

ATHANASIA.

ALL things sing this roundelay—
 Love and life are under us;
 Not a note can pass away—
 Naught from joy can sunder us.

Dying but in outer forms;
 Losing color for a day—
 Even in death the spirit warms
 Into newer life our clay.

Flowers die not, for a spirit
 Lurks within each cell and vein.
 Every lily's angel's near it;
 Every dead rose blooms again.

Music heard—the stricken bird
 Sunsets passed—the dried up stream—
 Friends long since in earth interred—
 Pass again with joyous gleam.

Buried lore no sage yet finds—
 Poets' long forgotten lays—
 Stammering words of struggling minds,
 Yet shall have their festal days.

Fires that heaved the nation's heart
 Smothered deep in wrong and woe,
 Spring to life with lightning start—
 Light the lamps of Long-ago.

'Tis the day's soiled garment's fall,
 As the o'er-wearied servant sleeps.
 The Great Spirit is in all—
 Close within His vigil keeps.

Though Orion drop his belt,
 And Heaven shrivel as a scroll;
 Though the universe should melt—
 Yet the everlasting soul

Underneath the dying form
 Burns with quickening joy forever;
 Pours the life-blood red and warm
 As a great unending river.

Sorrow wakens into bliss,
 As the night to morning skies;
 For the law of life is this—
 All things change, but nothing dies.

Sing, then, sing a roundelay:
 Who from joy can sunder us?
 Not a mote can pass away—
 Love and Life are under us.

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

[Translated from Gervinus's *History of German Poetry*: ch. vii. sec. 6.]
 By Rev. C. T. BROOKS.

NOTHING was now needed but that some great, preponderating event should come forth in the life of the nation, and then one might be sure that external circumstances and commotions would draw poetry completely to themselves. And so it came to pass, that amidst the first storms of the Reformation, even the great chasm between the learned Latin poesy of the Humanists and the German popular poetry, was bridged over, and that the most brilliant genius among them resigned his imperial laurel crown for a consecration as one of the poets of the people; thought it no dishonor to his poetic name, which already had a significance that placed him beside Virgil and Cicero, to use the people's language; took hold of the popular poetry, and for half a century gave it a quite original and sharply political direction.

This man is Ulrich von Hutten (at Fulda, 1488-1523), who, if Reuchlin and Erasmus were called, in the former generation, the two eyes of the nation, constituted, with Luther, the two lights of the present one; who represents, typically, the character of the noble German youth, just as Luther does of the more vigorous German manhood; who, if he is compared with the greatest spirits of those times in other nations, affords a splendid testimony to the natural superiority of the German stock. This man has lately been brought in manifold ways to the nation's remembrance, and Goethe himself has keenly remarked how the times are more and more adapting themselves to a revival of the relations of Hutten's times; it is to be expected, that as, in certain branches of the literature of the last century, we saw the fruits of a practical appreciation of the efforts of the age of the Reformation, other branches also should yet complete, among ourselves, their then commenced development, and other men find their recognition. There is not room here, nor occasion, for erecting to the German knight the monument which he still waits for, for hitherto his effect upon the poetry of the Germans has been too small, just as, in general, the life of that age, in Germany, is represented the most feebly by its poetry; nevertheless, it is important for us, in short sketches, to trace the course of his life and agency, because this will make palpable how the popular cause won, at that time, all greatness, and attracted every talent to itself; because it presents a tragical picture of the predominance of times and relations over the most incomparable powers of the individual; and because it puts into our hands significant instruction for our present situations and efforts.

Ulrich von Hutten's first development fell in the midst of relations which might well turn out to the advantage, no less than to the damage of an aspiring nature. To become anything in the customary track, to fight his way

up through favorites, to gather mechanical knowledge, was the easiest thing in the world to the mediocre brain, if it had the means; to the bright mind, and a character of the nobler sort, it was impossible. Custom and usage had been shaken; since the revival of Humanism, the world's honor and renown had ceased to be the only thing that attracted the rising generation; the immortal glory of the newly flourishing ancients awakened in many a spirit emulous ardor; the fruitful wisdom of the Greek philosophers shoved Christian scholasticism aside; the poems of Virgil and Ovid had made the native ones to be forgotten in the cultivated classes; to achieve the poetic laurel stood for more with the nobler minds than a prize at the tournament or a stolen benefice; and from the cloister and the predatory castle, knights and monks sallied forth, to seek in the wide world the light of the new wisdom. An undefinable unrest impelled men after something that they did not always see distinctly before them, and so Hutten had left his cloister, and Trittenheim his native land, without clearly understanding what they sought abroad. A bodily indisposition lay at that time upon the world; gout, fever, and worse maladies, were standing evils, as hypochondria had been in the century previous; and every writer and poet of the sixteenth century is known to have dedicated to one or another of these ailments once in his life some work from his own experience. These evils aggravated the natural excitability of minds; poverty and disturbed intercourse also frequently came in to foster in the upstarts of literature an unnatural straining of the faculties. Upon Hutten, all this, which fell upon others piecemeal, came in his tenderest age with accumulated weight. The noble Eitelwolf von Stein had foreseen the ruin which threatened this mind in the cloister, and had rescued him; within the narrower bounds of his country the youth had no root that could have held him; he had lost his father's favor, who was never satisfied with blaming him himself, and hearing him praised by others; nor could his poor mother's tears, at a later period in his course and career, restrain him, even amidst dangers and reckless venture. The advantages which extraction and family offered him, he gave up, because his spirit impelled him to; it was not the will of fate, he himself says, that he should enjoy renown, and spend a peaceful life in his fatherland. His first friends were the free and vigorous young men in Erfurth, the Coban Hesses, Crotusses, Temonusses, and, in Cologne, the Ragiusses, Casariusses, and the Count Nuenar, who could not fail among themselves to exert an influence like that of the innovating young men in the Göttingen poetic league of the previous century. There, necessarily, his ambition put forth its wings; even at that early age, he was named among the poets, and the muse was, in every form of his activity, his all in all. Burning with ambition, indebted to his nature and his talent, but not to his fate, when, sick, reduced to beggary, tormented with anxieties, and without prospects, his unsteady wanderings through Germany led him to Greifswald, he was, at the instigation

of one Lotz, the burgomaster of that place, and his son, robbed, amidst frost and cold, even to nakedness. And so his first entrance into literature was polemic; he left no stone unturned in regard to this crime, invoked in his elegies the whole literary power of Germany against these *Lotzians*, on whose heads he imprecated the vengeance and chastisement of righteous heaven. Through his artistic verses gleams the impatience of powerless resentment and just wrath, and although he summons as yet no Lanzknecht to his help, he would have been glad to see his enemies compelled to make restitution with bag and baggage for the robbery they had committed. Nevertheless, Hutten was, at that time, really more of a peaceful littérateur than anything else, and this heat might have passed over without any consequence to him, as did Reuchlin's passionate zeal against his calumniators, had not later fatalities thrown him more and more prominently into similar relations. At that time, when they called a clever imitation of the ancients and flowing numbers poetry, people wondered at his easy verses; he could, in these times (1511), still express himself in heroic verses upon Latin metre; when in his danger, at the siege of Pavia, he wrote an epitaph for himself, its subject was his misfortunes and his muse; and when he sought a knowledge of the world and of heaven, when he investigated the causes and course of things, and the manners of men, it was because he recognized all that as indispensable to the genuine poet. When his name was already in good repute,* and his connections established with all the good minds of his country, proved and made wise by misery, rejected by the outer world, he came contentedly back, from long journeyings, home to his studies, and was not so well received as the prodigal son. The bleary-eyed people had still a horror of poets, who despised Petrus Hispanus, and the *parva logicalia*, the *vade mecum*, and the *exercitium puerorum*; they would have it brought to confession, and penance appointed, if one had read Virgil; they wanted no poets, but magistrates and Baccalaurei, and scorned the scholars of many years' standing, who had read only Pliny and Virgil, and other "modern" authors, and, after all, achieved no promotion. As little as, at this day, one who should presume to learn human wisdom for the soul, could pass muster before the plans of his parents or the questions of his examiners, so little could Hutten before those big-boasting priests, those supercilious theologians, that inhuman chivalry and those illiterate literati, among whom he felt himself to know nothing, and to be nobody, when they displayed their stores of knowledge, and who regarded what there was in him of knowledge and wisdom as far below all contempt. Then it was he first sketched his satire of Nobody; then it was he first threw his piercing glances at the internal conditions of Germany, in whose political relations only the disgrace attaching to the outward position of the nation, had hitherto made him indignant; that French renown, and an artful

* Lit. "had a good ring."

race of shopkeepers and fishermen could throw into the shade the German name, before which the globe once trembled; then was it that he imbibed his first hatred against the Romish lawyers and priests. He had acquainted himself with Italy and Germany; he burned with shame, that such an effeminate people as the Italians should be able to weaken and abuse the German strength. As yet, however, he had no other idea than that the oppression which the Romish church and the Romish jurisprudence exercised in Germany, must be thrown off by spiritual efforts. He would annihilate the law-books and glosses with the homely usage of the northern Saxons, and pronounce undelayed judgment, after old custom, where we should otherwise be pending twenty years among thirty-six doctors. Much as the old German force, in the days of Tacitus, already attracted him at this period, still he sought salvation only in culture and peace. He breaks out impetuously against his rough nobility, these centaurs of bad manners; he rejoices that the way to cultivation is open to the poor herd. Chastity, industry, cultivation of land and mind, distinguish Germany; we have made, both in peace and in war, the greatest discoveries, to which antiquity has nothing comparable, and nevertheless, there still quietly reposes so much force and valor in the people, that the Gaul never dared to snatch at the Romish crown, the Italian had not thrown off his yoke, the Turk shunned the German soil. How full of recognition and insight is this! How far from the contemptible manner in which our liberal youth of to-day, whose discernment is nothing, whose force and frankness are nothing beside Hutten's, throw dung at their native land! How far from that bitterness, from domestic life upward, which we to-day so frequently find! With the health, with the freedom, which he had drawn from his antique culture, he, in alliance with every one of the more heroic and sympathizing souls, and incited by Reuchlin's case and controversy, attacked, with those famous Letters of his, the miserable learning of the men of darkness,* in the most dangerous place. Could he only have continued to stick to these weapons, which were really no less glorious nor dangerous than the sword! Could he only have had the patience to carry his legal studies as far as his theological, so that he might also have assailed the juristic enemies of German freedom with those fit weapons with which, in alliance with Luther, he annihilated the spiritual ones! What entire circumspection and foresight do we find here; how beyond all danger they put the good Reuchlin; how does one intrench himself behind innocence and anonymousness! For those well known repudiatory letters of Hutten's to Richard Crocus must, from their ambiguous manner, serve rather to prove Ulrich's participation in the letters of the obscurants, than to disprove it. These memorable letters, however, were only just in preparation and shaping, when a new blow hit the excitable man, just as he began to enjoy his recovery at

Ems. Duke Ulrich, of Württemberg, murdered, in 1515, his kinsman, Hans von Hutten. The murderer's own defence condemned instead of exculpating him, and this deed threw all Germany into commotion, even before Hutten hurled his "Deplorations" at the duke, which, written during a journey and on horseback, and without any literary finish, first gave a higher sweep to his oratorical and poetic style, and from which innocent, unavenged blood actually cries. They merited for him the name of a German Cicero or Demosthenes, and his Phalarismus, which, because it was translated into German also,* more nearly concerns us, that of a German Lucian. The outspoken abhorrence of the nation gave nourishment to Hutten's boldness; he summoned the Swabian towns to lay hold on the freedom after which they were vaguely striving; he pointed out this transgressor as the first who would ground a tyranny on German soil, on which the deliverer, Arminius, was not tolerated when he stretched forth his hand for the mastery; he so pointed out to the Germans the image of the tyrant, that he became a by-word. So sensitive was Germany then against a deed which happened in Italy once every ten years; and it was tolerated that Hutten promised honor to tyrannicide. Immediately after this family disgrace, Ulrich's fortune brightened, and this seems to have been more dangerous to him than misfortune. He had become, by this occurrence, a German—yes, a European person; England knew him, and Italy, as a participator in the "Epistolæ obscurorum," and these had shaken the old scholasticism to its foundations; the poet's crown was placed on his head; his fame echoed everywhere. At last a safe place of refuge offered itself to him at the court of Albert of Mentz, who was at that time the patron of every talent. Every good cause of the Reuchlinists, of the Hutten family, and soon of the rising Luther, triumphed incredibly in public opinion. This sharpened the tone of the young champions; this heightened their expectations and ideals. Even before this, Hutten had attached himself with close affection to Maximilian, and then with inspiration to Albert of Mentz, who bore at once the titles of Margrave of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Magdeburg, and Administrator of Halberstadt, and possessed the greatest influence in the empire. The national laureate demanded of him, in his laudatory poem, an espousal of German interests, which even in our times the friends of German unity have expected from these same rivers, Rhine, Elbe, and Oder. "Never has the Rhine," he says to him, "seen its fate in better hands, and if any exhortation were needed, this river proclaims it with open mouth; "peoples that formerly scorned to be slaves, rejoice to be thy subjects, and themselves invite thee to be ruler. Why, now, this modesty and affected delay? Up, receive what thou hast less sought than they have freely given; take the position which the gods have graciously offered thee, that every faculty may not stagnate in indolence and ener-

* "Dunkeln Manner" seems to mean about what we call *old fogies*.

* Hutten's Works, edited by Münch, ii. 191.

"vating luxury! No weakly races are intrusted to thee, "but the peoples of the Rhine, trained to arms, and the "undaunted inhabitants of the Elbe, of Westphalia, Thuringen, and Hesse; the Mark belongs to thee, and if "thou knowest how to rule, the Saxons—men who never "knew the yoke—will subject themselves to thee; thou "feelest what is at stake, if thou dost not show thyself "a match for all this which here, of itself, falls to thee. "The best part of the earth is thine; thou hast arms, "men and treasures, and the reins of a great empire; thou "canst be father and citizen; and think of this one thing, "that these people need not so much a government as "an example. And now, all thy doings lie open to the wide "world, and no corner will be able to hide thy faults.—So "far the Rhine. The glow of shame mantles thy cheeks, "and if thou shouldst set out to promise, all that thou art "revolving in thy mind and how great thy purposes are, the "day would not suffice; but thou wilt rather *do* all, wilt not "draw increased hopes upon thyself, wilt *promise* nothing. "Only this one thing wilt thou, that the glad acclamations "of applause, the approving testimonials of thy peoplessould "be more sparingly bestowed. So great art thou and wilt "not be so greatly praised! Why wilt thou sit at home and "woo repose, when another lot has fallen to thee? Here may "the wooing of the muses and of learned leisure well have "an end, since the destinies call thee to something greater." Soon these bold demands rise still higher. Simultaneously with Luther's appearing, Hutten publishes Valla's tract upon the forged donation of Constantine, with that preface to the Pope. What greatness was not expected of poor Leo X. by Machiavelli and Hutten, the calmest and the most impassioned brains in the world! He should restore Florence, and renounce his authority over it! he should bring back to the church the peace which his predecessors had banished! He should honor the dead Valla, the tyrant-fighter, as Greece once honored its tyrant-killers! he should, since he can rule as emperor, keep watch as shepherd! and, inasmuch as the false popes, his forerunners, have so long abused the German simplicity, so should he now be contented with all the German coarseness! Then follows, at the Diet of Augsburg, in 1518, Hutten's speech for the Turkish war, in which speech a good deal of freedom was allowed even by the emperor; at the court of Albert he wrote his Dialogue of the Court-enemy (1518), in which he had Lucian for an immediate model, and in *Æneas Sylvius* a forerunner. From this time he began to find a pleasure in these plain-speakings, and to use them unnecessarily, and thereby to blunt their point.

But in the midst of the first transgression of the limits he is at the acme of his work. One may compare his efforts in many respects with those of Machiavelli: what an honor is this comparison to the man and to his nation! Machiavelli, too, wanted to bring about a reformation; he drew his wisdom from sad experiences and from the book, Hutten from great events of the times and from a nature sound at the core. The former took the primitive condition

of Roman Italy for a model, and proposed to transplant it in all its details; Hutten proposed to revive the primitive German age in the midst of the new relations. Machiavelli desired vigor and valor, even at the expense of culture; arms instead of peace, war instead of business; Hutten wanted both together. The former wished to call to life the dead Roman empire; the latter to awaken the German empire from its slumbers. Machiavelli would begin at the court, at the administration, to benefit the people, according to this definite system, with that definite procedure; Hutten forced nothing upon the people; himself accepting, and letting the people accept the good, whencesoever it came. The one longed for a wise tyrant, the other relied upon the people; Machiavelli is always wanting this or that form, the spirit will take care of itself; whereas Hutten wants only the spirit, and cares not for the forms; he wants merely the energy in which the purpose is contained, and which easily lays hold of the right means. That his people resembles a dead statue is Machiavelli's grief; that his has fallen asleep, is that of Hutten. If the disposition is only right and ready, then what should and can be, will come of itself. If there is only a good spirit stirring, humanity and a natural direction of things insured, then is salvation also secure. He demands no new military system, but the military spirit of the old heroes, who broke the Roman yoke. He prescribes no methods for the Turkish war; they will find themselves, if only discipline and obedience are had. He does not point out this or that way, of throwing off the yoke of the effeminate Italians, but he places historically nation beside nation, and stirs up a spirit of rivalry and a consciousness of moral and physical preëminence, unconcerned about the result. He seeks not to refute the sophists and pharisees, but he cherishes, next to energy, sound knowledge and culture, without anxiety as to the issue. The idea seems to him despicable of having first to appeal to arms against the despots in Würtemberg; he gnashes his teeth to think that it should be possible in Germany to bear such a tyrant; that mere opinion does not exterminate him. He asks not a German unity in this or that form, but unity of spirit, then the other will come of itself. He has no new church, no new dogma, no new state, no diet or emperor in view; given representative government, he would not for that reason have expected a representative spirit; whatever improvements and discussions go on at diets and synods, it is all indifferent to him; he wants nothing to do with political factions any more than Luther did with religious sects. Could the thing have stopped here, how wholesome would it have been! For Hutten's more decided political plans were the ruin of him. Machiavelli went to wreck upon his systematic reforms, which he wanted to enforce upon his blind mass; Hutten should have persisted, as he began, with relying upon the sound sense of the people, and in building especially upon that portion of them, who mainly sustained and promoted the better culture. Machiavelli ascribed the downfall of Savonarola to the

fact that he had no weapons; but Hutten, with Sickingen, sank armed, because they rashly left behind them the people, for whose support they should not have failed to wait. Only Luther was crowned with success, because he alone, among so many uneasy spirits, obstinately stood firm at the right time, stemming the rage of innovation, and fell back for sole support upon the middle class, which was at that time the only moral power in Germany. When Hutten had roused to the best of his ability the perception and spirit which he needed, he should have controlled his impatience; what aid the time then could render, it rendered honestly. Had he spared his powers till the Smalcaldic war, then raised his iron voice, then flung his songs and speeches among the people, when the people would have apprehended his preachings, as interpreted by necessity and experience, how differently would things have turned out; how easy it would have been to secure a happy issue, if he had continued so long to train sentiment, to implant in the youthful generation the free spirit of the ancients, to purify the soil for all that is genuine and good! When demagogues are once so honest and open, so wholly set against hypocrisy and spiritual oppression, so highly cultivated and informed, so sincerely devoted to all that is fair and noble, so disinterested and patriotic as Hutten was, then is there, one would think, little danger in revolutions, far less than when the state wastes its best powers in lethargy, and when the management of things is left to those who govern out of the book, trust nothing to practical talent, and construct forms without daring to make the material fluid and glowing, with which they purpose to fill them.

So stood it then with Hutten, in the fairest period of his life, when fortune and success tempted him to worse resolutions than those to which his misfortunes had formerly forced him. Hitherto he had been only a man of arts and sciences, now he would also be a practical statesman. All was in the finest train for disposing of the priests, now were the officials, courtiers, and jurists, to go too. Hardly had Hutten got a glimpse of the fact how unfit the learned are for life and practical efficiency, when he aspires at once after the palm in both. He had only just been wishing for the Germans a brain to their marrow (as one might wish them at this day a marrow to their brain), and anon, he makes more account of force than of wit. The unimpeached and spotless Bilibald Pirkheimer, the man whom envy itself never touched, exhorted the fiery Ulrich, when he took up his residence at Albert's court, to live, henceforth, only for the muses; he should have followed the advice. The remarkable letter in which Hutten rejects the recommendation, shows him on the crossway, where he made the wrong choice; it opens his inner being, and teaches how easily, in the most excellent men, practical logic and looseness, self-knowledge and self-delusion, true and false ambition, strength and weakness, lie side by side. It is abhorrent, he says, to his nature as well as his age, to bury himself in scholastic repose and to hide within four walls; he is not

acquainted with life, he has learned a variety of things, but done nothing. Studies could not draw him away from men, intercourse with whom was a necessity; and if he has in letters some small merit, so neither does he despair of a renown for great deeds: yet, he will not give up learning because he has betaken himself to Albert's court; there he still means to fight the cause of Reuchlin against those obscurants, for that weed must be exterminated, that the plant of true knowledge may thrive. He congratulates Pirkheimer upon his being the native of a city rich in culture and in art: into his knightly order this love for culture finds its way slowly. Therefore, one must now attach himself to the court, in order to win thereto the upper classes. His friend was calling him prematurely to a repose and obscurity which neither his nature nor his age could yet, if at all, bear; he must first cool this glow, let this restless and eager spirit exhaust itself a little, till he has earned that leisure. He does not mean to take a vacation from his studies. He has time enough left for them, and in the crowd of men he is often alone. Whither shall he turn, if he quits the court? To his ancestral castle? There is nothing but quarrelling, war and invasion, a stronghold in a cattle-stall, howling of dogs, bleating of sheep close at hand, from the woods the howling of wolves, in addition to the drudgery of the farmhouse, and eternal care and anxiety. To such a retirement it is that he calls him from the court; but he may rest easy on the subject; the angle has not caught him, he is only gnawing cautiously at the bait. So cunning was he, but he observed not that the bait was poisoned! It may well be tempting to a great man to wish to try himself at once in life and learning, if only history did not so uniformly show how miserably great regents write and great writers rule. It may well be seductive to a man who has already made proof of his popular efficiency, to plant himself also on the post of authority outside the multitude, in order from above the more easily to survey, arrange, and direct affairs, did not German history so continually prove, that we never can have or be anything, through courts, arts of government, and academies, but only through the force and movement of the people. He recognized so fully that the whole strength of the nation rested in the plebeians, the burghers, who, springing from the dust, outrun the knights; he sees and knows that the nobility itself has to answer for that up-starting by its own laziness, since it has voluntarily receded from the privileges and possession which these had rightly seized upon, because everything derelict is common property. And why would he now give up that fruitful soil, at least partially, to till this barren one? why leave that full stream to set running this standing water? And Ulrich is proposing to transplant his activity into these dangerous provinces, to take hold practically in the political world, at the very moment when fire and passion yet boiled in all his veins; and the ardent man can hope with this kind of nature to master the snaky arts of courtiers, the cold repose of statesmen, the smoothness of an Albert, and, finally, the

great political relations of a nation, with which even in science he never dared to cope! To such a degree did he now mistake his calling! For universally in state affairs the cold and considerate talents are as essential as in scientific revolutions; when it comes to the abandoning of an old beaten track, the wanton and fiery spirits, the Hutten and Lessings, are in their true place. Hardly, therefore, could Hutten really hope, in his new career, to continue true to himself and remain the old Hutten: an ambition suddenly mastered him, he would win a worthy position in the eyes of his nobility—a knightly position, because they despised his literary one. He will, therefore, adventure himself in the new field of court, and it looks already ominous, that he should repeat, in so many ways, he is not going to soar high, that he may not fall low; he will enter the Russian principalities, but keep open a way of retreat, will try fortune a little, but not far; he thinks he can pursue honors and yet despise them. He wavers not, he assures us, unsteadily between divers ways, although he had just before, and almost in the same breath, declared, if Bilibald could show him a convenient asylum, he would accept it. He has bent himself to one object, stretched his bow at one mark, towards which he steers with will and purpose, whereupon he will sometime make oral communications to him, *yet he despairs of reaching it without outside support.* There Machiavelli was wiser! For alone, and upon his own congenial powers, must he stand, who will work significantly anywhere or any how, not only in war, but also in literature; then does that spirit regulate itself and clothe itself in equanimity, which Hutten thought to have put on at the time when he was in prosperity, but which, in misfortune, crumbled away. When Hutten stood on his Pirkheimer, Crotus, Luther, he stood secure; in league with Sickingen, and set on by Busch and Coban Hess, he fell, too early for his country and himself. It was the affair of the man of arms, of a Sickingen, to avenge upon the monks with the sword the defacing of Hutten's picture, and with the sword to put an end to the corruptions and cabals of the Cologne priests; but that Hutten should have a hand therein was less worthy of him. It can well be comprehended how Hutten took pleasure in this heroic man, full of eagerness for culture, full of popularity, plainness, and straightforwardness, when he met him in the imperial campaign against Ulrich. He had at once forgotten the court in the war, and Albert for Sickingen. But from the war, also, did Erasmus call him back to letters, as Bilibald had from the court; and happy, as Hutten felt, at one and the same moment, to be in the army and to have his vengeance gratified, yet even there he soon yearned for the muses again, without listening to his nature, which still kept ever pointing him to the right way. In the midst of warlike engagements and plans he pursued precisely what was the remotest; he wrote at that time, to be sure, even the Triad, the most vehement thing which had hitherto been written against Rome, but he also composed at that time his treatise upon the Guaiacum root, edited Livy, found and

made public older writings, which had a happy reference to the passing events of the day; he even longs at that time for a wife, who should be fair, young, cultivated, cheerful, modest, and patient, of some, but not much, property, and of whatever family she pleased; for he thought it nobility enough to be Hutten's wife. Soon after the last smile of fortune in his campaigns with Sickingen, came now the great trial of his equanimity. Misfortune fell upon him, as fortune had done, all at once. Albert abandoned him, Emperor Charles broke his safe-conduct, Leo wanted him bound and delivered up, assassins pursued him. It possesses him that he should now shun cities and men; soon he sees that he was not so well prepared for a turn of fortune, and that he had forgotten the rule of war—never to despise the enemy. He saw himself deceived in the expectations which he had cherished of the leading spirits, and which he never should have cherished; he turned to the princes of the second rank, he sought refuge with Sickingen, with whom also the Æcolampadiusses and Bucers, the Aquilas and Schwebels, invited or uninvited, found reception and succor. From the printing-office at Ebernburg, where he brooded over great things, which he belabored the more slow Franz to undertake, Hutten now hurled his exhortations and dialogues, appealed to all classes and to Lanzknechts, and invoked every weapon, for only with the sword did he think the mischief was any longer to be healed: To withdraw the German money from the Romans, to drag down the bishop of Rome from his high place, to root out the monks, to decimate the clergy, what needed he arms for this purpose, when the thing was already so well in progress? He will no longer worship the many-headed beast in Rome, for he fears the vials of divine wrath would be poured out upon him—as if he alone were responsible for the errors of humanity! He meditated upon conspiracy and insurrection, unaware that in great commotions not the multitude serves the individual, but the individual the mass. As he was conscious of always laboring, himself, for the whole, so, he hoped, would all labor for him; and that, noble and disinterested as he was, the great mass would be towards him; because he had magnified the honor of the people, they would not forget his salvation, they would not allow him to be hale before a strange tribunal, and torn from this earth that bore him, and the air which sustained his life. Now, too, will be published to the common crowd what he has hitherto handled only in Latin; at this time, therefore, he begins to translate his writings into German, and this is just the period (1520 and the following years) when he begins to have great influence upon the German popular poetry. Here belong those poems and those dialogues after Lucian, which subsequently became a favorite form of political and literary polemics; from this period dates that reckless outpouring of hostility and intolerance (especially after the Diet of Worms), which continued to be the tone of literature till late in the 16th century. Safe in his lurking-place, Hutten is now ready and bold enough for anything; he points to Ziska and the

Bohemians, whom, not longer than twenty years before, no one had ventured to represent otherwise than as the most infamous heretics: now he praises that man as a great general who had left behind him the glory of having freed his country from tyrants, and drones, and monks, and of having avenged the miserable end of the holy Huss. Obedience to the emperor is already expressly subordinated to the duty of care for the welfare of the empire. When he held culture and humanity the medicine for the times, he had despised his knights; now, when he proposed to appeal to fire and steel, he looks them up. Once he had scolded at their roughness, now he praises their simplicity and readiness for action. He had, not long since, abhorred a wild residence in castle and forest; now he extols the moderation of country life; the passion for hunting and the law of force he had formerly regarded as the curse of the country, now he exalts the bodily exercise which they bring with them. He wills now that knights and cities, ennobled as estates, set apart from the predatory tribe and the privileged classes, should join hands against priests and jurists. The theologians had been so successfully fought, and with their consequence the power of the Roman curia, also, fell of itself, more and more; one might have let Luther continue to attend to this, without offering him Sickingen's weapons. But to combat the legists, those beleaguers and blood-suckers of the princes and the country, those ignorant upstarts without conscience or morals, in the very same way in which the theologians had been combated, this never entered Hutten's head, who also had sought in vain to master jurisprudence. Luther, therefore, was successful in the battle which he honestly carried on to the end; but the battle with the Romish law and the commentators, the state and right-mongers is, to this day, after three centuries, left unfought. That one could only have told the expectant Hutten in his incapability of biding time, that after three centuries there would yet be a soil for him in Germany! These jurists he sought at that time to make short work of with the sword, and he distinctly said, he had written little against them, because he thought to make good this deficiency with deeds. When he had seen in Worms how the easiest questions were entangled in inextricable difficulties, how men sweated over them day and night amid mountains of books, and confused the simplest things with arrays of evidence, it seemed to him that the condition of Germany would be better under club-law than book-law. His irritability rose higher and higher, he threatened the Aleanders and Cacciolis, that he would no longer stay his hands, and if they would not hearken to words, they would have to yield to the sword; and now, when Sickingen fell, and there was no longer any sojourn for him in Germany, and he went to Switzerland, he must needs encounter there the shy Erasmus, and embitter his last days by demanding of the cautious man, that he should be and do like Hutten.

CHAPEL AND CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.*

THE above is the title of a new architectural work in folio, printed in the best style, and on the very best of paper, and containing some forty plates of plans, elevations and sections of churches and parsonages. We have but just concluded the labor of studying it through from the title-page to the *finis*, and if we do not find ourselves wiser and better, we feel it our duty to tell our readers what we do find. Our attention was first called to this publication by the following circular:

A SPLENDID ARCHITECTURAL WORK.

Chapel and Church Architecture, with Designs for Parsonages. By George Bowler, Roxbury, Mass.—This work is designed to meet a want which has been long felt. Among all denominations of Christians, plans for chapels and churches of moderate cost have been needed, from which committees may select a style appropriate to their wants, and not too expensive for their means. This want the author has endeavored to meet, by presenting a series of designs, ranging in estimated cost from \$1,500 to \$20,000. He has also added designs for country and city parsonages, such as will commend themselves to the good taste of all. The working plans for these drawings are not furnished, for the reason that the work would be too costly; but all such plans and specifications can be had on application to the author. The principal design of the work, however, is to enable committees to decide on some style previous to making application to an architect, so that they may convey their ideas and wishes clearly. With this end in view, the work is commended to the public.

At a meeting of the Boston Conference of Methodist Ministers, the following resolution, in regard to the above elegant and timely work, was passed unanimously:

Boston, Feb. 25, 1856.—The committee appointed to examine plans of church architecture, by brother George Bowler, have attended to their duty, as far as they have been able, and would report the following resolve:

"That the plans and sketches of church architecture, designed and drawn by our brother, Rev. George Bowler, evince, in a high degree, correctness of taste and skill in execution, combining in themselves, to an extent seldom equalled, beauty, economy, and convenience; and we feel confident that the publication of the work would be of essential service to the churches in this country.

The resolutions of the committee of the Boston Conference of Methodist ministers remind us of a good story told of an Irish lawyer, who in vain endeavored to quote Blackstone to the court, after he had been told that the court would no longer listen to further arguments, the court being already convinced by the opposite counsel. "Please your honor," said the lawyer, "I do not desire to quote Blackstone to convince the court, but simply to show what a fool Blackstone was." We suppose the committee of Methodist ministers, by their resolutions, aimed not to establish Brother Bowler's reputation as an author and an

* *Chapel and Church Architecture.* With designs for Parsonages. By Rev. GEORGE BOWLER, Roxbury, Mass. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.