many. This creed was expressed by the quality of the French minds which he attracted to his court. The very refuse and dregs of the Parisian coteries satisfied his hun­ger for French garbage ; the very offal of their shambles met the demand of his palate ; even a Maupertuis, so long as he could produce a French baptismal certificate, was good enough to manufacture into the president of a Berlin academy. Such scorn challenged a re-action : the contest lay between the thrones of Germany and the popular intel­lect, and the final result was inevitable. Once aware that they were insulted, once enlightened to the full conscious­ness of the scorn which trampled on them as intellectual and predestined Helots, even the mild-tempered Germans became fierce, and now began to aspire, not merely under the ordinary instincts of personal ambition, but with a vin­dictive feeling, and as conscious agents of retribution. It became a pleasure with the German author, that the very same works which elevated himself, wreaked his nation upon their princes, and poured retorted scorn upon their most ungenerous and unparental sovereigns. Already, in the reign of the martial Frederick, the men who put most weight of authority into his contempt of Germans,—Euler, the matchless Euler, Lambert, and Immanuel Kant,—had vindicated the pre-eminence of German mathematics. Al­ready, in 1755, had the same Immanuel Kant, whilst yet a probationer for the chair of logic in a Prussian university, sketched the outline of that philosophy which has secured the admiration, though not the assent, of all men known and proved to have understood it, of all men able to state its doctrines in terms admissible by its disciples. Already, and even previously, had Haller, who wrote in German, placed himself at the head of the current physiology. And in the fields of science or of philosophy, the victory was already decided for the German intellect in competition with the French.

But the fields of literature were still comparatively bar­ren. Klopstock was at least an anomaly ; Lessing did not present himself in the impassioned walks of literature ; Her­der was viewed too much in the exclusive and professional light of a clergyman ; and, with the exception of John Paul Richter, a man of most original genius, but quite unfitted for general popularity, no commanding mind arose in Ger­many with powers for levying homage from foreign nations, until the appearance, as a great scenical poet, of Frederick Schiller.

The father of this great poet was Caspar Schiller, an of­ficer in the military service of the Duke of Würtemberg. He had previously served as a surgeon in the Bavarian army ; but on his final return to his native country of Wür­temberg, and to the service of his native prince, he laid aside his medical character for ever, and obtained a com­mission as ensign and adjutant. In 1763, the peace of Paris threw him out of his military employment, with the nominal rank of captain. But, having conciliated the duke’s favour, he was still borne on the books of the ducal estab­lishment; and, as a planner of ornamental gardens, or in some other civil capacity, he continued to serve his serene highness for the rest of his life.

The parents of Schiller were both pious, upright persons, with that loyal fidelity to duty, and that humble simplicity of demeanour towards their superiors, which is so often found among the unpretending natives of Germany. It is probable, however, that Schiller owed to his mother exclusively the preternatural endowments of his intellect. She was of humble origin, the daughter of a baker, and not so fortunate as to have received much education. But she was apparently rich in gifts of the heart and the under­standing. She read poetry with delight ; and through the profound filial love with which she had inspired her son, she found it easy to communicate her own literary tastes. Her husband was not illiterate, and had in mature life so

laudably applied himself to the improvement of his own defective knowledge, that at length he thought himself ca­pable of appearing before the public as an author. His book related simply to the subjects of his professional ex­perience as a horticulturist, and was entitled *Die Baum· zuckt im Grossen* (On the Management of Forests). Some merit we must suppose it to have had, since the public called for a second edition of it long after his own death, and even after that of his illustrious son. And although he was a plain man, of no pretensions, and possibly even of slow faculties, he has left behind him a prayer, in which there is one petition of sublime and pathetic piety, worthy to be remembered by the side of Agar’s wise prayer against the almost equal temptations of poverty and riches. At the birth of his son, he had been reflecting with sorrowful anxiety, not unmingled with self-reproach, on his own many disqualifications for conducting the education of the child. But at length, reading in his own manifold imper­fections but so many reiterations of the necessity that he should rely upon'God’s bounty, converting his very defects into so many argument of hope and confidence in heaven, he prayed thus : “ Oh God, that knowest my poverty in good gifts for my son’s inheritance, graciously permit that, even as the want of bread became to thy Son’s hunger- stricken flock in the wilderness the pledge of overflowing abundance, so likewise my darkness may, in its sad extre­mity, carry with it the measure of thy unfathomable light ; and because I, thy worm, cannot give to my son the least of blessings, do thou give the greatest ; because in my hands there is not any thing, do thou from thine pour out all things ; and that temple of a new-born spirit, which I cannot adorn even with earthly ornaments of dust and ashes, do thou irradiate with the celestial adornment of thy presence, and finally with that peace that passeth all understanding.”

Reared at the feet of parents so pious and affectionate, Schiller would doubtless pass a happy childhood ; and pro­bably to this utter tranquillity of his earlier years, to his seclusion from all that could create pain, or even anxiety, we must ascribe the unusual dearth of anecdotes from this period of his life ; a dearth which has tempted some of his biographers into improving and embellishing some puerile stories, which a man of sense will inevitably reject as too trivial for his gravity or too fantastical for his faith. That nation is happy, according to a common adage, which fur­nishes little Business to the historian ; for such a vacuity in facts argues a condition of perfect peace and silent pros­perity. That childhood is happy, or may generally be pre­sumed such, which has furnished few records of external experience, little that has appeared in doing or in suffer­ing to the eyes of companions ; for the child who has been made happy by early thoughtfulness, and by infantine struggles with the great ideas of his origin and his desti­nation (ideas which settle with a deep, dove-like brooding upon the mind of childhood, more than of mature life, vexed with inroads from the noisy world), will not mani­fest the workings of his spirit by much of external acti­vity. The *fallentis semita vitee,* that path of noiseless life, which eludes and deceives the conscious notice both of its subject and of all around him, opens equally to the man and to the child ; and the happiest of all childhoods will have been that of which the happiness has survived and expressed itself, not in distinct records, but in deep affec­tion, in abiding love, and the hauntings of meditative power.

Such a childhood, in the bosom of maternal tenderness, was probably passed by Schiller ; and his first awaking to the world of strife and perplexity happened in his four­teenth year. Up to that period his life had been vagrant, agreeably to the shifting necessities of the ducal service ; and his education desultory and domestic. But in the year 1773 he was solemnly entered as a member of a new aca-