

We read through several stanzas of description of the scenery of the quiet German village, the river with its mill "dripping diamonds from its wheel," the maidens by the water side, the fort before which

"I watch the sentry pacing  
With orderly even tread.  
He shoulders and rests his musket—  
I wish he'd shoot me dead!"

Having a clear insight into the weaknesses of his countrymen for speculation, transcendentalism and its jargon found little favour in Heine's eyes. "If to England," he says, "is given the empire of the seas, to France that of the land, what remains for Germany—the clouds. The English love Freedom as a wife, with a calm steady affection; the French, as a mistress passionately and extravagantly; the Germans, as an old grandmother." Heine's democratic leanings caused his exile; he retired to Paris, where he published many volumes of poems, and his charming "Pictures of Travel." In May, 1848, he was stricken with paralysis, and from that time to his death in 1856, never left what he called "his Mattress-grave." He had married a French lady, who did not know German enough to read a line of his poems. On one occasion Madame Heine was unusually late away from home, and the poet, struck with the thought that she might intend to abandon him, sent into her room to know if her favorite pet, a parrot, was there. When he learned that it was, he said "My mind is relieved — she would never have the heart to abandon poor Fanchon."

After his death a volume of poems was published. The tone of most of these is a deep melancholy, the sorrow of one who has no hope. To the world the pagan poet of our day, the indifference and careless sensuality of the old pagan poet is not of easy attainment. He has rejected consolations of which they knew not, he is conscious at least of ideals not given to them. We subjoin another specimen of Heine's manner.

## I.

Thou hast precious pearls and diamonds,  
Thou hast gold that men adore  
And thou hast eyes that are brighter,—  
Then, Love, what wilt thou more?

## II.

On these eyes and their peerless beauty,  
I have written full many a score  
Of deathless songs and ballads—  
Then, Love, what wilt thou more?

## III.

Those eyes have bewitched me and lured me  
To wreck on a deadly shore  
My hopes on earth and in Heaven—  
Then, Love, what wilt thou more?