

"THE HEALTHIEST FEAST COSTS THE LEAST."

ships, he brought out his tragedy of "*Fiesco*" on the stage. (Previous to this he had been placed under arrest for fourteen days for stealing to Mannheim, without leave of absence, to see his play of "*The Robbers*," acted.) Other productions followed, and Schiller found many admirers both in Leipzig and Dresden, to which place he went in 1785. But it was his drama of "*William Tell*" that was his *chef-d'œuvre*. It seemed peculiarly to attract all hearts, even more so than his previous works.

Some little time after this, Schiller proceeded to Weimer to undertake the management of a periodical called "*The German Mercury*," and it was at this time he made the acquaintance of Goethe, whose name is always associated with that of Schiller from the very great friendship that existed between them, and which was only terminated by death. In 1789 Schiller was appointed to the Chair of History in the Jena University, and besides giving public lectures (which were always crowded) he published his "*History of the Thirty Years' War*," and engaged in several literary enterprises (other works fall equally remarkable for their talent and clearness of style) were "*Die Horen*," "*Der Musen Almanach*," the "*Xenien*," "*Wallenstein*," "*Mary Stuart*," and "*Joan of Arc*." He also wrote a collection of ballads which are reckoned among the finest of their kind in any language.

About the year 1790 Schiller exhibited a strong tendency to that cruel and insidious disease, consumption, and this interfered with his lectures, and greatly reduced his income; but him a pension of a thousand dollars for three years—he was saved from the pressure of want and necessity; and he now settled at Weimar, and, in conjunction with Goethe, undertook to direct the theatre there—and it was at Weimar several of his best works were written, and those which have immortalized his name. Debt, or rather uncertainty of income, his pen and to Providence for subsistence. He was much beloved wherever he went; both old and young seem to have appreciated his talent, and admired his worth, for Schiller had a heart as noble as his forehead; all alike, princes and people, delighted to honour him; and posterity has also paid the just fee of tribute to his memory.

Schiller succumbed to the fatal malady which had set its hand upon him on the 9th of May, 1805; and when the sad news was conveyed to Goethe, he covered his face with his hands, and said, "Half my existence is gone!"

"ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST."

(25).—RICHARD GLOVER was the son of a London merchant, and was educated at Cheam School, where, at sixteen, he wrote some verses to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which obtained considerable applause. On leaving school, he applied himself to commercial pursuits under his father, who was engaged in the Hamburg trade; and in due time Glover became a London merchant, and married a lady of fortune; shortly after, he was returned M.P. for Weymouth. In the year 1737 he published "*Leonidas*," an epic poem; and it is related that Thomson, author of "*The Seasons*," when he heard of this work, exclaimed—"He wrote an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!"

Glover was the author of a popular ballad called "*Admiral Hosier's Ghost*,"—a poem intended to rouse the national spirit against the Spaniards, and was written under the following circumstances:—In the year 1726 Admiral Hosier was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the ports; or should the Spanish galleons come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Portobello; but being prevented by orders from the English cabinet from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on the station until he became the jest of the Spaniards! The unhappy admiral continued cruising in those seas until the far greater part of his officers and men perished by the diseases of the unhealthy climate, and the admiral himself pined away, and died of a broken heart.

The poem consists of eleven verses, and was written in 1740 on the taking of Carthage from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon. The first verse describes the

triumphant crew of Admiral Vernon's squadron, lying at anchor off Portobello, drinking success to England's fleet, when—

"On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
As, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

"On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave,
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave,
O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,
Where the *Burford* reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, oh! heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injured ghost;
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Portobello's ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright, 1
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none;
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the seas the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul climate to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

There are two verses more—the admiral's ghost concluding—

"Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England, shamed in me."

[It is related that Dr. Glover was on a visit at Lady Temple's, at Stowe, when he wrote the poem. The idea occurred to him during the night, and rising early next morning, he went into the garden to compose his poem. In the heat of his composition, he walked into a tulip bed; unfortunately, he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical fervour, he hewed down the tulips in every direction. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen the doctor slashing around him, and suspected how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could flowers? The poet, perfectly unconscious of the havoc he had made, pleaded not guilty. There were witnesses enough to convict him, and he made his peace by repeating the ballad, which excited great attention, and was immediately printed.]

* It is related that when "*The Robbers*" of Schiller was first performed at Fribourg, the youth of that city, moved almost to madness by the ardent and awful scenes which it portrayed, formed the wild design of imitating the hero of the play and his companions. They bound themselves in a confederacy, by the most solemn oaths, to betake themselves to the woods, and live by rapine and plunder, or, as they termed it, to become "*the exterminating angels of heaven*." Fortunately, the plot was discovered by one of the tutors finding a copy of the confederacy, written, it is said, with blood. The parties were all secured, and the future representation of "*The Robbers*" was prohibited in Fribourg. Such terrible impressions are a wonderful tribute to the energy of Schiller's pen, which, like Rousseau's, may be said to burn the paper.