

# POEMS OF THE SECOND PERIOD

FREDERICH SCHILLER\*

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## HYMN TO JOY.

Joy, thou goddess, fair, immortal,  
Offspring of Elysium,  
Mad with rapture, to the portal  
Of thy holy fame we come!  
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,  
But thy magic joins again;  
All mankind are brethren ever  
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

## CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!  
Brethren, take the kiss of love!  
Yes, the starry realms above  
Hide a Father's smiling features!

He, that noble prize possessing—  
He that boasts a friend that's true,  
He whom woman's love is blessing,  
Let him join the chorus too!  
Aye, and he who but one spirit  
On this earth can call his own!  
He who no such bliss can merit,  
Let him mourn his fate alone!

## CHORUS.

All who Nature's tribes are swelling

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Homage pay to sympathy;  
For she guides us up on high,  
Where the unknown has his dwelling.

From the breasts of kindly Nature  
All of joy imbibe the dew;  
Good and bad alike, each creature  
Would her roseate path pursue.  
'Tis through her the wine-cup maddens,  
Love and friends to man she gives!  
Bliss the meanest reptile gladdens,—  
Near God's throne the cherub lives!

CHORUS.

Bow before him, all creation!  
Mortals, own the God of love!  
Seek him high the stars above,—  
Yonder is his habitation!

Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,  
Mightiest cause of all is found;  
And 'tis joy that moves the pinion,  
When the wheel of time goes round;  
From the bud she lures the flower—  
Suns from out their orbs of light;  
Distant spheres obey her power,  
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through heaven's expanse so glorious  
In their orbits suns roll on,  
Brethren, thus your proud race run,  
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

Joy from truth's own glass of fire  
Sweetly on the searcher smiles;  
Lest on virtue's steeps he tire,  
Joy the tedious path beguiles.  
High on faith's bright hill before us,  
See her banner proudly wave!  
Joy, too, swells the angels' chorus,—  
Bursts the bondage of the grave!

CHORUS.

Mortals, meekly wait for heaven  
Suffer on in patient love!  
In the starry realms above,  
Bright rewards by God are given.

To the Gods we ne'er can render

Praise for every good they grant;  
Let us, with devotion tender,  
Minister to grief and want.  
Quenched be hate and wrath forever,  
Pardoned be our mortal foe—  
May our tears upbraid him never,  
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs forget to treasure—  
Brethren, live in perfect love!  
In the starry realms above,  
God will mete as we may measure.

Joy within the goblet flushes,  
For the golden nectar, wine,  
Every fierce emotion hushes,—  
Fills the breast with fire divine.  
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,  
Send ye round the brimming cup,—  
Yonder kindly spirit greeting,  
While the foam to heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

He whom seraphs worship ever;  
Whom the stars praise as they roll,  
Yes to him now drain the bowl  
Mortal eye can see him never!

Courage, ne'er by sorrow broken!  
Aid where tears of virtue flow;  
Faith to keep each promise spoken!  
Truth alike to friend and foe!  
'Neath kings' frowns a manly spirit!—  
Brethren, noble is the prize—  
Honor due to every merit!  
Death to all the brood of lies!

CHORUS.

Draw the sacred circle closer!  
By this bright wine plight your troth  
To be faithful to your oath!  
Swear it by the Star-Disposer!

Safety from the tyrant's power! [9]  
Mercy e'en to traitors base!  
Hope in death's last solemn hour!  
Pardon when before His face!  
Lo, the dead shall rise to heaven!  
Brethren hail the blest decree;

Every sin shall be forgiven,  
Hell forever cease to be!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,  
Gentle sleep within the tomb!  
Brethren, may a gracious doom  
By the Judge of man be spoken!

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

She comes, she comes—the burden of the deeps!  
Beneath her wails the universal sea!  
With clanking chains and a new god, she sweeps,  
And with a thousand thunders, unto thee!  
The ocean-castles and the floating hosts—  
Ne'er on their like looked the wild water!—Well  
May man the monster name "Invincible."  
O'er shuddering waves she gathers to thy coasts!  
The horror that she spreads can claim  
Just title to her haughty name.  
The trembling Neptune quails  
Under the silent and majestic forms;  
The doom of worlds in those dark sails;—  
Near and more near they sweep! and slumber all the storms!

Before thee, the array,  
Blest island, empress of the sea!  
The sea-born squadrons threaten thee,  
And thy great heart, Britannia!  
Woe to thy people, of their freedom proud—  
She rests, a thunder heavy in its cloud!  
Who, to thy hand the orb and sceptre gave,  
That thou should'st be the sovereign of the nations?  
To tyrant kings thou wert thyself the slave,  
Till freedom dug from law its deep foundations;  
The mighty Chart the citizens made kings,  
And kings to citizens sublimely bowed!  
And thou thyself, upon thy realm of water,  
Hast thou not rendered millions up to slaughter,  
When thy ships brought upon their sailing wings  
The sceptre—and the shroud?  
What should'st thou thank?—Blush, earth, to hear and feel  
What should'st thou thank?—Thy genius and thy steel!  
Behold the hidden and the giant fires!  
Behold thy glory trembling to its fall!  
Thy coming doom the round earth shall appal,  
And all the hearts of freemen beat for thee,  
And all free souls their fate in thine foresee—  
Theirs is thy glory's fall!

One look below the Almighty gave,  
Where streamed the lion-flags of thy proud foe;  
And near and wider yawned the horrent grave.  
"And who," saith He, "shall lay mine England low—  
The stem that blooms with hero-deeds—  
The rock when man from wrong a refuge needs—  
The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain?  
Who shall bid England vanish from the main?  
Ne'er be this only Eden freedom knew,  
Man's stout defence from power, to fate consigned."  
God the Almighty blew,  
And the Armada went to every wind!

#### THE GODS OF GREECE.

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

Then, through a veil of dreams  
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,  
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams  
Gave to the soulless, soul—where'r they flowed  
Man gifted nature with divinity  
To lift and link her to the breast of love;  
All things betrayed to the initiate eye  
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless—fixed afar,  
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,  
Phoebus Apollo, in his golden car,  
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!  
On yonder hill the Oread was adored,  
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;  
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured  
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay, chaste Daphne wreathed,  
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell,  
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,  
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,  
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill—  
Tears shed for Proserpine to Hades borne;  
And, for her lost Adonis, yonder hill

Heard Cytherea mourn!–

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto  
The mortal race of old Deucalion;  
Pyrrha's fair daughter, humanly to woo,  
Came down, in shepherd-guise, Latona's son  
Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then  
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine;  
Blest Amathusia, heroes, gods, and men,  
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,  
Stern self-denial, or sharp penance wan!  
Well might each heart be happy in that day–  
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!  
The beautiful alone the holy there!  
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;  
So that the chaste Camoenae favoring were,  
And the subduing grace!

A palace every shrine;  
Your sports heroic;–yours the crown  
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,  
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.  
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,  
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair  
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed  
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,  
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,  
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer–  
Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before;  
And Maenads, as the frenzy stung the soul,  
Hymned in their maddening dance, the glorious wine–  
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl  
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death  
No ghastly spectre stood–but from the porch  
Of life, the lip–one kiss inhaled the breath,  
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.  
The judgment-balance of the realms below,  
A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;  
The very furies at the Thracian's woe,  
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove  
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:  
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,

And rushed along the meads the charioteer;  
There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;  
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; his  
Friend there once more Orestes could regain,  
His arrows—Philoctetes!

More glorious than the meeds  
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,  
To the great doer of renowned deeds  
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave.  
Before the rescued rescuer [10] of the dead,  
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;  
And the twain stars [11] their guiding lustre shed,  
On the bark tempest-tossed!

Art thou, fair world, no more?  
Return, thou virgin-bloom on Nature's face;  
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,  
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!  
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;  
Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;  
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,  
Shadows alone are left!

Cold, from the north, has gone  
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;  
And, to enrich the worship of the one,  
A universe of gods must pass away!  
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,  
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!  
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,  
And—Echo answers me!

Deaf to the joys she gives—  
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed—  
Unconscious of the spiritual power that lives  
Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblessed—  
Dull to the art that colors or creates,  
Like the dead timepiece, godless nature creeps  
Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,  
The slavish motion keeps.

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

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

RESIGNATION.

Yes! even I was in Arcadia born,  
And, in mine infant ears,  
A vow of rapture was by Nature sworn;—  
Yes! even I was in Arcadia born,  
And yet my short spring gave me only—tears!

Once blooms, and only once, life's youthful May;  
For me its bloom hath gone.  
The silent God—O brethren, weep to-day—  
The silent God hath quenched my torch's ray,  
And the vain dream hath flown.

Upon thy darksome bridge, Eternity,  
I stand e'en now, dread thought!  
Take, then, these joy-credentials back from me!  
Unopened I return them now to thee,  
Of happiness, alas, know naught!

Before Thy throne my mournful cries I vent,  
Thou Judge, concealed from view!  
To yonder star a joyous saying went  
With judgment's scales to rule us thou art sent,  
And call'st thyself Requirer, too!

Here,—say they,—terrors on the bad alight,  
And joys to greet the virtuous spring.  
The bosom's windings thou'lt expose to sight,  
Riddle of Providence wilt solve aright,  
And reckon with the suffering!

Here to the exile be a home outspread,  
Here end the meek man's thorny path of strife!  
A godlike child, whose name was Truth, they said,  
Known but to few, from whom the many fled,  
Restrained the ardent bridle of my life.

”It shall be thine another life to live,—  
Thy youth to me surrender!

To thee this surety only can I give"—  
I took the surety in that life to live;  
And gave to her each youthful joy so tender.

"Give me the woman precious to thy heart,  
Give up to me thy Laura!  
Beyond the grave will usury pay the smart."—  
I wept aloud, and from my bleeding heart  
With resignation tore her.

"The obligation's drawn upon the dead!"  
Thus laughed the world in scorn;  
"The lying one, in league with despots dread,  
For truth, a phantom palmed on thee instead,  
Thou'lt be no more, when once this dream has gone!"

Shamelessly scoffed the mockers' serpent-band  
"A dream that but prescription can admit  
Dost dread? Where now thy God's protecting hand,  
(The sick world's Saviour with such cunning planned),  
Borrowed by human need of human wit?"

"What future is't that graves to us reveal?  
What the eternity of thy discourse?  
Honored because dark veils its form conceal,  
The giant-shadows of the awe we feel,  
Viewed in the hollow mirror of remorse!"

"An image false of shapes of living mould,  
(Time's very mummy, she!)  
Whom only Hope's sweet balm hath power to hold  
Within the chambers of the grave so cold,—  
Thy fever calls this immortality!"

"For empty hopes,—corruption gives the lie—  
Didst thou exchange what thou hadst surely done?  
Six thousand years sped death in silence by,—  
His corpse from out the grave e'er mounted high,  
That mention made of the Requiring One?"

I saw time fly to reach thy distant shore,  
I saw fair Nature lie  
A shrivelled corpse behind him evermore,—  
No dead from out the grave then sought to soar  
Yet in that Oath divine still trusted I.

My ev'ry joy to thee I've sacrificed,  
I throw me now before thy judgment-throne;  
The many's scorn with boldness I've despised,—  
Only—thy gifts by me were ever prized,—

I ask my wages now, Requiting One!

"With equal love I love each child of mine!"  
A genius hid from sight exclaimed.  
"Two flowers," he cried, "ye mortals, mark the sign,—  
Two flowers to greet the Searcher wise entwine,—  
Hope and Enjoyment they are named."

"Who of these flowers plucks one, let him ne'er yearn  
To touch the other sister's bloom.  
Let him enjoy, who has no faith; eterne  
As earth, this truth!—Abstain, who faith can learn!  
The world's long story is the world's own doom."

"Hope thou hast felt,—thy wages, then, are paid;  
Thy faith 'twas formed the rapture pledged to thee.  
Thou might'st have of the wise inquiry made,—  
The minutes thou neglectest, as they fade,  
Are given back by no eternity!"

#### THE CONFLICT.

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

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

Rent be the contract I with thee once made;—  
She loves me, loves me—forfeit be the crown!  
Blessed he who, lulled in rapture's dreamy shade,  
Glides, as I glide, the deep fall gladly down.

She sees the worm that my youth's bloom decays,  
She sees my spring-time wasted as it flees;  
And, marvelling at the rigor that gainsays  
The heart's sweet impulse, my reward decrees.

Distrust this angel purity, fair soul!  
It is to guilt thy pity armeth me;  
Could being lavish its unmeasured whole,  
It ne'er could give a gift to rival thee!

Thee—the dear guilt I ever seek to shun,  
O tyranny of fate, O wild desires!  
My virtue's only crown can but be won

In that last breath—when virtue's self expires!

#### THE ARTISTS.

How gracefully, O man, with thy palm-bough,  
Upon the waning century standest thou,  
In proud and noble manhood's prime,  
With unlocked senses, with a spirit freed,  
Of firmness mild,—though silent, rich in deed,  
The ripest son of Time,  
Through meekness great, through precepts strong,  
Through treasures rich, that time had long  
Hid in thy bosom, and through reason free,—  
Master of Nature, who thy fetters loves,  
And who thy strength in thousand conflicts proves,  
And from the desert soared in pride with thee!

Flushed with the glow of victory,  
Never forget to prize the hand  
That found the weeping orphan child  
Deserted on life's barren strand,  
And left a prey to hazard wild,—  
That, ere thy spirit-honor saw the day,  
Thy youthful heart watched over silently,  
And from thy tender bosom turned away  
Each thought that might have stained its purity;  
That kind one ne'er forget who, as in sport,  
Thy youth to noble aspirations trained,  
And who to thee in easy riddles taught  
The secret how each virtue might be gained;  
Who, to receive him back more perfect still,  
E'en into strangers' arms her favorite gave—  
Oh, may'st thou never with degenerate will,  
Humble thyself to be her abject slave!  
In industry, the bee the palm may bear;  
In skill, the worm a lesson may impart;  
With spirits blest thy knowledge thou dost share,  
But thou, O man, alone hast art!

Only through beauty's morning gate  
Didst thou the land of knowledge find.  
To merit a more glorious fate,  
In graces trains itself the mind.  
What thrilled thee through with trembling blessed,  
When erst the Muses swept the chord,  
That power created in thy breast,  
Which to the mighty spirit soared.

When first was seen by doting reason's ken,  
When many a thousand years had passed away,

A symbol of the fair and great e'en then,  
Before the childlike mind uncovered lay.  
Its blessed form bade us honor virtue's cause,—  
The honest sense 'gainst vice put forth its powers,  
Before a Solon had devised the laws  
That slowly bring to light their languid flowers.  
Before Eternity's vast scheme  
Was to the thinker's mind revealed,  
Was't not foreshadowed in his dream,  
Whose eyes explored yon starry field?

Urania,—the majestic dreaded one,  
Who wears a glory of Orions twined  
Around her brow, and who is seen by none  
Save purest spirits, when, in splendor shrined,  
She soars above the stars in pride,  
Ascending to her sunny throne,—  
Her fiery chaplet lays aside,  
And now, as beauty, stands alone;  
While, with the Graces' girdle round her cast,  
She seems a child, by children understood;  
For we shall recognize as truth at last,  
What here as beauty only we have viewed.

When the Creator banished from his sight  
Frail man to dark mortality's abode,  
And granted him a late return to light,  
Only by treading reason's arduous road,—  
When each immortal turned his face away,  
She, the compassionate, alone  
Took up her dwelling in that house of clay,  
With the deserted, banished one.  
With drooping wing she hovers here  
Around her darling, near the senses' land,  
And on his prison-walls so drear  
Elysium paints with fond deceptive hand.

While soft humanity still lay at rest,  
Within her tender arms extended,  
No flame was stirred by bigots' murderous zest,  
No guiltless blood on high ascended.  
The heart that she in gentle fetters binds,  
Views duty's slavish escort scornfully;  
Her path of light, though fairer far it winds,  
Sinks in the sun-track of morality.  
Those who in her chaste service still remain,  
No grovelling thought can tempt, no fate affright;  
The spiritual life, so free from stain,  
Freedom's sweet birthright, they receive again,  
Under the mystic sway of holy might.

The purest among millions, happy they  
Whom to her service she has sanctified,  
Whose mouths the mighty one's commands convey,  
Within whose breasts she deigneth to abide;  
Whom she ordained to feed her holy fire  
Upon her altar's ever-flaming pyre,—  
Whose eyes alone her unveiled graces meet,  
And whom she gathers round in union sweet  
In the much-honored place be glad  
Where noble order bade ye climb,  
For in the spirit-world sublime,  
Man's loftiest rank ye've ever had!

Ere to the world proportion ye revealed,  
That every being joyfully obeys,—  
A boundless structure, in night's veil concealed,  
Illumed by naught but faint and languid rays,  
A band of phantoms, struggling ceaselessly,  
Holding his mind in slavish fetters bound,  
Unsociable and rude as he,  
Assailing him on every side around,—  
Thus seemed to man creation in that day!  
United to surrounding forms alone  
By the blind chains the passions had put on,  
Whilst Nature's beauteous spirit fled away  
Unfelt, untasted, and unknown.

And, as it hovered o'er with parting ray,  
Ye seized the shades so neighborly,  
With silent hand, with feeling mind,  
And taught how they might be combined  
In one firm bond of harmony.  
The gaze, light-soaring, felt uplifted then,  
When first the cedar's slender trunk it viewed;  
And pleasingly the ocean's crystal flood  
Reflected back the dancing form again.  
Could ye mistake the look, with beauty fraught,  
That Nature gave to help ye on your way?  
The image floating on the billows taught  
The art the fleeting shadow to portray.

From her own being torn apart,  
Her phantom, beauteous as a dream,  
She plunged into the silvery stream,  
Surrendering to her spoiler's art.  
Creative power soon in your breast unfolded;  
Too noble far, not idly to conceive,  
The shadow's form in sand, in clay ye moulded,  
And made it in the sketch its being leave.

The longing thirst for action then awoke,—  
And from your breast the first creation broke.

By contemplation captive made,  
Ensnared by your discerning eye,  
The friendly phantom's soon betrayed  
The talisman that roused your ecstasy.  
The laws of wonder-working might,  
The stores by beauty brought to light,  
Inventive reason in soft union planned  
To blend together 'neath your forming hand.  
The obelisk, the pyramid ascended,  
The Hermes stood, the column sprang on high,  
The reed poured forth the woodland melody,  
Immortal song on victor's deeds attended.

The fairest flowers that decked the earth,  
Into a nosegay, with wise choice combined,  
Thus the first art from Nature had its birth;  
Into a garland then were nosegays twined,  
And from the works that mortal hands had made,  
A second, nobler art was now displayed.  
The child of beauty, self-sufficient now,  
That issued from your hands to perfect day,  
Loses the chaplet that adorned its brow,  
Soon as reality asserts its sway.  
The column, yielding to proportion's chains,  
Must with its sisters join in friendly link,  
The hero in the hero-band must sink,  
The Muses' harp peals forth its tuneful strains.

The wondering savages soon came  
To view the new creation's plan  
"Behold!"—the joyous crowds exclaim,—  
"Behold, all this is done by man!"  
With jocund and more social aim  
The minstrel's lyre their awe awoke,  
Telling of Titans, and of giant's frays  
And lion-slayers, turning, as he spoke,  
Even into heroes those who heard his lays.  
For the first time the soul feels joy,  
By raptures blessed that calmer are,  
That only greet it from afar,  
That passions wild can ne'er destroy,  
And that, when tasted, do not cloy.

And now the spirit, free and fair,  
Awoke from out its sensual sleep;  
By you unchained, the slave of care  
Into the arms of joy could leap.

Each brutish barrier soon was set at naught,  
Humanity first graced the cloudless brow,  
And the majestic, noble stranger, thought,  
From out the wondering brain sprang boldly now.  
Man in his glory stood upright,  
And showed the stars his kingly face;  
His speaking glance the sun's bright light  
Blessed in the realms sublime of space.  
Upon the cheek now bloomed the smile,  
The voice's soulful harmony  
Expanded into song the while,  
And feeling swam in the moist eye;  
And from the mouth, with spirit teeming o'er,  
Jest, sweetly linked with grace, began to pour.

Sunk in the instincts of the worm,  
By naught but sensual lust possessed,  
Ye recognized within his breast  
Love-spiritual's noble germ;  
And that this germ of love so blest  
Escaped the senses' abject load,  
To the first pastoral song he owed.  
Raised to the dignity of thought,  
Passions more calm to flow were taught  
From the bard's mouth with melody.  
The cheeks with dewy softness burned;  
The longing that, though quenched, still yearned,  
Proclaimed the spirit-harmony.

The wisest's wisdom, and the strongest's vigor,—  
The meekest's meekness, and the noblest's grace,  
By you were knit together in one figure,  
Wreathing a radiant glory round the place.  
Man at the Unknown's sight must tremble,  
Yet its refulgence needs must love;  
That mighty Being to resemble,  
Each glorious hero madly strove;  
The prototype of beauty's earliest strain  
Ye made resound through Nature's wide domain.

The passions' wild and headlong course,  
The ever-varying plan of fate,  
Duty and instinct's twofold force,  
With proving mind and guidance straight  
Ye then conducted to their ends.  
What Nature, as she moves along,  
Far from each other ever rends,  
Become upon the stage, in song,  
Members of order, firmly bound.  
Awed by the Furies' chorus dread,

Murder draws down upon its head  
The doom of death from their wild sound.  
Long e'er the wise to give a verdict dared,  
An Iliad had fate's mysteries declared  
To early ages from afar;  
While Providence in silence fared  
Into the world from Thespis' car.  
Yet into that world's current so sublime  
Your symmetry was borne before its time,  
When the dark hand of destiny  
Failed in your sight to part by force.

What it had fashioned 'neath your eye,  
In darkness life made haste to die,  
Ere it fulfilled its beauteous course.  
Then ye with bold and self-sufficient might  
Led the arch further through the future's night:  
Then, too, ye plunged, without a fear,  
Into Avernus' ocean black,  
And found the vanished life so dear  
Beyond the urn, and brought it back.  
A blooming Pollux-form appeared now soon,  
On Castor leaning, and enshrined in light—  
The shadow that is seen upon the moon,  
Ere she has filled her silvery circle bright!

Yet higher,—higher still above the earth  
Inventive genius never ceased to rise:  
Creations from creations had their birth,  
And harmonies from harmonies.  
What here alone enchants the ravished sight,  
A nobler beauty yonder must obey;  
The graceful charms that in the nymph unite,  
In the divine Athene melt away;  
The strength with which the wrestler is endowed,  
In the god's beauty we no longer find:  
The wonder of his time—Jove's image proud—  
In the Olympian temple is enshrined.

The world, transformed by industry's bold hand,  
The human heart, by new-born instincts moved,  
That have in burning fights been fully proved,  
Your circle of creation now expand.  
Advancing man bears on his soaring pinions,  
In gratitude, art with him in his flight,  
And out of Nature's now-enriched dominions  
New worlds of beauty issue forth to light.  
The barriers upon knowledge are o'erthrown;  
The spirit that, with pleasure soon matured,  
Has in your easy triumphs been inured

To hasten through an artist-whole of graces,  
Nature's more distant columns duly places.  
And overtakes her on her pathway lone.  
He weighs her now with weights that human are,  
Metes her with measures that she lent of old;  
While in her beauty's rites more practised far,  
She now must let his eye her form behold.  
With youthful and self-pleasing bliss,  
He lends the spheres his harmony,  
And, if he praise earth's edifice,  
'Tis for its wondrous symmetry.

In all that now around him breathes,  
Proportion sweet is ever rife;  
And beauty's golden girdle wreathes  
With mildness round his path through life;  
Perfection blest, triumphantly,  
Before him in your works soars high;  
Wherever boisterous rapture swells,  
Wherever silent sorrow flees,  
Where pensive contemplation dwells,  
Where he the tears of anguish sees,  
Where thousand terrors on him glare,  
Harmonious streams are yet behind—  
He sees the Graces sporting there,  
With feeling silent and refined.  
Gentle as beauty's lines together linking,  
As the appearances that round him play,  
In tender outline in each other sinking,  
The soft breath of his life thus fleets away.  
His spirit melts in the harmonious sea,  
That, rich in rapture, round his senses flows,  
And the dissolving thought all silently  
To omnipresent Cytherea grows.  
Joining in lofty union with the Fates,  
On Graces and on Muses calm relying,  
With freely-offered bosom he awaits  
The shaft that soon against him will be flying  
From the soft bow necessity creates.

Favorites beloved of blissful harmony,  
Welcome attendants on life's dreary road,  
The noblest and the dearest far that she,  
Who gave us life, to bless that life bestowed!  
That unyoked man his duties bears in mind,  
And loves the fetters that his motions bind,  
That Chance with brazen sceptre rules him not,—  
For this eternity is now your lot,  
Your heart has won a bright reward for this.  
That round the cup where freedom flows,

Merrily sport the gods of bliss,–  
The beauteous dream its fragrance throws,  
For this, receive a loving kiss!

The spirit, glorious and serene,  
Who round necessity the graces trains,–  
Who bids his ether and his starry plains  
Upon us wait with pleasing mien,–  
Who, 'mid his terrors, by his majesty gives joy,  
And who is beauteous e'en when seeking to destroy,–  
Him imitate, the artist good!  
As o'er the streamlet's crystal flood  
The banks with checkered dances hover,  
The flowery mead, the sunset's light,–  
Thus gleams, life's barren pathway over,  
Poesy's shadowy world so bright.  
In bridal dress ye led us on  
Before the terrible Unknown,  
Before the inexorable fate,  
As in your urns the bones are laid,  
With beauteous magic veil ye shade  
The chorus dread that cares create.  
Thousands of years I hastened through  
The boundless realm of vanished time  
How sad it seems when left by you–  
But where ye linger, how sublime!

She who, with fleeting wing, of yore  
From your creating hand arose in might,  
Within your arms was found once more,  
When, vanquished by Time's silent flight,  
Life's blossoms faded from the cheek,  
And from the limbs all vigor went,  
And mournfully, with footstep weak,  
Upon his staff the gray-beard leant.  
Then gave ye to the languishing,  
Life's waters from a new-born spring;  
Twice was the youth of time renewed,  
Twice, from the seeds that ye had strewed.

When chased by fierce barbarian hordes away,  
The last remaining votive brand ye tore  
From Orient's altars, now pollution's prey,  
And to these western lands in safety bore.  
The fugitive from yonder eastern shore,  
The youthful day, the West her dwelling made;  
And on Hesperia's plains sprang up once more  
Ionia's flowers, in pristine bloom arrayed.  
Over the spirit fairer Nature shed,  
With soft refulgence, a reflection bright,

And through the graceful soul with stately tread  
 Advanced the mighty Deity of light.  
 Millions of chains were burst asunder then,  
 And to the slave then human laws applied,  
 And mildly rose the younger race of men,  
 As brethren, gently wandering side by side,  
 With noble inward ecstasy,  
 The bliss imparted ye receive,  
 And in the veil of modesty,  
 With silent merit take your leave.  
 If on the paths of thought, so freely given,  
 The searcher now with daring fortune stands,  
 And, by triumphant Paeans onward driven,  
 Would seize upon the crown with dauntless hands—  
 If he with grovelling hireling's pay  
 Thinks to dismiss his glorious guide—  
 Or, with the first slave's-place array  
 Art near the throne his dream supplied—  
 Forgive him!—O'er your head to-day  
 Hovers perfection's crown in pride,  
 With you the earliest plant Spring had,  
 Soul-forming Nature first began;  
 With you, the harvest-chaplet glad,  
 Perfected Nature ends her plan.

The art creative, that all-modestly arose  
 From clay and stone, with silent triumph throws  
 Its arms around the spirit's vast domain.  
 What in the land of knowledge the discoverer knows,  
 He knows, discovers, only for your gain  
 The treasures that the thinker has amassed,  
 He will enjoy within your arms alone,  
 Soon as his knowledge, beauty-ripe at last.  
 To art ennobled shall have grown,—  
 Soon as with you he scales a mountain-height,  
 And there, illumined by the setting sun,  
 The smiling valley bursts upon his sight.  
 The richer ye reward the eager gaze  
 The higher, fairer orders that the mind  
 May traverse with its magic rays,  
 Or compass with enjoyment unconfined—  
 The wider thoughts and feelings open lie  
 To more luxuriant floods of harmony.  
 To beauty's richer, more majestic stream,—  
 The fair members of the world's vast scheme,  
 That, maimed, disgrace on his creation bring,  
 He sees the lofty forms then perfecting—

The fairer riddles come from out the night—  
 The richer is the world his arms enclose,

The broader stream the sea with which he flows—  
The weaker, too, is destiny's blind might—  
The nobler instincts does he prove—  
The smaller he himself, the greater grows his love.  
Thus is he led, in still and hidden race,  
By poetry, who strews his path with flowers,  
Through ever-purer forms, and purer powers,  
Through ever higher heights, and fairer grace.  
At length, arrived at the ripe goal of time,—  
Yet one more inspiration all-sublime,  
Poetic outburst of man's latest youth,  
And—he will glide into the arms of truth!

Herself, the gentle Cypria,  
Illumined by her fiery crown,  
Then stands before her full-grown son  
Unveiled—as great Urania;  
The sooner only by him caught,  
The fairer he had fled away!  
Thus stood, in wonder rapture-fraught,  
Ulysses' noble son that day,  
When the sage mentor who his youth beguiled;  
Herself transfigured as Jove's glorious child!

Man's honor is confided to your hand,—  
There let it well protected be!  
It sinks with you! with you it will expand!  
Poesy's sacred sorcery  
Obeys a world-plan wise and good;  
In silence let it swell the flood  
Of mighty-rolling harmony.

By her own time viewed with disdain,  
Let solemn truth in song remain,  
And let the Muses' band defend her!  
In all the fullness of her splendor,  
Let her survive in numbers glorious,  
More dread, when veiled her charms appear,  
And vengeance take, with strains victorious,  
On her tormentor's ear!

The freest mother's children free,  
With steadfast countenance then rise  
To highest beauty's radiancy,  
And every other crown despise!  
The sisters who escaped you here,  
Within your mother's arms ye'll meet;  
What noble spirits may revere,  
Must be deserving and complete.  
High over your own course of time

Exalt yourselves with pinion bold,  
 And dimly let your glass sublime  
 The coming century unfold!  
 On thousand roads advancing fast  
 Of ever-rich variety,  
 With fond embraces meet at last  
 Before the throne of harmony!  
 As into seven mild rays we view  
 With softness break the glimmer white,  
 As rainbow-beams of sevenfold hue  
 Dissolve again in that soft light,  
 In clearness thousandfold thus throw  
 Your magic round the ravished gaze,—  
 Into one stream of light thus flow,—  
 One bond of truth that ne'er decays!

THE CELEBRATED WOMAN.

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

[In spite of Mr. Carlyle's assertion of Schiller's "total deficiency in humor," [12] we think that the following poem suffices to show that he possessed the gift in no ordinary degree, and that if the aims of a genius so essentially earnest had allowed him to indulge it he would have justified the opinion of the experienced Iffland as to his capacities for original comedy.]

Can I, my friend, with thee condole?—  
 Can I conceive the woes that try men,  
 When late repentance racks the soul  
 Ensnared into the toils of hymen?  
 Can I take part in such distress?—  
 Poor martyr,—most devoutly, "Yes!"  
 Thou weep'st because thy spouse has flown  
 To arms preferred before thine own;—  
 A faithless wife,—I grant the curse,—  
 And yet, my friend, it might be worse!  
 Just hear another's tale of sorrow,  
 And, in comparing, comfort borrow!

What! dost thou think thyself undone,  
 Because thy rights are shared with one!  
 O, happy man—be more resigned,  
 My wife belongs to all mankind!  
 My wife—she's found abroad—at home;  
 But cross the Alps and she's at Rome;  
 Sail to the Baltic—there you'll find her;  
 Lounge on the Boulevards—kind and kinder:  
 In short, you've only just to drop  
 Where'er they sell the last new tale,

And, bound and lettered in the shop,  
You'll find my lady up for sale!

She must her fair proportions render  
To all whose praise can glory lend her;—  
Within the coach, on board the boat,  
Let every pedant "take a note;"  
Endure, for public approbation,  
Each critic's "close investigation,"  
And brave—nay, court it as a flattery—  
Each spectacled Philistine's battery.  
Just as it suits some scurvy carcass  
In which she hails an Aristarchus,  
Ready to fly with kindred souls,  
O'er blooming flowers or burning coals,  
To fame or shame, to shrine or gallows,  
Let him but lead—sublimely callous!  
A Leipsic man—(confound the wretch!)  
Has made her topographic sketch,  
A kind of map, as of a town,  
Each point minutely dotted down;  
Scarce to myself I dare to hint  
What this d—d fellow wants to print!  
Thy wife—howe'er she slight the vows—  
Respects, at least, the name of spouse;  
But mine to regions far too high  
For that terrestrial name is carried;  
My wife's "The famous Ninon!"—I  
"The gentleman that Ninon married!"

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

Scarce is the morning gray—before  
Postman and porter crowd the door;  
No premier has so dear a levee—  
She finds the mail-bag half its trade;  
My God—the parcels are so heavy!  
And not a parcel carriage-paid!  
But then—the truth must be confessed—  
They're all so charmingly addressed:  
Whate'er they cost, they well requite her—

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

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

Now roll the coach-wheels to the muster—  
Now round my muse her votaries cluster;  
Spruce Abbe Millefleurs—Baron Herman—  
The English Lord, who don't know German,—  
But all uncommonly well read  
From matchless A to deathless Z!  
Sneaks in the corner, shy and small,  
A thing which men the husband call!  
While every fop with flattery fires her,  
Swears with what passion he admires her.—  
"'Passion!' 'admire!' and still you're dumb?"  
Lord bless your soul, the worst's to come:—

I'm forced to bow, as I'm a sinner,—  
And hope—the rogue will stay to dinner!  
But oh, at dinner!—there's the sting;  
I see my cellar on the wing!  
You know if Burgundy is dear?—  
Mine once emerged three times a year;—  
And now to wash these learned throttles,  
In dozens disappear the bottles;  
They well must drink who well do eat  
(I've sunk a capital on meat).  
Her immortality, I fear, a  
Death-blow will prove to my Madeira;

It has given, alas! a mortal shock  
To that old friend—my Steinberg hock! [13]

If Faust had really any hand  
In printing, I can understand  
The fate which legends more than hint;—  
The devil take all hands that print!

And what my thanks for all?—a pout—  
Sour looks—deep sighs; but what about?  
About! O, that I well divine—  
That such a pearl should fall to swine—  
That such a literary ruby  
Should grace the finger of a booby!

Spring comes;—behold, sweet mead and lea  
Nature's green splendor tapestries o'er;  
Fresh blooms the flower, and buds the tree;  
Larks sing—the woodland wakes once more.  
The woodland wakes—but not for her!  
From Nature's self the charm has flown;  
No more the Spring of earth can stir  
The fond remembrance of our own!  
The sweetest bird upon the bough  
Has not one note of music now;  
And, oh! how dull the grove's soft shade,  
Where once—(as lovers then)—we strayed!  
The nightingales have got no learning—  
Dull creatures—how can they inspire her?  
The lilies are so undiscerning,  
They never say—"how they admire her!"

In all this jubilee of being,  
Some subject for a point she's seeing—  
Some epigram—(to be impartial,  
Well turned)—there may be worse in Martial!

But, hark! the goddess stoops to reason:—  
"The country now is quite in season,  
I'll go!"—"What! to our country seat?"  
"No!—Travelling will be such a treat;  
Pymont's extremely full, I hear;  
But Carlsbad's quite the rage this year!"  
Oh yes, she loves the rural Graces;  
Nature is gay—in watering-places!  
Those pleasant spas—our reigning passion—  
Where learned Dons meet folks of fashion;  
Where each with each illustrious soul  
Familiar as in Charon's boat,  
All sorts of fame sit cheek-by-jowl,

Pearls in that string—the table d’hôte!  
Where dames whom man has injured—fly,  
To heal their wounds or to efface, them;  
While others, with the waters, try  
A course of flirting,—just to brace them!

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

O, wherefore art thou flown so soon,  
Thou first fair year—Love’s honeymoon!  
All, dream too exquisite for life!  
Home’s goddess—in the name of wife!  
Reared by each grace—yet but to be  
Man’s household Anadyomene!  
With mind from which the sunbeams fall,  
Rejoice while pervading all;  
Frank in the temper pleased to please—  
Soft in the feeling waked with ease.  
So broke, as native of the skies,  
The heart-enthraller on my eyes;  
So saw I, like a morn of May,  
The playmate given to glad my way;  
With eyes that more than lips bespoke,  
Eyes whence—sweet words—”I love thee!” broke!  
So—Ah, what transports then were mine!  
I led the bride before the shrine!  
And saw the future years revealed,  
Glassed on my hope—one blooming field!  
More wide, and widening more, were given  
The angel-gates disclosing heaven;  
Round us the lovely, mirthful troop  
Of children came—yet still to me  
The loveliest—merriest of the group  
The happy mother seemed to be!  
Mine, by the bonds that bind us more  
Than all the oaths the priest before;  
Mine, by the concord of content,  
When heart with heart is music-blent;  
When, as sweet sounds in unison,  
Two lives harmonious melt in one!  
When—sudden (O the villain!)—came  
Upon the scene a mind profound!—  
A bel esprit, who whispered ”Fame,”  
And shook my card-house to the ground.

What have I now instead of all  
The Eden lost of hearth and hall?

What comforts for the heaven bereft?  
 What of the younger angel's left?  
 A sort of intellectual mule,  
 Man's stubborn mind in woman's shape,  
 Too hard to love, too frail to rule—  
 A sage engrafted on an ape!  
 To what she calls the realm of mind,  
 She leaves that throne, her sex, to crawl,  
 The cestus and the charm resigned—  
 A public gaping-show to all!  
 She blots from beauty's golden book  
 A name 'mid nature's choicest few,  
 To gain the glory of a nook  
 In Doctor Dunderhead's Review.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Sweet friend, the world, like some fair infant blessed,  
 Radiant with sportive grace, around thee plays;  
 Yet 'tis not as depicted in thy breast—  
 Not as within thy soul's fair glass, its rays  
 Are mirrored. The respectful fealty  
 That my heart's nobleness hath won for thee,  
 The miracles thou workest everywhere,  
 The charms thy being to this life first lent,—  
 To it, mere charms to reckon thou'rt content,  
 To us, they seem humanity so fair.  
 The witchery sweet of ne'er-polluted youth,  
 The talisman of innocence and truth—  
 Him I would see, who these to scorn can dare!  
 Thou revellest joyously in telling o'er  
 The blooming flowers that round thy path are strown,—  
 The glad, whom thou hast made so evermore,—  
 The souls that thou hast conquered for thine own.  
 In thy deceit so blissful be thou glad!  
 Ne'er let a waking disenchantment sad  
 Hurl thee despairing from thy dream's proud flight!  
 Like the fair flowerets that thy beds perfume,  
 Observe them, but ne'er touch them as they bloom,—  
 Plant them, but only for the distant sight.  
 Created only to enchant the eye,  
 In faded beauty at thy feet they'll lie,  
 The nearer thee, the nearer their long night!

FOOTNOTES:

[9] This concluding and fine strophe is omitted in the later editions of Schiller's "Poems."

[10] Hercules who recovered from the Shades Alcestis, after she had

given her own life to save her husband, Admetus. Alcestis, in the hands of Euripides (that woman-hater as he is called!) becomes the loveliest female creation in the Greek drama.

[11] i. e. Castor and Pollux are transferred to the stars, Hercules to Olympus, for their deeds on earth.

[12] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii, p. 47.

[13] Literally "Nierensteiner,"—a wine not much known in England, and scarcely—according to our experience—worth the regrets of its respectable owner.