they did for man and for human dignity eclipsed what they had designed for Germany. After them there was a long in- terlunar period of darkness for the land of the Rhine and the Danube. The German energy, too spasmodically excited, suffered a collapse. Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, but one vigorous mind arose for permanent effects in literature. This was Opitz, a poet who deserves even yet to be read with attention, but who is no more worthy to be classed as the Dryden whom his too partial country­men have styled him, than the Germany of the Thirty Years’ War of taking rank by the side of civilized and cultured England during the Cromwellian era, or Klopstock of sit­ting on the same throne with Milton. Leibnitz was the one sole potentate in the fields of intellect whom the Ger­many of this century produced ; and he, like Luther and Kepler, impresses us rather as a European than as a Ger­man mind, partly perhaps from his having pursued his self­development in foreign lands, partly from his large circle of foreign connections, but most of all from his having writ­ten chiefly in French or in Latin. Passing onwards to the eighteenth century, we find, through its earlier half, an ab­solute wilderness, unreclaimed and without promise of natu­ral vegetation, as the barren arena on which the few insipid writers of Germany paraded. The torpor of academic dul­ness domineered over the length and breadth of the land. And as these academic bodies were universally found har­nessed in the equipage of petty courts, it followed that the lethargies of pedantic dulness were uniformly deepened by the lethargies of aulic and ceremonial dulness ; so that, if the reader represents to himself the very abstract of birth­day odes, sycophantish dedications, and court sermons, he will have some adequate idea of the sterility and the mechanical formality which at that era spread the sleep of death over German literature. Literature, the very word literature, points the laughter of scorn to what passed under that name during the period of Gottsched. That such a man indeed as this Gottsched, equal at the best to the com­position of a Latin grammar or a school arithmetic, should for a moment have presided over the German muses, stands out as in itself a brief and significant memorial, too certain for contradiction, and yet almost too gross for belief, of the apoplectic sleep under which the mind of central Europe at that era lay oppressed. The rust of disuse had corroded the very principles of activity. And, as if the double night of academic dulness, combined with the dulness of court inanities, had not been sufficient for the stifling of all native energies, the feebleness of French models (and of these moreover naturalized through still feebler imitations) had become the law and standard for all attempts at original composition. The darkness of night, it is usually said, grows deeper as it approaches the dawn ; and the very enormity of that prostration under which the German in­tellect at this time groaned, was the most certain pledge to any observing eye of that intense re-action soon to stir and kindle among the smouldering activities of this spell-bound people. This re-action, however, was not abrupt and the­atrical : it moved through slow stages and by equable gra­dations : it might be said to commence from the middle of the eighteenth century, that is, about nine years before the birth of Schiller ; but a progress of forty years had not car­ried it so far towards its meridian altitude, as that the sym­pathetic shock from the French Revolution was by one fraction more rude and shattering than the public torpor still demanded. There is a memorable correspondency throughout all members of Protestant Christendom in what­soever relates to literature and intellectual advance. How­ever imperfect the organization which binds them together, it was sufficient even in these elder times to transmit reciprocally from one to every other, so much of that illumination which could be gathered into books, that no Christian state could be much in advance of another, supposing that Popery op­

posed no barriers to free communication, unless only in those points which depended upon local gifts of nature, upon the genius of a particular people, or upon the excellence of its institutions. These advantages were incommunicable, let the freedom of intercourse have been what it might. : Eng­land could not send off by posts or by heralds her iron and coals ; she could not send the indomitable energy of her population ; she could not send the absolute security of property ; she could not send the good faith of her parlia­ments. These were gifts indigenous to herself, either through the temperament of her people, or through the ori­ginal endowments of her soil. But her condition of moral sentiment, her high-toned civic elevation, her atmosphere of political feeling and popular boldness,—much of these she could and did transmit, by the radiation of the press, to the very extremities of the German empire. Not only were our books translated, but it is notorious to those acquainted with German novels, or other pictures of German society, that as early as the Seven Years’ War (1756-1763), in fact, from the very era when Cave and Dr Johnson first made the parliamentary debates accessible to the English themselves, most of the German journals repeated, and sent forward as by telegraph, these senatorial displays to every village through­out Germany. From the polar latitudes to the Mediter­ranean, from the mouths of the Rhine to the Euxine, there was no other exhibition of free deliberative eloquence in any popular assembly. And the *Luise* of Voss alone, a me­trical idyll not less valued for its truth of portraiture than our own Vicar of Wakefield, will show, that the most se­questered clergyman of a rural parish did not think his breakfast equipage complete without the latest report from the great senate that sat in London. Hence we need not be astonished that German and English literature were found by the French Revolution in pretty nearly the same condition of semi-vigilance and imperfect animation. That mighty event reached us both, reached us all, we may say (speaking of Protestant states), at the same moment, by the same tremendous galvanism. The snake, the intellectual snake, that lay in ambush among all nations, roused itself, sloughed itself, renewed its youth, in all of them at the same period. A new world opened upon us all ; new revolutions of thought arose ; new and nobler activities were born ; “ and other palms were won.” .

But by and through Schiller it was, as its main organ, that this great revolutionary impulse expressed itself. Al­ready, as we have said, not less than forty years before the earthquake by which France exploded and projected the scoria of her huge crater over all Christian lands, a stirring had commenced among the dry bones of intellectual Ger­many ; and symptoms arose that the breath of life would soon disturb, by nobler agitations than by petty personal quarrels, the death-like repose even of the German univer­sities. Precisely in those bodies however it was, in those as connected with tyrannical governments, each academic body being shackled to its own petty centre of local des­potism, that the old spells remained unlinked ; and to them, equally remarkable as firm trustees of truth, and as obstinate depositories of darkness or of superannuated prejudice, we must ascribe the slowness of the German movement on the path of reascent. Meantime the earliest torch-bearer to the murky literature of this great land, this crystallisation of political states, was Bodmer. This man had no demoniac genius, such as the service required ; but he had some taste, and, what was better, he had some sensibility. He lived among the Alps ; and his reading lay among the alpine sublimities of Milton and Shakspeare. Through his very eyes he imbibed a daily scorn of Gottsched and his mon­strous compound of German coarseness with French sen­sual levity. He could not look at his native Alps, but he saw in them, and their austere grandeurs or their dread re­alities, a spiritual reproach to the hollowness and falsehood