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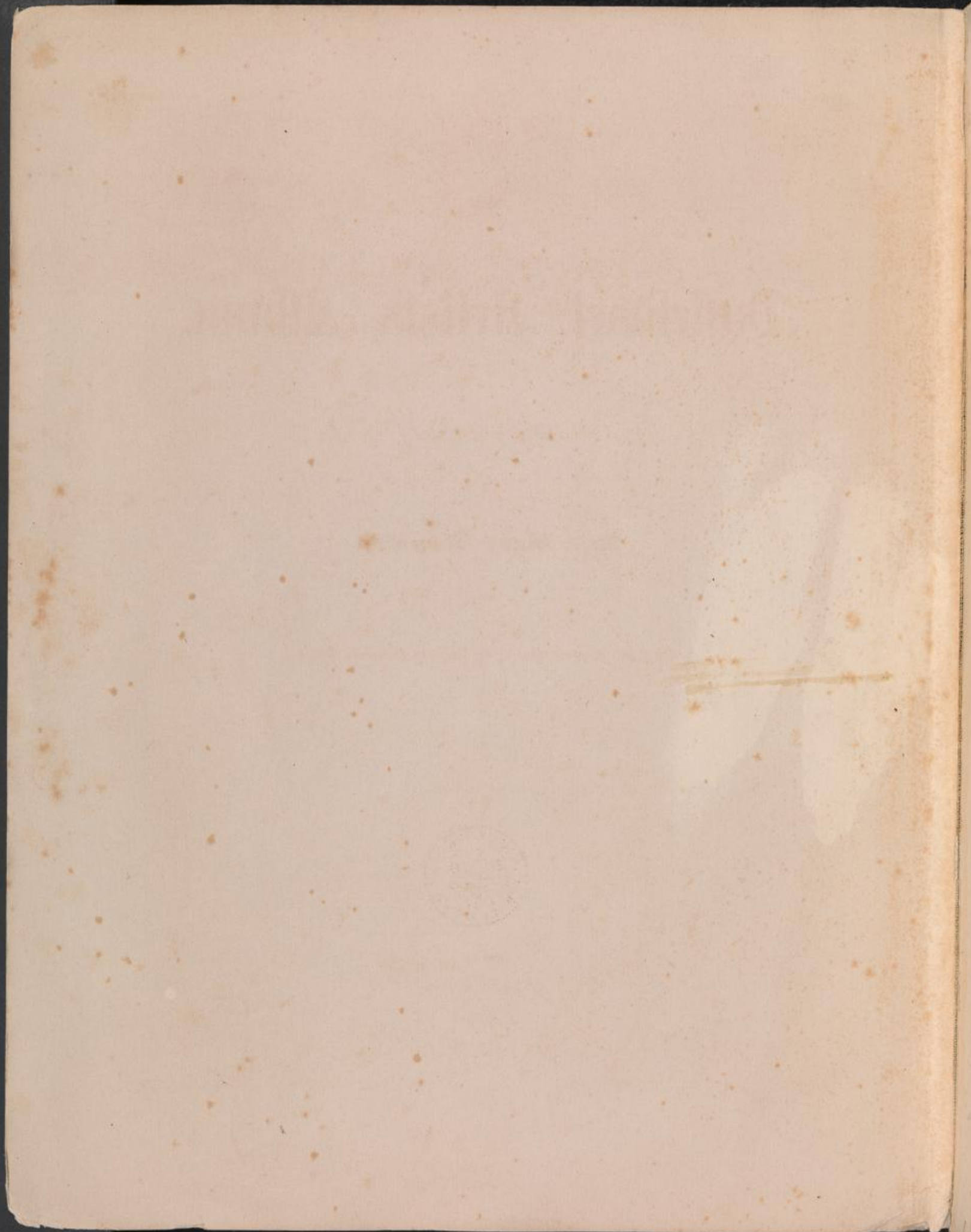
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The
Dusseldorf Artists Album.

Edited & Translated

By

Mrs. Mary Howitt,

With

Original Contributions by Various English Poets.



Dusseldorf.

Arnz & Comp.

1854.

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C. Schürmann fec.

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FIDELITY.

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UNFAITHFULNESS.

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PHILANTHROPY.

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AVARICE.

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INDUSTRY.

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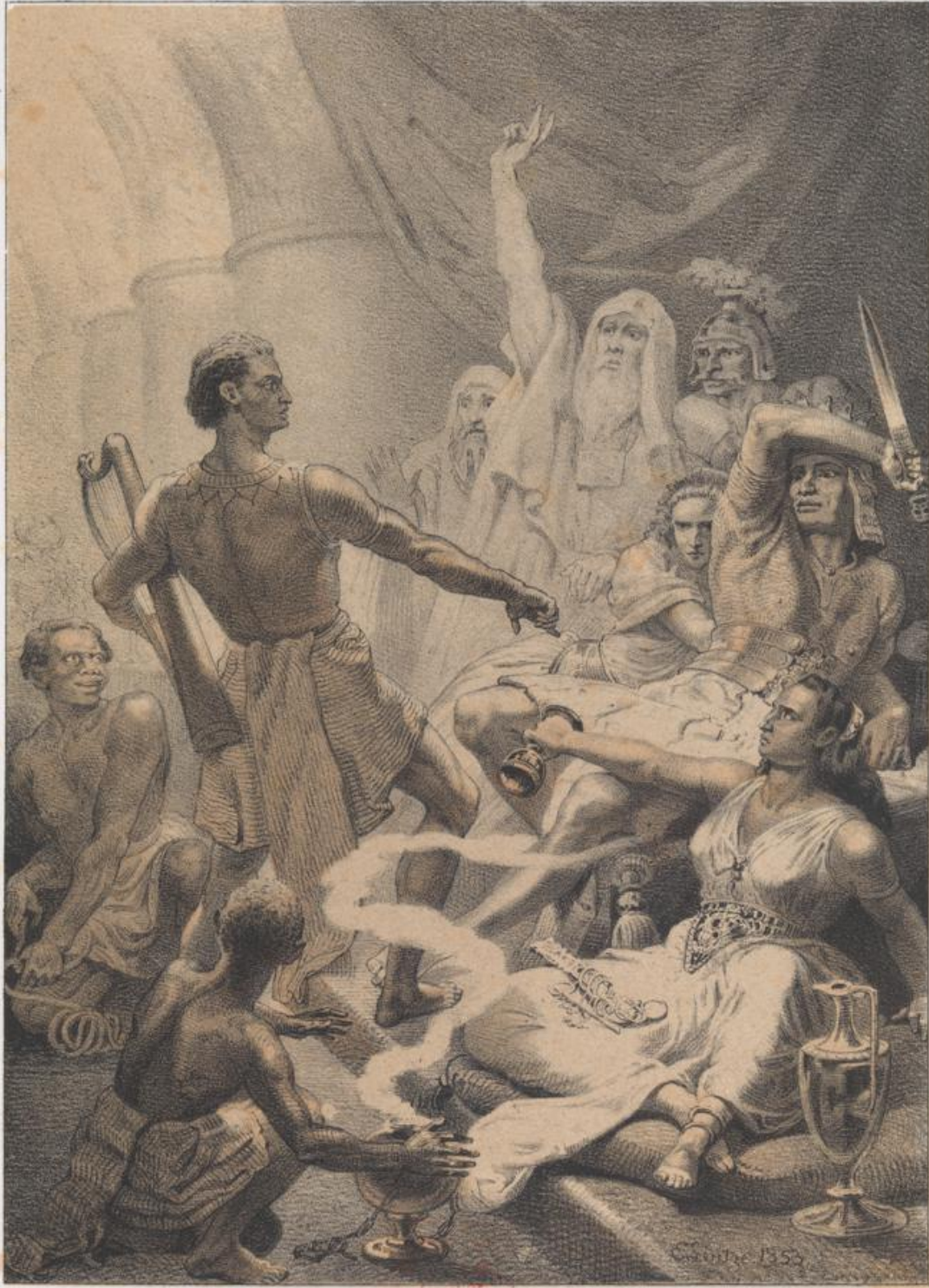


Moulleron lith.

Imp. Lemercier, Paris.

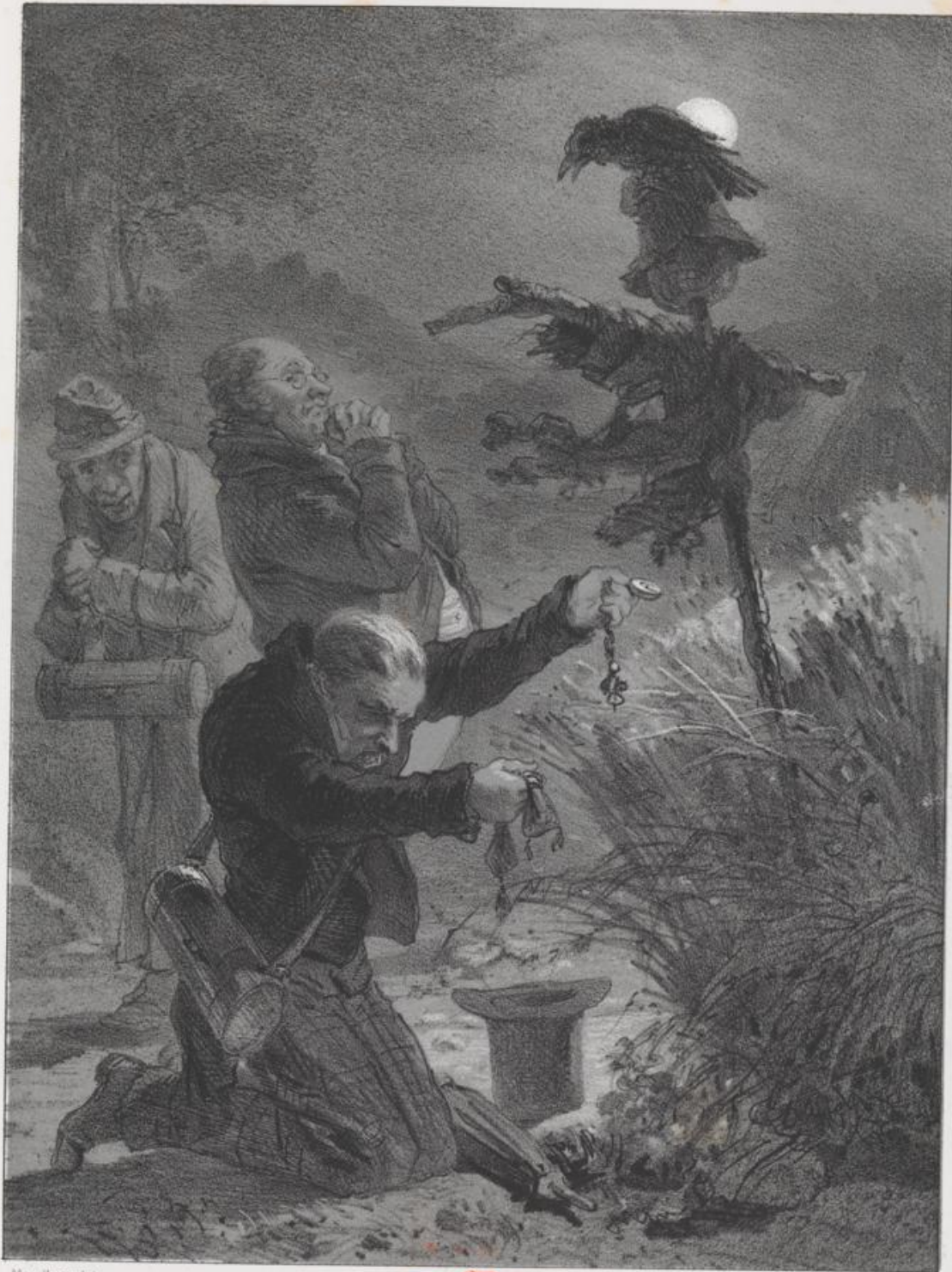
Idleness.

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COURAGE.

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Moulleron lith.

Imp. Lemercier, Paris

Howardise.

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HUMILITY.

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PRIDE.

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LOVE.

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HATRED.

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Moulleron lith

Imp. Lemercier Paris

The white serpent.

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II. Part.

Poëms with Illustrations.



The White Serpent.

By E. Geibel.

Illustrated by H. Ritter.

In the Castle's richly furnished chamber
Silent, moody sits the aged Stojan,
Nor yet lifts the brimming silver flaggon;
Fixed his gaze upon the timbered ceiling
Which with gilded dragon-heads is gleaming;
Through the window shines the sun of autumn,
Yet no sun shines in the soul of Stojan,
For his soul is in the days departed,
Pondering ever with no power of gladness.

Enters now the room the old mere fisher;
Three times lowly bows he then breaks silence;
„God be with you, master mine, Sir Stojan!
I the last night threw my nets as usual
For good eel or carp but caught of neither,
Nor yet of the pike, the silver-belted,
But instead I caught a snow-white serpent,
White on head and back, crimson on belly.
He who eateth of such rare, white serpent
Gains rare gifts, doth know the speech of all things,
Of the forest-deer, the singing wild bird,
Nay, can e'en the talk of trees interpret;
Know the sough of winds, the streamlets babble.
And for thirty golden coins, Sir Stojan,
You shall have this wondrous, snow-white serpent.“

Thirty good gold pieces paid Sir Stojan,
Sent the fisher home; his cook then summoned,
And bade him prepare at once, the serpent;
Spake then to himself, between whiles whistling,
„Henceforth must the Woyvode lack my presence,
I shall not be at the feast of Easter,
Nor yet at the New-year's drinking revel;
Henceforth laugh I at their fine of absence;
I will converse with the beasts of nature,
They shall rid me of the thoughts that haunt me,
Thoughts as black as are the raven's pinions,
Rid me of the dreams I dream wide waking.“

Soon as struck the wonted hour of dinner,
Served the cook the meal which had been ordered,
On a golden dish with green leaves garnished.

Cheerfully sate Stojan down to table,
Carved and ate with an exceeding relish,
Ate and drank of the red wine between times,
Till the golden dish was wholly emptied.
From his seat in haste then springs Sir Stojan,
Buckles on his sword set with smaragdus,
Bids his Turkish barb with speed be saddled,
Mounts and rides forth from his castle-portal.

Soon Sir Stojan reached the forest valley
Where the road unto the black-mere turneth;
Leafless stood the trees throughout the forest,
Yet the little twigs a moaning uttered,
Which from branch to branch again was spoken,
Sad and mournful as if human voices
Were announcing some approaching sorrow;
Yet he scarcely hears it, and rides onward.

As he now beside the black-mere rideth,
Slowly fly two ravens o'er the water,
Ancient birds are they and broad of pinion;
Now alight they croaking on a pine-tree,
And Sir Stojan understands their croaking,
Shortens rein and listens for good pastime.

Said the one old raven to his fellow,
„Where gott'st thou the gold-ring, brother, pry'thee,
Which I saw thee yestern bearing homeward,
Bright and fine and set with seven brilliants —
Where didst find it brother, pry'thee, tell me?“

And the other raven thus made answer;
„Brother I can tell a little story
Of that ring, a wondrous pretty story.
Seven and twenty years ago, or longer,
In this very wood there dwelt a maiden,
Fair as is a flower, with long, dark hair-plaits,
But she wore coarse linen of the peasant,
With bare feet save for the simple slipper;
Yet her face was lovely as the rose is.
When she smiled the sun himself seemed brighter;
When she sung the little brooks were silent;
When she danced the summer-sward grew greener.
Lo! a knight comes riding through the woodlands,
Feathers nodding on his cap of sable,
Gold his bit, his sword set with smaragdus.
One day came he, then was ever coming,
Talked with her, then swore of oaths a hundred,
And that golden ring placed on her finger,
Bright and golden set with seven brilliants,
As a pledge that she might ever trust him;
And she trusted him and loved him truly.
Joyful to her seemed that livelong summer.

But — in autumn when the bird-flocks migrate
Into far-off lands, none can tell whither,
He too went and was seen here no longer;
Where he went may know the sun in heaven!
Still each evening came that lovely maiden,
To the mere and wept hot tears unceasing;
Wept upon the snow which fell in winter,
Wept upon the violet of the spring-time.
And in spring's sweet equinoctial midnight,
With a cry of bitter, bitter anguish,
Sprung into this black mere's dismal waters;
Nor since then hath human eye beheld her;
But that ring was cast up as a token.“

Thus one raven spake unto the other.
Gloomy pastime seemed this to Sir Stojan,
His heart beating like a heavy hammer.
Sharp the spur with which he pricked his charger,
And it boundeth, snorting, neighing, forwards
Over stock and stone, no pathway following,
Over ditches leaping, over hedges,
Till at length subdued, a halt it maketh
By a lowly hut and will no farther.

In the forests depth this cottage standeth,
Windows hath it not; its door is hingeless,
And tall, rampant weeds o'ergrow its threshold.
On its roof a pair of doves have lighted,
Blue and white, a pair of wedded stock-doves,
Cooing loud, plain language to Sir Stojan;
Thus addressed her mate, the little stock-dove:
„Tell me, little mate, what ails this cottage,
That no human beings dwell within it,
As they do elsewhere throughout the forest;
Tell me wherefore stands it thus deserted?“
And the other stock-dove to her answered;
„Little wife, I will a story tell thee;
Here it was not always sad and lonesome;
Formerly a charcoal-burner dwelt here,
Old with snowy beard and black with labour,
And with him abode a handsome stripling;
Not of charcoal-burner's lineage seemed he,
Yet so said to be, though not said truly: —
By the black-mere's edge the old man found him,
On the early morning which succeeded
One spring-equinox, took him and cherished
As his own son. Strong grew he in the forest,
Comely, with thick clustering locks gold-tinted,
And o'er dark eyes, dark brows finely arching,
Yet he by the wood-pile ne'er would labour
Ne'er would stay to tend the burning charcoal.
He preferred to cut light bows and arrows,
Arrows keen which pierced the deer when flying;

Or with bird on wrist, to go a-hawking,
Thus the youth roamed daily through the forest
Coming home at eve with spoil well laden,
Bringing joy and plenty to the cottage,
Till one morn, 'twas at the summer solstice, —
Seven years since it is, if 'tis not longer —
Went he to the woods, but not at even,
Came he, nor the next, nor came back ever! —
And the old man died in grieving for him.
What his fate, may know the sun in heaven;
Knows the sun not, then must know Sir Stojan,
Who that self-same day was in the forest!“

Thus unto one stock-dove cooed the other,
And with thrilling horror heard Sir Stojan,
Pearled his brow with cold sweat-drops of anguish,
And his very heart congealed with terror.
Suddenly he turned his fiery charger,
And through thorns and thistles galloped homeward,
As though death were him pursuing, galloped;
On his face the forest-branches lashed him,
Wild winds whistled mid careering hail-storms,
Yet he felt not, heard not, — onward speeding.

Riding thus he reached his castle-portal,
And with jingling spurs rushed to his chamber;
Bade upon the hearth a fire be kindled.
A huge fire of splintered piled-up pine-logs,
That might thaw the heart within his bosom;
And sate down with a deep groan of anguish.

Soon upon the hearth the fire was burning.
On the flames gazed moodily, Sir Stojan;
As he gazed arose within a muttering,
Muttering, flashing in the resinous pine wood,
And at once a flame on high ascended,
With quick light, and quivering tongue thus speaking;
„I a tale can tell to thee, Sir Stojan,
A dark tale of days long since departed.
Once I was a pine-tree of the forest,
Striking deep my roots below the mosses,
Shooting my top-branches up to heaven.
Well can I those times of old remember,
Yet I mind me most, one summer solstice
Seven years since it is, if 'tis not longer —
When a youth was sitting in my shadow,
Golden haired, with darkly pencilled eyebrows,
Bearing on his wrist a lordly falcon,
With the which he played, caressing fondly;
Just then cam'st thou up the path, Sir Stojan,
Wending from thy pastimes in the forest,
Saw'st the bird and straightway didst desire it,

Didst demand it proudly from the stripling
Who refused at thy command to yield it;
Held it firmer, laughed even at thy threatening —
Laughed in thine own wise, defiant laughter —
Then thy soul was seized with savage anger,
Gleamed thy hunting-knife like flashing lightning,
Then was sheathed within the stripling's bosom,
Heedless went'st thou on with hand blood-crimsoned;
And with circling flight high rose the falcon.
Lying low the youth died mid the mosses,
And his heart's blood, from his wound slow welling,
Dripped around my roots in little streamlets;
Downward to the darksome earth came trickling,
Till the darksome earth was thrilled with horror,
And with pangs convulsive cried to daylight,
„Woe! what blood is this that I have drunken!
Blood that has been shed withouten pity;
Blood of his own child shed by a father!“

Thus upon the hearth the quick flame muttered;
From his seat sprang, with a curse, Sir Stojan,
Drew his crooked sabre from the scabbard,
And struck down the fire with headlong fury,
Dashing lighted billets through the chamber,
Then fell staggering to the floor exhausted.
Little rapid tongues of flame flashed flickering,
Now like angry, living, crimson serpents,
Licking now, now catching on the wainscot;
Climbing now up to the timbered ceiling,
When behold! the interlacing wood-work,
Like a fiery fan, at once unfolded
Into flame; flame burst through door and window,
And curled upwards towards the gloomy heaven;
And enwrapped in flame the castle standeth.

In the forest lies a pile of ruins,
High-heaped fallen stones, and black, charred timbers.
There no hunter comes, no flocks are driven;
There no little birds are heard to carol;
There the earth is never wet with dew-drops;
For a curse rests on the blackened ruin
Neath which lie the bones of grim Sir Stojan,
He who slew his son within the forest!

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

A Summer Evening.

By Christina Rossetti.

Oh pleasant eventide!
Clouds on the western side
Grow grey and greyer hiding the warm sun:
The bees and birds their happy labours done
Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
The stock-doves sit and brood:
The merry squirrel leaps from bough to bough
But, lazily, pauses and settles now,
Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close;
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
Choice little dainty bits
Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime;
Nibbling his fill, he stops from time to time
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
Of cattle driven home;
From farther still the wind brings fitfully
The vast continual murmur of the sea,
Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
The evening gnats; and there
The owl opes his broad eyes and wings to sail
For prey; the bat wakes, and the shellless snail
Comes forth clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale
Telling the selfsame tale
Her song told when the ancient earth was young:
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first woody vale.

We call it love and pain,
The passion of her strain,
And yet we little understand or know,
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbing vein? —

In separate herds the deer
Lie; here the bucks, and here
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn:
Through all the hours of night until the dawn
They sleep forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies
With wary half-closed eyes;
The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck;
Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
Or chicken to surprise.

Slowly each single star
Comes out, until they are
All shining brightly. How the dews fall damp!
While on the earth the glow-worm lights his lamp
Faint twinkling from afar. —

But evening now is done,
As much as if the sun
Day-giving, had arisen in the east:
For night is here; and the great calm has ceased;
The quiet sands have run.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

Monte Cenere.

By EMINUS.

Illustrated by O. Achenbach.

Here let me sleep, companions,
In the deep fern take my ease,
Above me waves the chestnut
In noon day's balmy breeze.

And near me murmurs the streamlet
Cool from its rocky floor,
And between the lofty mountains
Gleams Lago Maggior.

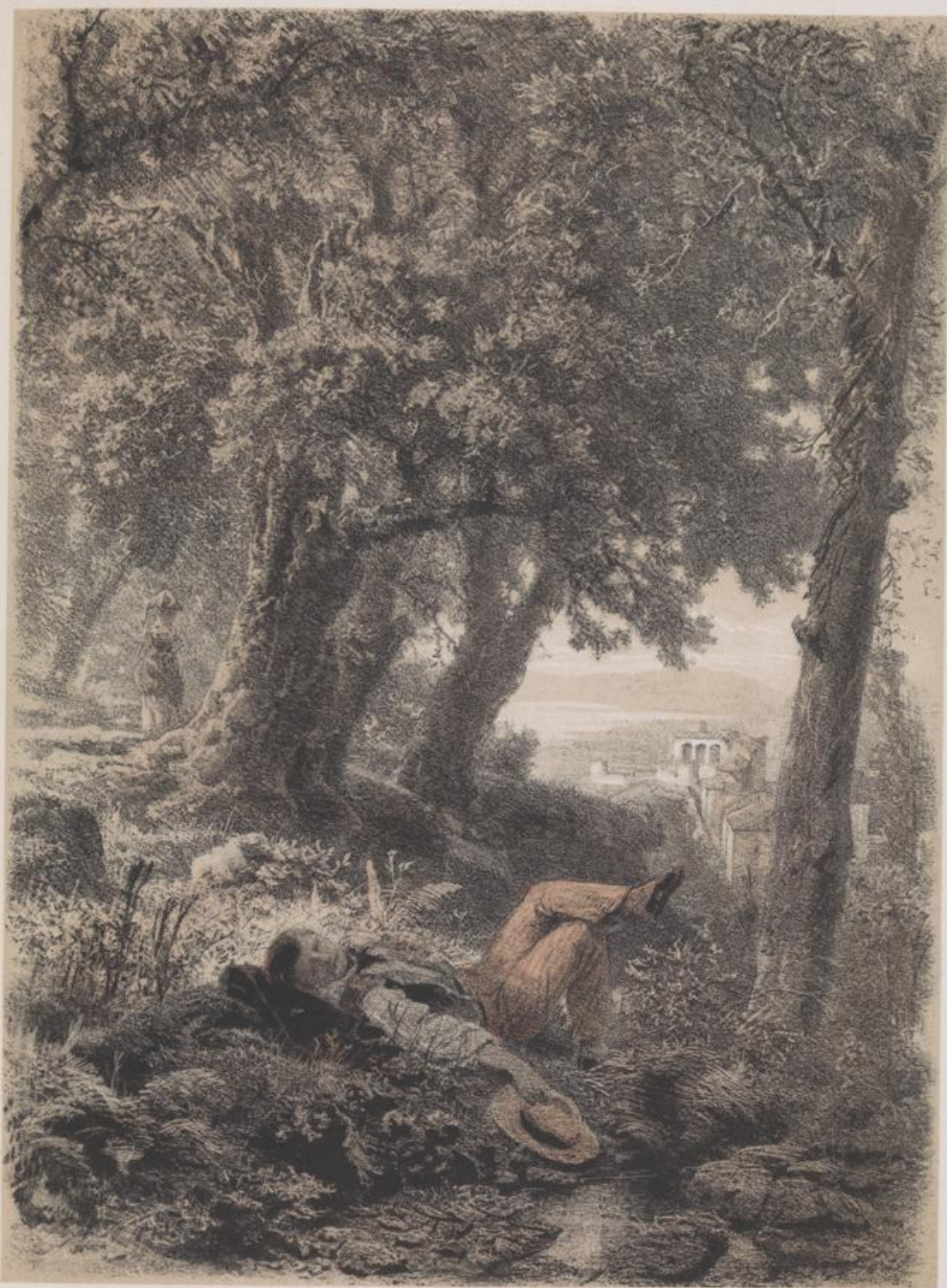
See, how 'neath the cooling zephyrs
The valleys and gorges bask!

What evil spirit forbiddeth
To you the same sweet task?

Here must I dream in fancy
Of these and of future days,
And of Love, the ever-mighty,
Who is my liege lord always.

And come the bandits hither,
They will say, „here lies, God wot,
Asleep in the fern a fellow
Who is not worth powder and shot!“

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.



MONTE CENERE.

LANDES-
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DUSSELDORF

Sister Helen.

By H. H. H.

„And if ye have melted your wax aright,
Sister Helen,
Ye'll let me play, for ye said I might!“
„Be very still in your play to night,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Dark night and loud between Hell and Heaven.)

„Ye said, it must melt ere vesper-bell
Sister Helen,
If now it be molten, all is well!“
„Even so, nay peace! ye cannot tell,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Oh what is this, between Hell and Heaven!)

„Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen,
How like dead folk he has dropt away!“
„Nay now of the dead what can ye say
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Why looks she thus between Hell and Heaven?)

„See, see the pile of burning wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thin wax red as blood“,
Nay now, when looked ye yet on blood,
Little Brother?
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
How pale she is between Hell and Heaven!)

„Now close your eyes for they 're sick and sore
Sister Helen,
And I'll play without and keep the door.“
„Aye keep it well — I'll lie on the floor,
Little Brother.“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What ails her heart between Hell and Heaven?)

„And here it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen,
In the shaking trees the chill stars shake.“
„Hush, heard ye horse-tread while ye spake,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What would she between Hell and Heaven?)

„I hear a horse-tread and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly.“
„Little Brother, whence come the three,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What hope is her's between Hell and Heaven.)

„They come by the hill-verge by Boyne Bar,
Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar.“
„Look, look do ye know them, who they are,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven?)

„Oh its Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast.“
„The hour has come, has come at last,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Is this like joy between Hell and Heaven?)

„He has made a sign and calls Halloo!
Sister Helen,
„And he says that he would speak with you.“
„Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Why smiles she thus between Hell and Heaven.)

„The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewan is like to die.“
„And he and thou, and thou and I
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
She mocks at death, between Hell and Heaven!)

„Since yesterday, he lies sick a-bed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment, to be dead.“
„The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
She scoffs at prayer between Hell and Heaven!)

„But he has not ceased to cry all day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away.“
„God heard; God grants; shall I gainsay,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
She speaks of God between Hell and Heaven.)

„He says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, but never can.“
„Nay then, — shall I slay a living man,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
A wicked word between Hell and Heaven!)

„Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast.“
„The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little Brother.“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What mirth is her's between Hell and Heaven?)

„He stops to speak and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen,
But his talk sounds like the talking gorse.“
„Nay hear, nay hear, ye must hear perforce,
Little Brother.“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Are such words sweet between Hell and Heaven!)

„Oh he says that Keith of Ewan's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die.“
„He sees me in earth, in moon and sky
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Alas for sin between Hell and Heaven!)

„He sends a broken ring and a coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.“
„What else he broke can he ever join,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What wrong is her's between Hell and Heaven!)

„He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain.“
„What else he took will he give again,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
O shame and love between Hell and Heaven.)

„Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast.“
„The short, short hour will soon be past,
Little Brother!“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Thou heard'st her laugh between Hell and Heaven!)

„He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh, his voice is sad and weak.“
„What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little Brother?“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Alas, alas between Hell and Heaven.)

„O his son is lost, the priest has said,
Sister Helen,
If he die ere he and you be wed.“
„I'll be his bride in a warmer bed,
Little Brother.“
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Has she no fear between Hell and Heaven?)

„Ah he prays you, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen,

To save his dear son's soul alive.“

„Nay, flame cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
Little Brother!“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Her soul blasphemes between Hell and Heaven!)

„He cries to you, kneeling on the road,
Sister Helen,

O go with him for the love of God!“

„The way is long to his son's abode,
Little Brother!“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Has the end come between Hell and Heaven?)

„O Sister Helen, ye heard the bell,
Sister Helen,

More loud than the vesper chime it fell.“

„No vesper chime, but a dying knell,
Little Brother.“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Our doom is sealed between Hell and Heaven.)

„Alas, but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen;

Is it in the sky, or in the ground?“

„Say have they turned their horses round,
Little Brother?“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
What would she more between Hell and Heaven?)

„They have raised the old man from his knee
Sister Helen,

And they ride in silence hastily.“

„Now fast the naked one doth flee,
Little Brother.“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
And is all o'er between Hell and Heaven?)

„O the wind is sad in the iron chill
Sister Helen,

And weary sad they look by the hill.“

„But he they mourn is sadder still,
Little Brother.“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
No hope at all between Hell and Heaven!)

„Look, look, the wax has dropt down from its place
Sister Helen,

And the flames are winning up apace.“

„Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little Brother.“

(O Mother Mary, Mother,
Are such deeds known between Hell and Heaven?)

„Ah what white thing at the door has crossed,
Sister Helen? —

Ah what is this that sighs in the frost?“

„A soul that is lost as mine is lost,
Little Brother.“ —

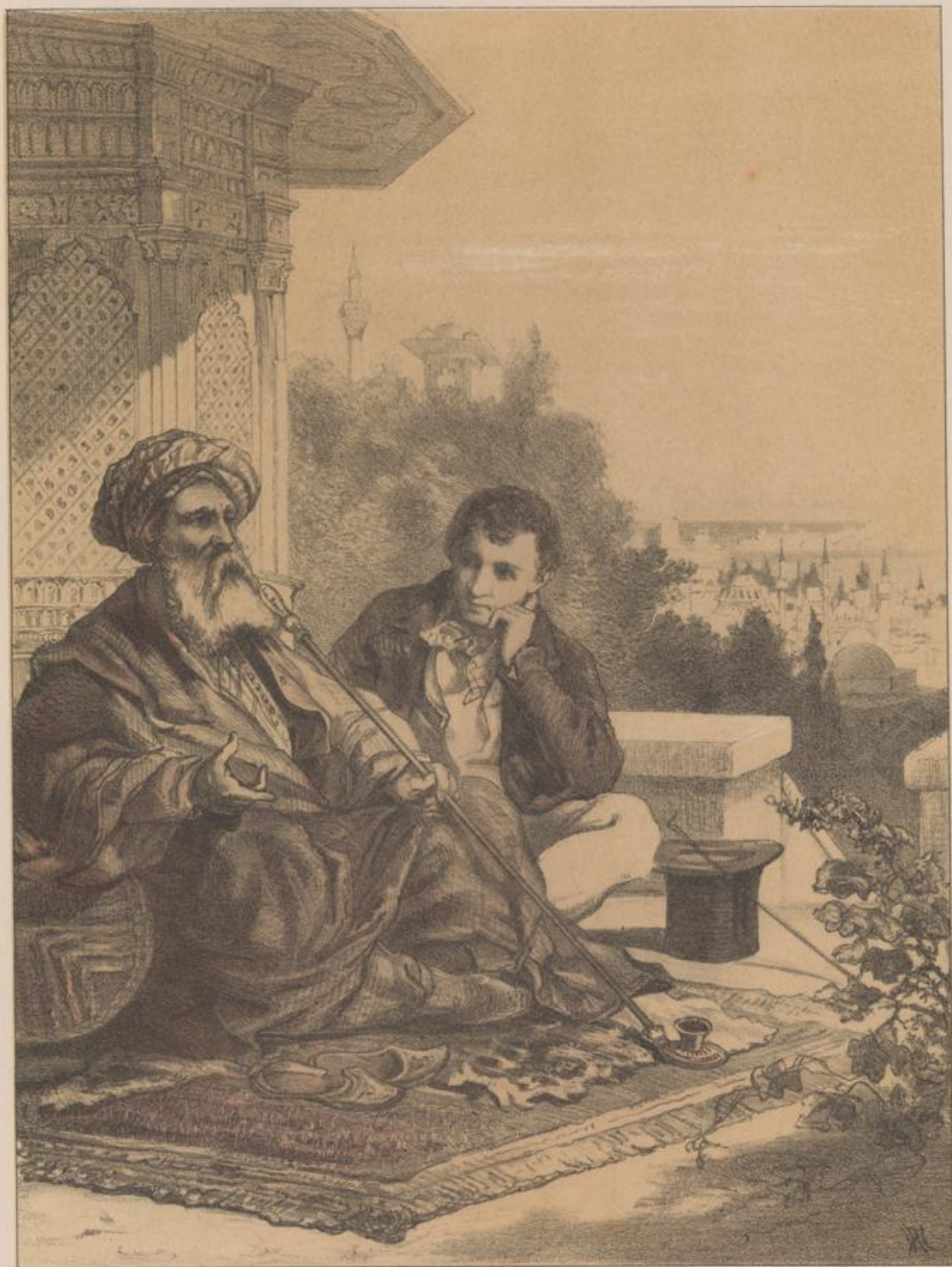
(O Mother Mary, Mother,
O purge their souls between Hell and Heaven!)

The Banner of the Prophet.

By A. T. Bruck.

Illustrated by H. Ritter.

Bright lay the Bosphorus in the set of sun,
Near his kiosk sate Jussuf with the Frank,
His friend and his physician, meal-time done.
„For health renewed in sickness thee I thank,
For suffering lightened in its tedious round,
Therefore towards thee my mind shall have no blank.
I have in thee one of those wise men found
Who know that speech is silver, silence gold: —
Thou know'st the proverb, „let thy tongue be bound
By that which in thy listening ear is told.“
Thou of the Prophet's Banner askest more,
Of which once Musselmans revered each fold,
And in the land's extremest danger bore.
'Twas so. A hundred thousand fighting men
Would then rush forth to dye with hostile gore
Their weapons in the wild war-tumult, when
The sacred banner led the warrior van, —
And all, of every class, were warriors then,
Were warriors and were conquerors to a man!
Hamza, the uncle of the Prophet, first
Lifted the holy standard, when he ran
With Allah's lightning at the battle's worst.
And so it was: long as the fire of faith
Burned in the Osmanli, no power accursed
Of the united West could work them scathe,
Never the crescent to the cross succumbed,
Allah kerim!“ cried he, and mournful wrath
The forehead of the old Turk flushed and gloomed,
Whilst his eye glowed with the rememberd story,
What time the Othman power in greatness bloomed,
And on the sea and on the land in glory
Waved the grand crescent banner of Mahmood.
„Maschallah!“ sighed he, and went on, „victory
Is wrested from us with the sword; our blood
Is now, methinks, degenerate, our sons
Disgrace their noble, pious sires who stood
Fierce champions round the holy banner once.
Where is the Stamboul-conqueror's Moslem-band?
Replaced by many a shallow-witted dunce!
Sultan Mahmood did wrong; by his command



THE BANNER OF THE PROPHET.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

Were slain the Janissaries, one and all,
Those sole remains of Moslem heart and hand;
True, you may them barbarians, madmen call,
Yet when Paskiewitsch threatened Stamboul even
In the last war, all hearts were as in thrall,
Though by the Padischah to combat driven;
Nay, when the sacred banner was unfurled
The fire of faith which once flamed up to heaven,
Fanned by the banner's fluttering, then was cold.
Faith is a mere dead letter. Meantime spread
Knowledge and thought, the Western Empire's hold. —
Thus falls the East; the Frank now takes the lead.
Pregnant yon steamship with his mind alone;
He linketh wire to wire, 'tis even said,
On which his thoughts a thousand leagues are thrown
With lightning speed. What know I? Allah's great,
And his mysterious plans to man unknown,
I scarcely speak — think merely what I state —
But should the Prophet e'er return to earth, —
Of Allah's holy bosom the inmate —
He will methinks teach thought instead of faith! —
Just then from the near Minaret aloud
The call to evening worship was sent forth,
And Jussuf unto prayer submissive bowed.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

To some gathered Violets.

By Richard Howitt.

Violets beautiful and pure,
What on me do you confer? —
Ye that may not long endure —
Images of Her!

Of her gentleness and grace —
Of her manners, of her mind —
Of the angel in the face,
And the accents kind.

Like you, with us stays the blooming
But a little longer yet;
Goes — to leave the heart consuming
With a vain regret.

Thank you, in these lovely gleanings
For the fancies ye impart, —
As your sweet and gentle meanings
Melt into the heart.

All the spring will seem to leave us
Now so happy in her sight,
When, as though she came to grieve us,
She withdraws her light.

Fade ye violets, with her going —
Wherefore would ye longer blow?
When, unconscious of your growing,
All your sweets ye show?

Yet she cannot quit us wholly —
But, like you, will leave behind,
In our love, though love be folly —
Sweetness in the mind.

And, dull time all wrongs redressing, —
When in other springs ye wake,
I will hail you with a blessing
For the dear one's sake.

Love's Challenge.

By Victor Precht.

Illustrated by B. Vautier.

In constancy unflinching,
A rock which nought can move:
Inflexible, unaltering,
Such, such is German love.

I.

Deep, deep into the midnight
Two young men drank their wine,
The stars above in heaven
Were mirrored in the Rhine.

Said one, with jocund laughter,
And filled the beaker up,
„To my adored maiden,
I drain this brimming cup!

„To the maiden of my bosom,
The only fair and pure,
And true and — by the Heavens
She loves me — that I'm sure!“

„Sure?“ said the other scoffing —
You are so dulled with wine!
I swear that your sweet maiden
Shall, ere long too, be mine!“

„Done!“ said the first, „a challenge!
Eight days shall this decide!
Yet, as your life you value,
Let honour be your guide!“

II.

All in a maiden's garden
Bloom roses and jasmin,
She is the only warden
Of all the flowers therein.

Impatiently she waiteth
At that sweet trysting place,
Yet still the tardy truant
Comes not to her embrace.

„He used to come with gladness —
He now alone me leaves —
The very moonlight weaves
Around me shapes of sadness!“

III.

„My friend the Pommerlander,
Doth greet you as is best,
He in two days, at farthest,
Comes from the village feast.

„Comes from the mountain village
Where dancing lasts all night,
Where wine and merry maidens
Are still his prime delight.

„And should they still detain him —
As well indeed they may —
I will my best endeavour
To wile the time away.

„Deal to me friendly measure!
On me he laid the task;
For me, 'tis all I ask
That I may give you pleasure!“

— „He will not so long tarry —
Enough, his health is good —
I'm not in cheerful mood,
Nor longer will you weary.“

IV.

„My friend — I deemed so ever —
I writ him thus ere now,
His answer did avow —
In fact, he comes back never!



LOVÉS CHALLENGE.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

„It shames me thus to grieve you,
His fault I fain would hide,
But truth must be my guide —
How could he thus deceive you!

„My heart would have been truer!
You are so good and kind —
Would Heaven had so inclined!
Behold in me a wooer!“

— „Hence, hence! your words offend me,
Of luckless maids the chief —
You but enhance my grief —
Oh God in Heaven befriend me!“

V.

„A little bird came winging
Its flight unto my hand —
Now to some far-off land
Tis flown, no farewell singing!

„A little fish was playing
The waters bright beneath, —
Where is my true-love's faith?
What means this long delaying!

„So as I loved the roamer! —
Oh, in your kind embrace,
Bear me to some far place
Ye waves and clouds of summer!“

VI.

The full moon pale and tender
Rose o'er the shadowy wood,
And mid her silver splendour
A maiden figure stood,

All pale, as moon beams falling,
Upon the rocky steep;
„Methinks a voice is calling
Unto me from the deep!“

When now a boat approaches
Along the rapid flood;
The rower's self-reproaches
Sound sadly through the wood.

„Mine is a twofold sorrow;
Compelled by fate's decree,
A faithless form to borrow
She trusts no more in me!“

Hush! with quick footsteps sadly
He treads the shore, when lo!
A third approaches madly,
And cries in bitter woe;

„Curse, on this foolish challenge!
Woe's me for what is done!
Help! hasten friend, to save her,
The loved, the vanished one!

„A thousand times, the maiden
Win thou and win the bet,
If only, anguish-laden,
She lives to love thee yet!

„She as a saint is holy,
None purer heaven shall win;
Thine is she, truly, wholly —
To doubt her was a sin!“

„And is she lost forever!
Drove you so far the jest —
This good sword shall dis sever
Life from your traitor breast!“

A headlong rage impelled him,
He bared his angry blade,
When in her arms she held him,
That loving, faithful maid!

„Forgive for love's forgiving;
A second term be his,
That he may learn by living
What true-love truly is!“

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

In the Field.

By Friedr. Güll.

Illustrated by Th. Hosemann.

'G^ainst his plough he leans, the peasant,
And wipes his heated, sunburnt brow;
The foaming draught so cool and pleasant
Hands the village maiden now.

The weary team reposes;
The dog hath lain him in the grass,
And neath the sweet hedge-roses,
Are fondly courting lad and lass.

Oh love, the life enricher,
Be wary of thy path alway!
A false step breaketh the pitcher,
But love can ne'er be broken as clay.

More shamefaced and sedater
The girl steals to the village now;
The youth comes somewhat later
With his sturdy team and his plough.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

The Johannes Kirchhof.

Nuremburg.

I.

A still, a cheerful noon — the lingering year
Is clad with glory to mine eyes unknown;
Never did old October's mantle bear
More manifold emblazonments, — a crown
Of gold and ruby leafage he doth wear;
And on this quaint and rich and ancient town
Looks with a smile that tells not of decay,
Nor how long-parted years were brighter than to-day!

II.

Yes, Nuremburg her rich and ancient dower
Holds fast, of sumptuous beauty, — though the time
Be gone, which gave her palace, bridge and tower,
And shrines seraphic, — the deep, solemn chime
Of St. Sebaldus, tolling forth the hour
Wails nought of outward ruin; — War and Crime
Have swept her ways with all their waste and ill,
She wears her royal robes of merchant splendour still.



IN THE FIELD.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DÜSSELDORF

III.

Royal — of burgher princes; their old names
Remaining still, and still with thrill of pride
Owned by their grandsons. They had jousts and games,
And spearmen ready to the field to ride;
Their bounties hung the churches, — nor the flames
Of wild religious discord have destroyed
Their high magnificence — the Lords have passed,
But still their kingly feast for eye and heart doth last!

IV.

Her traders traversed Earth — and one, possessed
With strong aspirings, not remotely stirred
By the far-purchased luxuries of the West,
Went forth in the Discoverer's train, and heard
The hymn of gladness which proclaimed the West!
Came he not back with wondrous shell and bird,
To enrich his German home? and gathered there
The spoils of some Cacique for German maid to wear?

V.

Her craftsmen tured all Europe, strong in faith
And love of art — came Kaisers from their thrones
To buy their treasures by the holy breath
Of Genius animate, — the way-side stones
Grew shrines of worship 'neath their hands — in Death
Symbols and ensigns hide their mouldering bones, —
Gaze on — and well thine heart may throb, — for ne'er
Were sepulchres so haughty and so fair!

VI.

One, by the ministry of printing, told
God's message to mankind, — and one had skill
The heart of rock, the stubborn brass to mould,
To each caprice of Fancy's gamesome will;
And one the tissues laboured stiff with gold
Which kings in throne of state — or grave — might fill,
They move me, these mute tombs, — for none beneath
Would lineage to his sons, without its mark bequeath.

VII.

They move me: — from my mind's most secret deep
Rise questionings that will not be denied.
Have I, too, not a name? — or do I weep
Unworthy ancestors? — or feel no pride
To tell from whom I sprung? — Yet they do sleep
Compared with these, how meekly, side by side!
And but its pallid bell the cowslip waves
Among the grass, to tell the pilgrim Here are graves!

VIII.

And are we wrong? — and were these burghers right,
Who chose their dust like princes to enshroud? —
Answer me, angel, from the zone of light
That peaceful girdles yonder Autumn cloud. —
Shall Man, an atom in the Eternal's sight,
Thus, in the worm's embraces dare be proud? —
And soft the mellow breath of Eve replied:
What questioned at thy heart, save jealousy and pride?

IX.

Chide not that these are laid in stately rest,
Bedecked by signs of Art and Wealth and Power —
Chide not that those, by no vain trophies pressed,
Are left to the sweet cares of sun and shower!
The same deep love in differing forms expressed,
Gave these the marble, those the turf and flower.
Leave to thy God the worth of tomb and pall;
Who weighs not human gifts, in human balance small.“

Henry F. Chorley.

Napoleon.

By S.

After a sketch of A. Northen.

Say the short-sighted, resteth bloodguiltiness
On thee, because thou, obeying a mightier
Ord'nance of fate, valued more lightly
Than chaff at winnowing, millions of beings.

Thou wilt be seen best when future centuries
Place thee at distance. Low seems the mountain-peak,
Half veiled in cloud, to him who standeth
Down at its foot amid dust and shadow.

Thine arm titanic from deep degradation
Plucked forth the nations. Deeds which to-day doeth
Traces alone are of thy spirit,
Hero so mighty and ah! so infirm!



NAPOLEON.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

The Lime Tree.

Sing, sing the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen.
When high over head, its arms are spread,
And bees are busily buzzing round;
When the sun and the shade a woof have laid
Of flickering network on the ground.
I love the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade,
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen.

When the Switzer fought and gallantly wrought
His charter of freedom with bow and spear;
From the Lime was torn a branch, and borne
As the banner of victory far and near.
And they proudly tell where the herald youth fell
With the living branch in his dying hand.
And the Linden tree, is of Liberty,
The sacred symbol through all the land.
Oh the Lime, the odorous Lime
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The whisperings heard when its leaves are stirred,
Are the voices of martyrs that prompt unseen.

I love it the more when I think of yore
And the avenue leading — I tell not where —
But there was a bower, and there was a flower
Of gracefulest beauty grew ripening there.
From valley and hill, from forge and mill,
From neighbouring hamlets murmurs stole;
But the sound most dear to my listening ear
Was a musical whisper that thrilled the soul.
Oh the Lime, the odorous Lime,
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
It ever has made the pleasantest shade,
For lovers to wander and woo unseen.

When garish noon had passed, and the moon
Came silvering forest, and lake, and tower;
In the hush of the night so calm and bright,
How silent and sweet was the Lime tree bower!
They may boast of their forests of larch and pine,
Of maple and elm and scented thorn,
Of ash and of oak defying the stroke
Of the tempest when others are rent and torn.
Give me the Lime, the odorous Lime,
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The vows that are made beneath its shade,
Are throbbings of spirits that bless unseen.

Blackheath Park, August 1853.

Francis Bennoch.

The Snow-King.

A Ballad by Dr. J. N. Vogl.

Illustrated by W. Camphausen.

The Snow-king on his charger pale
Is speeding afar over hill and dale,
His mantle is floating far behind,
His long, white beard streams on the wind.

Down in a valley deep he spies
A maiden fair at morn's uprise,
And love, till then an unknown guest,
Is kindled in the Snow-king's breast.

Now as a hind he nears the maid,
And thus with loving glance he said:
„O give to me thy hand so fair,
Then flowers and ribbons shalt thou wear!“

Replied the maid with flushing cheek
To him who thus had dared to speak,
„A village girl is meet for thee,
None save a knight shall wed with me!“

Now as a knight, with sounding tread,
The Snow-king stands before the maid;
„If thou wilt be my wife, this day
Shall gold and pearl be thine array!“

Again the maid with scorn replied,
„I of no knight will be the bride,
What is to me thy gold and pearl?
I will be wedded to an Earl!“

Now as an Earl, with graceful mien,
The Snow-king by the maid is seen;
„Come to the old hall of my line,
And what is noblest shall be thine!“

Replied the maid with haughty scorn,
I wed no Earl that e'er was born,
An Earldom is too mean a thing, —
I would be thine if thou wert king!“



Moulleron lith

Imp. Lemercier, Paris

The Snow King.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

„A King!“ exclaimed the suitor, „see,
A king stands face to face with thee!
Thy word is pledged, mine own thou art,
With the Snow-king shalt thou depart!“

And lo! he stood of giant height,
Wrapped in a garb of misty light
And vaster still his form appeared
With floating hair and long white beard.

And as she prayed and earthward clung,
One arm around the maid he flung;
The other high in air he held,
Half by his mantle-folds concealed.

And see, there floats and whirls below
A circling shower of silvery snow,
Thick fall the flakes as mad with ire,
A snow-storm fierce as furious fire.

And wild and wilder, stormier still,
The whirling snow veils dale and hill,
Thick clouds lie heaven and earth between,
Till of the twain no more is seen.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

To Alice.

By Andrew J. Symington.

A young lamb's heart amidst the full-grown flocks.
Wordsworth.

Yes, thou hast brought thy childhood with thee, love!
Hast drunk the fountain of eternal youth,
And never shalt grow older, dearest friend,
Like consecrated maiden meek and fair,
Unconscious of the homage of all hearts,
Thou movest in a charmed atmosphere
Of orient light diffusing joy around thee!
The mellowed wisdom which experience yields,
Dove-like simplicity and innocence,
Truth, high-souled honour — all that's womanly,
Are thine, making thee ever feel and act
Intuitively right. Yes, dearest friend,
I bless thee for thy love — a love for which
I'd hew through paynim hordes, dare all hard things,
If need were; this thou know'st. Ah! what are words?
Joy-tears now in mine eyes, I pray that He,
The meek and lowly, called himself a Lamb —
May ever shield and bless thee!

Kamtschadale Kutka.

By Fr. Kugler.

Illustrated by H. Ritter.

Kutka, mighty Kutka,
Who Kamtschatka made,
And the salt sea-water,
And the salt sea-fishes;
Who Kamtschatka's people
For their favourite diet
Gave the Phoca's blubber,
Bark-bread of the willow,
And the sap of birch-trees; —
Kutka, mighty Kutka,
Wert thou wise as strong
How much better were it!

Forth from out his Jurte
Full of wrath came Kutka
In a robe attired;
Wearing cap and gauntlet,
Firmly sewn and broidered,
From black skins of ravens;
In his hand he carried
A good bow of pine-tree,
Furnished well with sinew
And the whitest whalebone;
Carried ten stout arrows
Headed with sharp flint-stone,
And the feathers painted
On the under-side.
Forth in savage anger,
Went the mighty Kutka
To the sea-side-hillock
Where the mice were dwelling;
For these little people
Had him sorely cheated,
Three times had they him
Turned into derision,
And even Kutka's wife,
Chachy — direr grievance —
Had three several times —
Till the very hillocks
Echoed back her laughter —
Laughed him unto scorn.

Forth now came to meet him,
With an air submissive,
All the small mouse-nation,
With their heads bowed lowly
And their thin tails wagging,
And thus blandly spake they;
„Kutka, mighty Kutka,
Who Kamtschatka made;
Ah, what would it profit
Thee to quite destroy us?
Small are we of body,
But thou art majestic;
Poor are we and simple,
But thou art most sapient;
Oft times are we headstrong,
But thou lovest mercy;
Therefore hear, oh Kutka
Who Kamtschatka made!
Yesterday a Phoca
On the shore was stranded;
Thine is every Phoca
Lord of shore and ocean!
And for thee, oh Kutka,
Wood we bore and faggots
And a fire we kindled;
And for thee, oh Kutka,
Is the Phoca roasted.
Come, oh mighty Kutka,
Come, oh wisest Kutka,
To the feast of Phoca
Which for thee is waiting!“

Thus the mice addressed him;
And a soft, warm zephyr
Brought a savoury odour
From the near mouse-kitchen
Unto Kutka's nostrils.
With the mice went Kutka,
Ate the flesh of Phoca,
Ate with satisfaction
Till the feast was ended;



KAMTSCHATKADALE KUTKA.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

Then on earth he stretched him
With his eyelids winking,
Yawning still and yawning,
Till sleep overcame him.

First the mice stood timid,
Shy and softly whispered;
Then they touched him lightly,
Now his little finger,
Then upon his ear-ring,
Then his nose more boldly,
Till at length, untearing,
They danced round in circles
Singing, whistling, shouting,
And still Kutka slept!
Seeing this the villains,
Brought out shells of mussels
Holding divers colours
Made from earths and mosses,
And on sleeping Kutka
Painted rare devices;
Painted on his visage
Lovely scarlet circles,
Zigzag lines of azure,
Golden specks and spangles,
Singing, whistling, shouting
In a circle round him!
So till Kutka turned him
As about to waken,
Till his eyes half opened
Yawning still and yawning;
Then into their mouse-holes
Fled they all in haste.

Kutka turned him homeward,
Thirsty after eating,
And thus onward wending
Reached Kamtschatka's river
Where he stooped to drink.
But behold! ascending
From beneath the water —
Wonderful to look at! —
Yet another visage,
Beautifully painted,
With bright scarlet circles,
Zigzag lines of azure,
Golden specks and spangles!

Kutka spoke astounded,
Whilst the heart within him,
'Gainst his ribs was knocking;
„Speak thou, 'neath the water,
With the lovely visage,
Lovelier far than Chachy
Who is wife of Kutka,
Art thou woman likewise?
Wilt thou love me, Kutka
Who Kamtschatka made?
Speak, thou marvellous beauty
May I seek to woo thee?
May I, for thy favour,
Offer precious gifts?“

All below was silent;
Yet when Kutka nodded
Nodded back the visage,
Seeing which great Kutka
Flung into the water
His good wooden knife;
But the river only
Splashed its waters on him.
„Is the gift too humble?“
Murmured mighty Kutka,
„Must I, lovely woman,
Purchase thee more dearly, —
If yet dearer can be!“
Then he threw his arrows
Also in the water,
And their heavy flint-heads
Sunk them to the bottom.
Kutka stood and pondered,
Pondered for a moment,
Then said, growing wrathful,
„Hast thou, ta'en mine arrows,
Yet com'st not unto me!
Dost thou think that Kutka,
Who Kamtschatka made
May be mocked in this wise?
If below thou tarriest,
I below will follow!“

With these words plunged Kutka
Headlong in the water,
And the stream was deep,
And his life was perilled,

And he cried in terror,
 Even now half drowned,
 So that Chachy heard him.
 Running, running came she
 And his long hair floating
 Saw upon the waters.
 By the hair she seized him,
 And with all her might
 Dragged him from the river.

Kutka made confession
 How he came in danger;
 Whereon angry Chachy

Slender birch-twigs breaking
 Bound a rod and drove him
 Homewards to their Jurte,
 So that all the hillocks
 To the blows reechoed,
 So that his love-longings
 Kutka quite forgot.

Kutka, mighty Kutka,
 Who Kamtschatka made,
 Wert thou wise as strong
 How much better were it!

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

A Moonlight Landscape.

By Dr. Hübner.

After a sketch by Achenbach.

Near to the wood behold
 A corpse-like phantom gleameth,
 Gnarled, bleached and scathed and old,
 An oak-tree as it seemeth.

Winds, rains and winters drear
 Its trunk have lashed and battered,
 Its branches bare and sere
 A thousand storms have shattered.

And on its gnarled bole,
 Which lightnings fierce have splintered,
 A dank, decaying shoal
 Of fungus-growth has wintered.

No summer singing-bird
 On its bald branch rejoices,
 There only may be heard
 The night-owls' dismal voices.

Who on this wreck shall gaze,
 This spectre wan and hoary,
 Beholds of former days,
 The woodland-region's glory.

Long years since then have flown,
 Then were its branches mighty,
 Ah, never king was known
 To bear a crown so weighty.

Then joyous summer-broods
 Among its leaves abounded,
 And all the neighbouring woods
 With their sweet songs resounded.

Then its huge, massive base
 Was carpeted with mosses,
 And ivy's green embrace
 Clasped all its fretted bosses.

Here stood beneath its boughs
 A simple maid at even,
 And listened to love-vows
 Sworn in the face of heaven.

„So sure as this strong tree
 Grows green with leafage vernal,
 So is my love for thee,
 Sweet maid, a love eternal!“

Yet was this tender oath
 A false oath, falsely spoken,
 And by its broken troth
 That maiden's heart was broken.

And he, the perjured man,
 Was shunned of all and doomed
 By the world's righteous ban,
 And died remorse-consumed.

And even this mighty tree,
 Of perjured vows the witness,
 Must bitter penance dree
 With an atoning fitness.

Fierce lightnings of heaven's wrath
 Its solid trunk have shivered,
 And into winter's scath
 It stands a spoil delivered.



MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

The Ballad of the King's Daughter.

By Bessie Parkes.

How the King's Daughter, having married a peasant, for love, heareth
of the death of her only brother and taketh her little son.

Part I.

She twisted up her royal lengths
Of fallen hair with a silver pin;
Her eyes were gleaming molten depths,
Which stirred to flame when I looked within.

Dressed in a gown of velvet black
With a diamond clasp and a silver band,
Walked from the door with a stately step,
And our young son held by his mother's hand.

Walter ran by his mother's side
In eyes more like to her than me;
The Queen would have bartered her ivory throne
For such a blossom of royalty.

Heavily over the far hill tops
Booms the bell in the minster tower
From city to city between the hills
Echo the bells at the burial hour.

Amen! says the bough in the ten-mile forest,
Amen! says the sea from its cavernous bed;
Amen! says the people when bowed at the sorest,
Who is dead? said the rooks, who is dead, who is dead?

The young man is dead in his strength, in his beauty,
His curls lie loose on his white-fringed pall;
Loud cry the people and priests at the altar,
Soft wails the requiem over them all.

„Babe, child, brave youth,“ wept the Queen in her closet,
„Heir of my name“, sighed the King on his throne,
„Who leads us to battle?“ cried they in the market,
„My lover!“ looked one face, cold as a stone.

Slow tolled the bells from the north to the southern sea,
Winds caught them up with a desolate cry;
Solemn he lies under darkening arches,
The hand of eternity pressed on each eye.

Part. II.

The market-cross with its sculptured Christ,
Mid the crush and the trample stood steady and strong,
The welded masses of voiceless folk
As a sea at midnight rolled along.

Booming bells as they struck the ear
Died away in the silent skies;
Gossiping women were dumb with fear,
And each gabled house was alive with eyes.

But lo! in the distance a shadowy file
They move to the beat of a muffled drum,
The waves recede, as for Israel's march,
And the thick crowd mutters: „They come, they come!“

When the bier was borne by the central fount
One stood as still as the carven stone,
Saying: „O King behold my boy,
His smile is the Dead's, and his eye is your own!“

From my broad domain in a true man's heart,
From the home I chose of my own free will,
I give you my jewel to wear in your crown!
Then snatching him back for one long last fill.

Of his rippling smiles, they heard her say
With a haughty glance at her marriage ring,
„Well is my home by the forester's hearth,
But Walter, my son, is the heir of a king.“

When the shadows fell on our quiet pool
And the birds were asleep in the firs overhead,
She returned alone, but her face was white
And her step as the step of one wak'd from the Dead.

Dr. Faustus in the Bishop's Cellar at Salzburg.

A Legend of Salzburg.

By **Dr. J. N. Vogl.**

Illustrated by **O. Arnz.**

At Salzburg in the cellar the mirth is wild and high,
Though in the castle chamber the Bishop calm doth lie.
There is ringing of the glasses and cool wine sparkling clear,
And sounds of merry singing and laughter and good cheer.



DR FAUSTUS IN THE BISHOP'S CELLAR AT SALZBURG.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DUSSELDORF

Before the brimming bumper a pale man has his seat,
Clad in a long black mantle which falls down to his feet;
A velvet cap and feather on his bold brow he wears,
And his dark eye expresses a soul which all things dares.

Beside him a lean fellow of aspect dark had place,
He wore a scarlet waistcoat and cold and keen his face;
A pointed hat was on his head; his eyeballs glared and burned,
And ever on his neighbour their fiery glances turned.

These two were companioned by other revellers four,
Who heavy golden chains and gold-embroidered garments wore,
On high they raised their glasses and clinked and cried amain,
„Now to this night's good journey we all our glasses drain!“

With this awoke the Butler the Bishop's house within,
„Now by the Saint Hubertus whence comes this mirth and din?
All the infernal legions might in the cellar house,
That thus the place re-echoes with such a mad carouse!“

He calls up all his people, and one and all they go
Adown the damp, stone steps to the cellar-vault below;
It is a riddle truly, and he cannot divine
How through strong doors fast bolted have people reached the wine.

And still he hears more plainly within the revelling throng,
How beaker rings to beaker and cithern-strings to song;
He draws the bolts impatient, his cheek on fire with rage,
And bids his people wait while he the topers will engage.

And lo! the man in black, so bold and proud and pale
He sees the Butler enter and straightway bids him hail;
„A welcome to you, Master, although a comrade new,
Of course you are a drinker, and a merry drinker too!“

By his arm the red one seized him and placed him at the board,
So astonished was the Butler he could not say a word;
They fill for him a beaker, a beaker to the brim,
„To you, Sir Cellar-master!“ and all would clink with him.

Right merry goes the revel the noble wine doth run;
They ever brim the beakers and tap the primest tun;
The cithern-strings keep ringing, the singing ne'er gives o'er,
Since wine was drank was never such a drinking bout before.

Amid them sits the Butler sore puzzled and perplexed,
Yet none of them will notice how angry and how vexed;
The madness of the revel doth neither pause nor halt,
It fills with noisy tumult the silent, gloomy vault.

But now upstands the pale one and „Gentlemen!“ says he,
„To Wittenberg in Saxony although far off it be!
Up all, and now to horse! Receive Sir Cellar-master now
Our thanks for your brave company; we part good friends, I trow!“

And thus into the courtyard drew him the laughing band,
He was as though enchanted, he could not them withstand.
Then shook his ample mantle out, that pale and slender man,
And all on it took hold, and all to rise from earth began.

„Tis a marvellous mode of travel!“ to himself the Butler spoke,
As he, among the others, was clinging to the cloak;
This flight saw all his people and, sore amazed, said they,
„Halloa, Sir Cellar-master, now tell us, whither away?“

„To the devil!“ cried the Butler, „whose servants ye are all!“
And tightly grasped the mantle and sorely feared to fall.
And onward still and onward, over hill and dale,
Over tower and city like a winter storm of hail.

The Butler's hold will fail him; he utters many a groan,
The pale one laughs, then lowers the mantle slowly down,
And sets the trembling Butler, for fear about to die,
Upon a tall tree's summit which towers up to the sky.

„And now farewell Sir Butler, do not repent this flight,
The wine within your cellar hath gladdened us this night;
Tell this unto your Bishop, and further would he ken,
Say that his guests were Doctor Faustus and his learned men!“

Thus spoke he, and again afar, aloft in air had flown,
And the Butler saw himself on the lofty tree alone;
Nor was it until morning that he reached the solid ground,
And then made known the conjurer's trick to all the country round.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

Three, Six, Nine.

By K. Simrock.

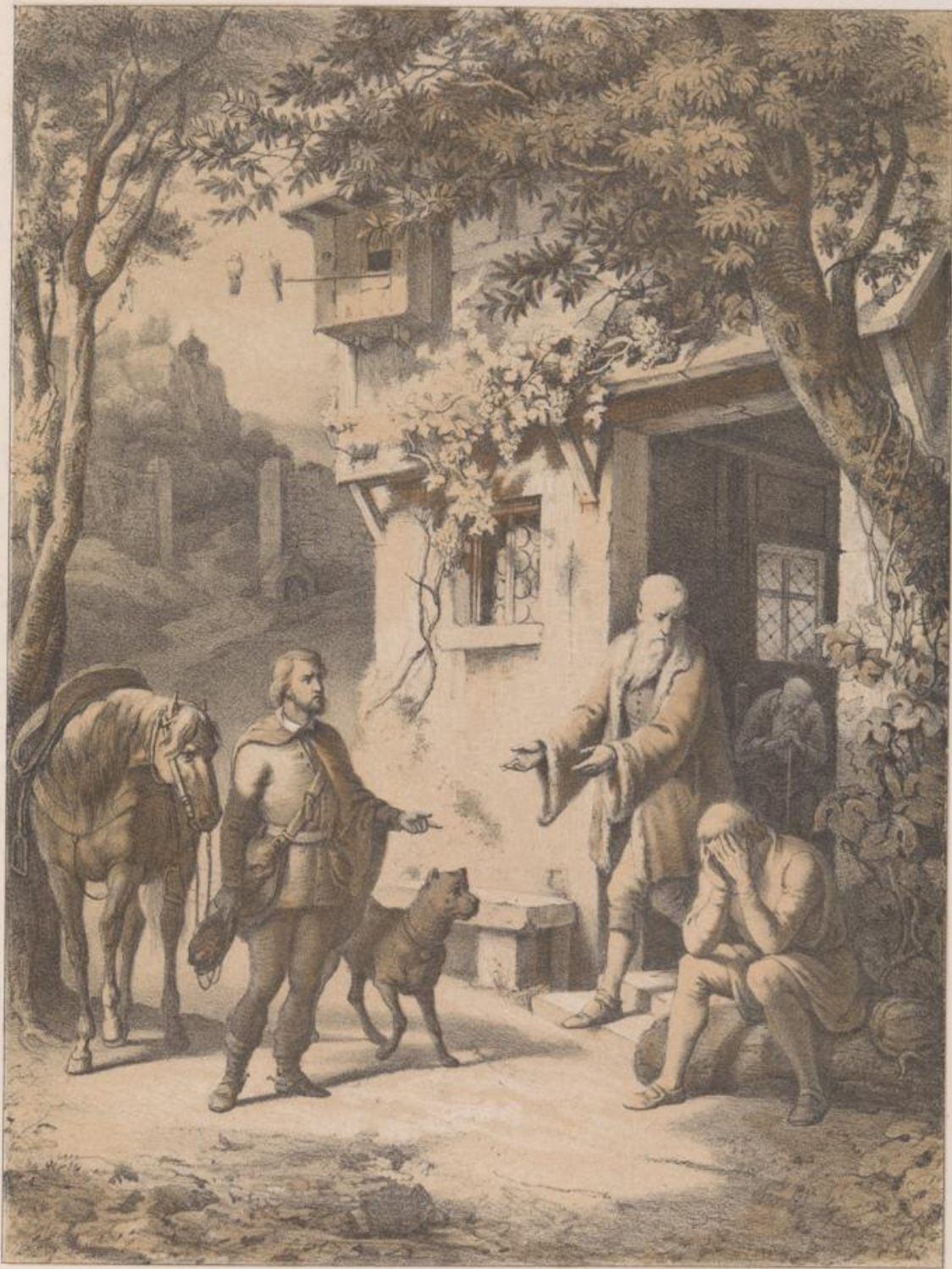
Illustrated by A. von Wille.

Now at length I reached the margin
Of the sacred, dark oak wood,
And my horse to light emerging
By a lonesome dwelling stood.

Near the threshold seated lowly
Was a man with snow-white hair,
Who, o'erwhelmed by grief, seemed wholly
Of the stranger unaware.

„Why,“ said I, „these tears incessant,
Aged man, make known to me?“
„Ah my father,“ sobbed the peasant,
„Has chastised me bitterly!“

Thus he said and I dismounted;
Entering then the cottage door,
I an older man encountered
Standing wrathful on the floor.



THREE, SIX, NINE.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DÜSSELDORF

After courteous greeting offered,
„Wherefore,“ asked I, „smite your son?“
„Light,“ said he, „the pain he suffered
For the seath he might have done!“

„He my father placed in danger
Who is old and nearly blind;
Yet to pleasure you, the stranger,
Shall the child forgiveness find.

„Enter, not of welcome fearful!“
Round I gazed, and in a chair
Saw the grandsire, hale and cheerful,
With his folded hands in prayer.

When the old man's prayer was ended,
Sate we down to meat and fish,
And with active zeal untended
Served the grandsire of each dish.

Said I, speaking as I wondered,
„Strange what strength in all appears,
When the grandsire counts a hundred
And the youngest fifty years!“

„Seven score years the old man numbers;
Three score years and ten, my son;
For myself a century slumbers
In the course my life hath run!“

„Tell me,“ yet again I queried,
„How is it that you, all three,
By the length of years unwearied,
Thus from age's pains are free?“

„This when rightly comprehended,
Rests on three, six, nine alone;
Wish you life like ours extended,
Nine, six, three you too must own.“

„Three — no fresh baked bread drawn newly
From the oven suits our taste,
Three nights must mature it duly
Ere it on our board is placed.

„Six — we from the wine-press never
Drink the unfermented juice,
Twice six months, or more, must ever
Fit the wholesome wine for use.

„Nine — we haste to the communion
Of our Lord on each ninth day;
Pride, complainings and disunion
Pure confession keeps away.

„On the hill the chapel standeth,
And the world lies far below,
Heaven before our gaze expandeth,
And our being seems to grow.

„Did not farming labours scant us
Of such daily pilgrimage,
Life a ninefold power would grant us;
Nine times would prolong our age.

„We might then, without transition,
Even outlive Methusalem,
And behold the glorious vision
Of the new Jerusalem!“

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

The Shepherd.

By the Author of „Parallels“.

Illustrated by L. Richter.

The Shepherd with his flock to the hills must go,
To his maiden he says adieu;
He mounts the alp, she stays below,
And each to the other is true.

Among the hills he dreamed one night
That the lamb he loved the most,
Had sprung below from the dizzy height
And there its life had lost.

And when he awoke from his dream of pain,
He counted his flock each one,
And scarce could his heart its joy contain
To find there were failing none.

And now with his flock on his homeward way,
He enters the village with glee;
„How sad she was on our parting day,
How happy she now will be.“

„Why stays she so long?“ to a neighbour he said,
Yet of love could nothing misdeem; —
The neighbour he shows him a grave newly made —
The shepherd remembers his dream.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

An Invocation.

By W. C. Bennett.

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine,
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies,

The earth looks up in vain for thee —
For thee — for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou and brim our meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist;
O falling dew, from burning dreams.
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!



THE SHEPHERD.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DÜSSELDORF

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St. Margaret's Eve.

By W. Allingham.

I built my castle upon the sea-side,
The waves roll so gaily O,
Half on the land and half in the tide,
Love me true!

Within was silk, without was stone,
The waves roll so gaily O,
It lacks a queen, and that alone,
Love me true.

The grey old harper sung to me,
The waves roll so gaily O,
Beware of the damsel of the sea,
Love me true.

Saint Margaret's Eve it did befall,
The waves roll so gaily O,
The tide came creeping up the wall,
Love me true.

I open'd my gate; who there should stand —
The waves roll so gaily O,
But a fair lady, with a cup in her hand,
Love me true.

The cup was gold, and full of wine,
The waves roll so gaily O,
Drink, said the lady, and I will be thine,
Love me true.

Enter my castle, lady fair,
The waves roll so gaily O,
You shall be queen of all that's there,
Love me true.

A grey old harper sung to me,
The waves roll so gaily O,
Beware of the damsel of the sea,
Love me true.

In hall he harpeth many a year,
The waves roll so gaily O,
And we will sit his song to hear,
Love me true.

I love thee deep, I love thee true,
The waves roll so gaily O,
But ah! I know not how to woo,
Love me true.

Down dash'd the cup with a sudden shock,
The waves roll so gaily O,
The wine like blood ran over the rock,
Love me true.

She said no word, but shriek'd aloud,
The waves roll so gaily O,
And vanish'd away from where she stood,
Love me true.

I lock'd and barr'd my castle door,
The waves roll so gaily O,
Three summer days I grieved sore,
Love me true.

For myself a day and night,
The waves roll so gaily O,
And two to moan that lady bright,
Love me true.

Ballyshannon (Ireland).

Song of the Travelling Journeyman.

By Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

Illustrated by Th. Rosemann.

In Germany, in Germany
Life has of joy its fill, juchhe!
There you can travel without gold,
Can travel where you will.



SONG OF THE TRAVELLING JOURNEYMAN.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DÜSSELDORF

In Germany, in Germany
Stand houses great and small,
But that which has a sign in front
Is the fairest house of all.

In Germany, in Germany
We have full many a peer,
And often sit we down to wine,
But oftener still to beer.

In Germany, in Germany
We are a jolly band,
And when we can't afford the beer
We let the wine cup stand.

In Germany, in Germany
Let it hap as hap it may, juchhe!
The dear, good Lord in Heaven above
Will be the German's stay.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.

Song of Life.

By Andrew J. Symington.

Oh lady fair,
Grief, care and care
Soon blanch the hair;

But sorrow brings
Sweet visitings, —
Yea, heavenly things

Will God reveal
To those who feel
His hand, and kneel.

Though veiled in tears
Thy former years,
Lo! now appears.

In glory dight
Hope's arch of light,
The rainbow bright.

Peace from above,
And noblest love,
Be thine, sweet dove!

Happy Death.

By Fr. Meyer.

Illustrated by A. Beck.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Hor.

Three warriors ride from the hot, bloody fight,
Long had they striven and well for the right.

They rode in deep silence along the way,
On towards the west at the close of day.

And now as the golden sunlight fled,
The one of the three to his comrades said:

The wounds of my body they pain me sore,
I shall neither see wife nor children more.

Said the second, the painfulest wound to me,
Is the thought that my home I ne'er shall see.

Silent the while remained the third,
He closed his eyes and said not a word.

No tear he shed, he heaved no sigh,
And died, happy for his fatherland to die.

Translated by Mrs. M. Howitt.



HAPPY DEATH.

LANDES-
UND STADT-
BIBLIOTHEK
DÜSSELDORF

The Chapel of Eckstein.

Fragment of a Day-Dream.

By the Author of „An Art-Student in Munich“.

Upon the first swelling ridge of the Noric Alps if you travel towards —, may be seen the white walls of an old monastery. As the winding road approaches the slope upon which stands this decaying building, the eye of the traveller generally rests with a passing interest upon the white tower of the church, surmounted with its small red-tiled cupola, upon the high pitched and red-tiled roofs and upon the glittering rows of windows which break the monotony of long weather-beaten walls. Ivy, pomegranate and vines fling their luxuriant masses over the crumbling walls of the cloister-garden, and here and there rises a cross, or crucifix, or statue of the Virgin.

Travelling along this road, my eyes had been especially attracted by this pile of buildings, not so much from its intrinsic picturesqueness as because I had heard a peculiar history attached to a little chapel moulding within its graveyard. In fact to visit this little chapel of Eckstein was the object of my somewhat long journey.

The sun was gradually sinking towards the west as the Eilwagen by which I travelled approached the monastery, flushing the snowy peaks of the most distant mountain chain with crimson and violet, whilst the intermediate range was cast into a dull haze, and the grass and flowers carpeting the gentle undulations of the near slopes, gleamed as if cast in molten gold and studded with precious gems. Descending from the dust-covered and heavy Eilwagen I quitted the road and, clambering up a stony path-way, soon reached the crumbling gate-way in the garden-wall. The bell from the red cupola tolled sweetly and solemnly through the pure mountain air, making the silence yet more perceptible when the rattle of the departing Eilwagen and the cracking of the Postillion's whip had died away in the distance.

A little meagre old monk replied to the summons I had given by the hoarse voice of the bell hanging in the gate-way; and upon my inquiry whether I might be permitted to see the frescoes of Caspar Hildebrandt in the grave-yard chapel, his thin old face flushed with sudden surprise. „Right willingly! right willingly,“ he exclaimed with an almost nervous eagerness, „seldom does a foreigner — for such I take you by your speech to be — inquire after the works of the Blessed Hildebrandt! A painter or two from Munich we now and then see — but by them even these works seem forgotten — aye, and by the Brothers too — by the Brothers, pity it should be so! sin that it should be so! Aye, aye!“ sighed the old monk, sinking his head mournfully upon his breast and nervously working his hands to and fro as he led the way rapidly before me, muttering all the time: „Who! who, when I am gone, will have the heart to love the works of the Blessed Hildebrandt and the works of the Saint Beata Commenda, my Saint Beata — who? — Who but I should have transcribed into a missal these words written in the colours of the flowers, in the colours of the clouds? — But He lives! — and so does the Blessed Hildebrandt and

the Blessed Beata! all live, all live! The mother of Life has appeared in the world — the Blessed Mother of Life — if but all saw this! if but all saw this! — it is not madness — this belief — if the Brothers but saw this!“ And thus strangely muttering, and hurrying on rapidly still working his hands to and from my singular conductor, who I began to fear was somewhat crazy, led the way through an old and rankly over-grown garden, till we approached the grave-yard. Two monks meeting us, slowly bowed their heads, then solemnly passed, and it seemed to me as though a glance of scornful and yet quiet merriment passed between the Brothers as they glanced at my conductor and then muttered to each other: „Brother Luke will be in one of his trances to-night“ „Aye but he lives, thou knowest, he is not dead!“

Drawing engerly from his bosom a quaint old key, with trembling and lean hands, the monk unlocked the door of a small gothic chapel, which rose amidst a heap of mouldering graves. Upon an old stone cross half fallen upon a grassy mound, to the right hand of the chapel door, I observed hanging two fresh garlands, one of ivy and moss, the other of the fairest Alpine flowers. As the little monk passed this grave, he muttered an Ave and devoutly crossed himself.

The exterior of the little chapel at the first glance appeared one intricate and wild mass of the large blue Alpine clematis, of honeysuckle, jessamine and pomegranate. Upon a more careful inspection, however, the eye discovered here and there some grey bits of graceful gothic tracery showing forth amidst the fresh leaves and blossoms. Here a slender pinnacle piercing the veil of clematis; there a narrow window rich with stems and leaves of stone. All told of a marvel of human love and skill, veiled by this yet more marvellous skill of Nature.

The old man stood eagerly beckoning to me on the worn steps leading up into the chapel, his lips quivered and a glow suffused his withered and hollow cheeks and gave a flickering of youth to his singular countenance, „Come, come!“ he said „that is beautiful — I love that — but this is more beautiful — here the hieroglyphics speak in rays of light — come!“ But I still lingered for a moment as my eye fell upon some lovely foliage chiselled in stone above the low portal. It was scarcely to be outrivalled by the blooming sprays of living honeysuckle which swept across it. All formed a lovely poetical picture which rivetted my eyes and for a few moments caused me to forget my excited and impatient guide. The honeysuckle, odorous with its richly tinted blossoms and filled with the soft and slumberous music of bees, having dropped its branches tenderly around the portal, revealed to its left, standing within a narrow niche, the mutilated figure of an angel. The angel was headless, yet filled with a strange grace; he stood in a commanding attitude, the sunset glow glimmered on his broad breast, while soft green shadows from swaying leaves trembled gently around his strong and naked feet. Campanula, columbine and the handsome acanthus-leaved thistle, common in South Germany, grew around the twisting stems of the honeysuckle and upon the low flight of steps leading up into the chapel.

My singular guide had already entered, and with arms crossed upon his breast, in deep devotion he stood within the chapel. Coming forth suddenly from the broad gush of evening sunlight into the gloom, it was some moments ere my eyes accustomed themselves to the green and solemn shadows which pervaded the place. Gradually, however, it appeared to me as though the altar-piece occupying the centre of three niches facing the entrance became instinct with an extraordinary brilliancy and life. The subject was the Crucifixion. The Saviour, however, was represented as spiritually triumphant, although en-

during bodily torture. Blood drops from his pale hands, feet, and brow as he hangs upon the cross, yet physical agony is forgotten by Him in a moment of intense love; the soul rejoices in the completion of its sublime mission. A gleam of celestial glory strikes upon the pallid divine countenance, and its transfiguration is completed. From the divine countenance radiates glory, falling upon the upraised brows of a group of martyrs triumphant, male and female, young and old. They raise their eyes beaming with love towards their adored Lord; they clasp each others hands with tenderest human sympathy as they encircle Him, their feet scornfully trampling upon the attributes of their bitter martyrdom, wheels, swords, axes and racks. And whilst I gazed, I beheld how, forth from the dim distance in the picture, poured onward, approaching the cross and its divine Blessing, a vast multitude. From all ends of the earth they came, beings of all nations, of all times — the Pagan as well as the Christian; all those human souls who, recognising the divine mission of suffering, have read in it the voice of the Divine Father, through faith in its awful tones have joyfully endured all anguish for the sake of Truth and the rights of Humanity. Here, too, were hosts who had not endured material martyrdom, had never felt the axe or the flame, but who had been scourged and scorched by martyrdom of the spirit and many of them showed under the tender forms of women and little children, and here were the poor and despised, here were poets, philosophers, patriots, and all swept on to swell the triumphant Hallelujah!

Whilst I gazed, my heart burnt within me „and shalt thou ever have strength to join this victorious multitude?“ rang through my spirit. „Shall we ever join this victorious multitude?“ murmured the little old monk as he eagerly pressed up to my side „shall we, shall we, thinkest thou? The Blessed Hildebrandt is there and Beata Commenda — there! there — dost thou not see them in the crowd? — that old man with the countenance bright as an Alpine peak at sunrise, and that girl who clings to his side — dost thou not see her with her crisp golden hair flying back from her faintly veined temples and her lips like streaks of sunsetlight, parted with a cry of triumph? Oh! thou must see her! She presses to her breast a palette — but it is stained with her blood!“ Eagerly and yet more urgently the little old monk pointed towards a distant portion of the picture, but though I strained my eyes and was strongly affected by the mysterious and passionate manner of the old man, I could discover no such figures. „Oh blind of heart“, said the poor old man mournfully shaking his head — „then canst not see them — but I do — and not now alone, but always, and in my missal pages where I have traced with unworthy hand these hieroglyphics, the whole world may see them; perhaps I will show them to thee, and I will tell thee this, that the crimson which stains my vellum page is crimson heart's blood. None other crimson was worthy.“

A strange and undefined terror came creeping over me, as I listened to the little monk's words. I turned towards the picture which filled the niche to the left of the altar-piece I longed to shake off a chill, which these strange crazy words had sent through me.

This fresco consisted but of two figures. The background was a wild, tropical wilderness, palms, palmetoes, and a vast undergrowth of rampant and poisonous weeds massed together; a terrible tornado was lowering over the scene, orange stretches of angry sky glowed beneath mountains of lurid cloud which rolled up from the desolate horizon. Stretched upon a rocky piece of ground studded with brilliant flowers lay the wan and lifeless body of Abel. Eve approaches it; she creeps along the earth, smitten down by the might of her undefined terror; the heavy waves of her golden hair sweeping the dust:

she gazes with petrified agony, with white, parted lips, and with eyes more fearful in their bewilderment than are the vacant, unclosed, dead orbs of the poor corpse fixed with a blank stare upon the leaden sky, which hangs like a pall over the mother and her murdered son.

„*The Mother of Death!*“ whispered the old monk mournfully and hoarsely — „do not pause so long there; I like not that picture; here is the truth and the life!“ and he would have dragged me towards the companion fresco. „*The Mother of Life!*“ he exclaimed, and devoutly knelt, and, crossing himself, remained sunk in a deep silence.

This picture also contained but two figures. The very faintest streaks of early dawn stretched across the horizon. At the mouth of the sepulchre knelt the Madonna pressing to her breast the revered head of her dear son. She has composed the stiff pale limbs, she has covered them with pure, white linen, she has prepared her beloved son for the tomb, yet within her soul has dawned the thought, „he is not dead, he only sleepeth. Death is no more!“ And the sublime joy proclaims itself in her solemn and upraised countenance.

The guide being still sunk in his reverie, I undisturbedly took a survey of the remaining works of art which this small chapel contained. The walls were one rich mosaic of gold and colour, of medallions and of arabesques, each design typical of the words „He lives!“ which, in golden letters, were repeated again and again upon the walls.

It would require hours faithfully to describe the rich and tender fancies, interwoven with a vast profusion in these decorations. All that in nature speaks of life, of sleep, of an awaking, of time, of an eternity and of suffering, of joy, of hope and of reward, and of all the epochs of human life were there wrought out with a rare and patient love. And this even into the remotest recesses of the building.

„Here must be the labour of an entire life-time!“ I exclaimed, turning at length to the monk who had again approached me, apparently somewhat calmed. „What is known of the life of the Painter Hildebrandt, and of this Beata of whom you speak so enthusiastically? their names have made but small noise in the external world; are there many traditions lingering in this cloister about them? when did they live, some centuries ago? or within the memory of men? I cannot test these works by the ordinary chronology of Art!“

„When? when?“ repeated the old man with some of his former irritability returning upon him „when they were here in the body? That I know not! — but here they are always in the spirit, I tell you they still live in the truest sense; I often see them. Yet to the world they have been dead these many years, aye centuries an thou wilt have it so. The day they passed forth from the body was a marvellous day; a day I shall ever remember. It was the blessed feast of Ascension. This chapel was completed in its beauty. Hildebrandt and Beata had laboured daily in it, till the previous evening. This festival of the Ascension their works should stand revealed before the world — I say they had laboured, but rather it was that sainted Beata who had laboured from earliest dawn till set of sun, who had strained her soul and every nerve to complete the work bequeathed to her young loving hand by her now feeble master. For twelve months, or more, the Blessed Hildebrandt had taken no pencil in his fingers, but watched and watched with care and lively joy the work growing beneath the younger hand. „Praise the Virgin, Beata“ he would often say, that now the labours of our lives will be accomplished. Praise her who led thee my child, to me, through such drear perils. Praises let thy soul and hands impress upon these walls — praises that we have passed through this vast and fearful wilderness; thou my child and I, and all men, guided by the pillar of cloud by day, by night by the pillar of flame.“

„But I was describing the grand feast of the Ascension,“ abruptly pursued the monk, — „aye it was a grand day. The Emperor and the beautiful Empress were guests in our holy house. In the early morning high mass was celebrated in the great chapel; nobles and peasants in crowds were there, and all the Brothers from the cloisters across the valley. From earliest dawn what streams of people had hastened hither, what a bristling of spears in the court-yard; what a glittering of gold brocade, what an ambling of ladies palfries, what a trampling of peasants'-feet! And the abbot had offered up the sacrifice, and the voices of the rejoicing quire had floated beneath the vaulted chapel roof, out into the sunny air and up towards the peaks draped in eternal snow. And then the Emperor and Empress and their grand array, and priests and peasants went forth towards the chapel in the grave-yard, that casket lined with gems, more precious than emerald and ruby and now first unclosed to the people's gaze. Incense breathed forth through the chapel. A silence as of death lay within it, for the priests, who had celebrated the holy offices within, had passed forth; only incense loading the air and tapers glimmering upon the altar told of the mass performed.

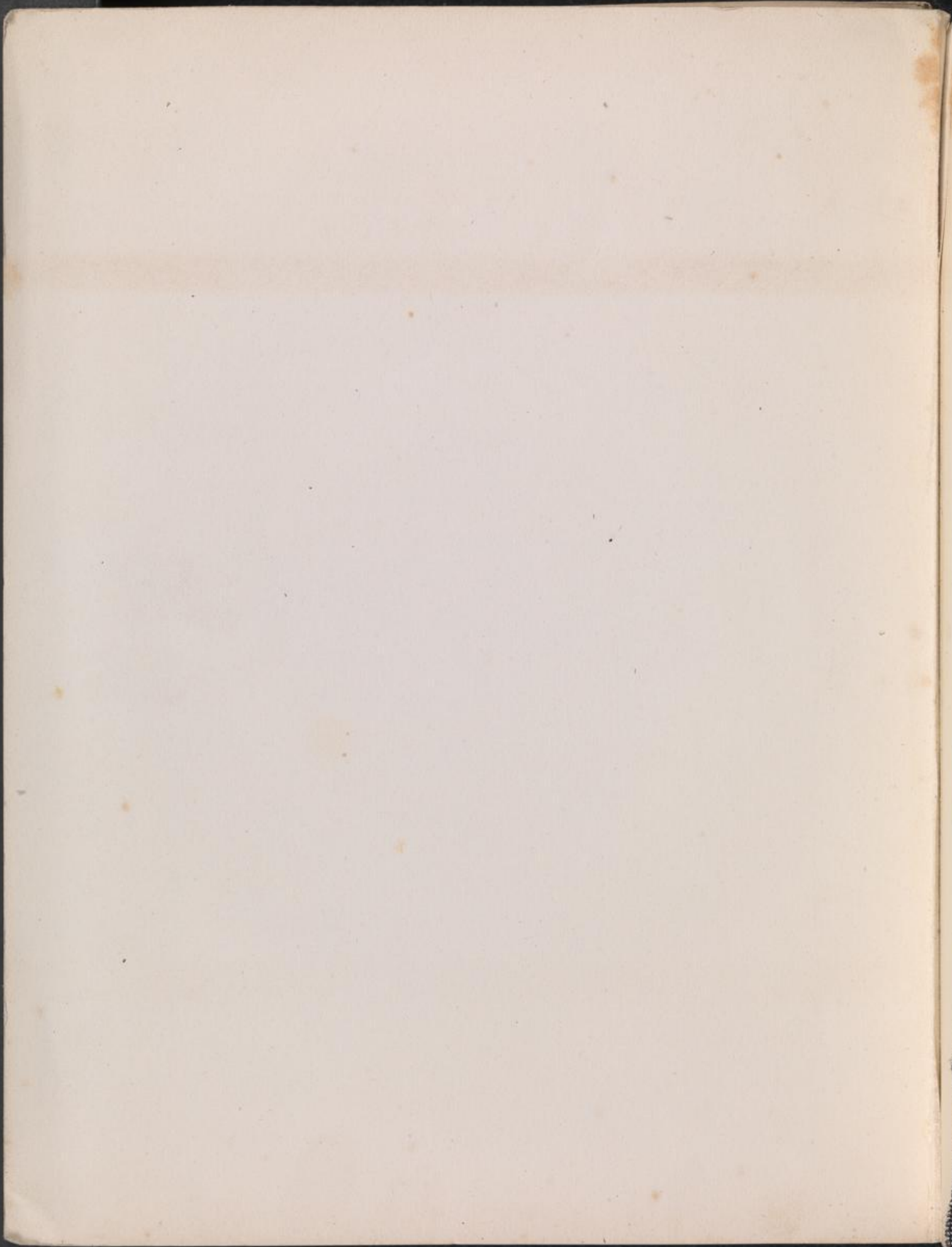
„The Emperor, leading the Empress by the hand, entered beneath the lowly portal and bowing their knees, acknowledged the presence of the image of the Divine: then gazed upon the pictured walls with a deep awe. „And where is the venerable painter, the good Caspar Hildebrandt?“ demanded the beautiful Empress in her deep voice from our Convent superior „and our faithful and unforgotten liege daughter, the maiden Beata Commenda? we would fain express our heartfelt wonderment; we would greet the precious maiden our well-beloved Beata Commenda we would remind of her the time, — would we not my lord? when alone on foot journeying to our court at Prague, she approached our presence and bespake our favour for this holy house in its time of need, and when, to aid her prayers, the milk-white dove from this her mountain home following her, flew through the open window of our chamber and nestled in her bosom, whilst she knelt pleading with eloquent words and unabashed countenance for this holy house — and we felt, did we not my royal consort? that crowned heads as well as simple birds must love the maiden. — Where is she, we demand, and where the pious Painter?“ No voice answered to the august command. But a murmur of voices was swelling into a mighty battle of tongues, then sank into a silent blank; then ran round in wild and unsteady whispers the words „dead! dead! both dead! oh holiest death!“ And there was a strange raising up from the marble pavement of lifeless forms into the trembling arms of men, and a solemn uneven tramp of feet, and a dull, dead silence; and the Emperor and the Empress had sunk upon their knees upon the bare marble of this chapel where we stand, and the nobles also; and with a wild amaze but solemn unsteady steps, the two corpses were borne forth into the sunshine where knelt hundreds of peasants amidst the rich grass and flowers of June. And with their calm transfigured faces gazing up into unclouded azure, the two were laid upon the turf where now stands the old cross garlanded with the wreaths.“

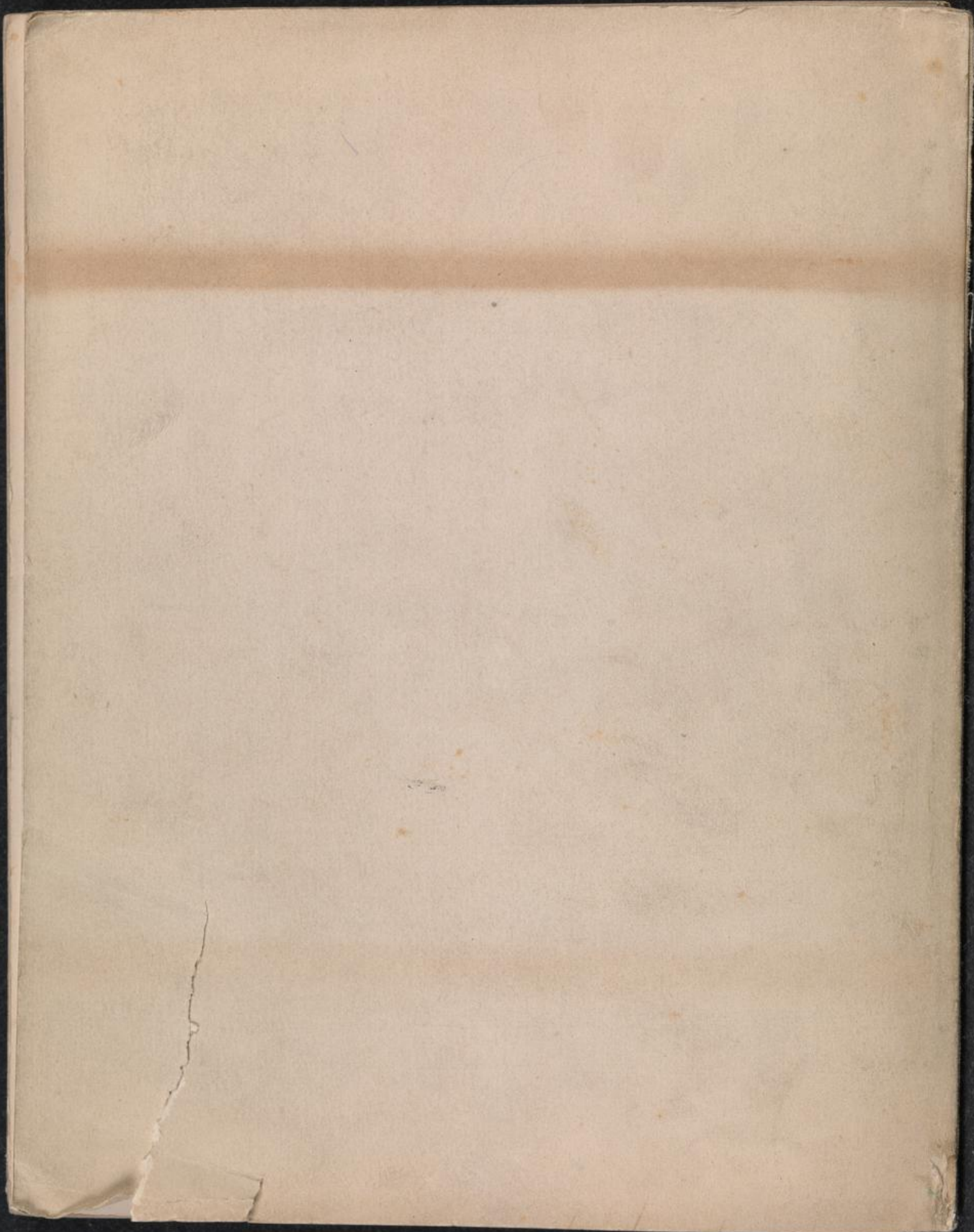
The aged man suddenly paused drawing a deep breath and fixed his weird eyes upon me. „Come out“, said I, „into the air, your story has made me breathless almost as yourself — come out into the air!“ — He followed me and seating himself amidst the gathering twilight upon the mossy grave of some old monk, resumed his history.

„You wonder how they died? The physician of the Emperor pronounced that the Blessed Hildebrandt had died through age, had fallen into the sleep of death sweetly as an infant sinks into slumber cradled in its mother's arms. His lullaby had been hymns

of full peace and complete joy. Beata's death, they said, was but one sharp pang, a sudden anguish at the death of this beloved, revered and loving father; her's was the already shattered frame which could weather no fresh tempest of the soul, one fiery, fierce pang at her heart when she felt the beloved brow fall with the leaden weight of death upon her shoulders, and then the momentarily parted were eternally united. The two had remained motionless when the imperial train had swept into the chapel, the old man with bowed head resting upon the shoulder of Beata, who knelt before him, her arms locked tightly around the beloved form. They both remained motionless although the words of the Empress resounded bell-like through the chapel. To my mind such a death was hallowed, but there were many voices which called it most terrible, most damnable; there were strange stories afloat about a curse clinging to the pious Hildebrandt; various declared it sacrilege to give him christian burial; believed him to be the young and learned clerk who, many years before, had secretly fled from this his convent, bringing upon himself the ban of his superior; of imprisonment within the dungeons of the Inquisition others spoke, and even of the long and bitter journey of Beata, who was guided hither by a vision which had appeared to her in sleep, others could alone surmise evil — aye, of that journey from the heart of Poland, and of her escape from the clutches of the cruel old Count her grandfather. And of her perils by the way in those times of bloody war and rapine, she a solitary young maiden, I could relate much.“ „And were the two father and daughter by the ties of blood?“ I suddenly demanded. „Of that I cannot speak — but —“

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fache Verfahren gibt ihm zwei Möglichkeiten: die kräftige (Schrift-)Linie durch eine zartere Linie zu begleiten, wie man die Wirkung eines Bildes durch einen passend gewählten Rahmen unterstützt, und die: mit der ungebrochenen Geraden einen abklärenden Ausgleich zu schaffen gegenüber der Gärung und den verwegenen Grenzdurchbrüchen mancher Zierbuchstaben. Von diesen sind A, M, T, Z besonders reich bedacht und gut gelungen, dagegen ziehe ich dem F die für laufenden Text bestimmte Form vor. — In der Ornamentik Kochs, deren starkstrichig-gravierende Art auf die Verwendung zum Buchdruck besonders Rücksicht nimmt, sind Fortschritte festzustellen z. B. durch die Vignette zum Nibelungenlied und das Titelblatt zu dem neuesten Kataloge von Bard, das allerdings ohne den rotgelben Ton, mit dem grauen Untergrund, wie es jetzt durch die Ausstellungen wandert, feiner wirkt.

Die neue deutsche Schrift von Rudolf Koch ist von der bekannten Offenbacher Gießerei *Gebr. Klingspor* herausgegeben, der es mit delikatesten Erzeugnissen immer wieder gelingt, Vorhandenes und also sich selbst zu übertreffen und bei Zünftigen wie Laien Bewunderung, Verehrung und Dank zu lösen. — Vorzüglich angeordnet, schlicht und schön ist der Inhalt des Probeheftes, welches die an seinem Zustandekommen Beteiligten in Textwahl, Satz, Farbenbestimmung, Druck, kurz in allem Wissen, Willen und Können zur Druck-Fertigkeit auf der Höhe zeigt. Ungern legt man das Werk aus der Hand; man geht bereichert von ihm und wünscht im stillen: solcher Kerle ein paar mehr.

The Dusseldorf Artists' Album: ein Unikum?

Von

Stadtbibliothekar Dr. Constantin Nörrenberg in Düsseldorf.

Von dem vierten Jahrgang des *Düsseldorfer Künstler-Album*, Düsseldorf, Arnz, 1854, ist seiner Zeit eine englische Ausgabe veranstaltet worden, die u. a. den ersten Entwurf von Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Gedicht „Sister Helen“ enthielt. Kenntnis von ihr hatte man nur durch William Michael Rossetti's Veröffentlichungen über seinen Bruder (D. G. Rossetti, *His family letters with a memoir*, 1895. Vol. I, S. 166 und: *Bibliography of the works of D. G. Rossetti*, London, Ellis, 1905, S. 11).

An letzterer Stelle heißt es:

The Dusseldorf Artist's Annual (English Edition). In the issue for 1853: Sister Helen.

Otto Jiriczek hat in seiner „Viktorianischen Dichtung“, Heidelberg 1907, die „Sister Helen“ in späterer Fassung abgedruckt; als er 1909 einen Anhang mit den ersten Lesarten herausgab, war The Dusseldorf Artist's Annual selbst im British Museum nicht auffindbar; der Güte William Michael Rossetti's verdankte er die Kollation des Gedichts nach einem vom Verfasser selbst durchgesehenen Exemplar des Erstdrucks. W. M. Rossetti besitzt, wie er auf Anfrage freundlichst mitteilte, nur die „Sister Helen“ enthaltenden Seiten, er kannte weder Verleger noch Drucker, schloß aber aus der Type, daß das Buch in Deutschland gedruckt sei. Herausgeberin war Mrs. (William) Mary Howitt, eine damals hochangesehene Schriftstellerin.

Dieser Name führte auf die Spur eines Exemplars: Mr. William Howitt (geb. 1830) sollte (nach *Who is who?* Ausgabe 1908) in Australien leben; ein dorthin gerichteter Brief erreichte ihn nicht mehr, er war inzwischen gestorben, es war aber ein Exemplar im Besitz seiner Tochter, Miss Mary E. B. Howitt, und es gelang, dies für die Landes- und Stadt-Bibliothek zu Düsseldorf zu erwerben, nachdem Mr. W. M. Rossetti zu unsern Gunsten dankenswerter Weise verzichtet hatte.

Weder der englische Verleger, noch der deutsche Drucker, noch die Bodleian Library in Oxford besitzen ein Exemplar; das Auskunftsbureau der deutschen Bibliotheken konnte kein Exemplar nachweisen, Quaritch in London hat keins und Versuche, das Buch antiquarisch zu erlangen, waren vergeblich.

Ich vermute, es werden keine Exemplare in Deutschland geblieben oder hierher gelangt sein, in England gibt es wohl nur welche in Privatbesitz, wenn überhaupt. Im gewissem Sinne ist unser Exemplar daher ein Unikum und verdient wohl einige Mitteilungen.

The Dusseldorf Artists' Album. Edited and translated by *Mary Howitt.* With Original Contributions by Various English Poets. London: *Trübner and Co., 12, Paternoster Row. 1854.* (3 Titel, 26 Tafeln, 40 S.) 4°.

Also Album, nicht Annual und 1854, nicht 1853.

Das weiße Titelblatt ist der einzige Teil des Buches, der in England gedruckt ist: London, E. Tucker.

Der Vorderumschlagtitel und der Zwischentitel, beides farbige Lithographien, letztere von Caspar Scheuren, erstere wahrscheinlich auch, sind die des deutschen Originals, nur mit der Änderung der Aufschriften: Düsseldorf Künstler-Album ist in Dusseldorf Artists' Album verwandelt, auf dem Umschlagtitel auch der englische Verleger eingesetzt, aber das Wort *Poesie* ist geblieben.

Die 26 Tafeln des deutschen Originals, Farben- oder getönte Lithographien, sind geblieben; die zwölf ersten, Tugenden und Laster darstellend, haben englische Unter- und z. T. Inschriften erhalten. Die meisten Lithographien sind in der Anstalt von Arnz & Co in Düsseldorf ausgeführt, die ihrerzeit einen guten und wohlverdienten Ruf genoß und mit der alten Düsseldorf Illustratorschule eng verbunden war. Einige sind von Mouilleron lithographiert; vier davon tragen links unten den Vermerk: Mouilleron lith. und rechts unten: Imp. Lemercier, Paris. (Tafel 6: Idleness, Tafel 8: Cowardise [?], Tafel 13 zu Geibel: The white serpent, Tafel 19 zu Seidl, Snow king). Es ist nun merkwürdig, das in allen Exemplaren der deutschen Ausgabe, die mir zu Gesicht gekommen sind, auf diesen vier Tafeln der Druckvermerk ausradiert, der Name des Lithographen aber stehen geblieben ist. Offenbar wollte Arnz die Pariser Herstellung in Deutschland nicht bekannt werden lassen. Im übrigen sind auf einzelnen Tafeln auch kleine Unterschiede der Zeichnung gegen die der deutschen Ausgabe zu bemerken.

Die ersten zwölf Tafeln bilden den ersten Teil, die zweiten 14 gehören zu: II. Part, Poëms [?] with Illustrations, nämlich den 14 entsprechenden Gedichten der deutschen Ausgabe, sämtlich von Mary Howitt übersetzt. Zehn englische Originalbeiträge von W. Allingham, Francis Bennoch, Henry F. Chorley, Richard Howitt, Bessie Parkes, Christina Rossetti, H. H. H. [Dante Gabriel Rossetti], Andrew J. Symington und dem Verfasser von „An Art Student in Munich“, alle außer dem letzten in gebundener Form, sind dazwischen geschoben. Die letzte Seite trägt den Druckvermerk: Essen, printed by G. D. Bädeker.

Der ganze Text ist gleichfalls auf einzelne Kartons, nicht auf Bogen gedruckt, die Kartons sind lose in den Karton-Umschlag eingelegt. Das Buch war also der Gefahr des Vergehens leicht ausgesetzt, und so erklärt es sich wohl, daß nicht mehr Exemplare bekannt geworden sind.

Alle Rechte vorbehalten. — Nachdruck verboten.

Für die Redaktion verantwortlich Prof. Dr. Carl Schüddekopf-Weimar, Grunstedterstr. 16. Druck u. Verlag v. W. Drugulin-Leipzig, Königstr. 10.

Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde N. F. Jg. 2
Heft 11: Februar 1911.

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Von Stadtbibliothekar Dr. Constantin Brönnberg
in Düsseldorf.*)

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*) Wir entnehmen diesen Aufsatz mit freundlicher Genehmigung des Herrn Verfassers dem soeben herausgegebenen Februarheft (Jahrgang 11) der im Verlage von W. Deugulin in Leipzig erscheinenden „Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde“.

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Der Werwolf in Abeßinien.

Beobachtungen und Erlebnisse von H. Janna sch (Abdis Abeba).
(Nachdruck verboten.)

Der Aberglaube vom Werwolf fand sich in früheren Zeiten bei den meisten Völkern Europas vor, in gewissen Gegenden hat er sich bis auf den heutigen Tag erhalten. Der Werwolfsglaube zeigte gewisse Unterschiede bei den germanischen, romanischen, keltischen und slavischen Völkern; im ganzen und großen aber stimmten alle darin überein, daß der Werwolf ein Mensch sei, der Wolfsgestalt annehmen konnte, um sowohl Kinder zu rauben, als auch in mitternächtiger Stunde Leichen aus den Gräbern zu holen.

Das deutsche Wort Werwolf, auch Wehrwolf ist zusammengesetzt aus dem alten Worte „Wer“ oder Mann und Wolf. Die alten Griechen kannten diesen Unhold unter dem Namen Lykanthropos, die Römer als Versipellis, die Franken als loup garou, die Skandinavier als Varulf. Dem Werwolf Europas entspricht in Abeßinien durchaus die Figur der Saudschibb oder Menschhyäne (sau = Mensch, dschibb = Hyäne), worüber dort die fabelhaftesten Geschichten an der Tagesordnung sind. Da es in Abeßinien den Wolf nicht gibt, so ist es ganz natürlich, daß hier die Hyäne seinen Platz vertritt; denn die Eier und Kräfte dieses nächtlichen Raubtieres, ihr unheimliches Geheul und wahrhaft höllisches Ge-

Miss. Juniting No 75. 10/2 II

Düsseldorf, den 22. V. 1914.

Hoch geehrter Herr Direktor.

In Bezug auf den Artikel im D. G. A.
vom 19. Mai: „Zwei Jahre Leontab- und
Korbblüttele“ bitte ich, Sie darauf auf-
merksam machen zu dürfen, dass ich im
vorigen Jahr ein schönes Exemplar im
Hort II, Düsseldorf Artists' Album, 1854, in
der für die Gesellschaft Düsseldorf so inter-
essanten Privatsammlung des Herrn
Kriemann, Kirchfeldstrasse 70, gekauft
habe. †)

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung

von der mit der ganzen
Versammlung übereinstimmend
in die Bibliothek der Naturhistorischen
Kunstsammlungen.

H. W. Passberg.

Frankfurt a. M.

Es ist ein Ex. der Ausgabe London, Triebner, in goldgeprägtem Orig.-Gangpapier.

