

use of this medium,—if its supple facility may easily lead a painter to be superficial, puerile, or vapid, if its coloristic charm may tempt him to be content with mere decorative effectiveness instead of true pictorial beauty,—it has certain safeguards within itself which almost forbid his sinning in the opposite direction. If he tries very hard, he may do crude and “showy” work; but his crudeness and vulgarity will not be so offensive as though he had been working with the brush. And, though he try his very worst, he can hardly arrive at positive glare or harshness or brutality of effect.

And now, to conclude, I will come back to the point from which I started, and repeat

that most of the artists represented in this collection had evidently understood their medium. Some of their results were distinctly valuable; almost all showed cleverness of hand at least; and their wide versatility had in general been of the proper sort—free within the true limits of the art, but not lawless in a wish to overpass them. And this is the reason why the exhibition seemed worthy of notice and of praise; not because it was made up of charming pictures, but because these pictures showed that we had laid hold of a new art with interest and intelligence, had perceived its true ends and aims, and had tried to make them clearly visible.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

THE POET HEINE.

THE VENUS OF THE LOUVRE.

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
 The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone,
 Yet none the less immortal, breathing on;
 Time's brutal hand hath maimed, but could not mar.
 When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
 Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
 Serenely poised on her world-worshiped throne,
 As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—
 But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
 Her life-adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
 Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
 Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move
 While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
 For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

E. L.

THE recent publication in a German magazine of a fragment of the long-lost “Memoirs of Heine,” lends the fresh excitement of a contemporary interest to the poet's classic name. If the German public were naturally inclined to greet with a certain skepticism the discovery of this duplicate autobiography, all doubts as to its genuineness must vanish with the appearance of the work itself. No one but Heine arisen from the grave could reproduce that magically pictorial style, with its exquisitely interwoven tissue of fancy, sentiment, and humor.

A fatal and irreconcilable dualism formed the basis of Heine's nature, and was the secret cause not only of his profound unhappiness, but of his moral and intellectual inconsistencies. He was a Jew, with the mind and eyes of a Greek. A beauty-loving, myth-creating pagan soul was imprisoned in a Hebrew frame; or rather, it was twinned, like

the unfortunate Siamese, with another equally powerful soul,—proud, rebellious, oriental in its love of the vague, the mysterious, the grotesque, and tragic with the two-thousand-year-old Passion of the Hebrews. In Heine the Jew there is a depth of human sympathy, a mystic warmth and glow of imagination, a pathos, an enthusiasm, an indomitable resistance to every species of bondage, totally at variance with the qualities of Heine the Greek. On the other hand, the Greek Heine is a creature of laughter and sunshine, possessing an intellectual clearness of vision, a plastic grace, a pure and healthy love of art for art's own sake, with which the somber Hebrew was in perpetual conflict. What could be the result of imprisoning two such antagonistic natures in a single body? What but the contradictions, the struggles, the tears, the violences that actually ensued? For Heine had preëminently the artist capacity

of playing the spectator to the workings of his own mind, and his mordant sarcasm and merciless wit were but the expression of his own sense of the internal incongruity. None of the unhappily bewitched creatures that abound in his poems,—lovely mermaids with the extremities of a sea-monster, the immortal Sphinx, half woman, half brute, beautiful Greek gods wandering disinherited in beggar guise through the labyrinth of the Black Forest—none of these had been subjected to a more painful transformation than he himself had suffered. He was a changeling, the victim of one of Nature's most cruel tricks, and his legacy to the world bears on every page the mark of the grotesque caprice which had begotten him. To-day his muse is the beautiful Herodias, the dove-eyed Shulamite; to-morrow it will be the Venus Anadyomene, the Genius of blooming Hellas. He laments the ruin of Jerusalem with the heart-stirring accents of the prophets, he glorifies Moses, "the great emancipator, the valiant rabbi of liberty, the terrible enemy of all servitude! What a glorious personage!" he exclaims. "How small Mount Sinai looks when Moses stands on its summit!" He confesses that in his youth he had never done justice to this great master, nor to the Hebrew people,— "doubtless," he says, "on account of my Græco-pagan nature, the partiality of my Athenian mind which abhorred the asceticism of Judæa. But my predilection for the Hellenic world has diminished since then. I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, whilst the Jews were always men, and powerful, indomitable men, not only then, in antiquity, but even today, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery. I have learned to appreciate them since, and if all pride of birth were not an absurd contradiction, in the champion of the democratic principles of the revolution, the author of this book might boast that his ancestors belonged to the noble house of Israel, that he is descended from those martyrs who gave the world a God, who promulgated the eternal code of morality, and who have fought valiantly upon every battlefield of thought!"

Let the reader contrast with this eloquent outburst the well-known passage written at a still later date in the preface to Heine's last volume of poems :

"I have forsworn nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom indeed I have parted, but parted in love and friendship. It was in May, 1848, the last day I went out, that I took leave of my lovely idols whom I had worshiped in the time of my happiness. I crawled painfully as far as the Louvre, and I almost fainted away when I entered the lofty hall, where the ever-blessed Goddess of Beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands upon her pedestal. I lay for a long time

at her feet, and I wept so bitterly that even a stone would have pitied me. And indeed the goddess looked down upon me compassionately, yet at the same time so disconsolately, as if she would say: 'Do you not see that I have no arms, and that I cannot help you?'"

If we bear in mind this distinctly dual nature of Heine, we may partly understand how he, whom his enemies called "a sybarite, whose sleep was disturbed by the fall of a rose-leaf," proved himself capable during the last ten years of his life of a sustained fortitude under bodily anguish that recalls the heroism of the martyrs. From this inherent self-contradiction sprang his alternations of enthusiasm and cynicism, of generosity and egotism, his infidelities, his meannesses, his magnanimities, his broken-hearted laughter, his rainbow-shining tears. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of his "inconceivable attacks upon his enemies, his still more inconceivable attacks upon his friends." We no longer wonder at either, when we remember that his double nature impelled him to turn and rend on the morrow that which he had worshiped the day before. He loves to defy, to shock, even to revolt, his warmest admirers; no prejudices are sacred, no associations are reverend to him. Romanticism, Hellenism, Hebraism, Teutonism,—he swears allegiance to each and all in turn, and invariably concludes with a mock and parody of each one. As a political writer he remained steadfast to no single party, oscillating between Napoleonism and Communism; as a critic his literary opinions were frequently extravagant and partial, and his enthusiasm generally an unsafe guide; as a philosopher, he was now a Pantheist, worshipping God everywhere in nature, now a Hegelian, believing in himself as the incarnation of deity. A mocking voice calls out from his pages, "I am a Jew, I am a Christian, I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of Communism embodied in Proudhon—a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!" Thus he bewitches us amid roguish laughter, streaming tears, and fiery eloquence. In reality Heine is all and none of these; he is a Poet, and in each phase of human development that passes before his contemplation his plastic mind seizes and reproduces an image of beauty and inspiration. It is only as a poet that we shall consider him in these pages, for his prose-writings, which fill half a dozen octavo volumes, cover too large a field of æsthetic and political interest for us properly to review them all within the limits of a magazine article. Moreover, whether he wrote in prose or verse, Heine remained always and

essentially a poet, and from this single point of view we may get a true insight into his genius.

II.

A BRIEF recapitulation of the main outward events of Heine's life may not come amiss to American readers. He was born in Dusseldorf on the Rhine, of Jewish parents, in 1799, and received his education first at a Franciscan monastery of French Jesuits in his native town, and later at the universities of Bonn and Göttingen. His home-life and surroundings were strictly Jewish, and it was not until the year 1825 that he was baptized in the Lutheran church. Religious forms were at all times a matter of complete indifference to him; and this step was taken, not from conviction, but in order to secure freedom in the choice of a profession, as the German code of that day obliged every Jew to become either a physician or a money-lender. In 1831 he voluntarily exiled himself, and settled in Paris for the remainder of his days, owing to the increasing vexations and disquiet caused him in Germany by the severity of the literary censorship and the absence of all political liberty. His last ten years of life were darkened by a horrible disease of the spine, which chained him to his bed and gradually reduced his frame to the proportions of a child. His intellect remained clear and active to the end, and his patience and cheerfulness under his affliction became proverbial. He died in 1856, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. Heine married, some time during the early stages of his illness, a Parisian *grisette*, whose death occurred about two years ago.

With the publication of Heine's first volume of poems, "Youthful Sorrows" ("Junge Leiden"), the world felt that a new chord had been struck, although he only deals in these with the eternal simple elements of poetry—love, longing, and disappointment, spring, moonlight, flowers, and nightingales—and pours them into the most familiar molds: the ballad and *Volklied* measures of the Minnesingers, or the conventional Italian sonnet. For him human language seems to lose its inadequacy and intangibility; for him the German tongue lays aside its harshness and unwieldiness to become the most pliant musical medium of lyrical utterance. The "Intermezzo," "Homeward Bound," and the "New Spring" are all a continuation of the tone struck in the "Youthful Sorrows." A collection of Austrian Volk-songs suggested the form of these poems, but their spirit was that of the modern man of the world, their passion was the *Weltschmerz* of the nineteenth

century. Heine, the young disciple destined to surpass so immeasurably his masters, takes up the long-neglected sylvan pipe of reeds dropped from the hands of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide and transforms it into a harp of a thousand strings, capable of responding with swelling harmonies to every note of passion wrung from the poet's heart by the complicated influences of modern life. In the "Intermezzo" Heine attains his fullest and richest lyrical expression. This series of songs develops in regular sequence the whole drama of the birth of love in the "wondrous, lovely month of May," its growth and progress, and finally its cruel betrayal, to be followed by unspeakable anguish and death. We must go back to the Hebrew poets of Palestine and Spain to find a parallel in literature for the magnificent imagery and voluptuous orientalism of the "Intermezzo." Yet how dexterously Heine could catch the mediæval strain is shown in the last song but one of the series, which has the simplicity of diction and quaint symbolism of the Minnesingers:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even at the cost of sacrificing the enchanted melody we will give a few prose translations of these masterpieces; only in such a literal version may we hope to convey an approximate idea of their piercing subtlety of thought and innuendo. Sharp and fine as the poisoned sting of a deadly tropic flower is the barbed wit of these inimitable songs; each one under its velvet sheath seems to prick our very heart's blood with its long needle of embittered irony.

I.

They sat and drank at the tea-table, and chatted much about love.

The gentlemen were aesthetic and the ladies full of delicate sensibility.

"Love must be Platonic," said the dried-up Chancellor, and the Chancellor's wife smiled ironically and sighed, "Alas!"

The Canon opened his mouth wide. "Love must not be too violent, or it may endanger one's health." The young lady lisped, "How so?"

The sentimental Countess spoke: "Love is a passion," and she kindly offered a cup to M. le Baron.

There was still another seat at the table. My darling, you were absent. My dearest treasure, you could have talked to them so prettily about your love.

II.

Like the sea-foam Goddess, so glitters my love in the splendor of her beauty; for she is the chosen bride of a stranger.

Heart, my heart, thou patient sufferer, murmur not against this treason. Bear it, bear it, and forgive whatever the foolish darling does.

III.

I dreamt of a king's daughter with wet, pale cheeks. We sat under the green linden and lovingly we embraced.

"I crave not thy father's throne, I crave not his golden scepter, I crave not his diamond crown, I crave thee, thou beautiful creature!"

"That may not be," said she, "for I am lying in my grave. And only at night I come to thee, because I love thee so dearly."

IV.

Out of my huge sorrows, I make my little songs. They spread their musical wings and flutter toward her heart.

They have found their way to my darling, but they come back lamenting. They lament, and will not tell me what they saw in her heart.

V.

My darling, thou must tell me to-day: Art thou not the creature of a dream, such as in sultry summer evenings might spring from some poet's brain?

But, no! such a mouth, such magically-glowing eyes, such a sweet lovely little chin, no poet ever created.

Basilisks and vampyres, monsters and dragons, and all such fabulous evil beasts, are created by the poet's fire.

But thee and thy tricks and thine innocent face and thy demure, treacherous glance, no poet ever created these.

The "Intermezzo" was originally, as its name implies, a brief lyrical interlude introduced between Heine's two tragedies, "Almansor" and "Ratcliffe," which appeared in the same volume. These plays afford one more curious instance of an author's incapacity for self-judgment. "I will tell you in confidence," Heine wrote to a friend, "they are very good, better than my poems, which are not worth a shot. Everything else that I have written, or write now, may perish and must perish." In "Ratcliffe" we fail to find a trace of the poet of the "Intermezzo"; an ordinary schoolboy with a healthy enthusiasm for Scott might almost be capable of a similar production. "Almansor," which Heine thought the poorer of the two, is a decided improvement upon "Ratcliffe," being redeemed from mediocrity by its brilliant arabesques of Moorish life in Spain, its pathetic description of the death of Fatima, and its fantastic idyl of the love of Almansor and Zuleima. Nevertheless as a tragedy it is a complete failure; it lacks all the essential elements—interest, action, and character—and resembles rather a ballad to which has been capriciously assigned the dramatic form.

In the "North Sea" Poems, the theme is one never before enlarged upon in German literature: the glory and beauty of the sea, which Heine "loved as he loved his soul." His muse here blends in a symmetrical whole the sunny mythology of Hellas, the rude spirit of the Goths, and the Hebraic diction and imagery. Odin and Poseidon stand side by side, Aphrodite and her roguish son "who has chosen the poet's heart for his playground" are surrounded with the atmosphere of the Scandinavian Sagas, and followed by a pre-Raphaelite picture of the tremendous figure of Christ striding over the waters in waving white raiment, enveloped in golden light, with the red flaming sun as the heart in his bosom. In the second cyclus there is no diminution of wit, pathos, and energy, from the spirit-stirring "Salutation to the Sea" to the exquisite pastoral epilogue.

In 1841 appeared Heine's satirical ballad of "Atta Troll—a Summer Night's Dream." It has been remarked that this poem, while ridiculing and parodying the Romantic school, is indebted for its chief beauty to its own highly colored romanticism. Its hero, Atta

Troll, is a dancing bear, who, escaping from his keeper in the market-place of Caunteretz, flies to his former home in the valley of Roncesvalles, where in the bosom of his family he declaims against the barbarity of men and incites his cubs to rebellion against these arch-aristocrats. In the latter half of the poem Heine describes the hunting and ignominious death of the audacious brute. His hand had lost none of its cunning, he was still absolute sovereign over the laughter and tears of his generation. His nocturnal vision of the phantoms of Romanticism riding through the moonlit forest stands out prominently among his most masterly pictures. King Arthur, Ogier the Dane, Shakspeare, and his commentator Franz Horn, dash past him, together with slender nymphs enveloped in their flowing curls as in a golden mantle, some bearing falcons on their wrists, amidst ringing laughter, baying of hounds, tramp of horses, snapping of whips, winding of horns, and all the halloo and uproar of the chase. He recognizes the ravishing figure of the beautiful Herodias, and his Hebrew blood tingles in his veins with longing and love.

"On her glowing, languid visage
Lay the magic of the Orient.
And her garb recalled the splendor
Of Scheherezade's legends.

"Softest lips like twin pomegranates,
Dainty nose, a bended lily.
And her limbs as cool and slender
As the palms of the oasis."

In 1844 Heine published "Germania, A Winter's Tale," in which his humor adopted a still coarser garb than she had hitherto worn, but where side by side with biting satire and broad Rabelaisian metaphors bloomed delicate buds of fancy and luxuriant flowers of eloquence. This was the last work of his years of healthy activity, the "Romancero," the "Lamentations," and the "Book of Lazarus" being written while his ruthless malady chained him to his "mattress grave." The verses entitled "Sylvan Solitude" ("Waldeinsamkeit"), where the poet returns to his favorite woodland haunts and finds his old friends the elves and nixies fleeing with horror from his ghastly aspect, are full of heart-wrung pathos. But this tone, although it predominates in his last poems, does not by any means exclude all others. Heine sports with his misery to the very end, and from the caterwauling on the roofs of Paris at night and the distracting jingle of incessant pianos, to the delirium of fever and the administering of potions and poultices, the most prosaic themes suffice to inspire his inexhaustible humor and imagination. The tragic wail,

however, deepens as the struggle continues, and some of the final poems are like a groaning prayer for mercy, or a sob of anguish. Such a note as this, he bitterly remarked, had never been struck in German literature, for no German poet had ever suffered as he suffered. Had he forgotten his romantic compatriot Hoffmann, the author of the "Contes Fantastiques," who some twenty-four years previously had endured with a like spirit the same horrible malady? No, it was not the agony, nor even the indomitable fortitude, but the genius, "whose crest was a smiling tear," that was without a parallel in German literature.

III.

THERE was one ideal object from which Heine's loyal devotion never swerved nor wavered through all the vagaries of his eccentric career—and this object was Germany. Harshly as he and all his race were treated by the fatherland, his sentiment for the German people, his affinity with the German genius, his affection for the language, the literature, the legends, the very soil of his native land continued in unbroken force through all his years of exile beneath the thin veneer of Gallicism and cosmopolitanism. He who by his brilliant essays in the French language and his sparkling *mots* acquired the reputation of being "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," was in reality heart-sick for the sound of his mother tongue. "No one," he said bitterly, "can form an idea of this spiritual exile but a German poet who finds himself all day long obliged to speak and write in French. Even my thoughts are exiled—exiled into a foreign tongue." And again: "I, a bird from the German forest, accustomed to build my nest out of the most motley and simple materials—I must nest here in the powdered wig of Voltaire!"

But if he loved Germany, it was the ideal, the possible Germany of the future, not the actual servile and petty principalities that constituted the Prussia of his day. He was never tired of ridiculing the "thirty kings or more," who "snored under the shadow of St. Gothard." When he returned to France after his last visit to his old home, he replied manfully to the "lackeys of the Government" who had taunted him with his partiality for the French and his want of patriotism: "I will honor and revere your colors," said he, "when they deserve my respect, when they cease to be an empty or a wicked farce. Plant the red, black and golden flag on the heights of German thought, make it the standard of free humanity, and I will shed for it my heart's best

blood. Be easy; I love the fatherland just as much as you do. For this very love's sake I have pined thirteen years of my life in exile, and for this very love's sake I return to-day into exile, perhaps for ever. . . . Be calm; I will never surrender the Rhine to the French, for one simple reason, because the Rhine belongs to me, by inalienable birthright. I am the free Rhine's still freer son; on its banks stood my cradle, and I am unable to understand how the Rhine can possibly belong to any one but its own children. . . . As for Alsace and Lorraine, they will be united with Germany, when we have completed that which the French have begun, *when we outstrip them in act as we have already done in thought*, . . . when we have reinstated in their dignity the poor disinherited people, despised genius and disgraced beauty, as our great masters have said and sung, and as we young ones will do." The following poem illustrates still further Heine's passionate sympathy with his country:

THE SPINNERS.

No tears are in their eyes of gloom,
They grind their teeth before the loom.
"Oh, Germany, thy shroud we spin,
And weave a threefold curse therein.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the idol to whom we call,
In winter's cold and hunger's pain,
We have hoped and waited in vain, in vain,
He has duped and cheated and fooled us all.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the king, the rich man's king,
Untouched by the sight of our suffering,
Who squeezed the farthings from every one,
And shot us like dogs when the last was gone.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"Cursed be the treacherous fatherland,
Where shame and disgrace go hand in hand,
Where the bud is blighted before its time,
But the mouldy worm may reach its prime.
We're weaving, we're weaving.

"The shuttle whirrs, the wheel's in flight,
Busily spin we, day and night,
Oh, Germany, thy shroud we spin,
And weave a threefold curse therein.
We're weaving, we're weaving."

Compared with these ringing, burning words, how cold seems the detached cosmopolitanism of Goethe, the serene pagan, the courtier and companion of princes, who, from his lofty height of indifference, accused Heine, the embittered enthusiast, of a "want of love." There is a personal and still deeper note in the following "Night Thoughts:"

When I think of Germany at night, then sleep grows impossible.
I can no longer close my eyes, for the hot tears are streaming down.

Years have come and gone since I last saw my mother; twelve years already have passed, and my yearning and longing increase. . . .

Oh, how she loves me, and in her letters, I see how her hand trembles, and how her mother-heart is shaken. . . .

Germany has an everlasting foundation, and is sound to the core, with its oaks and lindens, I can always find it again.

I should not yearn so for Germany, if the old mother were not there; the fatherland will not spoil, only the old lady may die.

Since I left home, how many have sunk into the grave, of those I loved! When I count them, my heart seems bleeding away.

And I *must* count them! Even as I count, my grief swells higher and higher. I feel as if the corpses were dancing about in my breast. Thank God, they vanish!

Thank God! through my window breaks the cheerful French daylight. My wife enters, beautiful as morning, and laughs away my German cares.

Heine made peculiarly his own the rich and lovely realm of German tradition and folklore; he was undisputed master over the elves, kobolds, undines and fairies, the willis, wizards, enchantresses, and dwarfs that people the woods and springs of his fatherland. He created anew the Lorelei of the Rhine and the Venus of the Wartburg; he was the lover and beloved of all the exquisite creatures that inhabit the groves and water-ways, and in many a poem he has described how the nymphs or the mermaids come forth at twilight from their secret haunts to caress and entice the melancholy poet. Even in his own day he was accepted as a folk-singer, and his rhymes found their way to the heart of the people and the lips of the peasantry, side by side with the bird-like refrains of the mediæval minstrels. No surer proof than this could be offered of his thorough identification with the Teutonic spirit and genius. But it was the graft of a foreign tree that gave him his rich and spicy aroma, his glowing color, his flavor of the Orient. His was a seed sprung from the golden branch that flourished in Hebrew-Spain between the years 1000 and 1200. Whoever looks into the poetry of the mediæval Spanish Jews will see that Heine, the modern, cynical German-Parisian, owns a place among these devout and ardent mystics who preceded him by fully eight centuries. The "Intermezzo," so new and individual in German literature, is but a well-sustained continuation of the "Divan" and "Gazelles" of Judah Halevi, or the thinly veiled sensuousness of Alcharisi and Ibu Ezra. Heine is too sincere a poet to be accused of plagiarism, but there can be no doubt that, imbued as he was with the spirit of his race, revering so deeply their seldom-studied poetic legacy, he at times unwittingly repeated the notes which rang so sweetly in his ears. What the world thought distinct-

ively characteristic of the man was often simply a mode of expression peculiar to his people at their best. To illustrate our meaning we will quote a few lines from one of the older poets — Judah Halevi. Might they not have been inserted in the very heart of the "Intermezzo," without our perceiving the slightest variation of tone?

"Seest thou o'er my shoulders falling,
Snake-like ringlets waving free?
Have no fear, for they are twisted
To allure thee unto me.'
Thus she spake, the gentle dove,
Listen to thy plighted love.
'Ah, how long I wait, until
Sweetheart cometh back,' she said;
'Laying his caressing hand
Underneath my burning head.'"

In the following stanza, translated from the Hebrew of Halevi, we have even a flash of the Heine wit:

"The day I crowned his rapture at my feet,
He saw his image in mine eyeballs shine.
He kissed me on the eyes—ah, what deceit!
He kissed his picture, not these eyes of mine."

Heine has worthily celebrated his great predecessor in the poem entitled "Judah Halevi," and his passionate lamentation for Jerusalem has the very ring of the older poet.

"She, the peopled, sacred city,
Is transformed into a desert,
Where wild devils, were-wolves, jackals,
Lead a foul, accursed existence.

"Serpents, birds of night are nesting
In her weather-beaten gateways.
From her windows' airy arches,
Gaze, as from their dens, the foxes.

"Sometimes you may see emerging
Some poor beggar of the desert,
Pasturing his hump-backed camels
On the thick, high-growing grasses.

"On the noble heights of Zion,
Where were held the golden revels,
Whose rare splendor once bore witness
To the glory of the monarch;

"There, by noisome weeds o'ercovered,
Now you find gray heaps of rubbish,
Of such melancholy aspect
You would fancy they were weeping.

"And 'tis said they weep in earnest,
Once in every year, upon the
Ninth day of the month of Ab.
Mine own eyes were overflowing,

"As I saw the heavy tear-drops
Glittering on the mighty ruins,
As I heard the lamentation
Of the broken temple-columns."

If Heine had never written any other Judaic poems than this ballad of "Halevi," and the

verses we are about to quote, he would deserve a high place in that splendid galaxy which includes not only Halevi and Gabirol, but David, Isaiah, and the author of Job. The following is a rhymed dedication to his unfinished novel, the "Rabbi of Bacharach":

Break out into loud lamentations, thou glowing martyr-song, that I have so long cherished in the flaming silence of my soul.
It pierces all ears, and through the ears it pierces into the heart. I have powerfully invoked the thousand-year-old agony.
Great and small are weeping, even the haughty nobles; the women and the flowers are weeping, the stars are weeping in heaven.
And all the tears flow silently commingled toward the south, they all flow onward and empty themselves in the Jordan.

But it would convey a false impression to insist unduly upon the Hebrew element in Heine's genius, or to deduce therefrom the notion that he was religiously at one with his people. His sympathy with them was a sympathy of race, not of creed, and, as we have said, it alternated with an equally strong revulsion in favor of Greek forms and ideas of beauty. Nor did it ever restrain him from showering his pitiless arrows of ridicule upon the chosen race. No one has given us more irresistibly comic pictures of their peculiar traits, no one comparable to him in wit and power has so fully understood and exposed the lingering traces stamped upon them by centuries of degradation. We repeat it, he was no one thing long or consistently, and the deluded Jew who takes up his work to chuckle over his witty sarcasms against Christianity will be grievously disappointed suddenly to receive a stinging blow full in the face from the same merciless hand.

Despite the magical fascination of Heine's style, there is no denying the continual recurrence of a false note in his song. We do not speak of the flippancy or the vulgarity into which he occasionally degenerates, but of a morbid, lachrymose sentimentality, which in its first suggestion was unpleasant, and which, predominating in proportion as his health and temper failed, more and more offends a pure taste, and inexorably precludes him from wearing the crown of those poets whose high prerogative it is to console, to uplift, to lead humanity. Goethe ascribed Heine's weakness to the want of love, and Matthew Arnold to a lack of moral balance. If, after these authoritative voices, we presume to give another name to his defect, it is not in contradiction, but rather in explanation, of their terms. We should say that what he lacked, physically, mentally, and morally, was—health. His love is a frenzy, his wit is often fantastic and gro-

tesque as a sick man's visions, his very enjoyment of nature is more like the feverish excitement of an invalid who is allowed a brief breathing-space in the sunshine, than the steady, sober intensity of one of her life-long worshippers. He has expressed it himself in the following lines:

I feel as if I had sat all winter long,
A sick man in a darkened sick-room,
And now suddenly I leave it,
And dazzlingly beams forth to meet me,
The emerald spring, the sunshine-awakened spring.
And the white-blossomed trees rustle,
And the young flowers look up at me, with their
many-colored fragrant eyes,
And there is an aroma and a murmuring, and a
breathing and laughter,
And the little birds are singing in the blue heaven,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

It was impossible that the inharmonious elements combined in Heine's personality should ever properly affiliate and result in a sound, symmetric whole. His song is but the natural expression of the inward dissonance. Its lack of repose and dignity is characteristic of the tortured, vacillating soul, the overstrained nerves, and the proud, brutally wounded heart that engendered it. Poor Heine! I stood last summer by the grave of

this free song-bird of the German forest. He lies in the stony heart of Paris amidst the hideous monuments decked with artificial wreaths of bead and wire that form the usual adornments of a French cemetery. Where were the waving boughs, and emerald turf, the "lofty oaks glowing like green flame against the sky," that should have covered the poet's resting-place? Far from the parents whom he had loved with the passionate intensity of the Jew, far from his kinsfolk and the friends of his youth, surrounded by strangers to whom the very name on the tombstone is an unpronounceable, barbaric word,—he seems even in death an exile and outcast.

Yet no! Even now, more than a quarter of a century after his death, perhaps he is better thus. The day before I visited his tomb the barrier-wall between the Jewish and Christian portions of the cemetery of Montmartre had been demolished by order of the French Government. As I saw the rubbish and wreck left by the work of humane destruction, I could not but reflect with bitterness that the day had not yet dawned beyond the Rhine, when Germany, free from race-hatred and bigotry, is worthy and ready to receive her illustrious Semitic son.*

Emma Lazarus.

May, 1884.

* The following description of Heine's personal appearance, from the pen of the German poet Weinberg, may be of interest to our readers: "He dressed in severely-simple taste; I never saw him wear any jewelry. Beautiful soft dark-brown hair surrounded his full smooth oval face, which was generally overspread with a delicate pallor. Between his close-drawn eyelids, his well-cut eyes, which were rather small than large, were usually shadowed by a dreamy expression, the most distinctive feature of the poet. When he was animated, they were lighted by a merry, clever smile, with a spice of lurking mischief, but without any sting of malice. The weak root of the nose betrayed (according to the physiognomists) a lack of force and magnanimity, and the nose itself, slightly hooked, seemed to have a somewhat languid character. The smooth brow was lightly and beautifully arched, the lips were frank, the chin round, but not powerful. The 'wicked twitching' of the upper lip was evidently nothing but a habit, and no sign of inherent misanthropy and disgust with life."

WINTER.

O WINTER! thou art not that haggard Lear,
With stormy beard and countenance of woe,
Raving amain, or dumbly crouching low,
In hoary desolation mocked with fear.
To me thou art the white queen of the year,
A stately virgin in her robes of snow,
With royal lilies crowned, and all aglow
With holy charms and gems celestial clear.
Nor dost thou come in barren majesty,
Thou hast thy dower of sunbeams thrice refined;
Nor songless, but with cheerful minstrelsy
Rung from the singing harp-strings of the wind;
And ah, with such sweet dreams—such visions bright,
Of flowers, and birds, and love's divine delight!

O. C. Auringer.