

surgent and sentimental, explosive and lachrymose, were the true signs of genius. But Werther was Goethe's last contribution to this *Storm and Stress* literature, as it was called in Germany. His spiritual vision was far too penetrating not to discern the folly and absurdity which characterized it throughout. The imaginary sorrows of Werther helped to free him from a great many real ones.

For more than a year after the publication of Werther, Goethe lived with his parents in Frankfort, the acknowledged literary lion of the day. The first men of his nation eagerly sought his acquaintance. Klopstock, Lavater, Jacobi, and the brothers Stolberg; but chiefly Karl August, the young reigning duke of Saxe-Weimar, who invited him to his capital; and finally persuaded him to accept a position in his court. In November, 1775, Goethe, aged twenty-six, bade a final adieu to Frankfort, and took up his abode at the little city on the banks of the Ilse, where his long residence of fifty-seven years was to confer on an insignificant duchy, the immortal renown of a German Athens. Saxe-Weimar was not altogether unknown to the world. It had been the home and shelter of protestanism in its birth. A few miles from the capital, stands the palace of the Wartburg, where Luther in the disguise of Squire George, translated the Bible, and threw his inkstand at the head of Satan. In the same palace is the banqueting hall of the Minnesingers, which has been restored to its pristine splendour, and, with Luther's room, is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims. In the market place of Weimar, still stands the two houses, from the windows of which Tetzel advertized his indulgences, and the great reformer fulminated against them, and here it was, also, that Goethe commenced his new career. He was a poet, and became courtier, but though a courtier he remained a poet, and it is only as such that we can attempt further to speak of him. The autobiography, curiously enough ends with the Werther period, but if we consider that his activity extended to his eighty-third year, embracing the production of works which entitle him to the foremost rank in modern

literature, we can perceive that his life is but commencing.

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ROWE'S CROSS.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY.

On one of the hills bounding the "Vale Royal" of England, there is a pass or opening, the summit of which is called Roe Cross, or more correctly Rowe's Cross. The Archaeologist and lover of history will, alike, be interested in finding the origin of this local name in the following tale, which tradition has handed down to us from the time of the third Crusade.

About the close of the 11th century, 1190, Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France had both assumed the cross and together proposed to raise the Siege of Tyre, the only city still held by the Christians, and afterwards to recover Jerusalem, where Saladin, the renowned caliph of Egypt, had restored the mosques and worship of Mahomet. Great preparations were made by both monarchs for the purpose of winning glory on the plains of Palestine. The fame of Richard's exploits and personal prowess attracted many to his banners that otherwise would have resisted those eloquent appeals, which the church sounded, like some clarion wail, through England. Among the rest thus collected under Richard's standard was a knight named Rowe or Roe, for it is spelled both ways. Sir Hugh Rowe had often been urged to join the ranks of the Crusaders, but being newly married to a woman of great personal attractions, and pleasing manners, his youth's choice, he found the attractions of home and the conjugal tie, almost irresistible. Besides this, Sir Hugh was for that period, a man of strong domestic sympathies, fond of home and its associations, fond of his tenantry, fond of field sports and their attendant festivities, in fact, disinclined to leave his own shire and country for foreign scenes; to sacrifice substantial comforts and their happiness for the empty glory of victory and conquest.