

The cat came in state to visit us ;
 And in the days since that,
 We have had many a visit
 From many a cross old cat.

We sat and we talked full gravely,
 Like people sedate and old,
 How the good old times had vanished,
 How scarce was credit and gold.

Ah ! truly said the children,
 Things are not now as they were,
 The gold is scarcer and dearer,
 The faith and the love more rare.

Heine's youth was passed amid the most exciting scenes of German politics and polemics. He saw the closing scenes of the great French revolution, and belonged to the rising generation known as "Young Germany," whose darling project was a democratic and social revolution, and whose idol, strangely enough, was the emperor Napoleon I. "Of the great chief," he writes, "all I can say is *vidi tantum*. Once as a child I was held up to see him: there he stood reviewing the guard about to march for Russia, glancing with keen imperial eyes at the grenadiers' defiling past." "Ave Cæsar imperator morituri te salutant!" Through Heine's life, France and French ideas were his delight. From thence he imbibed the clear concise style, and the esprit of subtle Voltairian mockery, which distinguishes his lyric poetry. All Heine's verses are written in curt, easily read logical sentences, very unlike most German poetry, and his prose is the clearest and most lucid in the language, not excepting Goethe. His first volume is the one which, with all its faults, is the most popular, the *Buch der Lieder*, a Book of Ballads. This consists of a collection of lyrics relating chiefly to the topics of a young man's life, the ferment and fever of a strong imaginative spirit, all-questioning and all-doubting, seeking for rest in sensual pleasure and finding none. The old German legends of witch and water sprite are carnalized rather than spiritualized, and yet withal there is a lucid power and a melody which extorts our admiration, and which will never cease to haunt the memory of one who has read the lyrics of Heine in the original. Will our readers care to make acquaintance with a few specimens, even at the disadvantage of seeing "through a glass darkly" in our English rendering? We will take the *Luralie*. The *Luralie* is an evil spirit who appears in the guise of a beautiful woman; she sits on a rock beside the Rhine, sirenwise singing and braiding her golden hair as such dangerous people have done since the days of Pyrrha. Woe to the belated traveller who listens to the charm, and gazes on the fatal beauty which blinds him to the rising storm.

LURALIE.

I.

I know not what thoughts are thronging
 My heart with their wondrous chime :
 They fill me with passionate longing
 For a dream of the bygone time.