearance of the sun-god, with harp and bow, in medieval disguise as Apollyon, a strange enigmatic servant on a monastic farm in France, exercising a magical influence — both beneficial and malignant. Pater also touched upon the most famous medieval adventure of a Greek deity when, in his *Aucassin and Nicolette*, 1873, he coupled the story of Heloise and Abelard with the legend of Venus and Tannhäuser.

The German Romanticists, Tieck and Arnim and Brentano, had revived the legend of the Minnesinger who, after serving Lady Venus, knelt in remorse at the feet of the Pope, begging for absolution for carnal sins. Heine had reversed the moral of the legend and had made Tannhäuser's sojourn in the Hill of Venus no less attractive than in the capital of Christendom. Heine's interpretation was followed not only in the Germany of

Richard Wagner but also in Victorian England from the version in prose and verse by Richard Monckton Milnes, entitled *The Goddess Venus in the Middle Ages* to William Morris' poetic narrative *The Hill of Venus*, Swinburne's lyrical monologue *Laus Veneris*, and John Davidson's *New Ballad of Tannhäuser*. The goddess who was once the world's delight again charmed the imagination of poets — and not she alone. Christ, "the leavings of racks and rods," was contrasted with Apollo, the lord of light. As in the ancient days there had reverberated the lament that the great god Pan was dead, so in Victorian days there often arose in literary circles the triumphant shout of the coming end of the Nazarene's rule.

Under the heading, *Great Christ is Dead!*, James Thomson, acknowledging himself a disciple of Heine, heralded, in 1875, the overthrow of the celestial dynasty that for almost two millennia had supplanted the Olympians: "More than eighteen hundred years have passed since the death of the great god Pan was proclaimed; and now it is full time to proclaim the death of the great god Christ. Eighteen hundred years make a fairly long period even for a celestial dynasty; but this one in its perishing must differ from all that have perished be-

fore it, seeing that no other can succeed it; the throne shall remain void forever, the royalty of the Heavens be abolished. Fate, in the form of Science, has decreed the extinction of the gods. Mary and her babe must join Venus and Love, Isis and Horus, living with them only in the world of art." [9]

Thomson, a radical in religion and politics, admired in Heine the very qualities that more respectable writers were wont to decry or to explain away. He was delighted by Heine's propaganda of atheism and brought extracts from the most audacious passages of the German poet to the attention of English readers. He found in Heine's *Gods in Exile* the model for his own *Satires and Profanities.* He paid tribute to the German hero because the latter was no ascetic spiritualist, no self-torturing eremite or hypochondriac monk but by nature a joyous heathen of richest blood, a Greek, a Persian, a lusty lover of this world, an enthusiastic apostle of the rehabilitation of the flesh. He translated many of Heine's lyrics for the *Secularist* during 1876 and 1877. These "attempts at translations," as he modestly called them, were reprinted in the same volume that contained his masterpiece, *The City of Dreadful Night.* Karl Marx described the versions of Thomson as "no translation but a re-

production of the original, such as Heine himself, if master of the English language, would have given." [10]

Stigand's Heine-biography of 1875 roused Thomson's resentment because of its cringing to Bumbledom, its overmuch reverence for the delicacy of the English public, its Philistine interpretation of the splendid child of light. In contrast to Stigand, Thomson wished to write a book on Heine as the restless rebel, the fiery iconoclast, the tortured genius whose closest affinity was with Shelley and Leopardi. Death, in 1882, prevented the completion of the planned volume. From essays on Heine which appeared early in 1876, it is obvious that the English Laureate of Pessimism intended to emphasize the pessimistic *Romancero*-period and to dwell on Heine's long agony in the weird borderland of Death-in-Life and Life-in-Death.

Thomson's legend of Heine bore many autobiographic traits and his own troubled soul peered from sentences such as the following: "In all moods, tender, imaginative, fantastic, humorous, ironical, cynical; in anguish and horror; in weariness and revulsion; longing backwards to enjoyment, and longing forward to painless rest; through the doleful days and the dreadful immeasurable nights; this

intense and luminous spirit was enchained and constrained to look down into the vast black void which undermines our seemingly solid existence, and in which he all the time was as near immersion as a sailor alone on a leaking boat in a solitary sea." [11]

Since Thomson regarded Heine as the clearest intelligence and the best European writer of the century, he invoked the latter's authority on frequent occasions, humorous and tragic. Writing in the *National Reformer*, in 1867, while this paper was engaged in a bitter feud with the *Saturday Review*, Thomson informed the public that Heine departed from life in 1856, the year when the *Saturday Review* came into being, for the world of this organ was no world for him.

In a more solemn tone, however, Thomson composed in 1870, a few days after Prussia defeated France, a timely article, entitled *How Heine Forewarned France*. Quoting extensively from Heine's works, he pointed out that this clearest German intellect after Goethe had loved France better than did any other compatriot beyond the Rhine and had therefore forewarned of catastrophic results that would follow any conflict between the two great Continental peoples. The French imperial

government, however, acted in all respects just contrary to Heine's advice. Instead of refraining from interference with Germany, as the poetic seer begged, it continually meddled and muddled. Instead of conciliating old animosities, it created new ones. Instead of keeping armed and watchful, it remained impotent and unready. By ignoring the German prophet, it suffered disastrous invasion and ignominious defeat.

Heine, the cultural pessimist, appealed to the darker side of Thomson. Heine, the spiritual brother of Leopardi and the scoffer at all things traditional, confirmed the gloomy English bard in his despair and disgust amidst the horrible and noisy solitude of London. Heine, the sardonic seer of a coming apocalypse, supplied literary weapons to Thomson, the political nihilist and disciple of Charles Bradlaugh. Heine, the modern satyr who gloated because the death of all the gods was at hand, spurred the English atheist on to greater extremes of blasphemy. Seeking solace in drink and in poetry, Thomson often quoted the martyr of Montmartre who questioned fate and who finally concluded that the only answer which ever came was a handful of earth that stopped up the mouth of the questioner.

The nostalgia of the dying Heine for the vanished beauty and the sinless joy of paganism came to the fore most pathetically in his description of his last walk, when, with ebbing strength, he dragged himself to the Louvre and there collapsed before the statue of Venus of Milo, the goddess of love, whom he had worshipped throughout his life. This scene of the sick poet before the eternally young and eternally fair goddess stirred the imagination of English and American lyricists. Emma Lazarus in 1884, Alexander Anderson in 1885, and Louis Untermeyer, a generation later, treated this subject in verse.

Emma Lazarus called her sonnet *The Venus of the Louvre.*[12] In describing her own emotions at the sight of the famous statue, she recalled Heine's visit decades earlier:

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on;
Time's brutal hand maimed, but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshiped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car, —

But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life-adorer, sobbed farewell to love.

Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

The poem by Alexander Anderson appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, in 1885.[13] It bore the title *Heine Before the Venus of Milo.* Its mood was reminiscent of Swinburne's *Hymn to Proserpine.* In a long monologue, the dying German poet took leave of the fairest of all his dreams, the perfect woman, the embodiment of love and beauty and joy. He looked back upon his embattled years, the blows he struck and received in behalf of various causes, the acceptance of exile as a necessary price for his freedom to sing the songs of his heart. Yet, as he reviewed his past, he confessed that his deepest longing was ever for that Hellenic world of beauty of which the white perfection of the Venus of Milo was the ageless symbol. It was that world which he most regretted leaving, as the darkness of death settled like a pall between his adoring eyes and the immortal Olympian.

The emphasis upon Heine's Hellenism added lustre to his kaleidoscopic personality as re-interpreted by the late Victorians. There was also emerging in England, however, an equally important evalua-

tion of his Hebraic roots and a better understanding of his role in the nineteenth century synthesis of Hellenism and Hebraism. The Jew in Heine was the source of no less comment than the Greek in him. This comment — brilliant and dull, favorable, hostile, and neutral — left an ineffaceable mark upon the ever ripening English legend.

CHAPTER V

The Wandering Jew

HEINE was a symbol of the Jew to most Germans and the varying attitudes towards him during the century from the ostracism of *Jungdeutschland* in 1835 to the burning of his books in 1933 could serve as a barometer of the German pressure against the Jews. To the English, however, Heine's Jewishness was of secondary importance. It was rarely discussed in the pre-Victorian period, when Anglo-Saxon opinion was most hostile towards him. There were more frequent references to his Jewish roots during the Victorian era, when he ranked with Aristophanes, Voltaire, and Goethe. His origin, as the suffering son of an ancient people, added solemnity to his personality and a tragic background to a tragic individual history. The closing nineteenth century saw him primarily as Hellenist and cultural pessimist, as apostle of neo-paganism and foe of the Nazarenes. His Jewish ancestry was stressed mainly by his Eng-

lish co-religionists, who gladly included him in their ranks as one of their most talented kinsmen. The First World War and its aftermath brought violent anti-Jewish agitation to the fore throughout the European continent and the waves of race-hatred did not always halt at the British shore, although their force was pretty well spent before they lapped the English coast. Heine was then subjected to attacks because of his Jewishness, but these attacks were less virulent than on the Continent and they came to a sudden end with the outbreak of the Second World War.

The earliest mention of Heine's Jewish roots occurred in the *Quarterly Review* of December, 1835. This was the year in which the Stuttgart publicist Wolfgang Menzel attacked Heine as the diabolical leader of "Young Germany" or "Young Palestine." It was the year in which the German Federal Diet decreed a ban upon all past, present, and future works of the Parisian exile. The English journal followed the lead of the conservative German organs. Heine's political predilections and his blasphemous audacities were traced back to his origin. His mother was idealized as a Prussian lady of good family but his father was stigmatized as a Jew who threw off Judaism without adopting any

other creed in its place. As the offspring of such an unequal marriage, Heine was shown to have grown up without establishing firm roots either in the Jewish or the German camp. Though he personally might have utterly forsworn all belief in the religion of the Hebrews, he nevertheless could not free himself from certain hereditary attitudes. He could not, for instance, survey religion with the cold indifference of a German rationalist. What he did not love and admire, he had to hate and despise. He blended a rancorous personal spleen with the frigidities of a contemptuous metaphysician. Devoid of all convictions, he could be bitter and sneering about the convictions of others.

This theme, that Heine's Jewishness was the cause for the perversity of his genius, frequently recurred in the press of Germany throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but it was only seldom voiced in England. Except for Thomas Carlyle, no major English writer stressed this conclusion. The Victorian press was not generally anti-Semitic and, though it might attack Heine because it disagreed with his extreme radicalism, it did not seek in Heine's Jewish origin the explanation for his dangerous doctrines or his unpleasant traits.

Solely in *Blackwood's Magazine* of November,

1841, was Heine used to illustrate an anti-Semitic thesis. In an article entitled *Hebraistic*, the claim was made that Jews had no turn for literature of any kind. In order to prove "the anti-literary and pro-old-clothes propensities of the Jews in all the countries of modern Europe," the author undertook to refute the common belief that, in Germany at any rate, Jewish intellect was able to shake off its ghetto mentality and its base bondage to money and apparently did succeed in forming a literary school of merit. Certainly, with such a "strong-armed Maccabee" as Heine to fight the battles of the Jews, it required courage to buckle on armor and to oppose Jewish pretensions to literary talent. But the author was not dismayed by the seeming difficulty of his task. He pointed out that unhappy beings like Heine and his collaborator Börne attained their celebrity in the world of letters by a total abnegation of the Jewish character in all aspects. They repudiated Judaism and were more bitter against the Old Testament than against the New. They propounded as their gospel the ultra-radicalism of Count St. Simon, a Frenchman, and of Robert Owen, an Englishman. Their literature, though written by ex-Jews, was not Jewish literature, and they themselves could in no sense be re-

garded as valid exceptions to the rule that the Jews were a non-literary people.

Carlyle's outbursts against Heine were not uninfluenced by the former's strong anti-Semitic prejudices, which he never cared to conceal. When he accused the Jews of a lack of humor, he refused to make any exceptions, insisting that no Jew-creature was gifted with a sense of the ridiculous — "not even blackguard Heine." [1] A Jew never laughed a hearty out-bursting laugh and even Heine's so-called humor was "a storm, grim sort of humor." [2] Carlyle spoke of Heine as a slimy and greasy Jew, as a dirty and blaspheming Jew.[3] Such expressions were unusual in Victorian England and more in accord with the German Romantic tradition to which Carlyle paid homage.

The typical English reaction to Heine's Jewishness was nearer to that of Richard Monckton Milnes: calm, judicious, unaffected by love, unmarred by malice. Heine's coarse satire directed against the land of his birth was explained by reference to his hereditary background and to the evil influences among which he grew up. His Jewish descent necessarily alienated him from the national cause of Germany and gave him a vindictive gratification in its discomfiture. "He enjoyed the

very tempest which brought down the pride of German States almost to a level with the dependence and insignificance of his own race." [4]

A reaction no less typically English was voiced by the *North British Review* of May, 1860. Heine's Judaism was not held to be a blemish. His origin was not viewed as a cause for disparagement. He was rather attacked for relinquishing his ancient faith, especially since he did not embrace the Christianity he supposedly professed with any sincerity. He was deemed unworthy even of the epithet "the Julian of poetry," which was once hurled at him, because the imperial Roman apostate had a belief of some kind — even his persecution of the Christians was undertaken in the interest of a resumed paganism. The German poet, however, was wholly without a religion. His English counterpart was the young atheist Shelley. Yet, for Shelley, who remained a boy all his life, there might be some excuse. But for Heine, wide-awake in all matters, over-sophisticated and far too mature, there was no excuse. His poetry was saturated with blasphemy. What a contrast between him and his countryman and contemporary David Mendel, who, under the name of Augustus Neander, had distin-

guished himself as a pillar of Christianity: "Neander abandoned Judaism to devote himself to the service of Evangelical Protestantism, with genius ever fresh, and learning never pedantic, to cause a new era in the study of the history of the Church, and to be carried to his grave amid the tears of thousands, and the lasting regret of all good men in Europe and America. Heine relinquished the Israelite faith apparently to get a freer opportunity to assail all creeds alike, and to win the questionable reputation of a German Voltaire, with weaker health, and a career cut far sooner short than that of his French prototype." [5]

The mistaken notion of many Heine-critics that he was the offspring of a Jewish father and a Christian mother was continually offered as an explanation for his unhealthy approach to moral and religious problems. This legend of his origin was brought to England in 1835. George Eliot, who had access to reliable sources at Berlin, still accepted this unsound theory in 1856. *Fraser's Magazine* explained, as late as 1866, that Heine was brought up in the Jewish religion of his father but was profoundly influenced by his Christian mother. As a consequence, the foundation was laid in his

character for that religious dualism, the changing from faith to unbelief, which ended only with his life.[6]

Matthew Arnold, in 1863, took note of the Jewish strain in Heine and expressed his opinion that the German poet derived a great force from it. "He himself had in him both the spirit of Greece and the spirit of Judea, both these spirits reach the infinite, which is the true goal of all poetry and all art, — the Greek spirit by beauty, the Hebrew spirit by sublimity. By his perfection of literary form, by his love of clearness, by his untamableness, by his 'longing which cannot be uttered,' he is Hebrew." [7]

If Arnold saw in Heine the synthesis of Hellenism and Hebraism, "Owen Meredith," the Earl of Lytton, who praised Arnold as the most perceptive and discriminating of English critics, voiced, in 1870, the contrary opinion, namely, that Heine's work resulted from the conflict between these two cultural forces and that he never succeeded in attaining to an harmonious synthesis. Lytton characterized Heine's lyric crown as a crown of thorns. The poet was Lazarus, even before he wrote *Lazarus*, that great epic of human suffering. Heine's whole existence was passed in poetizing pain, his

own pain. Heine's lowly origin as a Jew and his wretched life in a Hamburg counting-house and in a Parisian garret were the antithesis to the imagined world of Hellenic beauty and Olympian serenity: "Had he entered the world as a wealthy, well-born Christian aristocrat, depend upon it, he would never have written a line of verse — or, if a line of verse, the world would not have recognized it as poetry. He would have passed his life in realizing all that he imagined, but never possessed. It was his destiny, however, to become a permanent representative of the pain which is born of contrast. One great and everlasting form of human suffering found in him its appropriate poet. . . . In Heinrich Heine, what we have to deal with is neither the malignity of the Jew, nor the envious spite of the Pariah, nor the blasphemous execrations of the wretch who writhes beneath the lash. It is the sanctifying and redeeming power of Poësy, who hath taken upon herself the sorrowfulness and the sinfulness of all these; saving them from the filth and mire of the material world, and uplifting the glorious forms of them to dwell henceforth with her in her own imperishable dominions." [8]

William Stigand, in his two-volume biography of Heine, in 1875, stressed the latter's Hellenism

and paid but little attention to his Hebraism. He mentioned Heine's external connection with the Jewish people but failed to point out any inner relationship. For this omission, Stigand was taken to task by reviewers. The *British Quarterly Review* wrote that Heine's strength and his real service to humanity sprang from his Jewish roots.[9] William Cory, the author of *Ionica*, stated that Heine as a Jew interested him but that Heine as a German meant little to him.[10] The *Athenaeum*, in its issue of January 15, 1876, saw in Heine, first and foremost, the Jew. His preference for Hellas was, in its opinion, an aberration. He must have realized this in his closing days, when the grandeur of the Hebrew race fascinated him ever more: "Jewish he was in his tenderness, and above all, in his hatred; Jewish in his versatility and world-wide sympathy; Jewish in his realistic conception of the idea, in the fashion in which he conceived the passion of love, which reminded one of the sensuousness of the Song of Solomon; Jewish in the proud consciousness of human dignity, in his nervous temperament, his incredible capacity for suffering, his wonderful endurance of sorrow; Jewish in the boldness and recklessness of his scepticism; Jewish, in fine, in never embracing for any length of

time a belief which excluded every spiritual element. In his wit and humor also Heine was a true child of the Hebrew race. However original he may have been, he exhibited the characteristics and peculiarities of Hebrew humor, of the wittiest and most light-hearted people of the world, which, in the midst of unparalleled misfortunes and sufferings, has preserved an ineradicable buoyancy and an unconquerable spirit of satire." [11]

Alexander H. Japp, in the *British Quarterly Review* of October, 1881, saw Heine as the avenger of the injustice and the oppression which the Jews suffered at the hands of a Philistinish Germany. Evil at last came home to roost, when the greatest lyric poet of Germany repaid in ridicule and irony the wrongs inflicted upon his people by the land of his birth.

The *London Quarterly Review*, in 1889, touched upon Heine's Jewishness when it treated him as the living emblem of the nineteenth century. This century sang and moaned through his eloquent lips and what he, the pioneer of freedom and intellect, the rebel against the divine order of things, thought and suffered interested not only Germany but also all of Europe. Yet Heine remained, in spite of himself, always a Jew. Though he hated and loved his

people by turns, they were still his father's house from which he could not run away by apostasizing.

William Sharp, in his Heine biography of 1888, went to considerable length to explain Heine's apostasy, without either justifying or condemning it. He pointed out the weighty reasons that prompted the poet, who was ever proud of the splendid past of his race, to abandon it. Heine had learned early in life, according to Sharp, that to be a Jew meant social degradation and innumerable hardships but that to be a Gentile signified such lordship over circumstances as might be in the power of the individual to attain. Besides, indifference to religion was characteristic of his home environment. He was not at all happy to purchase immunity from the ills of life by baptism, he did not discard Judaism out of any spirit of mockery, but his hand was forced, he yielded against his better judgment, and he paid a heavy penalty ever thereafter — because his enemies continued to hate him as a Jew, despite his conversion, and the Jews scorned him as an apostate; and even those German Christians who accepted him as a man and a brother did so in the same superior way as a Louisianian or a South Carolinian might accept a Negro convert as a fellow-citizen.

Charles Grant, in the *Contemporary Review* of

September, 1880, traced Heine's liberalism back to his origin. In Grant's opinion, Heine could not possibly choose between liberalism and conservatism because the choice was already predetermined for him at birth. Bearing the Pariah-mark of the Jew on his forehead, it was only in the liberal camp that he could compel even a grudging respect. Although he was perhaps the only poet who fully realized the Romantic poetic ideal, he could have no sympathy with the reactionary politics and social tenets of German Romanticism. The Middle Ages, to which his colleagues in Parnassus looked back with longing as more Christian and Germanic than their own century, had to appear to Heine as a time of desolation, of suffering, of oppression, the thousand-year-long martyrdom of the House of Israel. Although his enforced baptism broke the moral strength of his character, he never really left his people and on his long deathbed he sought consolation and momentary self-forgetfulness in the poetry and traditions of the Jews. Although he held all positive religions to be equally false, he was nevertheless fascinated by the strange history and tragic fate of his racial kinsmen. To this fascination was added an awareness of their social degradation and, as a result, his Jewish poems were a

strange mixture of reverence, affection and disgust.

Greatest delicacy in discussing Heine's relation to Judaism was manifested by his English coreligionists from Leonard A. Montefiore to Israel Zangwill. The former wrote, in the *Fortnightly Review* of September, 1877, on *Heine in Relation to Religion and Politics*. He showed that there was nothing Heine abandoned more utterly than Judaism and yet there was nothing that he loved better. By becoming a Christian, he sinned against his better self. Though he never believed in the doctrines of his ancient faith, he loved its exquisite customs and always treated them with reverent affection. His attacks upon religion were due to his passion for reason. With reason blazoned on his shield, he tilted boldly at many of the more extravagant religious teachings. To those, however, before whose earnest gaze the glory of the old faith had grown dim, Heine came as a beacon of light, unfolding noble aims and goodly hopes and holding out the possibility of a fuller life here on earth. In this last statement, there was expressed not only Montefiore's conclusions on Heine but also this Englishman's own longings for the fuller life that was at last opening up to British Jews.

Katie Magnus voiced a plea for Heine, her

fellow-Jew, in *Macmillan's Magazine* of 1882, in an article which she reprinted six years later in her volume of *Jewish Portraits*. Lady Magnus depicted the German poet as one of the bodyguards of Jehovah, as a warrior who had allowed himself to be bribed from his post and who, as a result, paid dearly for his moral crime. Thirty years of anguish and self-reproach were sufficient atonement, in her eyes, for the blackguardism with which Thomas Carlyle charged him. She therefore held that self-righteous critics would do well to show more consideration for the martyr of Montmartre a quarter of a century after his death.

Emma Lazarus sought the key to Heine's character in a fatal and irreconcilable dualism. He was a Jew with the mind and eyes of a Greek. His was a beauty-loving, myth-creating pagan soul imprisoned in a sombre Hebrew frame. His lyrics were unique in Germany and could not be explained solely on the basis of German literary tradition. It was necessary to go back to the Hebrew poets of Palestine and of Spain in order to find a parallel in literature for his magnificent imagery and voluptuous orientalism. After a visit to Montmartre Cemetery, the poetess, who was herself of Sephardic or Hebrew-Spanish origin, wrote in

1884 concerning her co-religionist: "His was a seed sprung from the golden branch that flourished in Hebrew-Spain between the years 1000 and 1200. Whoever looks into the poetry of the medieval Spanish Jews will see that Heine, the modern, cynical German-Parisian, owns a place among these devout and ardent mystics who preceded him by fully eight centuries. The *Intermezzo*, so new and individual in German literature, is but a well-sustained continuation of the *Divan* and *Gazelles* of Judah Halevi, or the thinly veiled sensuousness of Alcharisi and Ibn Ezra. . . . What the world thought distinctively characteristic of the man was often simply the mode of expression peculiar to his people at their best." [12]

Israel Zangwill, like Emma Lazarus, undertook to reclaim Heine for the Jewish people. He included the poet among the *Dreamers of the Ghetto* (1898). These were Jews of vision who had arisen in the Ghetto from its establishment in the sixteenth century to its dissolution in the nineteenth. Heine, as one of these dreamers, took his place beside Uriel Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, Baruch Spinoza, Salomon Maimon, Ferdinand Lassalle, and others. The lengthy sketch on Heine was a sort of composite conversation-photograph, entitled *From a*

Mattress Grave and utilizing many of the poet's own sayings. Its historic basis was a visit paid to the dying poet by Lady Duff-Gordon, an Englishwoman whom Heine had known in his brilliant early days of exile as Little Lucy. Zangwill blended Lucy and La Mouche, the last woman to visit Heine, into one figure, a sympathetic listener who afforded the sick man an opportunity to review his entire past life and to air his final views. Heine saw himself, in Zangwill's reconstruction, as a paradox: a German Parisian, a Jewish German, a hated political exile who yearned for his homeland, a sceptical sufferer with a Christian patience, a romantic poet expressing in classic form the modern realistic spirit, a poor Jew. The dying poet exclaimed: "My father was Germany, my mother was the Ghetto; the brooding spirit of Israel breathes through me that engendered the tender humor of her sages, the celestial fantasies of her saints." Heine spoke to his English visitor of his baptism as an act of youthful folly, as a necessary card of admission into European culture. He deeply regretted this step of apostasy. He envisaged the religion of the future as Judaism broadened by Hellenism, the beauty of goodness mated with the goodness of beauty.

Zangwill's essay had wide repercussions. It was translated into several languages. It helped to shape the Jewish legend of Heine not only in England but also in America and even in Eastern Europe among the Yiddish-speaking Jews. Lewis Browne, in 1927, acknowledged that in his own biography *That Man Heine*, he had followed to a large extent the portrait painted by Zangwill who, he felt, understood Heine best. The pattern of Zangwill was also followed by Louis Untermeyer in 1917, in a poem entitled *Monologue from a Mattress Grave.* Untermeyer too lets the dying Heine review his paradoxical career before a sympathetic listener. The lady chosen was La Mouche. After entertaining her with his sad humor, sentimental lapses, and tragic mockery, Heine ended with Jewish symbolism and the Jewish confession of faith, as embodied in the formula: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."

Louis Untermeyer included this monologue in a volume containing translations of three hundred and twenty-five poems by Heine. In a preface, the translator, who claimed spiritual and racial kinship with the German-Jewish lyricist, traced many of Heine's paradoxical traits to his birth. As a sensitive Jew in a savagely antisemitic country, Heine

early received his heritage of hate and his baptism of fire. Untermeyer did not take Heine's Hellenism too seriously. He felt that Heine assumed it purely as a decoration, as a poetic garment. In his heart of hearts, he was ever the Jew — in his overheated hatred no less than in his luxuriant desires, in his voluptuous love of the color and flavor of things, in his feverish imagination and in his confident egoism, in his tragic irony and in his hand-in-hand-with-God attitude.

In a later biography of Heine, published in 1937, Untermeyer probed every aspect of the poet's paradoxical personality — the biography bore the title *Poet and Paradox* — and concluded that, although Heine became superficially a Christian-German lawyer, a French journalist, and an expatriated cosmopolite, he still remained in the deepest reaches of his soul a Jew. He was a Jew by birth, by early training, by inner conviction. From his boyhood in the Hebraic *Cheder*, through his Berlin experiences in the Society for Jewish Culture and Science, until the agonizing years of his mattress grave, he never escaped his Jewish fate; nor, despite his baptism, did he really wish to escape it.

If, as his co-religionists insisted, Heine was to be appraised primarily as a Jew and not as a German,

then it was not surprising that the approach of some critics to him should be colored by their predilections or prejudices towards this ancient historic group. On the one hand, George Eliot, a poetess who adored the biblical people, was bound to see in his Jewishness a badge of honor. On the other hand, Richard Garnett, who admired him but not his race, sought an excuse for his faults on the ground that they were the faults of his race. On the one hand, English writers of Jewish origin extolled the fine traits of their gifted kinsmen; on the other hand, antisemitic propagandists could find in his prose and verse ample fuel for their agitation. It was, therefore, to be expected that the reactionary movements, which cropped up after the First World War and which ascribed the Russian Revolution to long-fostered Jewish machinations, would see in Heine not only the contemporary of Marx and Lassalle but also the ancestor and inspirer of Leon Trotzky and Russian Communism. Such views abounded in Germany. They were less frequent in France. They were least audible in England. But they were not entirely absent. Thus, in January, 1920, the dignified *Quarterly Review* opened its columns to an article by Count de Soissons on *The Jews as a Revolutionary Leaven.*

In this article, the aristocratic agitator viewed Heine as the most talented representative of Nihilism. Because the poet was a Jew, he supposedly stood outside of the European cultural tradition and could work for the disappearance of Western civilization without pangs of conscience and without a sense of horror. As a Jew, he had to be the bitterest foe of Christianity in all its ramifications. Since there seethed in him the hot blood of the Semitic race, he had to oppose the religion of spiritualism and had to espouse a cult of sensualism. His *Book of Songs* was comparable to that other Semitic expression of sensual love, the Song of Songs by Solomon, the monarch who found the only consolation in life in the pleasures of the flesh. Heine discovered racial allies in France among the disciples of St. Simon. Their doctrine of the rehabilitation of the flesh inflamed his imagination, after his arrival in Paris in 1831, and confirmed him in his innate sensualism. He found further support for his attitude in the pantheistic philosophy of the Jewish philosopher Spinoza, who lived in the epoch of the degeneration of Christianity. Heine joined hands with his co-racials Marx and Lassalle in order to foist revolutionary socialism upon unsuspecting Europe. The foundation of all socialistic move-

ments was Jewish hatred of Christianity. In language presaging the Nazi diatribes of the next two decades, Count de Soissons concludes: "Heine had a prophetic vision of the present storm in Russia, during which waves of destruction would rush threateningly towards the West, on the furious billows of which would swim the poet's compatriots, not as paltry herrings but as the companions of whales, carrying with them the watchwords of annihilation and death against the old order. . . . Yes, Heine's wish is fulfilled; for in Russia Christian blood is being spilt in abundance, and the followers of Trotzky are carrying to unforeseen but not illogical conclusions the principles of the Jewish revolutionary writers — Spinoza, Heine, Herzen, Marx, and Lassalle." [13]

The essay of Count de Soissons brought an immediate reply in the following issue of the *Quarterly Review*, that of April, 1920. The reply was a defense not of Heine but of the Jews. The Count, it was held, had been mislead into assuming that the Jews were a distinct ethnic group with well-defined national characteristics. This error probably resulted from the misplaced activities of a minority group in Jewish life, the Zionists, who mistakenly saw in the Jews more than merely a religion. The

majority of English Jews, however, strenuously objected to Jewish nationalism and wished to be, above all, Englishmen, Englishmen of the Jewish faith. For that reason, the Jews of the British Empire who attended the Peace Conference at Versailles fought against the recognition of Jews anywhere in the world as a separate nationality and refused to concur in the request for minority rights for their co-religionists of Eastern Europe. The English Jews were not compatriots of Marx, Heine, or Trotzky, and rejected any moral association with these revolutionaries. Judaism, as a religion, should not be judged by its weaker adherents or by the worst of its renegades but by its noblest sons from Moses Maimonides in the twelfth century to Moses Montefiore in the nineteenth century.

The mild-mannered, almost apologetic, reply again illustrated that the conflict over Heine, the Jew, failed to assume in England the ferocious dimensions that it assumed on the Continent for a century and more. Although the antisemitic approach to the poet numbered Carlyle and the *Quarterly Review* among its adherents, it was never dominant. Nor should one exaggerate the philo-Semitic approach. Admiration for Heine's Jewish

roots was indeed more frequent and was voiced by George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, and the poet's co-religionists. In the main, however, Englishmen did not place unusual stress upon his Jewishness. They accepted it as an additional aspect of his complicated personality and appraised it without love or malice. During waves of anti-German feeling, it enabled the English to make an exception in his behalf and to see him as the Pan-European and Internationalist rather than as a typical German. During the First World War and during the Nineteen-Thirties, when wrath against imperial Prussianism and against Hitler's Third Reich was at its height, Heine did not suffer detraction to the same extent as did Wagner, Nietzsche, or his Romantic contemporaries. He was rather accepted as an apostle of democracy and as a prophet of European cataclysms and world rebirth.

CHAPTER VI

Bard of Democracy

IN 1888 there appeared the first full-length English biography of Heine which laid main stress upon his modernism and cosmopolitanism. Its author was William Sharp, who afterwards established a considerable reputation as a poet in his own right under the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod." Thirteen years previously, William Stigand had published a two-volume biography for English readers, but despite its bulk, it was hardly more than a compilation of familiar material based upon Adolf Strodtmann's German book, with the addition of numerous Heine-quotations. Stigand himself took no stand on any of the controversial aspects of his hero's personality. He failed to integrate the mass of detailed information and, as a result, there did not emerge any clear, incisive portrait of the poet and thinker. Sharp, on the other hand, boldly unravelled the complexities of his subject. He continued the English tradition established

by Lord Houghton and Lord Lytton, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold. He accepted their insight into Heine's character and went beyond them in his vivid and picturesque interpretations. He too depicted a literary genius who was in soul an early Hebrew, in spirit an ancient Greek, in mind a republican of the nineteenth century. But his emphasis was on this last aspect, on Heine as the exponent of the yearning spirit of the post-Napoleonic age and the clairvoyant seer of generations to come when a world, emancipated from the iron leading-strings held by a privileged few, would march victoriously on towards a perfect democracy. In the nervous prose and in the magic verse of Heine, Sharp heard an original strange voice laughing at the sanctities of four thousand years. This laugh was not a mere mockery, the ripple of which had passed over the sea of humanity from all time. It was for the first time the laugh of the modern man who had reached the apparent summit of human life and still did not see a Promised Land. Sharp's Heine was a soldier in the van, fighting for the liberation of humanity but sometimes allowing himself unrestricted furloughs. He was the drummer for a new order, waking Europe out of its sleep. In this order, foreseen by Heine, nations would

cease to be separate entities, and boundary lines would lose their hitherto exaggerated importance. Two factions would struggle for supremacy during the coming years: one that monopolized all the glories of the commonalty because it thought itself privileged by birth, and another that vindicated the rights of man and that in the name of reason demanded the destruction of all hereditary privileges. The latter was called Democracy and Heine was its gifted bard.

Havelock Ellis, in an introductory essay to his edition of Heine's *Prose Writings* (1887), an essay reprinted five years later in the volume *The New Spirit*, also focused attention upon Heine's restless modernism: the youthful and militant Knight of the Holy Ghost, tilting against the specters of the past and liberating the imprisoned energies of the human soul; the turbulent Greek-Hebrew, who sought to mould the modern emotional spirit into classic forms; the brilliant revolutionary leader of a movement aiming at national or even world-wide emancipation. Ellis, therefore, assigned great importance to the *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, the book in which Heine touched the highest point of his enthusiasm for freedom and his faith in the possibility of human progress. In

this book, Ellis found outlined the program for the future of mankind: Heine's vision of the triumph of democracy. Ellis also took issue with the critics who saw in *Atta Troll* a sneer at the most sacred ideals of the human race. In his eyes, this mock epic was rather an assertion of these ideals against the individuals who would narrow them down to their own petty scope. It was a protest against the tame conceptions of bourgeois equality and the little catchwords of solemn, unsmiling little men. It was a defense of the inalienable rights of the spirit, rights that towered above and beyond the demands for immediate political progress. Heine's place was beside Luther and Lessing. According to Ellis, Heine was the third great intellectual liberator in the heart of Europe. His vision was directed toward a democracy of gods, all equally holy, blessed, and glorious. Others might be content with simple clothing, ascetic morals, unseasoned enjoyments. Heine desired for all mankind nectar and ambrosia, purple robes, costly perfumes, pleasure and splendor, dances of laughing nymphs, music and plays. With such an unlimited objective and with a scorn of mere palliatives, Heine was probably unfit to edit a popular democratic newspaper or to represent adequately a radical constituency. All the more

valuable he was, nevertheless, as a poetic pioneer whose thoughts ranged from the remote past to the distant future: "He represents our period of transition; he gazed, from what seemed the vulgar Pisgah of his day, behind on an Eden that was forever closed, before on a Promised Land he should never enter. While with clear sight he announced things to come, the music of the past floated up to him; he brooded wistfully over the vision of the old Olympian gods, dying, amid faint music of cymbals and flutes, forsaken, in the medieval wilderness; he heard strange sounds of psaltries and harps, the psalms of Israel, the voice of Princess Sabbath, across the waters of Babylon." [1]

Before the studies of Havelock Ellis and of William Sharp, Heine's position as the poet of the modern soul had been defined by Matthew Arnold and this tradition had taken ever deeper routes. Henry G. Hewlett, in *Fraser's Magazine* of November, 1876, had discerned in Heine an antagonism between democratic convictions and aristocratic tastes, and in Heine's works the first efforts of science, commerce, and democracy to enter upon the domain of poetry, where theology, chivalry, and feudalism had so long held undisputed sway. Charles Grant, in the *Contemporary Re-*

view of September, 1880, had joined issue with those admirers of the German lyricist, who preferred the immature *Book of Songs* and the *Travel Sketches* to the later, more substantial works. He saw Heine as the poet of an age of doubt, of intellectual ferment, of rapid spiritual transitions, of infinite hope and infinite despair; an age which at one moment clung lovingly and timorously to the breast of the past, and at the next cried passionately with outstretched hands for the baubles that gleamed through the half-closed fingers of the future.

Charles Godfrey Leland, in his translation of Heine's works, also noted the latter's startling insight into the future. Leland claimed that, even if Heine did not solve the riddles of modern man, he did state them better than any of his contemporaries. A reviewer of this translation wrote, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 16, 1892, that the taste for Heine, which was continually growing in England, was in no small measure due to his prophetic gift. Certainly there was nothing in his character to make the typical Englishman love him. He was a Jew, a renegade, a blasphemer, a voluptuary, a satirist, and a foreigner. Nevertheless, England acclaimed him, for he was so modern in his

appreciation of the irony of things — of the innate mingling of pleasure and sorrow, of anticipation and disappointment, of the life of man on this unsympathetic planet; and what Heine perceived sooner, others would perceive later, as every social problem became harder to solve and as the old satisfaction and comforts became more useless because more discredited.

To the English at the turn of the century, Heine was, however, more than merely the troubadour-errant of irony. He was forging to the fore as the "aristocrat of democracy." This title was bestowed upon him by the *Quarterly Review* in April, 1899. In an article, entitled "The Ideals of Heinrich Heine," Englishmen were taken to task for misjudging and mangling the poet's deeper meanings and feelings. They were reproached for failing to grasp that his laughter, even when most jarring, was that of earnestness, not of levity. Heine, in whom the nineteenth century had reached its epitome, was a power to be reckoned with, a master of that tragicomedy which stamped all periods when the new wine was fermenting in the old bottles. He was a European cosmopolite, not unlike Mazzini. He did not oppose the just aspirations of individual nations, but he refused to accept internecine and

racial hatreds as a basis for nationalism. Germany seemed to prefer selfish patriotism to Heine's unselfish kind and would not listen to his passionate pleadings. Therein Germany erred. Despite his veneer of mockery, he was a true patriot of his fatherland.

Edward Dowden pointed out, on the centenary of Heine's birth, that the poet was undoubtedly a brave soldier in the battle for greater freedom — but hardly a leader. Though a swarm of ideas played through his mind, he was not a coherent thinker in politics and he lacked the organizing genius which devises a campaign and sees it through to the bitter end: "A brave soldier — but undisciplined, ready in a moment to discharge a musket at his neighbor in the ranks, and therefore ill-fitted for regular service. A brilliant guerilla chief, at most, who harassed the enemy, and sometimes disturbed the encampment of his friends." [2] Heine's championship of democracy required sceptical scrutiny. Though he waged war against German aristocratic pride and privilege, he was himself an intellectual aristocrat. His sympathy for the common man was an aristocrat's luxury. He loved the common people — but at a distance. He sensed that the political future belonged to the populace

but he desired to preserve the higher rights of an aristocracy of intellect.

Dowden warned against the tendency to oversimplify the problem of Heine's unique genius. He held that Matthew Arnold erred in calling the German poet the sardonic smile, one of the moods of the World-spirit. It was, on the contrary, Heine's special characteristic that he expressed a multiplicity of the moods of the World-spirit. His genius could not be condensed into an epigram. Whoever claimed that Heine was not true to himself failed to realize that there were many different selves, many diverse souls, locked up in the one physical frame: "To belong to the past and to the future, to be romanticist and realist, to mingle Mephistopheles with Faust, to be an aristocrat and a revolutionary, to be of a tribe and of a nation, to be a patriot and a cosmopolitan, to be a monotheist through the emotions, a polytheist through the imagination, a pantheist through the intellect, to see Jerusalem through the atmosphere of Hamburg, to sit at the feet of Moses and Aristophanes, to reckon Brother Martin Luther and the Patriarch Voltaire among one's ancestry — all this makes fidelity to one's true self a difficult and intricate affair." [3]

Of Heine's many selves, the generation on the

eve of the First World War selected the one most in harmony with its aspirations for greater social equality and more political freedom. In 1905, Henry W. Nevinson, the influential publicist, began his volume on *Books and Personalities* with a long essay on Heine, the sentry of the Holy Spirit, who died at his post, fighting the good fight in the war of liberation, and forging of laughter a weapon far more powerful than violence for dissolving the bonds and formulae of distress.

The legend of Heine, the modern democrat, was carried a step further by Arthur Ransom, in the *Westminster Review* of January and February, 1911. While Matthew Arnold, William Sharp, and others had contended that all of Heine was saturated with the progressive thought and the forward striving of the nineteenth century, Ransom contended that the poet's work was equally expressive of the more advanced spirit of the early twentieth century. Not only was Heine perennially modern in the sense in which all great poets who had the genuine human touch must ever be modern, but he was also modern in a more particular sense as a fighter for the new freedom, for the democratic ideal, for the rights of man as man, as distinguished from the caste or class man. Heine, the singer of

songs, belonged to Germany; but Heine, the liberator and the keen satirist of aristocratic privilege, of political and ecclesiastical tyranny, of all kinds of Philistine narrowmindedness, belonged to England no less than to his native land.

The fighting Heine, the soldier of the pen, was also stressed by Oscar Levy in 1913, in his introduction to Hermann Scheffauer's translation of *Atta Troll.* Levy urged readers to peer below the surface of the mock epic and to penetrate to the underlying satiric tone, which was ultramodern, realistic, threatening, shrill, mocking, and insolently discordant.

The legend of Heine as the poetic pioneer of world democracy was becoming well-established even before the outbreak of the First World War, when it received its widest currency. But the other aspects of his rich personality, upon which this legend was superimposed, continued to persist in the consciousness of English readers. As a result, his literary portrait increased in complexity as the decades wore on and as his popularity remained undiminished. Englishmen in the course of time became ever more tolerant of his faults as his uniqueness and the wide span of his genius unfolded itself to their gaze. The *Saturday Review* of December

8, 1888, wrote that his poetry was brewed of tears and fire, of sundawn and moonlight, of flowers and sea-foam, of rainbow-gold and heart's blood; and that it did not matter one jot whether he who brewed it was Jew or Christian, thankless or grateful, a punctual payer of scot and lot and an estimable family man or a Bohemian and a good-for-nothing. Alfred Schumacher prefaced a twenty-five page essay on Heine, in the *Manchester Quarterly* of 1900, with the remark that no German poet, not even Goethe, had in that year an equally wide circle of readers throughout the globe. Eight years later, the *Edinburgh Review* voiced a similar opinion on Heine's continuing vogue: "From generation to generation his songs have touched countless hearts, have brought to the simple and to the wise, to the sad as to the happy, to youth with its onlooking eyes of eagerness and hope, to age with its backward gaze and spring-green memories, the greatest gifts art can bring: a sense of quickened emotion, a sense of a keener recognition of the pulses of tenderness and passion that beat under the gross material semblances of men's prosaic life-days. . . . His songs are one long cry of distress, broken with anger, vibrating with mockery; they are threaded with a hopelessness that takes

refuge in levity and a passion, which, as if ashamed of its barren impotence, puts on the ribald cap and bells of the professed wit and licensed humorist." [4]

In 1906, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Heine's death, Horace B. Samuel paid tribute to him, in the *Fortnightly Review*, as one of the most complex of modern poets, one who combined the beautiful, the grand, and the tragic, with the ugly, the petty, and the comic. In a prefatory sonnet, Samuel interpreted the Janus-like nature of the adored poet: [5]

> Life has two faces Janus-like, the one
> Grim, old, grotesque; a foul and dark wound sears
> Its riven visage, and a grin it wears
> Alaughs its own grotesqueness; dauntless, lone,
> It stares the void, but worst of all undergone,
> How dead this cold security from fears;
> Yet ever and anon life's mortal tears
> Roll slowly down, each as a silent stone.
> The other smooth and young and all afire
> With the Love and Light and Laughter of the earth,
> Bright as the golden chords of a mystic lyre
> Singing a sweet ineffable refrain,
> A faery fantasy of delicate mirth;
> And thou, O Heine, art Life's faces twain.

Tributes in verse were not infrequent ever since Arnold's poem, "Heine's Grave." [6] They furnished additional evidence of the fascination he exercised

upon the imagination of English disciples. Baron Rennell Rodd, who included a considerable number of translations from Heine in his own collection of poems, published in 1888 under the title *The Unknown Madonna*, introduced his English version of the immortal lyrics with the following lines:

> Faint echoes of a voice that sung
> The song of every day,
> With music at the bitter tongue
> That took the sting away:
> For sweeter singer never smote
> On such a simple lyre,
> Nor stayed on such a simple note
> The fugitive desire.
> The voice is hushed that battled long
> With passion and with pain,
> But from the fount of living song
> The echoes rise again.

Two years earlier, on the tenth anniversary of Heine's death in Parisian exile, Henry C. Irwin paid tribute to him as the non-German, as the singer of the revolutionary spirit whose home was in the French capital:

> Sound sleep the dead who lie in German earth:
> So saidst thou, but O Heine, not for thee
> Such sleep as theirs. Save love for Germany
> Little in thee was German. At thy birth
> Large wealth of scorn, unconquerable mirth,

A heart untameable and savage wit,
Blent with a strain of pathos infinite
The gods vouchsafed thee, and what these were worth
Thou taughtest all men from thy mattress tomb.
Child of the Revolution wert thou, yea,
Revolt incarnate; and its meetest home
Thine aweless spirit in its brightest day
In that bright city found where now, thy doom,
Of strife fulfilled, thou restest from the fray.

Humbert Wolfe, who owed much to Heine, composed lyrics, on three different occasions, in tribute to his adored hero. One lyric, entitled *Heine's Last Song*, was an imaginative re-creation of the final mood of the martyr of Montmartre. Another lyric was an epitaph that might fittingly be carved upon the tomb of the sensitive soul that throughout a lifetime sought to express its every mood and that nevertheless failed to yield its innermost secret. A third lyric was an attempted characterization of Heine's poetry, written in the Heine-tone, and embodied in the preface of Wolfe's translations from the *Book of Songs:* [7]

The nightingale, that usual bird, the rose,
The tritest of all flowers, and the spring
Duller, if possible, than both of those,
With love and pain, were all you had to sing.

These, Heinrich Heine, and some woman's face
As ordinary as a bank of daisies,

Were all you had, pathetic commonplace
Of verse, and yet you sang the rest to blazes.

And why? because you were the nightingale
Or felt her feathers beat against your throat.
You had seen the actual rose, and the first pale
Leaves of young April were the ink in which you wro

You had the authentic cadence of blossom moving
Of its own impulse, as the petal uncurled,
Heine, when all of us grow weary of loving,
The young untired lover of the world.

Echoes of Heine's German songs often fou their way into English lyrics of high quality. S. Wormley was able to prove the influence of Hei upon the poetry of James Thomson, especial *Vane's Story*, and upon that of William Ern Henley and Alfred Noyes. This American schol also succeeded in ferreting out striking similariti between the German poet and Owen Meredit William Sharp, Mary Elizabeth Coleridge, Robe Louis Stevenson, Ernest Dowson, William Allin ham, and Arthur Symons.[8] A. E. Housman's sin larity to Heine was first noted by Edmund Gos in 1923 and since then other scholars have prov an actual influence of *Lyrical Intermezzo* up this extremely meticulous poet.[9] Housman hir self stated that the chief sources of which he w

conscious, when composing the *Shropshire Lad*, were Shakespeare's songs, Scottish Border ballads, and Heine. Humbert Wolfe, reversing the temptation to call Housman a disciple of Heine, called the latter the A. E. Housman of Germany and the *Book of Songs* the German equivalent of the *Shropshire Lad:* "It is this simplicity of sorrow, this naïveté that can by its mere self-consciousness stylize emotions formless to the point of imbecility that unites these two poets spiritually . . . Each poet takes matchless advantage of the idiosyncrasies of his own speech. Housman rings his monosyllables like a muffled hammer beating in the fatal coffin-nail. Heine sways his dissyllables like the slow bell swinging. More cannot be done with language." [10]

Robert Bridges apostrophized Emily Brontë in verses that, he frankly confessed, were modelled after Heine's *Du hast Diamanten.* The poem opened with the stanza:

> Thou hadst all Passion's splendor,
> Thou hadst abounding store
> Of heaven's eternal jewels,
> Beloved; what would'st thou more?

Bridges, poet-laureate of the early twentieth century, was delighted since his earliest days by the

gems of the *Book of Songs* and he recorded l
impressions of this popular collection in a poem th
bore the German title *Buch der Lieder:*

Be these the selfsame verses
That once when I was young
Charmed me with dancing magic
To love their foreign tongue,

Delicate buds of passion,
Gems of a master's art,
That broke forth rivalling Nature
In love-songs of the heart;

Like fresh leaves of the woodland
Whose trembling screen would house
The wanton birdies courting
Upon the springing boughs?

Alas, how now they are wither'd!
And fallen from the skies
In yellowy tawny crumple
Their tender wreckage lies,

And all their ravisht beauty
Strewn 'neath my feet today
Rustles as I go striding
Upon my wintry way.

Olive Schreiner, the South-African writer,
peatedly asserted that Heine's grave was for her
most sacred spot in Europe. Shelley and Heine w
the two poets who meant most to her, even as th

had meant most to James Thomson, and she identified herself with them in a personal way. She felt that the real Heine, the infinitely burning, tender, passionate heart, could be known only to a few and that she was of those few to whom he spoke heart to heart. In a letter of April 21, 1884, addressed to Havelock Ellis, she wrote concerning Heine: "I personify myself with him. I know how and why he wrote every line that he did write. There is more depth and passion in one of his sneers, more quivering tenderness veiled under it, than in the outcries of half the world. I feel that I owe a debt of personal gratitude to the girl who comforted him in his mattress-grave." [11] Twenty-two years later, she elaborated this last thought in a letter of September 10, 1906. After telling her correspondent of her life-long interest in Heine, especially the later Heine, "that beautiful bright joy-loving soul dying away by inches and fighting to the end," she continued: "If only I could have been that woman who went to him at the end and cheered and comforted him. The very name of the Rue d'Amsterdam is to me sacred because he lay there. I know that other men have suffered but not just so, because he was in a way alone to the end. If anyone showed me a lock of hair and said 'That

is Wordsworth's,' I should look at it and pass on; if they said it is Shakespeare's or Shelley's I should stroke it and if it was Shelley's kiss it, but I should lock it up in the drawer; but if it was Heine's I should carry it about with me wherever I went. I don't know why I love him so." [12]

Heine's enduring popularity was aided by the unending stream of musical compositions based on his lyrics. He ranked first among all the poets as the inspirer of composers. In Germany alone there were until the year 1912 no fewer than 4259 musical settings of his poems as compared with 2660 based on Goethe's poems. English composers could not vie successfully with Schubert and Schumann, Mendelssohn and Franz, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Brahms, but they made the attempt ever since the eighteen-forties. In 1888, John P. Anderson included, in the bibliography he appended to Sharp's *Life of Heine*, a formidable list of English composers who set Heine-songs to music. Jenny Lind and Pauline Viardot in the mid-nineteenth century formed the vanguard of the great lieder-singers who came to England on concert tours and familiarized English audiences with the melodious verses of Heine in the original tongue. Pauline Viardot, who is today best remembered as the inspirer of the

Russian novelist Ivan Turgenev, even tried her own skill at setting Heine to music. English audiences, generally unfamiliar with German, divined the quality of the lyricist through these musical interpretations. Besides, though none of the translations of Heine's complete works was wholly adequate, there were so many different English versions of individual songs and ballads that a careful sifting of the vast number could bring together a moderately satisfactory reproduction of Heine, the lyricist. Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker, the daughter of the exiled German political poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, undertook such a task in 1887. For her Heine-edition, she selected from the many versions at her disposal the one rendering that in each case seemed, in her opinion, most successful. A proper choice was not always easy. The magic touch of Heine eluded most of his imitators. How many of these there were becomes evident from the list of those translators who survived her sifting and whose products were included in her volume. Besides herself, she included Theodore Martin, Charles Godfrey Leland, J. E. Wallis, Alma Strettell, Francis Hueffer, George MacDonald, A. Rogers, Ernest Radford, W. H. Furness, Emma Lazarus, John Todhunter, H. S. Jarrett, who wrote

under the pseudonym of "Stratheir," Edgar Alfred Bowring, John Stores Smith, who used the pseudonym of "John Ackerlos," Richard Garnett, Franklin Johnson, James Thomson, Heinrich Herz, John Snodgrass, Alexander Macmillan, Alfred Baskerville, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Julian Fane, Mary Howitt, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Emily Pfeiffer, Charles Stuart Calverley, Frank Siller, Franciska Ruge, Lord Houghton, Lord Lytton, E. B. Shuldham.

Since this edition of 1887, numerous other translators have tried to render Heine and the end of such efforts is not in sight. English critics, familiar with the original, were rarely satisfied with Heine in the new tongue. Their resentment at some versions often found vent in violent outbursts. Thus, Robert Buchanan attacked Sir Theodore Martin for stripping the German poet of impishness and devilishness and clothing him with too much respectability. Heine could not be laced in a Court suit. An interpreter who would do justice to him must possess something of his nature — free, wild, wicked, overbold. "Heine himself carried his wickedness to the extent of hating England and Englishmen with all his heart. His cup of hate would have

been full, if he had lived to read Mr. Martin's translation." [13]

William Ernest Henley was no less bitter about Heine translations. He too attacked Theodore Martin's version as a horrible example. In an article, entitled "Heine, the Villainy of Translation," he analyzed the original text and explained the pitfalls that beset the best-intentioned disciples of Heine. He characterized the German's lyrical form as follows: "His verses dance and sway like the nixies he loved. Their every motion seems informed with the perfect suavity and spontaneity of pure nature. They tinkle down the air like sunset bells, they float like clouds, they wave like flowers, they twitter like skylarks, they have in them something of the swiftness and the certainty of exquisite physical sensations. In such a transcript as Sir Theodore's all this is lost; Heine becomes a mere prentice-metrist; he sets the teeth on edge as surely as Browning himself; the verse that recalled a dance of naiads suggests a springless cart on a highland road; Terpsichore is made to prance a hobnailed breakdown. The poem disappears, and in its place you have an indifferent copy of verse." [14] No wonder, therefore, that Lafcadio Hearn, who had a fine taste for

poetry, preferred to read Heine in the French prose-version approved by the German poet than in the English verse-translations available to him.

The Irish writer Coulson Kernahan remained loyal to Heine for more than half a century. A gap of fifty-four years separated his first article, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1886, under the title "Some Aspects of Heine," and his second article, which appeared in the *Dublin Review* of January, 1940, under the title "Wilde and Heine." Kernahan's approach was at first that of the Victorians. He followed in the footsteps of Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and Emma Lazarus. As a friend of Oscar Wilde, he found much similarity between the life and ideas of the German exile who died in Paris in the year Wilde was born and the no less tempestuous life and no less iconoclastic ideas of this Irish poet who also ended his days as a Parisian exile. If Wilde was a creature of moods and moments, delighting and outraging readers because of his paradoxical behavior and utterances, Heine, his Continental predecessor, mirrored to an even greater extent the antithetical cross-currents that swept through the modern soul. "He is by turns a Greek and a Jew, a German and a Frenchman, a moralist and a libertine, a poet and

a politician, a sentimentalist and a satirist. He is tossed hither and thither by his passing moods, as withered leaves are tossed by autumn winds. In his gayest mirth we catch the glitter of tear-drops, in his loudest laughter we hear a wail of despair . . . The lines seem to drip blood as we read them, and a strange awe holds us spellbound — when, suddenly, there flashes across the page, like a gleam of purple lightning, one of those deadly coruscations of wit with which Heine struck and stabbed at many a reputation. Hardly has the deep thunder-roll of savage laughter died away, before there rises again the wail and cry as of the death-agony of a lost soul; and then there is a sudden change in the music, and the lines skip and leap, ripple and run as if to the accompaniment of dancing feet. Now he holds us in awe solemn and silent as when we stand at twilight in the cool recesses of some dim-aisled minster, and listen to the dying cadences of the organ song; now there rises in the silence which he himself has created a wild burst of mocking and ribald laughter." [15]

Maurice Hewlett looked up to Heine as the best lyric poet in the world's history. This successful English novelist, who was less successful in his striving for the poetic laurel, wrote towards the end of his life, in January, 1919: "I think that if I could be

sure I had done one lyric or one lyric passage as good as Heine, I would let everything else I have done go to the devil." [16]

Humbert Wolfe, writing in 1930, marvelled that Heine's popularity in England had suffered no diminution even though an entire century had passed since this poet who had been cradled in the Rousseau atmosphere of the Romantic generation had first come to the fore. This enigmatic figure was the eternal tenor in an everlasting spotlight: "And yet he remains, and will remain to thrill generation after generation of youth. Only Goethe among the Germans rivals his poetic reputation, and, like Goethe's, through all the changing whims of fashion, his star suffers no declension. What is the secret of this German Jew who became a French Christian, this revolutionary who lived on Government funds, this most weakling of lovers who died with a gallant jest on his lips. The question itself carries part of the reply. Heine did not say consciously 'Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself.' But far more than Walt Whitman he imparted that sharp savor of contrast that surprises and excites the palate of the mind. He was a shocking sentimentalist, but he was the first to recognize it. Humanity that, in spite of all culture, wants a good cry and a

good laugh, got them both, and was astounded to learn that the benefactor was a serious poet, admitted as such by the gravest critics." [17]

During the First World War, which many Englishmen viewed as a conflict of opposing ideologies, Heine did not suffer appreciably from the hostile propaganda directed at all persons and things German. There is no evidence that his popularity diminished to any extent. The ultrapatriotic literary scholar Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, in 1915, that German authors had always been absurdly overvalued in England — "even Goethe was a pensive old uncle" — but an exception must be made in behalf of Heine. He alone well merited his unique position and high rank.[18]

The *Quarterly Review* of December, 1914, in an article on "The German Spirit," discussed the War as an irreconcilable conflict between two ideals of life. Liberty, democracy, and the moral law were ranged in battle order against physical force, militarism, and the claims for universal domination. Heine, though a German, foresaw this conflict and warned against the berserker rage that would break out in Germany, when once the taming force of Christianity lost its hold there. The twentieth century witnessed the fulfillment of Heine's prophecy

of a Teutonic return to Paganism, to the ancestral religion of blood and iron.

During the turbulent war-years England often recalled Heine's devotion to the cause of liberty, his crusade against German tyrannies, his championship of the oppressed in every land. It glossed over his disparaging remarks concerning English characteristics, since, after all, these remarks referred to a generation of long ago, the pre-Victorian ancestors who were not so remarkably progressive from the viewpoint of their twentieth-century descendants. There was hence general disapproval of a proposal, in 1917, to remove the Heine-tablet from 32 Craven Street in London, a tablet commemorating Heine's stay there in 1827. Letters to the *London Times* on March 1, 1917, complained that such a proposal could only be the result of profound ignorance of all that Heine stood for. One of the correspondents, C. E. Stockton, asked whether the English wished to imitate the action of their foe, Kaiser Wilhelm II, who on buying the estate of the Empress of Austria in Corfu caused the Heine statue on the grounds of the Achilleion to be removed.

The tablet was not destroyed. Heine continued to be read during the War and the postwar years, and, despite his diatribes on Britain, the British

rushed to his defense. For was he not a pioneer of the democratic tradition for which young English and American idealists were dying on the battlefields of Europe? Did he not belong to the phalanx of men of genius, warriors of thought, whose mere names were the rallying points of humanity? To live the life that Heine lived, despite his many errors, required more courage and self-sacrifice than to wear a gold chain and to be Ducal Minister at Weimar. Goethe was solely a great poet. But Heine had, in addition, the glory of leading and inspiring the onward march of man and also of suffering in that supreme cause.

Michael Monahan expressed these views in his Heine-biography of 1923, expanding an earlier study of 1911. He did not endorse the war propaganda which depicted Heine as a Teutonophobe who hated and despised everything Germanic. The Irish biographer devoted an entire chapter to weighty evidence that the poet loved his Fatherland deeply and that he suffered a cruel nostalgia during all the years of his enforced exile in France. What Heine did hate with a bitter and truceless hatred, according to Monahan, was the divine-right, monarchical superstition and the hereditary noble caste supporting it. What he did detest most vehe-

mently was the official governing class: the stupid legislators who had interdicted his writings and had kept him an exile. He yearned for the spiritual Germany, its hallowed traditions, its marvelous legends, its august historic memories, while he opposed the material Germany, given over to the rule of tyrants with their satrapies of bigots and fools.

Michael Monahan's volume was the earliest of nine full-length biographies of Heine, which appeared in English in the interval between the two World Wars. Ludwig Diehl's biographic novel, published in 1926, borrowed its title *The Sardonic Smile* from Arnold's essay of 1863. Lewis Browne's *That Man Heine* was a best seller in 1927. Other biographies followed in rapid succession: by Henry Baerlein in 1928, H. G. Atkins in 1929, H. Walter in 1930, Ludwig Marcuse in 1933, Antonina Vallentin in 1934, and Louis Untermeyer in 1937. These books and the unending flood of translations, scholarly monographs, and popular articles attested to the continuing vogue of this many-sided personality in the 1920's and 1930's.

Henry Baerlein's biography, *Heine, the Strange Guest*, best exemplified the sane, uncontroversial approach during the earlier decade. It gave the known facts accurately and soberly. It avoided

scintillating brilliance and refrained from claiming the poet for any contemporary political party or economic group. Heine's achievements, stripped of emotional partisanship, thus loomed more clearly and convincingly. Baerlein's final judgment of his hero was as follows: "He who injudiciously would lift Heine into the heavens, he would do violence to truth and to Heine as he wished to be. Much did the poet scoff at, much did he destroy; but also a great deal did he rebuild and raise up out of the deep places of his heart. Certain roads he mined, yet many roads he traced; and as a road-maker let us honor him." [19]

Walter, in his volume of 1930, attempted a critical examination of the poet and his works. Walter's Heine was not a pessimist akin to Leopardi or James Thomson but rather an incredible incarnation of unconquerable optimistic egotism. He was not insincere but rather the man of the moment, the artist of momentary impressions. He was consistent in being ever inconsistent. He was true to his convictions but his convictions were never stable, for they were governed by his moods and these were ever changing. He was not a Jewish poet any more than Chamisso, who was born of French parentage, was a French poet. His so-called Oriental imagery

was an affectation and less dazzling than the Oriental verses of Lamartine or Victor Hugo. His poetry drew its best nourishment from the soil of European culture; Occidental feeling and thought were the fundamental conditions of its development. In politics he was temperamentally an aristocrat but the reactionary stupidities of the Metternich regime drove him into the republican camp. His function in the war of liberation of mankind was to make this regime appear foolish in the eyes of all thoughtful men. Therein he succeeded perfectly. His wit was the deadly weapon nature placed in his hand and he wielded it with deadly effect.

In contrast to the unsensational stand of Baerlein and of Walter is the more argumentative biography by Ludwig Marcuse, which was written originally for Germans on the eve of Hitler's rise to power and which was translated for English readers in the fateful year 1933. The nervous unrest of the early Nineteen-Thirties is reflected in its pages and in its very title: *Heine, A Life Between Love and Hate.* These were the years of class conflicts and passionately held opinions, when storm-troops of various ideologies fought for dominance in the streets of German cities and when calm objectivity, even on the part of scholars, was

rejected as a confession of weakness. Marcuse's biography has therefore less value as a statement of facts than as a collection of insights and intuitive flashes and as a seismograph of the German state of mind during the dying days of the Weimar Republic. Heine is shown as a bourgeois revolutionary and as a discomfited pagan — traits equally characteristic of his biographer. Much is made of his rôle as a link between Germany and France — again an ideal of his biographer, then also on the verge of exile. The fact that Germany tolerated no memorial to Heine leads Marcuse to the following interesting conclusion: "He has a memorial in every soul that understands his songs. He has a memorial in every mind that realizes his — our — situation between unbelief and the soul's nostalgia, between bourgeois culture and a post-bourgeois social order. But if he is ever to have a memorial that is not only in the heads and hearts of individuals but is the recognition of a community — then let it be on the day when France and Germany abandon their centuries' old enmity. And let it not be in Düsseldorf that is ashamed of him, nor in Hamburg where his only pleasure lay in thinking himself superior to everyone else — but somewhere along the frontier between France and Germany,

where the nightingales sing and the air is fragrant with the scent of flowers." [20]

The year 1940 saw not the fulfillment of this wish but rather the crushing of France by armed warriors from across the Rhine. The English, watching in horror the collapse of their strongest ally of that year, recalled Heine's prophetic warnings of more than a century earlier. The *New Statesman and Nation* of June 22, 1940, reprinted, under the title "Heine's Warning to France," excerpts from his *Religion and Philosophy in Germany* — excerpts which had been deleted by the Prussian censor from the first German edition of 1835 and which had then appeared only in the French edition. James Thomson had printed these very excerpts during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 under the heading: *How Heine Forewarned France*. The editor in 1940 noted that Heine's works were again banned in Germany. All the more reason for the English to remember them! In these excerpts, Heine warned of the German thunderbolt that would surely come one day and that would crash as never before in the world's history. His statement that at this commotion the eagles would drop dead from the skies was underlined by the English journal, since it sounded like

a foreboding of the air attacks which in June, 1940, were increasing in violent intensity over the British Isles. Heine's apocalyptic visions had become stark reality.

Did he not foretell — thus ran the Heine comment in England at the height of the Second World War — that in Germany there would be played a drama compared to which the French Revolution would seem but an innocent idyl and that, as on the steps of an amphitheater, the nations would group themselves around Germany to witness the terrible combat? Did he not implore Germany's neighbors for their own good to be ever on guard, eternally vigilant, weapons in hand? Did he not foresee the collapse of Western culture and its replacement by a new order that would be ruled by the passions of the uncultivated rabble, a new society that would ostracize pure art and expel the idle poet, a society that might be compared to an equally shorn and equally bleating herd over which ruled a single herdsman with an iron staff? How easily his words could be re-interpreted as a prophecy of the Nazi-dominated Europe at the opening of the Nineteen-Forties! Did he not also advise late descendants to come into the world with a very thick skin, because the future reeked of blood, disas-

ter, and godlessness? "Wild gloomy times are booming anear and the prophet who undertakes to write a new apocalypse will have to invent new monsters and indeed such terrible monsters that the old symbolic beasts of the Apostle John appear in comparison as mere doves and amorettes."

For the generation of the Nineteen-Forties, therefore, Heine lost none of the vividness and immediacy which he possessed for previous generations. In Germany his reputation ever ebbed and flowed. In England his position remained secure. In Germany the "Heine-controversy" raged for over a century and the excommunication of 1835 was repeated in 1933. In England there was no Heine controversy ever since his fame reached its crest in the mid-Victorian era but only varying friendly interpretations of the quality of his genius. His hold upon the English imagination was never really shaken and he was at no time without sincere admirers. In the land of his birth, his praises could not be sung as long as the racial doctrines of the Third Reich held sway. The official Nazi literary historian Adolf Bartels went so far as to deny him the right to his own name and suggested, even before the adoption of the Nuremberg racial laws, that the poet be hereafter dubbed Chaim

Bückeburg. In England, however, in the land he unfortunately misunderstood and frivolously misjudged, he was more profoundly understood and more tolerantly judged. If the Germans have at times laid claim to Shakespeare on the ground that they have better appreciated this genius of Britain than did his own compatriots, then the English may well claim Heine as their own, since they have felt for more than a century the force and spell of his personality and have made many of his ideas and songs a part of their own tradition.

CHAPTER VII

Citizen of the World

WHEN the Second World War was nearing its end, the question foremost in the minds of Englishmen was how to organize the coming peace so as to forestall a repetition of the horrible ordeal to which they and their European allies had been subjected for five long years. Plans, realistic and Utopian, were aired in press and parliament by publicists and statesmen. In these discussions, Heine's analysis of the German mind was often recalled and Heine's advice to Germany's neighbors to be eternally on guard was given wide circulation. Heine, the political and social thinker, came more and more to the fore, while Heine, the singer of love and of nature, receded to the background.

Vernon Bartlett, a member of the British House of Commons, quoted Heine as his authority on the necessity of taming the German spirit because it was fundamentally Pagan despite its Christian veneer. The Englishman's *Prescription for Ger-*

many was printed in the *New York Times* on July 23, 1944. With keen insight into coming events, he warned that the greatest danger to the victorious powers would come after the collapse of their mighty foe. He prophesied that the defeated Germans would change with disarming ease from a genuine admiration of brutality to an equally genuine admiration of the simple virtues of family life. German generals and industrialists would harp on the Communist danger in the post-War years in the hope that they might be chosen as instruments of the United Nations in order to keep this danger from spreading westward. He foretold that the ordinary British or American soldier in the Armies of Occupation would be filled with sympathy for the ordinary bewildered and hungry German civilian and would want to see the rapid restoration of order and stability. British and American politicians and businessmen would clamor for the rebuilding of German industry in the interest of a more efficient world economy and for the return of German military power as a bulwark against the Eastern menace. Bartlett advocated for those fateful post-War years frequent re-reading of Heine's words of wisdom: "Heine, one realizes, was a good prophet as well as the most charming of all Ger-

man poets. Little wonder that anyone who quotes his verses today in Germany is bundled off to a concentration camp." Bartlett held that, before Germany could become politically adult, she would have to go through that difficult and dangerous phase which Heine foresaw, that social revolution which would put an end to German joy in cruelty, German hero-worship, German boastfulness and inferiority complexes. When this inner crash came, Bartlett hoped that the Allies would follow Heine's advice and would refrain from taking sides. Despite English dislike of violent change, the victors must under no circumstances link up with German reactionaries and, most important of all, "there must be persistent endeavor to maintain good relations between the Anglo-Saxon countries and the Soviet Union."

Hardly were the guns stilled and the menace of a Nazi or Fascist dictatorship over the free peoples of the Occident averted, however, when the ideological clash between East and West, which Bartlett and others had feared, flared up with ever increasing intensity. Before peace could be cemented, the Anglo-American powers and the Soviet Union began to vie for the soul of Germany. In this contest, the shade of Heine, the political poet and

pamphleteer, was invoked in support now of the Democratic position and now of the Communist position.

The Communist attitude towards this warrior of the pen had been formulated in Moscow as early as 1937 by Georg Lucacz, the Hungarian exile whose pronouncements on German literature carried great weight in radical circles. Lucacz published his essay on Heine in two issues of the periodical *Internationale Literatur*. He stressed the revolutionary greatness of the poet. Compared to Heine, non-revolutionary lyricists like Mörike were but nice pygmies. No poet since Goethe could rank as his equal. His devastating irony against pseudo-medievalism might be even more fatal for the Third Reich than for the Prussia of the mid-nineteenth century. The Nazis sensed his power and, therefore, burned his books and took energetic steps to eradicate his influence from the consciousness of the enslaved German people. Heine's name would nevertheless be linked forever with the names of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin, and the victorious German revolutionary regime that was bound to succeed Hitlerism would erect a suitable monument to this early fighter against the scum of Fascism.[1]

In contrast to the Communist stress on Heine's radicalism, English and American writers tended to go to the other extreme and to call attention to his fundamental conservatism. Typical of these post-War voices were the American, Clement Vollmer in 1946, and the Englishman, F. McEachran in 1947.

Vollmer entitled his essay in the *South Atlantic Quarterly: Heine's Conservatism.* Unable to deny the presence of some radical ideas in Heine's thinking, Vollmer nevertheless maintained that the poet's thought-life as a whole was restrained by certain basic conservative attitudes which inspired him to warn his era against a too-rapid swing to the left. Heine's record showed him to be only slightly left of center. He was not a racial fanatic like some of his Romantic contemporaries but he worshipped the older traditional Germanic culture as fervently as did the most ardent pan-Germanist of his day. His aesthetic sensitiveness was disturbed by the constant tendency of liberalism to degenerate to the most fantastic radicalism and to uncultivated animalism. He objected vigorously to any form of imposed equality among human beings, to any compulsory system that would macadamize life.

Vollmer, who was professor at Duke University

in North Carolina, transformed Heine into a respectable Southern gentleman who believed that all sectors of the population, black and white, Jew and Christian, plebeian and aristocrat, should receive equal treatment before the law but who envisaged the destruction of all beautiful values on this globe if a compulsory system of social and cultural equality were introduced. Since only Socialists and Communists advocated the levelling of social classes, Heine, the conservative thinker, attacked these groups as the very dregs of human society, as wandering rodents, as scourges of our modern civilization, as blood-brothers of the atheists whom he despised: "Heine knew what it meant to suffer, to be enslaved and thwarted by the racial, religious, and social prejudices of others. And yet, in spite of their suffering, he did not believe that these proletarian masses could be relied upon to govern themselves justly and successfully. His 'liberalism' was far too conservative to advocate any high degree of self-government for them. He questioned their sound judgment, their good taste, their self-control, particularly in great political crises. . . . Liberals, who would properly understand his influence upon his century and his failure to aid their cause in any practical manner will find the ex-

planation in the fact that his conservative soul was chiefly interested in preserving what was sound and worthy in the past rather than in surrendering the civilization of his day to the experimentation of over-enthusiastic reformers." [2]

McEachran, writing in the *Contemporary Review* in 1947, did not go as far as Vollmer in clothing Heine with respectability and conservatism. He even conceded Heine's lack of respectability but he re-interpreted this phrase to mean freedom from prejudices. Heine, it was true, had little use for the established governments of his day, but he also had just as little use for the ideologists who wanted to set up a new government and build the ideal state. Heine did indeed collaborate temporarily with Karl Marx but this collaboration gave him his insight into the perils of Communism and led him to champion the free human spirit. He was a fighter for liberty but not for equality: "No one can read him and remain totalitarian for very long. We may not agree with his trenchant division into Nazarenes and Hellenes, but few of us today would not wish to assert the human individual where possible. The Nazarene fog of Heine's day has largely gone, but another has come in its place of a more political kind and of that we may beware." [3]

McEachran linked Heine not with his Romantic generation but with an earlier one, with the generation of Lessing, Herder, and Goethe. The mid-nineteenth century poet was, politically speaking, a cosmopolitan of the eighteenth-century tradition. He was a good European but he also had a distinct flair for the peculiar qualities of the various nations and he, therefore, looked forward to a concert of nations rather than to the abolition of the sovereign state. This good European wanted human beings and political entities to coöperate in a voluntary union for the greater good of all but at the same time he did not want to see their distinguishing characteristics eradicated. He had a strong sense of individual personality: "It is indeed this intense feeling of individual worth which provides the key to the apparent dualism in his nature, the combination of opposite qualities which so astonished the contemporary world. Fundamentally he was an individual of an aristocratic aloofness who believed in liberty but not in equality, and was in fact poles removed from any idea of leveling out the social classes. . . . He was a liberal in that he urged men to throw off the shackles of despotism in both thought and deed, but he urged it for individuals, not for humanity-at-large. This is why

he did not like the German social revolutionaries he met in Paris, nor they him. He smelt the Nazarenes in their doctrines and they in him the unprincipled aristocrat. Quite rightly so, in so far as a pagan does not believe in ideals but only in human personality. . . . Cesare Borgia and Pope Julius II of the epoch of the Renaissance would have been Heine's ideal of the future humanity, just as a generation later they were that of Nietzsche." [4]

As the struggle between East and West deepened towards the close of the Nineteen-Forties, each camp sought to enlist Heine on its side. Writers of both camps, however, were in agreement on one aspect of the poet's personality: he was a Citizen of the World and not primarily a German or a Jew: he was the forerunner of the Good European whose fealty was to the United Nations and not to any single sovereign state: he was the cosmopolite who broke through the artificial political barriers that separated one people from another and whose slogan was "Individuals of the world, unite!"

The first post-War edition of Heine's works in the original tongue, designed to be circulated in the zones of all the four occupying powers, therefore stressed this aspect of the poet. It appeared in Vienna in 1946 under the editorship of Otto Stöber. Simi-

larly, the comprehensive selection of Heine's prose and poetry which was prepared for English and American readers and which left press on the eve of 1949 began with an essay on the poet under the title *Humanity's Soldier* and concluded with a collection of extracts entitled *Citizen of the World*.[5]

Frederic Ewen, the author of the essay, viewed Heine as the champion of the life-affirming progressive forces, as a realist who never separated the word from the deed and the deed from its social consequences, as a hater of war and economic privilege, as a modern whose eyes pierced the future and who foresaw a great confederation of peoples — the Holy Alliance of Nations, as a true Citizen of the World who wished to bring Germany into the mainstream of European history and culture. That Heine did not succeed in this last task was the tragedy of Germany and of the world. Some day, however, the world may achieve complete justice. Then the common man, who read Heine and who kept his memory alive for generations, will honor in him not only the poet of love but also the bard of freedom, the far-seeing social thinker, the good soldier in the wars of human liberation.

In 1951, Ludwig Marcuse adapted his biography of Heine for post-War readers. From his new

vantage-point at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, Marcuse surveyed the storm that had raged about Heine in the heart of Europe and noted that one could trace the genealogy of German decay by tracing the increasing antagonism of Germans towards Heine from Count von Platen to Richard Wagner, from Wagner to Heinrich von Treitschke, from Treitschke to Adolf Bartels, and from Bartels to Julius Streicher. Marcuse held that anti-humanistic and anti-European Germany had always associated the name of Heine with everything that was opposed to national selfishness. In our day, however, after the defeat of the Third Reich, Heine had emerged more alive, more meaningful, and more contemporary than the majority of those who now write and orate as functionaries of well-established parties. According to Marcuse, Heine opposed wars and revolutions and clung to the credo that mankind was destined for happiness and not for battling and killing.

It is thus obvious, if we would judge from the most recent editions of Heine's works in the original tongue and in translation and from the unending flow of scholarly studies and critical appraisals, that the poet is still felt as a living force in England and America, in France and in Russia, and

again, to an increasing extent, in his native country, which has been liberated from the Nazi nightmare. Like all living forces, Heine is subject to change and transformation in time and space. The mid-twentieth century legend of Heine is far removed from its pre-Victorian progenitor and the English legend bears the Anglo-Saxon imprint as surely as the Russian legend bears the Moscow imprint.

Each age and each people have had an affinity for some distinct aspect of the complex personality and have superimposed their new insight upon the insights of their predecessors. A survey of the English legend from 1828 to the present day reveals many varying and often contradictory approaches and interpretations.

And the real Heine?

Was he the blackguard and apostate that the pre-Victorians saw or the martyr of Montmartre envisaged by the Early Victorians? Was he the continuator of Goethe, as proclaimed by the mid-Victorians, or the Hellenist and cultural pessimist heralded by the Late Victorians? Was he the Wandering Jew that his co-religionists perceived or the bard of democracy that the generation between two World Wars hailed? Finally, was he the Citizen of the World that the mid-twentieth century, sur-

feited with nationalism and racism, took to its heart? He was all these and much more. As each generation, past and present, read its longings and fears, its ideals and its aversions, into his personality, so likewise will generations yet unborn continue to wrestle with the mystery of his being and will find ever more facets in it. They will not fail to thrill to the magic of his verses and to the rhythmic power of his prose and they will again and again re-interpret his challenging ideas in the light of their own as yet unpredictable experiences.

And the real Heine?

The dust that became incandescent and sentient, that flared for a moment in spiritual brightness, and that then returned to the earth — is it any more real than the image which lightning-like flashed through the mind of Matthew Arnold, as he stood beside the grave on Montmartre, and stirred this mind to elegiac verses aglow with beauty? Is it any more real than the vision which inspired George Eliot to pen her most memorable essay, or the ghost which haunted James Thomson as he strode through the City of Dreadful Night, or the phantom which caused an upsurge of hate in the heart of Carlyle and an upsurge of love in the hearts of Emma Lazarus and Olive Schreiner?

Fragments of hours in the life of Heine have survived, the fragments which found embodiment in manuscripts now yellowed with age; and, in addition, the legend of Heine, in ever new transformations, winds its way past generations of men far removed from him in space and ever further in time. These fragments — echoes of experiences in the form of songs and ballads — still resound from the lips of young lovers in the wonderful month of May and still warm aged cynics beside wintry hearths. This legend of a strange seer and a brave warrior of the pen still excites and stimulates readers and writers of our day and still influences public opinion on burning issues of politics, society, and morality.

The legend of Heine may perhaps prove to be no less important in the history of intellectual life than the so-called reality of Heine, even as the legend of Hamlet, which Shakespeare immortalized, far outweighs in importance the shadowy activities of the historic Prince of Denmark, and even as the legend of Faust, which Marlowe versified and Goethe perpetuated, carries profounder significance for us than the alchemistic exploits of the sixteenth century humanist and charlatan.

The English have extracted from Heine the wis-

dom that was most essential for their needs, but the seeds of this wisdom were implanted in his art, ready to germinate in due season under a beneficent sun. The English have garbed Heine in garments "made in England" and from these there peer forth the many masks or faces worn by him during his earthly sojourn, the face of a lover weeping in the excess of joy and laughing because of unbearable pain, the strange face of a poet lonely amidst adulation, the somber face of a dreamer too early disillusioned, the grim face of a warrior battling for a better world against overwhelming odds, the enigmatic face of a modern soul complex beyond analysis and hypersensitive to the point of morbidity.

For over a century the English have granted to this poet and thinker the hospitality which his own countrymen denied him both in life and after death. May not the English, therefore, claim him also as their own, for he was more than a German or a Jew: he was a Citizen of the World and a sentinel of the moral values for which they and their allies waged two successful wars?

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