of that dull imposture which Gottsched offered by way of substitute for nature. He was taught by the Alps to crave for something nobler and deeper. Bodmer, though far be­low such a function, rose by favour of circumstances into an apostle or missionary of truth for Germany. He trans­lated passages of English literature. He inoculated with his own sympathies the more fervent mind of the youthful Klopstock, who visited him in Switzerland. And it soon became evident that Germany was not dead, but sleeping ; and once again, legibly for any eye, the pulses of life be­gan to play freely through the vast organization of central Europe.

Klopstock, however, though a fervid, a religious, and for that reason an anti-Gallican mind, was himself an abor­tion. Such at least is our own opinion of this poet. He was the child and creature of enthusiasm, but of enthusiasm not allied with a masculine intellect, or any organ for that ca­pacious vision and meditative range which his subjects de­manded. He was essentially thoughtless, betrays every­where a most effeminate quality of sensibility, and is the sport of that pseudo-enthusiasm and baseless rapture which we see so often allied with the excitement of strong liquors. In taste, or the sense of proportions and congruences, or the harmonious adaptations, he is perhaps the most defec­tive writer extant.

But if no patriarch of German literature, in the sense of having shaped the moulds in which it was to flow’, in the sense of having disciplined its taste or excited its rivalship by classical models of excellence, or raised a finished stand­ard of style, perhaps we must concede that, on a minor scale, Klopstock did something of that service in every one of these departments. His works were at least Miltonic in their choice of subjects, if ludicrously non-Miltonic in their treatment of those subjects. And, whether due to him or not, it is undeniable that in his time the mother-tongue of Germany revived from the most absolute degradation on record, to its ancient purity. In the time of Gottsched, the authors of Germany wrote a macaronic jargon, in which French and Latin made up a considerable proportion of every sentence : nay, it happened often that foreign words were inflected with German forms ; and the whole result was such as to remind the reader of the medical examina­tion in the *Malade Imaginaire* of Molière,

**Quid poctea est à faire ?**

**Saignare**

**Baignare**

**Ensuita purgare, 4c.**

Now is it reasonable to ascribe some share in the resto­ration of good to Klopstock, both because his own writings exhibit nothing of this most abject euphuism (a euphuism expressing itself not in fantastic refinements on the staple of the language, but altogether in rejecting it for foreign words and idioms), and because he wτote expressly on the subject of style and composition.

Wieland, meantime, if not enjoying so intense an accep­tation as Klopstock, had a more extensive one; and it is in vain to deny him the praise of a festive, brilliant, and most versatile wit. The Schlegels showed the haughty malignity of their ungenerous natures, in depreciating Wie­land, at a time when old age had laid a freezing hand upon the energy which he would once have put forth in defend­ing himself. He was the Voltaire of Germany, and very much more than the Voltaire ; for his romantic and legen­dary poems are above the level of Voltaire. But, on the other hand, he was a Voltaire in sensual impurity. To work, to carry on a plot, to affect his readers by voluptuous im­pressions,—these were the unworthy aims of Wieland ; and though a good natured critic would not refuse to make some

allowance for a youthful poet’s aberrations in this respect, yet the indulgence cannot extend itself to mature years. An old man corrupting his readers, attempting to corrupt them, or relying for his effect upon corruptions already effected, in the purity of their affections, is a hideous object ; and that must be a precarious influence indeed which depends for its durability upon the licentiousness of men. Wie­land, therefore, except in parts, will not last as a national idol ; but such he was nevertheless for a time.

Bürger wrote too little of any expansive compass to give the measure of his powers, or to found national impression ; Lichtenberg, though a very sagacious observer, never rose into what can be called a *power—*he did not modify his age ; yet these were both men of extraordinary talent, and Bürger a man of undoubted genius. On the other hand, Lessing was merely a man of talent, but of talent in the highest degree adapted to popularity. His very defects, and the shallowness of his philosophy, promoted his popu­larity ; and by comparison with the French critics on the dramatic or scenical proprieties he is ever profound. His plummet, if not suited to the soundless depths of Shak­speare, was able ten times over to fathom the little rivulets of Parisian philosophy. This he did effectually, and thus un­consciously levelled the paths for Shakspeare, and for that supreme dominion which he has since held over the Ger­man stage, by crushing with his sarcastic shrewdness the pretensions of all who stood in the way. At that time, and even yet, the functions of a literary man were very import­ant in Germany : the popular mind and the popular instinct pointed one way, those of the little courts another. Mul­titudes of little German states (many of which were absorb­ed since 1816 by the process of *mediatizing)* made it their ambition to play at keeping mimic armies in their pay, and to ape the greater military sovereigns, by encouraging French literature only, and the French language at their courts. It was this latter propensity which had generated the anoma­lous macaronic dialect, of which we have already spoken as a characteristic circumstance in the social features of lite­rary Germany during the first half of the eighteenth century. Nowhere else, within the records of human follies, do we find a corresponding case in which the government and the patrician orders in the state, taking for granted, and abso­lutely postulating the utter worthlessness for intellectual aims of those in and by whom they maintained their own grandeur and independence, undisguisedly and even profes­sedly sought to ally themselves with a foreign literature, foreign literati, and a foreign language. In this unexampled display of scorn for native resources, and the consequent collision between the two principles of action, all depended upon the people themselves. For a time the wicked and most profligate contempt of the local governments for that native merit which it was their duty to evoke and to cherish, naturally enough produced its own justification. Like Jews or slaves, whom all the world have agreed to hold contemp­tible, the German literati found it hard to make head against so obstinate a prejudgment ; and too often they became all that they were presumed to be. *Sint Mæcenates, non dee-runt, Flacce, Marones.* And the converse too often holds good—that when all who should have smiled scowl upon a man, he turns out the abject thing they have predicted. Where Frenchified Fredericks sit upon German thrones, it should not surprise us to see a crop of Gottscheds arise as the best fruitage of the land. But when there is any latent nobility in the popular mind, such scorn, by its very extremity, will call forth its own counteraction. It was perhaps good for Germany that a prince so eminent in one aspect as *Fritz der einziger,@@1* should put on record so emphatically his in­tense conviction, that no good thing could arise out of Ger-

*@@@1 “ Freddy the unique* which is the name by which the Prussians expressed their admiration of their martial and indomitable, though somewhat fantastic, king.