

Johann Friedrich Schiller.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.



N little Marbach town in Germany, where, along by ancient castles and lovely vineyards, the river Neckar hurries on to meet the Rhine, one cold November day a joyous peal rang out from the old church tower. While the festive bells were ringing, in a small house, whose narrow gable windows faced the street, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy was born, and the mother's joyful thanksgiving went up to Heaven with the old church chime. The happy father wrote in the Bible, "On the tenth of November, 1759, God has sent us a son." When the boy was baptized, the name was added, "Johann Christoph Friedrich."

Still may be seen in the father's handwriting the prayer he made at the child's birth, that the great Father of all "would supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction."

He lived to write long after, when the boy had become a beloved and world-honored man, his fervent thanks, that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

His father, Johann Caspar Schiller, was first a surgeon in the Württemberg army, and raised to the rank of captain, and so much away in the wars that Schiller's earliest years were under the care of his poetical young mother, with only occasional visits from the "doctor captain" father. His mother was Elizabeth Dorothea, daughter of George Rodweis, the landlord of the Golden Lion.

She was tall and gracefully formed, with gentle manners, and a thoughtful, tender, refined face. Children always loved to gather round her. Little Schiller had a face strikingly like his mother's. He loved to hear her read and repeat her favorite poets, and to walk beside her to church, and would often climb up on one of the nursery chairs and preach a sermon to his mother and his sister Christophine, and any others who might be present. He would preach with most earnest emphasis; but if any one of his hearers laughed, he would run away, and it would take much coaxing to get him back to finish his discourse.

When he was a very little boy his mother moved from Marbach; but she brought him back one day to visit their old friends, and they went into the churchyard to see the new graves. There, in the grass by the wall, stood the old church bell, the metal so cracked that it could never chime more. The mother stood sorrowfully

looking at the bell, and told the boy how many, many years it had rung for the people's joys and sorrows—how cheerfully it rang out and how happy she was when he was born. The boy bent reverently down and kissed the old bell, and its sweet tones echoed forever in his memory, and pealed forth in after years in his beautiful "Song of the Bell." We are told by Hans Andersen that the bell, sold for old copper, was carried far away to Bavaria and melted in a furnace, and when a monument was made long after to honor the great poet Schiller, part of the metal was used for the head and bust of the statue; and one hundred years from the day when the bell chimed his birth hour, one bright November noon, when all the flags waved and all the bells rang, the statue was unveiled in the Royal Square, and from its glowing face the old bell speaks in silent music yet.

Peace came at last, and, with the father

home once more, the family moved to Ludwigsberg, where, in his ninth year, Schiller first saw the splendors of the theater, giving color and shape to so many of his after dreams. Then they lived awhile at Lorch, where the ruins of an old castle and a convent greatly delighted his young imagination. When a very little boy he showed a great love for everything grand and sublime. One day during a severe thunder storm, when the terrified family were all grouped together, Schiller was missing, and no one knew where he was. The anxious father went out into the storm to find him. After a long search he found him in a very lonely place in the top of a high tree, looking up at the stormy sky and watching the flashes as in "quick succession they threw their lurid gleams over it." To the expostulations of his father he replied, "that the lightning was so very beautiful, he wanted to see where it was coming from." With these first lightning flashes



JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

glowing still in his soul, he writes in after years, "Spread out the thunder into its single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children; pour it forth together in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall move the heavens." Schiller's father and mother had a reverence for all things good and true, and a religion that mingled with every motive and action of their lives; these, with the mother's enthusiastic love of poetry, expanded and beautified Schiller's character.

In that humble but happy home, morning and night the great Father above was thanked for every blessing, and implored for daily mercy and forgiveness.

The first poetic effusion of Schiller's of which we read was when he was eight years old. He and another little boy had to repeat their catechism publicly in church one day, their teacher threatening them "with a thorough flogging if they missed a single word." With trembling hearts the boys perfectly performed the task, and the "mollified pedagogue" gave them two kreutzers apiece. Schiller wished to invest this great sum at Hartneck in curds and cream, but in all the hamlet of Hartneck no curds and cream could be found, and the whole four kreutzers were demanded for only a quarter cake of cheese without any bread. The tired and "hungry little gastronomes" wandered on to Neckarweikingen, where they obtained, after long searching, their curds and cream in a gay platter, and silver spoons to eat it with. All this they had for three kreutzers, and one kreutzer left to get them a fine "bunch of St. John grapes."

Exhilarated and delighted with their liberal cheer, Schiller rose into a glow of inspiration. Having left the village, he mounted with his friend to the adjacent height overlooking both Hartneck and Neckarweikingen, and "there in a truly poetic effusion pronounced his malediction on the creamless region, bestowing, with the same solemnity, his blessing on the one affording him that savory refreshment."

Captain Schiller had proved himself so trustworthy and capable, that the Duke of Württemberg kept him in his service all his life, and having raised him to the rank of captain, gave him the superintendence of the forests and the nurseries in the pleasure grounds of Ludwigsburg and Solitude. The family settled at Solitude, near Stuttgart. The Rev. Philip Moses, pastor of the village of Lorch, had been Schiller's first teacher. It seemed to Schiller's boyish fancy that Mr. Moses was a most wonderful man, perhaps the wisest man he had ever known. He was very learned, and had a striking and "impressive personality." Schiller looked forward to the "splendid possibility" of his being educated for the ministry, and being such a great man as the Rev. Philip Moses.

With his kind-hearted, genial father, his mother's poetry and stories, the lively society of sisters, and the lovely surroundings of Solitude, he grew up a tall and happy boy. He made good progress in his four years at the Latin school, passing creditable examinations, and father, mother, and sisters looked forward with pleasure to one day hearing

their darling Fritz preach from the old pulpit.

While at school, Schiller frequently held devotional exercises, in which his fellow-students participated.

But his own and his parents' long-cherished plans were soon rudely broken. The Duke of Württemberg invited him to become a member of his new military academy, to be trained after the most military fashion for the public service. As Schiller had no taste for a military life, his distressed father at first respectfully declined. But the offer twice repeated was equivalent to a command, and Captain Schiller durst not again decline the duke's imperious kindness. So Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was turned away from all his cherished hopes. These six years at Stuttgart were the dullest, weariest, saddest of all his life. He "rose, dressed, prayed, marched to breakfast, pulled out his chair, and sat down, all by word of command,"—so many minutes allotted for each act—a narrow, intolerable routine, with no society but that of his severe, pedantic pedagogues. The students were divided into cavaliers and elevens, according to their births, on public occasions. The cavaliers might kiss the hand of the duke, the elevens could only kiss the hem of his garment. No ladies were allowed on the grounds, and no students permitted to visit their parents during all the years of their stay at the academy.

The duke was a narrow-minded, selfish, egotistical man. His academy was most arbitrarily conducted; the lights were ordered to be put out so early, and so much time taken up in the day with stupid nothings, that Schiller sometimes feigned sickness so as to have his light burning at night, and to read by stealth his forbidden favorites—Shakespeare, Plutarch, Lessing, Klopstock, Goethe, Herder and others. At sixteen, he was allowed to change the study of the law, he so much hated, for one he hated only a little less, that of medicine, though "he followed it with a most rigid fidelity." He wrote occasionally a few verses until his nineteenth year, when he secretly began the composition of his earliest surviving drama. He kept his manuscript unknown for more than a year, when, passing his medical examination in 1781, he was appointed surgeon in the ducal army. His first act on leaving the academy was to publish his drama, "The Robbers," at his own expense. It "was an outburst of poetry which took the world by storm." The story ran like wild-fire through Germany, and was published in most all the languages of Europe. The rough tyranny of the Karls-Schule had given birth to this wonderful drama, bursting forth like glowing lava from Schiller's long-pent soul. It was the story of two brothers, one of whom, by false accusations, villainously drives the other from his father's heart and home. The deceived father curses his banished boy, but finding out his mistake, writes to him, asking his forgiveness and return. This letter the other brother intercepts, and the wronged brother, Karl von Moor, never hears of his father's regret and tenderness, and he becomes a desperado chief, doing wild justice by robbing the rich to give to the poor.

Through all his passion, remorse, and misery, you see him lamenting his lost innocence, sorrowing when his rash followers break his rules of "mercy and retribution," and through every crime, his endless longing for "purity and peace." You see him sorrowfully looking at the setting sun on the hills behind the Danube, thinking "of the hopes and times when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten."

The old father dies of grief at last, when he learns that his darling son is a robber chief.

From beginning to end the whole drama holds you breathless with its thrilling plot and fierce emotion.

But the duke regarded with horror its sentiments, reproached its literary defects, and ordered Schiller to confine himself to his medical duties, and thenceforth to write no more poetry without the permission of his gracious highness. The duke had been educated in the most frivolous French fashion, and had no poetic taste, sound judgment, or scholarly discrimination; he had neither talent nor heart to feel the genius of the young student.

Schiller, though greatly alarmed and disheartened by the duke's displeasure, kept on secretly writing, and went incognito to Mannheim, to see the first representation of his tragedy, which, at the request of the Baron von Dolberg, stage manager of the theater, he had remodeled for the stage. Dolberg was a warm patron of the arts and sciences, Schiller's first benefactor, and his life-long, devoted friend. Schiller writes to him after his proposal to theatricalize "The Robbers," "that if my strength shall ever climb to the height of a masterpiece, I certainly shall have this warm approval of your excellency to thank for it, and so will the world."

Schiller's first play was introduced by Dolberg to the stage, and to him was dedicated his last, when Dolberg was in his 83d year. It was Schiller's darling wish that Dolberg should bring him to Mannheim as theatrical poet, if possible by the duke's permission. There is no gratitude sweeter, deeper, and purer, than that a writer owes the hand that first brings his unknown thoughts before the world; and Schiller's gratitude came back in after years like balmy dew to Dolberg's happy heart. His early letters to Dolberg are to many the most touching and interesting part of his correspondence.

For going to the theater to see his first play Schiller was put under arrest by the duke for a fortnight, and going a second time, was threatened with far severer punishment. He had seen the poet Schubart doomed to ten years' imprisonment, without pen, ink or paper, and shut out from the blue sky and the green earth, for incurring the ducal displeasure, growing so weak in the first year that he could only stand by leaning against the walls of his cell, and Schiller was afraid of being, like the ill-fated Schubart, shut up in the dungeon of Asperg. He read the songs and poems of Schubart, and brooded over their merit, and their author's misery, till he resolved at any risk to free himself from his own stifling fetters. Bidding sad farewell to mother and sisters, fearing to tell his father lest it compromise him

with the duke, he fled from Stuttgart when the people were busy watching the arrival of some foreign prince. He went to Mannheim, where, under an assumed name, he wandered in dismay and fright, hearing everywhere his "Robbers" applauded, but afraid to confess himself the author. Fearing to stay long so near Stuttgart, he went to Franconia, the money for his immediate wants supplied him by Dolberg. With debts behind him and poverty before, he hid away in a friend's country house at Bauerbach, "where he arrived half frozen in the middle of a hard German winter." Here he stayed eight months, and when the Frau von Wollzogen came home with her beautiful daughter, Schiller, in this safe asylum, had a happy home. Madame Wollzogen was the mother of his two friends and fellow-students, and a warm admirer of his writings. Her affectionate attention, and "the poetry for which he suffered," consoled Schiller's exile.

He had written his drama "Fiesko," in his own opinion of far more merit than "The Robbers." It was at first rejected, then accepted for the stage on condition of his remodeling it. After his long and carefully preparing it, it was re-examined, and sent back once more with the laconic message that it was totally unfit for the stage; but, on being published, it became so great a popular favorite that the managers were only too glad to send for it again, and bring it out. So was Schiller disappointed, then soothed, bitterly grieved, then triumphantly elated, by the varying fortunes of his second drama.

Many a child of the brightest brain is thus despised before its crowning. Madame Wollzogen's life of Schiller, written in the German, gives a touching story of these his early trials and triumphs.

Every noble lady with whom he was thrown in close companionship seemed to become his friend. Not falling into and out of love like Goethe, the society of women was to him elevating and profitable, yet in all his beautiful life he never caused one woman's heart to ache. With his new tragedy, "Kabale und Liebe," on his hands, he was invited to Mannheim on the next September to be the poet to the theater, the position he had so long desired, the salary to be 300 florins a year, during which time he was expected to furnish three new dramas. He became a naturalized subject of the Elector Palatine, and feared no more the Duke of Württemberg.

Schiller writes at this time, "The public is now all to me—my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the public alone I henceforth belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

So Schiller consecrated his life to "the discovery of truth and the creation of beauty." He was often heard to say he had no dearer

wish than to see every living mortal happy and contented with his lot. In Germany the stage is regarded with more interest and as of greater importance than in any other part of Europe—not as a mere recreation, as in Paris, or a pastime, as in England. The Germans speak of it as "refining the heart and mind," as a sort of "lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the Church." The theater is the great nucleus of German literature.

In after years, many of Schiller's and Goethe's brightest hours were spent in condensing and improving for the stage Germany's best standard plays.

Schiller remained eighteen months at Mannheim, producing a translation of Shakespeare's

three times, with three stages of conception, development, and versifying, and then corrected and amended; so every thought had at least three sittings. Schiller's Carlos is the picture of a great, glorious soul, forever darkened and blighted by a terrible and hopeless sorrow. His struggle with a resistless destiny touches the tenderest pathos of every reader's heart. No tragic queen moves us more than Schiller's tender, heroic Elizabeth, when she tries to turn Carlos's hopeless love for her "into love for the many millions whose destiny depends on his." In all history or tragedy there is no nobler example of the triumph of duty over the cruelless evils that duty inflicts. There are passages in "Carlos" equaling the best of Shakespeare's. The learned and unlearned were delighted with it; it raised Schiller, in his 27th year, to the highest rank of any dramatic writer in his century.

When the unweary and serene Posa implores the king, "from his birth the Lord of Europe," to be generous as strong, and restore the happiness he has taken, with what fearless sublimity he says:

"'Tis not myself, but truth that I endanger.
Be to us
A pattern of the everlasting and the true;
Never, never did a mortal hold so much
To use it so divinely.
One movement of your pen, and new-created
Is the earth. Say but Let there be freedom."

Then throwing himself at the feet of the stern and desolate king, who turns his face away, he says:

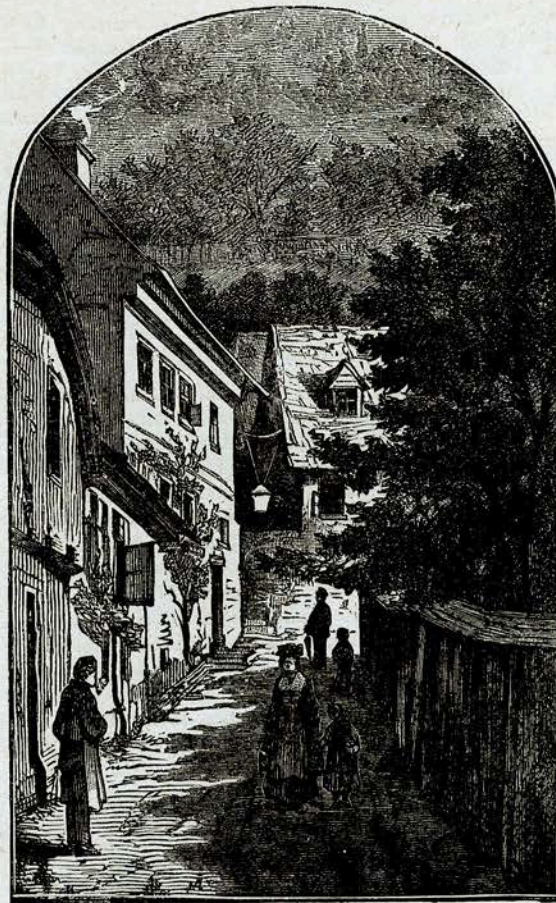
"Look round and view God's lordly universe.
On freedom it is founded, and how rich
It is with freedom! He, the Great Creator,
Has given the very worm its sev'ral dew-drops;
Even in the moldering spaces of decay
He leaves free-will the pleasures of a choice."

Schiller's Carlos and Posa stand forth in sculptural beauty from memory's darkest background, and once we see them, we see that solemn beauty forever.

As round the name of the heliotrope hovers the sweet breath of the flower, turning our souls with the flower's blue sunward, so around the name

of Schiller, wherever we see it, lingers the sweetness of his pure and beautiful thought. During his leisure intervals, at this time, Schiller wrote some of the most touching ballads to be found in any language. Some of the best are The Walk, The Song of the Bell, his Ritter Toggenburg, his Cranes of Ibycus, his Hero and Leander. He wrote also his "Ghostseer," a novel in our libraries.—Cagliostro, the celebrated king of quacks, performing at Paris his wonderful feats, "raising the dead from their graves, and raising himself from a Sicilian lackey to a sumptuous count."

The fame of his exploits seems to have suggested this novel of Schiller's. But turning from fiction to reality, his pen won new



SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT RUDOLSTADT.

"Macbeth," and the two dramas of "Fiesko," and "Kabale und Liebe." He established the *Thalia*, a dramatic journal devoted to the stage, publishing in it several acts of a drama, "Don Carlos." History has invested no more melancholy fate with the halo of romance than that of Don Carlos, Infante of Spain, son of Philip the Second. Deprived of his right to the crown, placed in prison, and doomed to death by his iron-hearted father, that father marrying his betrothed bride, Elizabeth of France, his tragic fate has been poetically treated by Alfieri, Campistron, Otway, and others, and best of all by Schiller. Schiller's and Alfieri's tragedies of Carlos will last for ages. Alfieri's tragedies were all composed

the Duke of Weimar gave him an income which lifted him above the necessity of doing any more uncongential drudgery. Then for seven years he consecrated his brightest hours to the noble figure of Wallenstein. Freed for the first time from harassing care, he went back to his boyhood's home, and saw his gray-haired father, his longing and patient mother, and his sisters, now grown to be thoughtful young women. This fresh "baptism of his native air" strengthened him for new and nobler labors. With his earliest convalescence he had resumed his studies and forgotten his pain in the returning glow of inspiration. He lived fifteen years thereafter, doing his best and grandest works.

With an income now sure and sufficient, and the drudgery of his professorship performed by another, Schiller's mind turned to its most alluring task. Kiesewetter in Berlin, Schmid in Jena, Jakob in Halle, Born in Leipsic, Hemert in Holland, were expounding the doctrines of the powerful and accomplished Königsberg Professor Kant, and "Jena was the well-spring of the Kantian doctrine." Kant was now 67 years of age, and had just published his "Criticism of the Judgment," and had put forth in nine years, in rapid succession, a series of works, laying the foundation for a new Metaphysics, beginning with his first edition of the "Criticism of the Pure Reason," which had so deeply agitated and profoundly interested the finest minds of Germany. Sages and scholars were fighting for or opposing his doctrines, that "professed to explain the difference between matter and spirit, to unravel the perplexities of necessity and free-will, to show the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope Nature gives us of the soul's immortality." Kant was eleven years in writing and rewriting his "Pure Reason," and Schiller studied it with honest diligence, and wrote thereafter his own lectures on the "Esthetic Culture of Man," and other philosophical essays, showing the struggles of a longing spirit to solve the mystery overhanging the destiny of the human race. While Schiller in his thirty-second year, night after night, wrote down his philosophic thoughts, shining like green islands in the "misty sea of metaphysics," Kant, then in his 67th year, was up every morning at five and in his reveries, his calm blue eyes looking out on the tower near his home, on which he was wont to fasten his thoughts as he pursued his metaphysical studies, the passion of his soul, saying to any who gave him kindly advice, "Whoever will tell me a good action left undone, him will I thank, though it be in the last hour of my life." If we are ignorant of, or forget all the rest of his pure reason, this is a golden thought we might all well hoard up and use for ourselves. He died just one year before Schiller, in his 80th year. Schiller's five years of deep philosophical study added immensely to his store of ideas, for a time repressing, yet greatly enriching and ripening the future harvest of his song—as, after the winter's overwhelming snows, the fairest flowers are born.

Even from philosophy's "ponderous, unmanageable dross" he gleaned some of the "everlasting gold of truth."

His after poems are more smooth and perfect, many of them flowing musically with the sweetest tide of song. He writes, "The poem must in very deed be capable of being sung, as the 'Iliad' was sung by the peasants of Greece, as the stanzas of 'Jerusalem Delivered' are still sung by the Venetian gondoliers. I would choose no other than octave rhyme; all the rest, except iambic, are become insufferable to me."

Schiller's tastes were very simple. When at Leipsic, he writes, "I want nothing but a bedroom, which might also be my working room, and another chamber for receiving visits. The house-gear necessary for me are a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed, a sofa, a table, and a few chairs. I cannot live on the ground floor, nor close by the ridge-tile, and my windows positively must not look into the churchyard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle; I had rather fast than eat without company, large or else particularly good." Both Schiller and Goethe liked to watch the passing stream of humanity. At Trienitz, half a mile from Jena, Goethe and he, we are told, might sometimes be observed sitting at table beneath the shade of a spreading tree, talking and looking at the current of passengers. Carlyle tells us that many a man would gladly have walked fifty miles for the privilege of sitting beside them.

In their home life and their literary life there was the closest sympathy between the two. During the ten years of their intimacy, 971 letters passed between Schiller and Goethe.

Now Goethe writes of a new baby at Schiller's, and wants little Charles Schiller to come and stay with Augustus, who would give him a hearty welcome, and be so happy with the many children gathering at his house and garden. And at another time he writes to Schiller, "You have drawn me from the too close observation of outward things and their relations, and thrown me back upon myself—you have obtained for me a second youth, and made me a poet again, which I had as good as ceased to be. I feel that my undertaking far exceeds the measure of the faculties of one earthly life. I would wish to depose much with you, and thereby give it not only endurance but vitality."

Schiller's soul was the blue sky wherein Goethe's stars shone best, and Goethe's soul was the clear atmosphere where Schiller's flowers opened and bloomed the brightest. So they revealed and contrasted each other.

Goethe gained his subjects from "an inexhaustible within." Schiller drew his from the great exhaustless world without. Schiller's were "thought pictures." Goethe's, "soul pictures."

Schiller idealized individuals, Goethe individualized ideals. When they were writing the Zenia, very few could distinguish their footmarks. One would begin and the other end; one design and the other execute. Sometimes one would write the first line and the other the next. Like Jupiter and Venus, these two friends seem always named and known together; and both alternately morning and evening stars in the sky of German literature.

Schiller was thirty-five and Goethe forty-five at the beginning of their friendship, and none can tell what "either would have been without the other, or how much one has done for the other." Yet "the two are the crowned and undisputed monarchs of a national literature."

Goethe said of Schiller, "The attractive power of Schiller was great; he held fast whoever came near him." When Schiller was writing his "Wallenstein," Goethe inspired him with his sympathy, and Schiller gave the same refined aid to Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister." Schiller's 38th year and Goethe's 48th, 1797, is called in the lives of these two men the "ballad year." In friendly rivalry they each wrote then their best ballads. Schiller's aim was incident, Goethe's sentiment. We seem to grasp Schiller's hand closer than Goethe's. Goethe was like a divinity looking down upon the forms he created. Schiller moves among them, thinking, loving, dreaming, as one of them, always lovable, tender, human. In 1797 Goethe came back from Switzerland, and talked with Schiller about a grand epic poem that might be written on William Tell; he talked over the wild scenery of Switzerland so often, that to Schiller it was as vivid as if he had seen it, and Schiller wrought out one of his best tragedies; for its spirit of freedom and picturesque beauty it is unsurpassed in the whole range of dramatic literature.

In the square at Althorp, Switzerland, above the fountain, still stand the rudely-carved figures of the heroic Tell and his steadfast, smiling son, and one who has often seen the spot where the noble boy was bound to the linden tree by the tyrant, tells us Schiller's description of the scenes he saw only through Goethe's eyes is strikingly real. The opening of the first scene is in the high Alps: "It is a rocky shore of the Luzerne Lake, opposite to Schwytz; the lake makes a little bight in the land—a hut stands at a short distance from the bank; the fisher-boy is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake, on the other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets, and farms of Schwytz, in the clear sunshine. On our left are observed lofty mountain peaks, surrounded with clouds; to the right, and far in the distance, appear the glaciers. We hear the ranz des vaches, and the tinkling of cattle bells."

There is no grander theme for historic epic than the story of William Tell. Tell is the "masterpiece of the whole creation." Schiller shows how really great a man may be, without culture, on a great occasion. We almost see these homely heroic souls dwelling in their green valleys, and hear the Jungfrau with her diadem of snow singing her "hymn of thunder." And the southern sun glows down those palaces of ice with their towers and gateways of untrodden, everlasting snows. We almost see the fearless archer waiting in the hollow of the rock for Gessler. "Gessler shall perish, he swore, when the tyrant made him aim at the head of his boy." One of the finest passages is where, around the dead tyrant, the fratres misericordiae form in a half circle and sing in a deep tone:

"With noiseless tread death comes on man,
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From busy life's unfinished plan
With sudden hand it severs him."

By day Schiller read and refreshed himself with nature, and wrote to or conversed with his friends, but he wrote and studied in the night. During summer his place of study was in a garden which at length he purchased in the suburbs of Jena. It lies on the southwest border of the town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuther, in a hollow defile, through which a part of the Leutrabuch flows round the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saale and the fir mountains of the neighboring forest, Schiller built himself a small house with a single chamber. It was his favorite abode during hours of composition. Most all of his works were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt apart from the noise of men, in the Griesbach house, on the outside of the city trench.

On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or chocolate standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night, and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasion—a thing very easily to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden house on the other side of the dell—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down in his chair and writing. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five in the morning; in summer, till toward three. He then went to bed, seldom rising till nine or ten. There is no trace of the little garden house, but the starry thoughts born there "in the silent night" will never cease to glow in other souls through all ages and all lands. At the age of forty, Schiller sent forth to the world his "Wallenstein," a continuous drama of eleven acts, a vast and magnificent work, the result of seven years' patient, persevering labor. As our roughest, hardest early sorrows sharpen and strengthen the weapons with which in after years we struggle and win in the battle of life, so Schiller's early military trial discipline gave him such masterly power to marshal on the glowing field of "Wallenstein" his marauding soldiers, aspiring heroes, brave generals, and tender maidens. Even his most tempestuous, lawless spirits learn as he learned, with strange magnanimity, to wring from fortune's bitterness the sweets of enjoyment, while Wallenstein's noble figure towers majestically away from their stormy and crowded background.

The tragic terror of Wallenstein's murder, the pathos of Thekla's flight to her lover's tomb, where her broken heart will soon cease to beat,—how all these "noble figures depart into darkness, and the ignoble remain to wear out their meager lives as fate permits," till we see the gloom and horror of victory wrongfully gained! The drama of "Wallenstein" stands nearest to Shakespeare in point of excellence. Coleridge has well paraphrased the

second and third acts. There are no more meaningful words than these often used yet "much-abused" words of Thekla,

"I have had all the happiness of earth,
I have lived and loved."

Between 1799, his fortieth year, and 1801, Schiller produced three new dramas, "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "The Bride of Messina," besides his noble song of the "Bell," and other poems.

"Wallenstein" shows best his "great philosophical conception," and "The Maid of Orleans" most his "glowing imagination." History has no more lovely and heroic heroine than *Joan of Arc*, and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" is one of "the most beautiful works of imagination in existence;" as, beautiful and terrible, with "unpretending dignity," yet overmastering power, she "bears the banner of the Virgin before the hosts of her country."

When it was first performed in Leipsic, when the curtain dropped at the first act, from the whole audience rose one spontaneous shout of "Long live Frederick Schiller," accompanied with an overwhelming outburst of triumphant music, and one long, jubilant blast of trumpets. At the close of the piece the whole assembly crowded around the door, and silently, and with uncovered heads, they made an avenue for him to pass. As he walked through the "long rows of men," many held up their children to see him, whispering softly, "There he is, that is he." It must have been a great delight to look upon his noble and beautiful face, but Schiller liked no formal, public show of admiration. Tall and slender, plainly dressed, he walked quietly through the streets of Weimar, looking on the ground, sometimes not seeing a passing friend; but if he "heard a friendly salutation," catching hastily at his hat, he would give, with a smile, his "cordial Guten Tag."

At few portraits do we love to look as long as at the portrait of Schiller. Mild, tender, patient, heroic, it reveals a man so rare, with all of woman's tenderness, yet a man's manliness.

His hair was nearly auburn, his nose aquiline, his lips were delicately and sensitively curved, his forehead broad and high. There is a look of resignation yet enthusiasm in his pale face, as of suffering patiently borne; for the last fifteen years, when he wrote his noblest works, no day could have passed without pain.

In the spring of 1804, in his 45th year, with so many new, beautiful creations budding in his soul, so many glorious things he hoped to do, lying like golden-tipped hills on beyond, he was brought by sudden and severe illness close to the grave; yet, rallying once more, he wrote again poem, translation, and tragedy, all teeming with sublime and solemn thought.

His poems, that last winter of his life, show the intensest longing to solve life's mystery, and an unutterable yearning for a "brighter home beyond." A bleak and stormy spring brought another return of his malady, and early in the morning of the ninth of May he "grew insensible, and by degrees delirious."

But the blinding veil of pain was lifted at

last, and he fell into a soft sleep, from which he awoke calm and serene, to give a "touching and tranquil farewell" to his friends. A little after, he asked to see the sun. The curtains were drawn aside, and he looked out once more to see its setting glories. Some one asked how he felt, and he said, "Calmer and calmer." About six, he sank into a deep sleep; awaking a moment, he looked up with a beaming face and said, "Many things are growing plain and clear to me," and his blue eyes closed again, to beam no more on the home they had so long brightened.

Between midnight and one in the morning they buried him. The clouds gathered dark in the heavens, but as the bier was set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly burst asunder, and the moon came forth in peaceful clearness, throwing her first rays on the coffin of the departed poet. But as they lowered him into the grave, the moon again retired behind the clouds, and the fierce tempest howled as if earth and sky were mourning his loss; but like an unclouded star his memory will shine forth serene forever from the deep blue behind, and the deep blue beyond.

What do the Children Read?

TELL me, O fair young mother,
Counting your household joys,
Rich in your sweet home-treasures,
Blest in your girls and boys—
After the school is over,
Each little student freed,
After the fun and frolic,
What do the children read?

DEAR little heads bent over,
Scanning the printed page;
Lost in the glowing picture—
Sowing the seeds for age.
What is the story, mother,
What is the witching theme,
Set like a feast before them,
Bright as a golden dream?

LETTERS though small and simple,
Words though as feathers light,
Make on the snowy back-ground
Positive black and white.
Yet more enduring, mother—
Fruit from the smallest seed—
Will be the pure or baneful
Thoughts that the child may read.

LOOK at the towns and cities
Scattered throughout the land;
Hidden in nook and corner,
Gathers the reading band.
Millions of growing children
Drink from the magic spring;
Look to it that your darlings
Drink of no deadly thing.

MAKE them your sweet companions,
Lead them along the way,
Safe through the paths of romance,
Needful in their young day;
So that the tone be healthy,
Truthful in word and deed:
Then you with joy may ever
Know what the children read.