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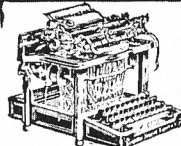
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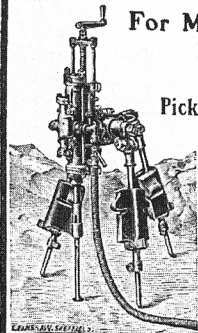
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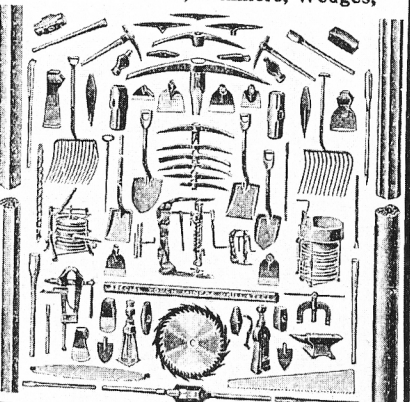
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THE ARRIVAL OF THE SLAVS.

THE fate of empires is of comparatively small importance when compared with the destinies of races. The history of mankind is largely taken up with the ephemeral. The rise and fall of dynasties, the rearrangement of the political configuration of the map, these things are easy to discern, but the evolution of races goes on unheeded. And just now in Europe there is a striking illustration of this besetting sin of the historian, journalistic or otherwise.

The great fact which ought to command universal attention is overlooked. The surface fact is watched by a myriad telescopes. What is the great fact? It is the coming of the Slav into his kingdom, a fact compared with which the fortunes of kings and emperors are as dust in the balance. The proposed annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the Austria-Hungary Empire-Kingdom is but one of the signs of the ripening of the Slavonic question, the gradual emergence of the Slavs from the position of subordination and political serfdom and their establishment as the predominant race in the East of Europe.

Of all the great races of Europe the Slavs have received the fewest favours from the fates. Providence has been to them a cruel step-mother. They have been cradled in adversity and reared in the midst of misfortunes which might well have broken their spirit. From century to century they have been the prey of conquerors, European and Asiatic. When, as in Russia, they were able to assert their independence of Tartar and Turk, they could only do so by submitting to an autocrat whose yoke was seldom easy and whose burden was never light. But for this Cinderella of Europe the light is rising in the darkness, and there are not lacking signs that in the future the despised kitchen-maid may yet be the belle of the ball.

Before discussing the present situation in the Near East or

GERMAN LITERATURE.

RETURNED home from a journey to England, I find myself pondering over the impressions which it has left in my memory. They were almost throughout of an agreeable kind, and in many things grand. The very railway journey from Dover into the heart of the country opens up views of a rich and evenly cultivated land such as the world has never "before" seen; and although the brilliancy of life among the "nobles and knights" (do not the peerage and gentry closely correspond to the Roman *nobilitas* and *ordo equester*?) may conceal very oppressive poverty and want, its appearance is none the less harmonious—London again bore witness to the meaning of English *work*. The greatest city of the world has never seemed to me to be a "great city" or "world-city" in the same sense as Paris—that unique city in which a centralisation without precedent has transformed every boulevard and every *place* into a wonderful phenomenon, so that streets and houses seem to be lifted above the caprices of individual creation. London has always been more like an entire country compressed into a narrow space, a model of the whole island, with the "city" for its metropolis, and with its manufactories and warehouses, highways and residences. No city in the world is less centralised,—a fact which is not due to its extent only; and yet every corner of it is thoroughly English,—even the slum in Whitechapel devoted to the hospitable reception of the veriest strangers. But the most splendid monument of English culture seemed to me to be Oxford. Here the choicest labours of centuries are preserved in wonderful buildings; here the glorious tradition of a high mediæval culture looks down from the walls of the twenty college halls, with their splendid paintings; here the wide meadows, superb avenues, bright parterres, are the symbols of the happy *otium* of olden times. Nowhere can one so well enjoy the blessing of an unparalleled continuity both of work and play as under the red robes and black clothing of this most conservative of all universities.

However—the German must not disclaim it: however much he may envy the Englishman—we would not exchange the mobility of our much poorer universities, the greater freedom of our academic life, the fame of our twenty high schools, for all their splendour. Great Britain is represented by Oxford; Germany by Heidelberg and Jena and Göttingen and Berlin. Our universities are more firmly rooted in the national life than Oxford and Cambridge, which belong almost entirely to the aristocracy. In spite of the connection of Oxford with Ruskin or Browning, or, further back, with Addison, English literature has found its development far away from the universities; an Englishman can hardly understand what Heidelberg and Jena have stood for in our Romantic literature, and Göttingen and Bonn for other periods of our poetry. For our culture is fundamentally democratic and that of England is aristocratic, while in political matters the contrary holds good, or nearly so. But it is in this opposition, as I think, that we must look for the root-cause of that almost unintelligible attitude of estrangement which the English hold in regard to German culture, and especially to its highest product, German poetry.

I am continually astonished at this deplorable fact. I do not believe that any other instance can be found in which there is so profound an ignorance between two cultivated European nations as exists between the English people and German poetry. It is easy to understand that no nation does or can do full justice to another. In spite of all the growing intercourse among the nations, every people remains to this day, when all is said, in the eyes of its neighbours what all foreigners were to the Greeks, "barbarians," a crowd of strange men, always talking superfluous stuff in unintelligible sounds. But there are degrees and steps. We cannot deny that the French style, art and literature, are the best known throughout the educated world, and next to them the Italian: in both cases this can be accounted for by historical and geographical causes. That English culture is even now almost unknown or unintelligible to the French and Italians may also be understood for the same reasons; but the French and Italians are much better acquainted with Shakespeare and Byron than England is with Goethe or Schiller. Shakespeare has become a German classic; Byron enjoys greater honour among us than in his own country; Swift, Burns, Dickens hardly less. For the other side I will refer only to two recent facts. Saintsbury's history of the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century has just appeared, and this scholar, who is familiar with all great-little French writers, displays an almost inconceivable ignorance of German literature, does not even know the name of Friedrich Hebbel (which is much as if a German historian of English literature had never heard of Carlyle or Ruskin), and criticises us with a superficiality which he only allows himself

because at the bottom he holds all our modern literature for a *quantité négligable*. And there is a "Faust" appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre of which the unspeakable vulgarity could only give pleasure to an educated public because it believes in all seriousness that it was not Stephen Phillips or Comyns Carr, but Goethe himself, who made Valentin the bosom friend of the drunken set at Auerbach's cellar. What has become of the "religious discussion," a pearl which is dear to every German? And a poet of Stephen Phillips' reputation lends himself to the crime! And the manager of the theatre assures himself that he has, with due reverence, respected the beauty and wisdom of the drama! I think I may maintain that a "Hamlet" in which the sexton danced a ballet with Horatio over Ophelia's grave, or a "Macbeth" in which Lady Macbeth talked over King Duncan with the drunken doorkeeper, would be impossible in Germany; and so would a literary history which denied all significance to the English novel.

No doubt there are Englishmen enough who would pass the same judgment as we Germans do upon Saintsbury or Beerbohm Tree or a hundred similar phenomena of a too striking kind. Our literature has never wanted students and advocates in Britain. But Carlyle could never convince even a man of Lord Jeffrey's intelligence that Goethe wrote anything but immoral nonsense; Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, De Quincey could not bring Swinburne or Stevenson to the point of reading German books, or turn away Ruskin from forbidding them; and learned men, like Herford and Robertson, Furnivall and Skeat, have not persuaded even so fine a critic as Symonds, in his description of the modern Romanticists, to place by the side of Gérard de Nerval and Stephen Mallarmé their German ancestors. The happy activities of a William Archer, of an Edmund Gosse, have not succeeded in causing English visitors to Berlin or Munich or Dresden to witness a modern German play with the same interest with which we attend the productions of Barrie or Hall Caine. And even the most celebrated messengers of German culture to England or of English to Germany have never been able to overcome this opposition of the sluggish world, as Goethe calls it in his eulogium on Schiller. Max Müller, a genuine and even a typical German scholar, was one of the most renowned teachers in that citadel of English knowledge, Oxford. Lord Acton, that fine flower of the English aristocracy of birth and of spirit, belonged to Döllinger's circle in the Bavarian capital much more intimately than to the University of Cambridge. Long before our Emperor organised the exchange of professors between Germany and America, a like exchange of professors had taken place between Germany and England, only occasionally, it is true, but for that reason the more effectual: I think of such names as the philologist Müller-Strübing and the chemist Hoffman. But their influence was confined to their audience; the

force which they represented in the British Islands remained a foreign force; they never brought about any *entente cordiale* between German and English culture.

I maintain that the fault does not lie with the Germans. Periodical heresies of a political kind have left their colour upon German views, and a teacher of our academic youth as influential as Heinrich von Treitschke carried his anglophobia to such an extreme as to make it a disease. But these episodes of an excitable and feverish antipathy, based upon whatever *motives*, count for little by the side of the steady, cool and often scornful distaste for our intellectual life which is shown by Jeffrey, Ruskin, Kipling and numberless smaller men. I hope one of these days to publish a volume of German travels in England, which will show by examples with what devoted zeal Germans of spirit and originality like K. Ph. Moritz, Goethe's friend; G. Chr. Lichtenberg, our finest satirist; Prince Pückler, the founder of our modern travel-pictures; Leopold von Ranke, Moltke and Bismarck have sought to make themselves thoroughly familiar with the spiritual life of Albion, which was so foreign to them. Germany has welcomed pilgrims of that order from Italy, from France, from North America; from England I know of but one—James Bryce.

And yet the reception of the fugitives of 1848, and many another encouraging circumstance, have proved that—fortunately—we have not to do with a simple national antipathy. In France the "intellectuals" have always been nearer to us than the "people," properly so called; with England it is the other way: that which makes our intellectual exports—to use commercial terms—lag so far behind our imports is the contrast between German and English culture.

We will not attempt to measure these literatures against each other: it would be a thankless, indeed an impossible task. But no one will maintain that in meeting the names of Walter Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot with those of Goethe, Schiller, Novalis, Friedrich Hebbel, Gottfried Keller, Theodor Fontane and Herman Grimm we have not an equivalent to show,—unless it be some critic whose ignorance is as profound as Saintsbury's. And of all these, even Goethe, it is possible to maintain that your readers in England still entirely fail to understand them in the way that Schiller is understood by Russia, Novalis by Belgium, Keller by France, and Grimm by the United States. Heine alone was understood by Matthew Arnold as well as by Carducci or Barbey d'Aureville. It is this contrariety of culture, and even of apprehension of the very essence of culture, which is important. And I should much like to help to overcome it. Naturally, I have as little idea of pressing our views upon the English as I have of adopting theirs. But when well-wishing and eager English scholars simply turn their backs on our

romances or our drama on the ground that the work is "no novel" or "no work of art." I should like to show that that judgment is not to be justified on objective grounds, but depends on a merely local and specific view of art in which view we have the right to take no share.

All our more modern literature harks back to a three-fold root: to the old homely tradition on one side and on the other to the Christianised ancient culture with its two stems, the Bible and the Græco-Roman literature. The relation between them is predominantly this, that the religion in the main furnished the spirit, the conception, and the ancient culture the form, and in many respects the material, while the indigenous tradition held a small share in both. But the proportions of these elements in the various different national literatures are extremely different: the classic form has had a much stronger influence with the Latin than with the German races, while the native traditions of the soil have been much more powerful in the North than in the South. All the older poetry is aristocratic, as are, indeed, all the three worlds from the union of which modern literature has sprung. They are aristocratic again in a three-fold sense. First and chiefly in the selection of *subjects*. The primitive poetry of all peoples sings only of gods and kings, of battles and great feasts; every-day matters—to which belongs love—it leaves to the range of private affairs, which are not dignified enough for great tradition, for an exact record, for wide publication. In another line, in the Bible it handles the greatest and most weighty questions, within the scope of which the Book of Numbers, indeed, brings very small and everyday matters; but then the Book of Numbers has no literary significance for later times. Further, the older poetry is aristocratic, considering only superior people as its *audience*: Demodokos among the Greeks sings before the Princes, and Widsid among the Anglo-Saxons before the great council. That is, the wedding or funeral song is intoned for the highest earthly lords,—even the gentle Christ warns us not to cast pearls before swine. The poetry of the oldest times is also aristocratic in *form*. The poet's robe is conceived as a festal attire, solemnly woven or fashioned like the Peplos of Athene or the brazen images of the gods. Common words are shunned, and seldom resorted to. Parables, adjectives, metaphors serve for the conscious ornamentation of the language, as pious Catholics adorn the image of the saint.

In its original idea, again, a poem is above all a work of art, brought forth solemnly for solemn purposes, and repeated solemnly before a solemn assembly. Nevertheless, there has never been wanting side by side with it a homely literature, farces and novels, stories and maxims, love songs and satirical ditties; but all these were intentionally distinguished in form, in diction, in the manner of delivery from what ranked as poetry.

The evolution of *modern literature*, in a word, rests upon the fact that these lower species of writing have encroached on the rights of the higher, and have either driven them out or assimilated them. The Epic died out, and in its place came the Romance, the old narrative, with the expedients and claims of the old Epic. The song which the whole army struck up before and after the fight, and the whole tribe at the spring festival, now only lives in the Evangelical Church hymns; in another line it has been inherited by the personal lyric: its strongest force is derived from the old love-song, whose individualism, however, it has abandoned. The original negro or ancient German love-song is for the ear of the beloved one alone; the sonnets of Shakespeare or Petrarch are for all the world to read. Lastly, the drama has preserved much more of its worship-form, but modern realism has taken away from it the last remnant of solemnity, and has clothed masquerades and improvisations in the costume of the ancient tragedy.

No cultivated nation has escaped this powerful development; Italy resisted it longest, but even there Verga and Bracco and, one greater than they, Carducci, have broken open the way to the new modern poetry.

But in this field again the inter-mixture of the old and the new is carried out in very different ways. Russian literature alone, in the work of Dostoevsky, has planted itself altogether in the new soil: in Flaubert or Zola, in Ibsen or Strindberg, in Gerhart Hauptmann or Detley von Liliencron, the old forms of solemn poetry are everywhere to be traced. Modern literature is everywhere democratic, as is modern public life; but the old aristocratic elements have nowhere died quite out.

Modern poetry is democratic in the three ways in which the older poetry was aristocratic. The strongest contrast lies in the choice of subjects: where the ancient poetry dealt only with the greater matters which affect and excite the whole of a people, the newer literature almost deliberately looks out for the little,—the life of the poor, the adventures of the unimportant people, the fate of the solitary. But even in the matter of form, an aversion to pathos and to strict form is discernible even in the innermost circle of the idealists; while naturalism longs for nothing but the actual tone of every-day talk and the familiar doings of human intercourse. The change is not so marked in relation to the public: even the poet who seems to address the mass of readers without distinction is thinking in the main only of those he considers the best class. (Often enough, indeed, he deems only those who read him to be the best class!)

But here the difference between the English and German points of view comes out clearly. The ancient distinction between the "higher" and "lower" classes has been maintained far more strongly in the aristocratic temper of Britain than in Germany, which has

always inclined to equality. This is most manifest in that form of art which is in our days the most influential and popular,—the romance. The English novel is to-day, as in the time of Fielding and Smollett, nothing but a revival of the ancient "story." It is not by chance that the English apply to it the simple name of "novel," while we distinguish between *Novelle* and *Roman*, between the *Novelle* as a continuation of the old story of adventure and the *Roman* as being the modern epic, founded on these stories. Thus our *Roman* makes quite other demands than that of the English. The hero of our *Roman* has much more of the epic hero.

The epic describes the path of the hero to a prescribed end,—the vanquishing of Hector, the return to Ithaca, the founding of the Roman nation, the slaying of a dragon, the avenging of a murder. Its main interest lies in the manner in which the hero reaches this goal, as in the *Odyssey* and the *Nibelungenlied*, *Beowulf* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or in which he fails to reach it, as in the tragi-comic epic of Cervantes or of Swift. This is connected with what certainly has only been clearly devised in our modern time: the idea of an inner development of the hero. It is not wanting in any German epic, in the short story of the Edda telling of Wieland the smith as little as in the *Nibelungenlied*, *Parsival*, or *Simplicimus* in the seventeenth century. With the Germans it is the chief matter. All the interest of our romance-readers of the better sort is directed to the soul-development of Werther and Wilhelm Meister, of the "Grüne Heinrich" of Gottfried Keller, of the Apollonius of Otto Ludwig. It is otherwise in England. There the view still holds good that there are only two elements in a novel, adventures—that is, exciting events, and the form of their presentation.

From this springs a fundamental distinction both in the *novels* and in the criticism of novels. A book like Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," which over there is in many ways acknowledged to be the best English novel, tells us very little: the characters undergo scarcely any development; they step off the stage nearly as they came on, and, in fact, leave one to guess afterwards what changes of soul have happened (namely, the victory of love over pride and prejudice). But the typical characters are drawn with a graceful and fine touch, the dialogue is excellent and the narrative easy and pleasing; and the chief motive, the overcoming of psychological obstacles through growing inclination and favourable circumstances, has a charm not to be missed, of which, indeed, Moreto's "Donna Diana" and Otto Ludwig's "Heiterethei" have availed themselves.

Let us on the other hand—on our side—take up our best romance, Goethe's *Wahlverwandtschaften*. Here we must next remark incidentally that the English public lays more stress on the "morality" of a novel than the German: too narrow-minded, as we are disposed to take it, while to them our views on this point seem too loose. But

I turn away from that question: it is inseparable from others of which I have not yet spoken. In the *Wahlverwandtschaften* we find a remarkable psychological development traced with the greatest nicety and displayed with the greatest artistic skill. But we understand that to many a reader it does not seem "interesting," in the current sense of the word, because he wants more excitement and surprises. And with regard to form, certainly narrative prose has never in Germany been brought to a higher perfection; but we may nevertheless understand that a fine ear can even here feel a certain mixture of style, because too much of the sustained epic tone has been introduced into the more familiar speech.

We Germans get the same impression of a mixed style in reading English lyrics. The Germans hold themselves to be the lyrical nation, not only because they are richer in lyric poets, and even in great lyric poets, than any other, but because no nation appreciates foreign lyric poetry so sympathetically as ours. Béranger and Musset, Byron and Burns, Carducci and Petöfi, Verlaine and d'Annunzio, have perhaps more numerous, perhaps warmer friends among us than in their own countries, if we reckon Burns as belonging to the whole of England and not to Scotland alone. Yet the share of English lyricists in this German Pantheon of song-singers is remarkably small, particularly that of the moderns. Swinburne, surely a great lyric poet, is hardly known; Tennyson is liked, but not prized in nearly so high a degree as in England; Coleridge is forgotten. And, most of all, it will surprise the Englishman that his favourite Wordsworth has absolutely nothing to say, has no meaning for us. With the solitary exceptions of Herder in his old days and of the celebrated literary historian Bernays, I do not know a single German reader on whom the lyrics of the great Master of the Lake School has made any deep impression.

And, on the other hand, English critics like Matthew Arnold, and American critics like Sidgwick, or the authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," pass over coolly and with very little interest just what seems to us to be the greatest triumph of German lyric. Goethe and Heine are hardly valued; Hölderlin, Novalis, Eichendorff, Lenau, Mörike have hardly found their way across the Straits, nor have the German folk-songs.

And in this matter we think that from an æsthetic point of view we have the right on our side. I have lately worked out more closely in another place the proposition that to our feeling English lyric poetry in its most characteristic representatives, in Browning, in Wordsworth, often even in Rossetti and Morris, is too much like prose—the splendid English prose, no doubt, of high verbal eloquence, but which seems unlyrical compared with the tender music of the true lyric, as Goethe, Lenau, Mörike, as among the English Burns and now and then Tennyson or Swinburne sing it. I have even

expressed the view that to our perception Carlyle and Ruskin are greater lyricists than Wordsworth or Coleridge, because the strong emotion of the spirit in their prose finds a freer expression than the rhetorical verse of those poets, and the rhythm of their periods has to our ears a more musical ring than the conventional rhymes even of the Pre-Raphaelite poets.

The contrast of which I am speaking is most striking in the *drama*. Here in both nations the old tragedy with its larger style and the old comedy of the popular kind are brought together on a middle line. The modern play has, ever since Diderot and Lessing, been pretty well everywhere a pathetic tragedy in its contents and a realistic comedy in its form.

This demoralisation of form, however, so to speak, was carried out with us in a different way from that of England. *All* species of literature were brought down to the most simple and popular style, not only, as in the world generally, the drama; not only the epic,—which in England they abandoned rather than that it should decline into the novel,—but also the lyric poem, which with us passed into the musical tradition of the folk-song, yet in England preserved the rhetorical tradition of antique and humanist poetry, or else, as in Burns, remained the pure folk-song. That combination of individual sentiment and simple form, the finest flower of lyric poetry, which we happily feel sometimes even in the lesser masters, in Uhland, in Storm, is, as it seems to us at least, seldom aimed at in the English lyrical writers, and still less often attained.

This again is connected with the third field in which our literature is more democratic than the British. Our *public* is not the whole nation, but it is a distinctly greater proportion of the nation than in England. The English poet still continues to write for a more or less limited and aristocratic circle. Byron himself wrote for people of his own class, even when he wrote against them; Dickens had in his eye only the upper middle class whom he wanted to influence. Poets with a purpose, like Ebenezer Elliot, of course thought of the workmen. But when Ruskin and Morris wanted to write for the artisans they kept their lofty tone, and the simple workman who among us reads "Wilhelm Tell" and Heine's "book of songs," and Gustav Freytag's "Debit and Credit" (Soll and Habên), would find it hard to pick out in the fertile field of English literature much that, like these works, would be as intelligible to him as to his more cultured countrymen. Such works are to be found as early as in Dickens, more recently in Rudyard Kipling; but this ideal has been fully reached by only one English poet—Sir Walter Scott. Scott, however, true and deep lover as he was of his homeland, may really be called the least English of the great writers of his country. The least bit of Shakespeare or Sterne, Byron or Swift, Wordsworth or Goldsmith, Milton or Thackeray, Rossetti or Defoe remains in the

most perfect translation as unmistakably English as a piece of English furniture or the corner of an English garden. It is not so with Scott. He could be more accurately imitated by Manzoni, Victor Hugo, or Wilibald Alexis than would have been possible with any other. For he is wanting in all these peculiarities which no other truly English author is altogether without, even if in part free from them: the pathos of Jeremy Taylor or Carlyle, the acuteness of Swift or Thackeray, the sentimentality of Goldsmith or Sterne, the tenderness of Rossetti, the grandeur of Milton, the originality of Defoe. His greatness is of another order, cosmopolitan, so to speak: he is the pure story-teller, own brother to the historian. Almost the only thing which he shares with his countrymen is his humour, the English humour, which shines in such an endless variety of shades, in all kinds of British writers, from Swift's bitterest satire to George Eliot's genial irony, and which is hardly confined even within that wide range,—that humour which is wanting in so very few of them—altogether wanting perhaps in only one—Ruskin.

In this place, however, I would speak not of English but of German literature; but, indeed, Walter Scott helps me to explain its most characteristic quality.

The English critic who has penetrated most deeply into the German nature complained that Scott could see only as far as the skin of his characters, their inner life being unknown to him and indistinguishable. The assertion is exaggerated, but it hits an important point. Sir Walter Scott was international in this, that he inherited the art of the oldest school of narrators to whom only the most noticeable things were clearly visible. It signifies the close of an epoch which had lasted for thousands of years, at the same moment at which German poetry finally broke with the same ancient tradition.

This is the last and deepest distinction between the English and the German apprehension of the nature of poetry: that which rests upon the task of the *poet*. According to the ancient conception, the poet is a commissioner, an agent of God,—or of the nation. It is his mission to speak on behalf of God, or of the nation, whether he prays, or tells stories of the deeds of the chiefs, or gives instruction. Thus the poets form an aristocracy, a community whose commission is given them from above, a family who are bound by prescribed sacred duties, like the prophets of ancient Israel. The poet is a priest in the Catholic Church's sense, anointed to a sacred office which none but he may exercise. As opposed to this a conception early sprang up among the Germans which may be compared with the Protestant idea of the nature of the priesthood: Every man is a priest; the appointed priest is known only by his greater gifts and wider recognition. This idea has obtained acceptance only since the time of Klopstock and the youth of Goethe, and complete victory only

since the Romantic movement in Germany. It finds expression not only in the fact that our Parnassus is governed almost by universal suffrage; that at all events there is no nation which produces so much poetry as ours; but far more in that every poet steps forward directly with his own personality and his very self. We do not ask that he should have a call from the public, that he should have something to say which is addressed to everyone: it is enough for us if he knows how to weave into poetic form his most special sensations, his personal experiences, the most intimate facts of his inward life. Intimate poetry of this sort we rarely had before Goethe: just as in Dante, in Molière, in Swift personal feelings seldom find expression. Goethe, however, looked upon all his poems as "fragments of a great confession," as avowals, as intimate, as open, as personal as those of the confessional. This view of his has been followed by nearly all our important poets; and where the fresh direct expression of it has been denied, it has been found, as with Grillparzer or—sometimes—Hebbel, in the characters of the drama, or, as with Heyse or Keller, in passages of the epic.

Now as this evolutionary process is closely connected with the general modernising and democratisation of poetry, naturally it had full swing in Germany. All the English poets who have been nearest to us have had their part in it,—Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, who all for this reason were received at first with marked disapproval in their own country,—all except Burns, who, it was thought, might be pardoned for his extreme self-revelation. Naturally this tendency was in the same way met with opposition among us also; Hölderlin, Heinrich von Kleist, Grillparzer, Annette von Droste, who are certainly not the least among the descendants of our heroes, guarded themselves against such an exposition of their inmost feelings. It was unknown also in French poetry down to the time of Verlaine, who was a half-German Lorrainer; to the more modern Englishmen it seems even more strange than to the generation of 1800. They also to-day favour poetry of a more general content, and reject the claim of the individual to expound himself,—reject it so firmly that the writer who attempts it falls into the violent and distorted gestures of Oscar Wilde or Bernard Shaw. They are as little interested in the inmost life of the individual as were the old Greeks. Aristocrats even in this matter, they demand of the poet that he shall be heir to and in close union with certain masters, that in English poetry, as in the Anglican Church, consecration shall come only through immediate transmission, through episcopal succession. That a poet should be his own sovereign and crown himself, like Friedrich Hebbel or Heinrich von Kleist, does not suit the conservative temper of England, and the writer who expresses himself fully and freely in that land of fixed and sacred forms hardly seems to be a gentleman. I may say in conclusion that this idea, which is as all powerful in

modern English culture as the idea of *καλοκαγαθία* was among the ancients, is the dividing line between your view of the poet and ours. The poet must be a gentleman; that is, he must be in full possession of the unique social culture of England; he who has it not remains an outsider: Chatterton, Blake, Burns—even if later times save him. But to us Wordsworth is too much of a gentleman, too correct in his feeling, too much confined to pattern in his expression, too typical in his experience. Our eye rests more willingly on the genial Bohemians,—Lenz, Brentano, Grabbe.

In this matter, again, I will not judge and decide. But it is worth consideration, whether the endless profusion of individualistic poetry is not bought too dear by the loss of every sacrifice to form—poetical or social. The world has never seen a poetical outburst which, in psychological wealth, in fulness of the *nuances* of development, in versatile, artistic representation of the true conditions of living men, can be compared with the recent poetry of Germany. That world's wonder, Shakespeare himself, has hardly, except in "Hamlet," thrown so searching a light into the mysterious contradictions of the human spirit as have Goethe, Grillparzer, Kleist, and Hauptmann in their dramas, or Heine, Brentano, and Lenau in their lyrics, or Otto Ludwig, Gottfried Keller, and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer in their epics. Is that nothing? Nothing for the epoch most keen for knowledge, most eager for life?

And a second point is this: I spoke just now of sacrifices to form. With us they have often gone so far as to neglect the technique and spoil the language. That offends the Englishman or Frenchman, who is accustomed to the careful cultivation of style. They are not in the wrong; but while faults of this kind are quite obvious, only a deeper penetration teaches one what compensates for them. Since the seventeenth century, since our popular song blossomed out again and the magnificent German music arose, German poetry, together with Italian poetry, but in another way, has been the most musical. The rhythm not only of our songs, but of the artistic composition of our dramas and novels, offers chances to the finer ear which well compensate for the want of a more superficial regularity.

It was not my aim, however, to praise our literature. But I should like to be able to add that pride and prejudice towards it are yielding to a better knowledge, and perhaps also to the same affection which we entertain for so many of the poets of Albion. Signs are not wanting which encourage hopes of such a result. The ablest living dramatist of Germany is a Doctor of the celebrated English university: an English Goethe Society flourishes and thrives, and editions of German works, in the original and in translation, are on the increase in English bookshops. May the English hospitality which has long given up its narrow prejudice against everything un-English take up our art in the friendly spirit in which it has long

since welcomed our science, learn to know in sympathetic intercourse and in its own English way to prize the merits of our poetry. For of the interchange of art it is as true as it is of love, that we grow all the richer the more we dole out.

RICHARD M. MEYER.

A NEW ANGLICAN ARGUMENT.

OF the subjects dealt with at the Church Congress there was one which, for the historian, possesses peculiar interest, and on certain aspects of which the historian has a right to speak. It was that of "The Continuity of the Anglican Church." Three papers were read at the Congress, and only in that of Canon Hensley Henson was the problem clearly formulated. It is usually found more convenient to abstain carefully from defining in what "continuity" consists. I only propose, however, to deal with one of these three papers, and I do so because it raises a purely historical question, and because the argument it advances appears to be wholly new.

It was natural that the somewhat delicate subject of the effect on Anglican "continuity" of the Elizabethan settlement should be entrusted to Dr. Henry Gee, Master of University College, Durham. For his work, *The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion, 1558-1568*,* was an important contribution to history and represents no ordinary amount of painful and original research. There have appeared of recent years, on the Roman Catholic side, two books upon the same subject, Phillips' *Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy* (1905) and Birt's *Elizabethan Religious Settlement* (1907), and it was perhaps to these that Dr. Gee referred when he stated, at the outset, that "in recent years Romanist historians have largely directed their attention to the long reign of Elizabeth with the object of proving that links of continuity at that time are too weak to bear the strain which we put upon them." The weakness of a passive defence is matter of common knowledge, and the value of the counter-attack was never more fully realised than it is by the soldier of to-day. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that Dr. Gee sets himself to prove that his opponents' arguments "recoil with some force upon those who employ them," and boldly urges,

* Clarendon Press, 1898.