

oftentimes barely with his life—wrote songs, pamphlets, books, whose fire lives in the hearts of his children to this day—and lived to see his divided country free again—lived to see his ninetieth birthday celebrated with rejoicings all over Germany,—presents and congratulations sent by thousands of loving hands to "Father Arndt," the saviour of his Fatherland.

Others of this period were young Theodor Koerner—warrior poet indeed—who fell on the field of battle, and left many a stirring song behind him, and Max Von Schenkendorf, the sweetest of them all, whose love for the Fatherland was untainted with any personal hatred of the foe. In his "Soldier's Evening Song," he says:—

"Sleep sweetly, e'en in yonder camp,
Although ye be our foes;
We have no private cause for hate.
Our blows are honest blows."

These and many other brave singers—treasured above all in German literature—left behind them as an eternal legacy the beloved stories of that liberation time. Such as those of Schill, who marched out one morning in 1809 from Berlin, and died at Stralsund in a desperate attempt to raise the standard of Germany; and Hofer, who perished with his brave Tyrolese in the same year, in defence of his country's right. They left behind them too, the vision of a United Germany, the central dream of the ballad music, and one which was not yet to be accomplished without much blood. Walther, the minnesinger, sang with a desponding heart in the dying days of the great Empire of old; these new bards stood upon the threshold of the new Empire, reviving his spirit, but singing hopefully of the time to come. Long after Germany had sunk back into her old lethargy and disunion, this grand vision was still cherished with an intense affection by the dreamers of the nation, finding its keenest life in the Universities, where many a fine ballad was added to the list; till the dark days of 1848 brought it to light again only to be crushed seemingly forever by the feudalism of Prussia. About that time the threats of the French ministry under M. Thiers, certain prophetic murmurings of that policy which sought to aggrandize France at the expense of Prussia, drew forth a fresh burst of ballad music from Arndt, who was still living, and others. Uhland, one of the Apostles of liberty in Germany, philosopher, scholar and poet—was living too, and wrote some of the greatest patriot poetry in the language. At length the iron might of Prussia in our own time opened a new prospect for German patriots. A united Germany with Prussia supreme and at its head was better than nothing. So in 1870, the old enthusiasm burst forth afresh, and more vehemently than ever. France had always stood in the way of German unification. A dark remembrance passed over Germany of the terrible days of the Empire, and a determination seized every heart that no Frenchman should again pass the Rhine. The whole people rose

once more in their might, with a clear vision of a United Germany within their grasp and marched to battle with the old songs of the liberation upon their lips. Never in the history of the world was seen such an uprising of Teutonic might, and it was half due to the beloved ballads whose music spread like wildfire at the first approach of danger. The great dream was at last accomplished on that terrible day in August, 1870, when the eagles of the Empire lay trodden in the dust of Lorraine, and the dark shadow of Bonapartism fled from France forever, let us hope—like the awful spirit from him that was possessed of a Devil. The marvelous rejoicing of the time is strongly portrayed in the ballads to which that war gave birth. This is a verse from one of them:—

"How long in whispered sorrow,
How long with knitted brow,
My German Fatherland, thy name
Was named—how proudly now!
All old disunion pas'd away,
Shout, shout, from shore to shore,
We've found our Fatherland at last,
We'll never lose it more."

Another from Freiligrath:—

"Up Germany! and God with thee!
The die is cast! we go;
Heart-rending though the thoughts must be
Of all the blood must flow!
Yet heavenwards let thy lances soar,
Victorious shalt thou be.
Grand, glorious, free as ne'er before,
Hurrah, my Germany!"

The character of the German people is deeply marked in these ballads. The strain running through them all is that of defence—duty to home and Fatherland:—

"For wife and child, for hearth and home,
For all things dear below,
To guard them all we gladly come
And dare the furious foe!
For German speech and German right,
And homely German life
For all we hold good, dear and bright,
Hurrah! we court the strife."

How different the French verses of the same kind. In them all is victory, glory, ruin to the foe—the sanguinary fervour of the Marseillaise. Such, too, is the distinction between German and French courage,—the one grounded on duty and affection, the other on egotism—the one rapid and violent, like a flash of gunpowder; the other as Carlyle describes, burning long and steadily like the fire of the anthracite coal. The Frenchman fights well when glory is to be got by it—his onset is terrible, but short lived in case of repulse. When the eyes of the world are not upon him he is not worth much. The German is bidden to stand by the Rhine, his Jordan, the sacred river, until death in defense of wife and child and country—and he will stay there.

What a fine definition of true courage is that of Ernst Moritz. A brave soldier will not boast himself for the