

ARMIN, THE LIBERATOR OF GERMANY.

ON August the 16th, a great festive gathering will be held near Detmold, at the unveiling of the colossal statue of Arminius, or Hermann,¹ the Deliverer of Germany from the Roman yoke. In the midst of the Teutoburg Forest—on the brow of a lofty hill, surrounded by beech and fir-wood—stands the figure of this national hero, on a granite pedestal: with a foot placed on the eagle of a Roman legion; holding a raised sword in his right hand. The hill rises to an eminence of 1,300 feet. The enormous statue itself towers some sixty feet high. It is turned towards the Rhine: a doubly significant position in our days! Far and wide will it be visible—as far as the Drachenfels, famed by Siegfried's mythic struggle; as far as the Brocken, the traditionary seat of ancient heathen witchcraft. Thirty-six years have passed since Ernst von Bandel, the patriotic sculptor, to whom the work has been a labour of love, conceived the idea of this great monument. Now, at last, thanks to Bandel's unflagging zeal during a lifetime, the gigantic Statue—made of iron, and screwed together in its several parts—is finished: a remarkable memento of the famed battle in which the legions of Varus were annihilated, about the year 9 of our era.

The country all round the Grotenburg, near which the monument stands, is replete with myth and history. The whole mountain-range goes by a name ('Osning') that brings back remembrances of early Germanic worship. There are *Hünen-Ringe*—Giant Circles—mys-

terious remnants of large stone-structures. There are woods and homesteads which, if the antiquity of their names could be proved, would show an unbroken link of tradition with the very days of the Teutoburg Battle. In more than one sense is the ground between the Weser and the Rhine strangely hallowed. In the Osning stood the Irmin-sul, or Irmin's Column, which Karl the Great destroyed in his struggle against the Saxons. That popular rhyme in Low German speech, which is yet current:

*Hermen! sla Dermen;
Sla Pipen; sla Trummen!
De Keiser will kumen
Met Hamer un Stangen,
Will Hermen uphangen—*

is by some referred back, not to the contest against Witukind, but to that against Armin or Hermann himself. Not far from the scene of the great battle—in the cloister of Korvei—there were found, for the first time, in the sixteenth century, those *Annals* of Tacitus which contain a graphic record of Armin's deeds. Again, in the Abbey of Verden, at the end of the same century, the Gothic translation of the Bible by Ulfilas was discovered—the oldest record of German speech. Truly, in Massmann's words, a trilogy of things full of Teutonic interest!

A most romantic career that of the Cheruskian Chieftain was, who wrought the signal victory. As a youth, he had learnt the art of war among his country's foes; was placed at the head of a legion of German auxiliaries; and by his valour, perhaps on Danubian battle-fields in Pannonia (Hungary),

¹ The modern rendering of Arminius by 'Hermanu,' though generally accepted, is probably an error. More likely is the connection of that name with Irmin (Anglo-Saxon: Eormen-; Old Norse: Iörmun-). It may, in Simrock's opinion, simply have meant the common leader of the Cheruskian League—even as Irmin was perhaps a common War-God of allied German tribes. Dio Cassius writes the name: 'Αρμίνιος; Strabo: Ἀρμίνιος.

obtained Roman citizenship and the rank of a knight. The Romans that saw him describe him as coming from a noble stock; strong and brave; of quick perception, and of penetrating judgment—more so than might be expected from a 'barbarian' (*ultra barbarum promptus ingenio*). The ardour of his mind was said to glow from his face and from the glance of his eyes. He was the son of Segimer—in modern German: Siegmar—a Cheruskian leader. Armin's wife, whose name we learn from a Greek source, was Thusnelda;² originally betrothed against her will to another chieftain, but secretly carried off by her daring swain, between whom and his father-in-law, Segest, there was thenceforth a deadly feud.

In those days, it was the endeavour of the Romans, after they had conquered Gaul, and gradually come up from the Danubian side, to subject also the country between the Rhine and the Elbe. A hundred thousand of their soldiers kept watch and ward along the Rhine: one half of them stationed between Mainz and Bonn; the other half between Köln and Xanten, and down to the very shores of the German Ocean. Pushing forward from the Rhine in an eastern direction, they succeeded in establishing, near the Lippe, a strong fort, called Aliso—probably what is now Else, near Paderborn. Drusus even ventured with an expedition as far as the Elbe; but, terrified by the weird appearance of a gigantic Teuton prophetic, who foretold his approaching death, he returned, and soon afterwards died through being thrown from his horse. Armin's merit it is, by his triumph in the Teutoburg Forest, and by a struggle carried on for years afterwards, to have freed this north-western

region, and thus, step by step, to have driven back the ever-encroaching Latin power.

It was under the Emperor Augustus that Quinctilius Varus, the former Quaestor in Syria—who had, in that capacity, put down a Jewish insurrection with great cruelty—was sent to the Lower Rhine to complete the enslavement of the German tribes there. A man of sybaritic tastes; who had entered Syria poor, and left it loaded with riches. Not distinguished by a statesman's wisdom; but apt to charm the chieftains of a simple people into submission to a seductive civilisation. This Sardanapalus on a small scale, whilst exerting himself to morally fetter and corrupt the leaders, rode rough-shod over the people; disregarding their native customs; dispensing Roman law like a praetor; making the Latin tongue resound near the Cheruskian homesteads as the language of the administration and of the tribunals. His aim was, to push the wedge of Roman dominion into the very heart of Germany. The old plan of Drusus was to be carried out: the lictor's fasces were to be promenaded from the Rhine to the Elbe.

Of the German chieftains placed with Varus as a means of influencing the surrounding tribes, Armin, Segimer, and Segest were the most prominent—the latter a staunch adherent of Roman rule; the two former, as events proved, good patriots at heart. Young Armin, then but twenty-five years of age, became the soul of the national conspiracy for the overthrow of the foreign yoke. Segest, his father-in-law, who afterwards bore him so deep a grudge because Thusnelda had become Armin's wife in spite of the paternal pro-

² Thusnelda's name has been variously interpreted. The explanation given, that it means 'A Thousand Graces' (Tausendhold), is no doubt a mistaken one. Others have suggested 'Thursinhiid,' which would give a martial, Bellona-like meaning of the word.

test, was excluded from the secret patriotic council. Soon getting, however, an inkling of the occult doings, Segest, by denouncing them to Varus, very nearly brought about the failure of the whole movement. On the eve of the outbreak, as an earnest of his fidelity to the Romans, he even asked to be placed in chains, together with Armin and the other German leaders, until the truth would become patent. Fortunately, Varus disbelieved the timely warning. Under cover of raising some auxiliaries for the quelling of an alleged insurrection, Armin was enabled to depart, and at once put himself at the head of the national rising.

Enough had the young Cherusian seen of the superior armament and the military science of the Romans; too well was he acquainted with the difficulties of meeting at one and the same time their excellent warlike organisation and the strength they derived from the bravery of German, Gaulish, and other troops in their pay, for him not to lay his plan cautiously, so as to balance, to some extent, these immense advantages of the hostile army. His design therefore was, to lure Varus into the depths of the pathless Teutoburg Forest. By a series of stratagems he fully succeeded in this.

The Roman Governor, at the head of his legions, encumbered with a long train of baggage, was made to enter a ground where at every step a clearance had to be effected with the axe; where thick woods, narrow gorges, impetuous forest-brooks offered numberless obstacles, and the swampy soil often became slippery from torrents of rain. Nature conspired, on this memorable occasion, to render the terrors of the wilderness more ghastly. A tempest of unusual fierceness broke over the primeval forest, when Varus

stuck in the middle of the thicket. Mountain-spates inundated the ground. Trees of enormous age fell, shaken by the storm and struck by the lightning. The roar of thunder smothered the cries of those that staggered under the weight of falling branches. In short intervals, the blue zigzag light of heaven lit up the mysterious recesses of the wood, only to fill the minds of the Roman soldiers with greater fear when, in the next moment, all was dark again. At last, a glimpse of sun shone through the dark forest. Then, of a sudden, the encircling hills resounded with the terrific war-cries of the Germans who barred every issue, compelling their foe to a contest in which military science went for nothing.

We know that the Germans of that time, though a nation of warriors, given to continued warlike practice, and tolerably advanced also in several branches of industry, were armed in a very poor way. Few wore a helmet, or harness. Not many even had good swords; the quality of the iron used being such that, after a few strokes, it easily bent. Their shields, of great size, were made of thin wicker-work, or of wood, not even covered with iron or leather; but painted over with figures—the only ornament they used in their war-array. The infantry and cavalry alike carried a shield and a number of short spears, which could be thrown, or used for hand-to-hand fight. The first ranks of their infantry used lances of great length. The hind ranks had only short wooden spears, the points of which were hardened in the fire;³ and not tipped with iron. In a regular attack the Germans massed their forces in wedge-shape; but by preference they fought in loose order, each man displaying his gymnastic agi-

³ See the speech of Germanicus, in Tacitus' *Annals*, ii. 14.

lity, of which Roman writers have noted down some remarkable instances. The more well-to-do among those fur- or linen-clad Teutonic warriors wore tight suits, which seemed to hamper them in fighting. When their blood was up, they therefore often put aside their upper garments, rushing into battle in true Berserker style—singing their wild heroic songs. Such was the foe that Varus had to meet.

I rapidly pass over the details of the Teutoburg Battle—how a hail of short spears and arrows came down from the hill-sides upon the troops of Varus; how, after a carnage, they gained an open space, and hurriedly erected a fortified camp; how, having burnt many of the vehicles and less necessary implements, they continued their march, but were once more led into thick woods, when a new massacre occurred—the foot soldiery and the horse being wedged together in helpless confusion. For three days the attacks were resumed. The third day brought the crowning misery of the Romans. Many cast away their weapons. Varus, in despair, threw himself on his sword, and died. Of the Prefects, Lucius Eggius bravely defended himself to the last. His colleague, Cejonius, surrendered. Vala Numonius, the legate, was killed in an attempted flight. Calvus Caelius, made prisoner, beat his own brains out with the chains with which he was manacled. Three legions were destroyed. Two eagles fell into German hands. A third eagle was saved from them by the banner-bearer, who covered it with his belt, and trod it into the morass. The rear-guard, led by Lucius Asprenas, the nephew of Varus, fled towards the Rhine, and was able yet to restrain the populations on the other side of the river from rising in rebellion against Roman rule.

On hearing of the disaster, Au-

gustus pushed his head against the wall, and exclaimed: 'Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!' Such was the fear of a new invasion of Teutons and Kimbrians that all Germans were removed from Rome, even the Emperor's bodyguard; the city was placed in a state of defence; and the Emperor, letting his hair and beard grow as a sign of dejection, vowed to Jupiter a temple and solemn games, if he would grant better fortune to the Commonwealth. Tiberius, then at the head of the army in Pannonia, was in all haste recalled for the better security of Rome.

This great Teutoburg Battle had freed the land between the Lower Rhine and the Weser; but no advantage was taken of the victory by the much-divided German tribes. A few years afterwards, the Romans were enabled to make a sudden attack upon the Marsians (near Osnabrück), during a nocturnal festival of that German tribe. On the occasion of this raid, the famous Tanfana temple was destroyed, the name of which has given so much trouble to archaeologists, and which was one of the few temples the forest-worshipping Germans possessed. Osnabrück, like the Osning range of hills, no doubt derives its name from the Asen, Osen, or Aesir, the Teutonic gods: so that there was probably a great sanctuary in that neighbourhood, similar to the one on Heligoland (Holy Land), or perhaps in the isle of Rügen.

Another unexpected raid was effected by young Germanicus, five years after the Teutoburg Battle, into Chattian (Hessian) territory. Most probably he crossed the Rhine near Mainz; followed the road towards what is now Homburg; thence to the country where Giessen and Marburg now are, which latter may be what the Roman and Greek authors called Mattium and *Ματτιάκιον*. Others believe Mattium to be the present Maden, near Gudesberg.

According to their cruel practice, the Romans, during this inroad, 'captured or killed all that were defenceless on account of age or sex.' The German youth had endeavoured to offer resistance by swimming over the river Adrana (evidently the Edder of to-day), and trying to prevent the erection of a bridge; but, received by a shower of arrows and spears, they were driven back into the forests. On returning from their expedition, the Romans destroyed Mattium, the chief place of the Chattians, and devastated the fields. So Tacitus himself relates.

Soon afterwards we come upon a tragic incident in Armin's career. His father-in-law, Segest, compelled by the people's voice to side with the national cause, had once more turned traitor. After having succeeded for a time in capturing and placing chains upon the Liberator, Segest was, in his turn, beleaguered in his stronghold, with a great many of his blood relations and followers. Among the noble women in his fort was his own daughter, Thusnelda, of whom he seems to have got possession during this internecine warfare. Pressed hard by his besiegers, Segest, by a secret message, asked the Roman general to bring relief. Segest's own son, Segimund, who once had been ordained as a priest among the Romans in Gaul, but who in the year of the great rising had torn the priestly insignia from his forehead, and gone over to the 'rebels,' was made, against his own conscience, to carry the father's message to the Romans. In this way relief came, and Segest was freed. But Thusnelda was led into Roman captivity—'having more of her husband's, than of her father's, spirit; not moved to tears; not of imploring voice; her hands folded under her bosom; her eyes glancing down on her pregnant body' (*gravidum uterum intuens*).

Stepping forth—a man of great personal beauty, and of towering height,—the very image of a proud German warrior, yet a renegade to his fatherland—Segest held forth in a speech which Tacitus has preserved. In it, an attempt is made to rebut the charge of unfaithfulness to his country; the traitor assuming the part of a mediator between the Romans and the Germans—if the latter would prefer repentance to perdition. The speech, in which Segest prides himself on his Roman citizenship, conferred upon him by the 'divine Augustus,' and in which he accuses Armin of being 'the robber of his daughter, the violator of the alliance with the Romans,' winds up with a prayer for an amnesty to his son Segimund. With regard to Thusnelda, the heartless father added the cold remark that she had to be brought by force before the Roman General, and that *he* may 'judge which circumstance ought by preference to be taken into account—whether the fact of her being pregnant by Armin, or the fact of her being his own (Segest's) offspring.'

The Romans went, in their judgment, by the former circumstance, and carried Thusnelda to Ravenna, a place of banishment for many of their state-prisoners. It seems that afterwards she had to reside at Rome. Pining away under the Italian sky, she gave birth to a son, of the name of Thumelicus, who was educated at Ravenna. A 'mocking fate,' Tacitus says, befel afterwards this son of Armin. Unfortunately, the book containing the record is lost. A German drama, written some years ago, about the real authorship of which there has been much contest, but which is no doubt by Friedrich Halm, has for its theme the assumed fate of Thumelik. It is called *Der Fechter von Ravenna*—'The Gladiator of Ravenna'—and made considerable stir.

Thusnelda's misfortune forms the subject of a splendid canvas of vast dimensions by Professor Piloty, of Munich. It represents her as being led along in a triumphal entry of Roman soldiers before the Emperor Tiberius. At the Vienna Exhibition, last year, this powerful picture created a deep impression. We know that in the triumph of Germanicus, Thusnelda figured with her little son, then three years old. Together with her, there were her brother Segimund; the Chattian priest Libys; Sesithak, the son of the Cheruskian chief Aegimer, and his wife Hramis, the daughter of the Chattian chieftain Ukromer; Deudorix (Theodorich, or Dietrich), a brother of the Sigambrian chieftain Melo; and various other German captives. Even Segest had to show himself before the Roman populace, in order to swell the triumph. There are sculptures extant which Götting thinks can be recognised as contemporary images of Thusnelda and Thumelik; Armin's wife being represented as wrapped up in melancholy thoughts.

The statue of what is supposed to be a representation of Thusnelda is above life-size. It stands at Florence, in the *Loggia de' Lanzi*. Casts of it are at Rome and at Dresden. Götting regards it as the work of the sculptor Kleomenes, from Athens. The statue has the German dress, as described by Tacitus; the flowing hair of German women of old; and the peculiar shoes, which we know to have been worn by Franks and Longobards, and even later by the

German people in the Middle Ages. That which Millin, Tölken, and Thiersch consider a smaller representation of Thusnelda, Thumelik, and some of the other prisoners in Germanicus' triumph—in the *Cameo de la Sainte Chapelle* at Paris—Götting does not recognise as such. In the British Museum (Roman Antiquities, No. 43) there is a bust which the same author looks upon as that of Thumelik;⁴ but this I believe to be a most improbable guess.

I may mention here also that the Teutoburg Battle, during which Varus ran upon his own sword, has been the subject of various poetical attempts; for instance, by Klopstock and Grabbe. Heinrich von Kleist's drama, *Die Hermanns-Schlacht*, was written more than sixty years ago, at the time of Germany's deepest degradation, when Napoleon ruled supreme. Kleist, who also died from his own hand, never had the satisfaction of seeing his play even in print; much less on the stage. It is, however, being acted at present at Berlin with a great display of scenic effects; some of the best German archaeologists having lent their aid to get up a most faithful and correct representation of the costumes, arms, and habitations of the early Teutonic race. The run of the public on the theatre is stated to surpass all previous experience.

But to return to Armin's achievements. After Thusnelda had fallen into the hands of the Romans, we see her valiant husband, with fiery energy, at work to rouse the German tribes. The thought of his

⁴ The name of Thumelicus somewhat baffles etymologists. It has been explained as 'Tummlich;' from *tummeln*—to run about quickly, or to be active and bustling; so that it would mean Swift or Nimble. Born in captivity, Thumelicus became by law a Roman slave; and Thymelicus was a frequent slave's name, referring to the performances of such slaves in the Thymele (Θυμέλη), the open theatrical place. I would, however, observe that Strabo gives the name of Armin's son not as Thymelikos, but Thoumelikos (Θουμειλικός), which he would certainly not have done, had he, as a Greek, connected it with the Thymele. Strabo probably saw, as an eye-witness, the triumphal entry in which Thusnelda and her son figured as captives; and he wrote before there could have been a fixed decision as to whether little Thumelik was to become a public performer of any kind.

fatherland and his desolate home drove him to frantic fury. In the words of the historian, he was urged on by the impetuosity of his nature, as well as by his feelings of indignation at the fate of his wife, and the prospect of a child of theirs having to be born in captivity. He sped through the Cheruskian districts, calling for war against Segest; for war against the Caesar. 'O the noble father!'—he exclaimed, in one of his patriotic harangues—'O the great Emperor! O the valiant Army, whose countless hands laid hold of, and carried away, a helpless woman! Three legions, as many legates, had gone down into the dust before him (Armin). But not in cowardly manner—not against helpless women—but openly, against armed men, did he make war. There were still to be seen, in German forests, the banners of the Romans which he had hung up there in honour of his country's gods. A Segest might cultivate the banks of a river conquered by a foreign foe, and make his own son resume the functions of a Roman priest. But the Germans as a people would never forget that between the Rhine and the Elbe they had seen the fasces, the lictor's axes, and the togas. Other nations there were that lived without knowledge of Roman dominion—unaware of its cruel executions; unacquainted with its oppressive imposts. But they who had freed themselves from such tyranny; they before whom Augustus, who was said to be received into the circle of the gods, and that egregious Tiberius, had been unable to achieve anything—they should not stand in fear of an inexperienced youth and his rebellious army. If they preferred

their fatherland, their parents, their ancient laws, to a Lord and Master, and to the new colonies he would set up among them, then they should rather follow Armin, the leader of glory and freedom, than Segest, the herald of disgraceful bondage!'

Tacitus says of this speech that it contains words of abuse. It contained only a truth not palatable to a race which aimed at the dominion over the world. The result of Armin's energetic agitation was, that neighbouring tribes, besides the Cheruskians, were inflamed with patriotic ardour, and that his uncle, Inguiomer,⁵ a man of high standing, and of great authority with the Romans themselves, was drawn into the League. True to their policy, the Romans endeavoured to get the better of this new German rising by enlisting auxiliaries among the Chaukians, who inhabited the country now called Eastern Friesland, and by coming down upon the League formed by Armin from the side of the river Ems, as well as from the Rhine. A colossal army and fleet were at the command of the Roman General. 'In order to divide the enemy,' Caecina led forty Roman cohorts through Brukterian territory to the Ems. The cavalry was led by the Prefect Pedro to the frontier of the Frisians. Caesar Germanicus himself went by sea, along the Frisian coast, at the head of four legions. At the Ems, the place of general appointment, the fleet, the infantry, and the cavalry met. Then began the work of devastation in the country between the Ems and the Lippe—'which is not far from that Teutoburg Forest where, according to common report,

⁵ Many German names have been written down by the Romans in a form which it is difficult to recognise now. Inguiomer's name is among the exceptions. Among the sons of Mannus (i.e. Man), the mythic progenitor of the three chief German tribes, there is one whose name corresponds with the first part of the name of Armin's uncle. In the Edda (Oegisdrecca) we find the sunny god called Ingvi-Freyr; and again, in the heroic song of Helgakhvída, we find an Ingvi. So again, in an Anglo-Saxon genealogical table. The ending syllable 'mer,' or 'mar,' occurs in many German names.

Varus and the remnants of the legions still lay unburied.⁶

The plan evidently was to surround the Cheruskian League; to annihilate it at the very scene of its earlier great triumph; or to drive it towards the Rhine—thus crushing it between an attack from the East and the West. Through swamps and morasses, over which bridges and embankments had to be raised, the Roman army marched towards the fatal Teutoburg Forest. A deep emotion seized the soldiers when they came to the place so hideous to them by its aspect and memory. It was a terrible sight. The first camp of Varus could yet be recognised, showing, by its wide extent and its divisions, the strength of three legions. There was the half-sunken wall—the low ditch; indicating the place where the beaten remnants of the legions had once more attempted a resistance. In the open spaces, bleached bones were to be seen—scattered, or in heaps, even as the troops had fled, or withstood an attack.⁷ Broken spears, skeletons of horses, heads nailed to trees; in the groves near by, rude altars where sacrifices had taken place: all this brought back the harrowing incidents of the Teutoburg Battle. Some of the survivors of the defeat, who had escaped from the battle or from their fetters, pointed out the most noteworthy spots. There the legates had fallen! There the eagles were lost! There Varus had received his first wound! There he had found his death by a sword-thrust from his own hand! Here, Arminius had spoken from a raised scaffolding! Here, a gallows had been erected for prisoners! Here there were pits of corpses! On yonder spot, Arminius had wantonly scoffed at the Roman banners and eagles!

In melancholy mood, yet full of wrath—as Tacitus says—the Roman Army buried the sorry remnants of the legions of Varus. Germanicus himself raised the first sod for a grave-mound. Brooding Tiberius, always nourishing suspicion, strongly blamed this expedition to the scene of the lost battle; thinking, perhaps not without reason, that the sight of the dead and unburied must impress the army with greater fear of its foe. Indeed, the new battle which now followed was, according to Roman testimony, again very near being lost, and remained ‘indecisive.’ That is to say, Germanicus hurriedly returned with his legions to the Ems, re-embarking them on his fleet, whilst a portion of his cavalry was ordered to follow along the shore of the German Ocean, towards the Rhine; thus remaining within hail. Caecina, in the meanwhile, was to march over the so-called Long Bridges—probably the same dykes which, for eighteen hundred years afterwards, still led from Lingen to Kövorden, through the Bourtang Moor.

Finding the dykes partly decayed, Caecina had to use the shovel as well as the sword in presence of the harassing enemy. A fearful struggle began. The Germans, with their powerful limbs and long spears, fought on the slippery ground and in the morasses with wonderful agility. From the neighbouring hill-sides, waters were made to deviate, by German hands, towards the place of contest. In their heavy armature, the Romans felt unequal to this strange water-battle. Night at last gave some respite, but was made hideous by the jubilant songs of the carousing enemy, who filled the valleys and the forests with the echo of their deep-chested voices. The Romans, ‘more sleepless than watchful,’ lay

⁶ Tacitus, *Annals*, i. 60.

⁷ Not far from the village of Stuckenbrock, there is a brook that still bears the name of Knochenbach (Bones'-brook). Tradition says of it that it is so called on account of the human bones that were frequently washed out of the ground by its waters.

drearily near their palisades, or wandered about despairingly between the tents. It was during that night of terrors that Caecina, in his dream, saw and heard Quinctilius Varus—he rose, blood-covered, from the morass, calling for help; yet not accepting, but pushing back, the proffered hand of help.

When day broke, Armin rushed upon the Romans, shouting: 'Ho! Varus again! and, by the same fate, twice-vanquished legions!' With a body of picked men, he in person cuts through the Roman troops; inflicting wounds especially on their horses. They, throwing their riders, and trampling on the fallen men, create confusion throughout the ranks. Caecina himself, flung from his horse, is nearly surrounded, and with difficulty saved by the first legion. After a prolonged massacre, darkness even brings no end to the misery. There are no sapper's tools; no tents; no bandages for the wounded. The food is soiled with blood and dirt. Wailing and despair everywhere. A night alarm is created by a horse that has got loose. The Romans, believing that the Germans have broken into the camp, fly towards the gate on the opposite side, and are only stopped at last by Caecina, whose admonitions and prayers had been fruitless, throwing himself bodily on the ground to bar the gate, whilst the tribunes and the centurions assure the soldiers that the alarm was a groundless one.

Had Armin's more prudent tactics been carried out to the last; had not Inguiomer's passionate advice to storm the Roman camp prevailed in the German council of war, the legions of Caecina would have been annihilated as those of Varus had been. As it was, the fortune of battle was restored to the Romans; Armin leaving the ground of contest unharmed, whilst Inguiomer received a severe wound. Caecina's troops effected their re-

treat. The fleet of Germanicus, who had taken the remainder of the army with him, was in the meanwhile wrecked in the German Ocean by a storm-flood, and generally believed to be lost, until that part of the army also came back, after many sufferings and losses.

On the Rhine, the rumour that the Roman army was hemmed in, and that the Germans were marching towards Gaul, gave rise to such fears that the bridge over which the retreating legions were to come would have been pulled down, had not Agrippina, the granddaughter of Augustus, and wife of Germanicus, placed herself there with her little son, the future Emperor Caligula, whom she had dressed in the garb of a legionary. By personally receiving and encouraging the returning soldiers, she stayed the apprehensions, and prevented the destruction of the bridge. So miserably ended a campaign which had been destined to be a War of Revenge for the Battle in the Teutoburg Forest.

Again we find the Romans returning to their plan of conquering the country between the Rhine and the Weser by a simultaneous attack from the land side and from the shores of the German Ocean. An even more colossal army and fleet is under the orders of their General. Again they come with auxiliaries of Teuton origin; but some of these—the Angrivarians—rise in their rear. On the Roman side there is, this time, Armin's own brother, Flavius—so called on account of his flaxen or golden hair. Like Segest, he had kept with his country's enemies, even after the great victory of the German arms. There is a pathetic account, in Tacitus' *Annals*, of an interview between the two brothers, standing on the opposite banks of the Weser, when Armin endeavoured to gain over Flavius to the national cause. The interview took place with Roman per-

mission. Armin, after having saluted his brother, who had lost an eye in battle, asked him whence that disfiguration of his face? On hearing of the cause, and of the reward received for it—namely, a neck-chain, a crown, and other insignia—the Liberator laughs scornfully at ‘those contemptible prizes of slavery.’ Thereupon they speak against one another: Flavus extolling Latin power, pointing to the severe punishments that await the vanquished, and to the mercy extended to the submissive. On his part, Armin speaks to his brother of his country’s rights; of their ancient native freedom; of Germany’s own gods; of the prayers of their mother; of the calls of their kith and kin. ‘Is it better,’ he exclaims, ‘to be a deserter from, and a traitor against, your people, than to be their leader and their chief-tain?’

Filled with anger, Golden-Hair hurriedly asks for his horse and weapons from those near him; wishing to cross over with fratricidal purpose. With difficulty is he restrained. Armin answers with threats, announcing new battles; and many sentences he uttered, between his German speech, in Latin, so that the Romans also might understand him.

Soon the struggle recommences. We see Cariovalda (probably ‘Heerwalt,’ *i.e.* Army-leader), the chief of the Batavian auxiliaries, falling under Cheruskian blows in a plain surrounded by wooded hills. News comes to the Roman General by a German runaway that Armin has fixed the place where he will give battle to the Romans; that other tribes also are assembled in the ‘Grove of Hercules’ (undoubtedly a grove devoted to Thunar, the God of the Tempests); and that a noc-

turnal attack upon the Roman camp is intended. Meanwhile the boldness of the Germans becomes such that one of their men who knows the Latin tongue, spurs on his horse to the camp wall, and with powerful voice, in the name of Armin, makes sundry joyful promises to those who will desert from the Roman Army. We hear Germanicus rousing the courage of his troops; Armin on his part asks his men what else there is to be done than ‘to maintain their freedom, or to die before falling into bondage?’

We then see the Roman Army, composed of many legions, and with picked cavalry, marching forward with Gallic and German auxiliaries to the Battle of Idistaviso. The locality of that battle is not clearly fixed. Maybe, that ‘Idistaviso’ means *Deister-Wiese*—the Meadow of the Deister Hills.* In this case, the battle-field would be near Minden. Others place it near Vegesack, in the vicinity of Bremen. It is reported that in this battle Armin, easily to be distinguished by his bravery, his voice, and his wound, for some time maintained the contest; rushing through the enemy’s bowmen, and only stopped by the Rhaetian, the Vindelician, and the Gallic cohorts—all men of other nationality than the Roman. In danger of being surrounded, he breaks away from his foes by his vehement valour and the impetuosity of his charger. His face is smeared over with blood—perhaps purposely done, to avoid recognition. Some say that the Chaukian auxiliaries of the Romans did recognise him, but let him pass through unhurt. Though mercenaries themselves, they could not harm the Deliverer—a touching trait! In similar manner, Inguioner saved himself. The result of

* A mythological explanation of the name of that field is, that it means the Meadow of the Divine Virgins; or of the Walkyres—Virgins of Battle. Instead of Idistaviso, Idiasa-Viso has been suggested to sustain this interpretation.

the battle was claimed as a victory by the Romans, who boast of a great massacre among the vanquished Germans.

But another battle presently followed; the German tribes being roused to fury by the sight of a triumphal monument which the Romans had raised, with an inscription of the names of the populations they thought they had vanquished. 'The people, the nobles, the youth, the old men, suddenly fell upon the Roman Army, throwing it into confusion.' So Tacitus says. Armin, suffering from a wound, is not present during this new engagement. Inguiomer, who rushes through the ranks, with words of cheer, is forsaken by Fortune rather than by his courage. Germanicus recommends his troops 'not to make any prisoners, but to continue the carnage, as the war could be ended only by the extermination of that people.' The main victory was again claimed by the Romans, although their cavalry fought, according to their own testimony, indecisively.

Raising a monument of arms, a mendacious inscription on which spoke of a victory over 'the nations between the Rhine and the Elbe,' the Roman General returned, by way of the Ems, to the German Ocean, when the fleet was again wrecked, and Germanicus, in a trireme, driven to the Chaukian shore. With difficulty was he restrained from seeking death, accusing himself of this misfortune. Some of his wrecked soldiers found shelter on the Frisian islands. Many had to be freed by ransom from captivity among the inhabitants of the interior. Some, driven as far as the British shores, were sent back by the kinglets of that country.

Barring a few fresh Roman inroads into Chatian and Marsian territory, there was an end, henceforth, of Latin power in those regions of north-western Germany. The fol-

lowing years are filled with the struggle between Marobod, the German ruler in Bohemia, who had assumed the title of King, and Armin, the 'Champion of Freedom.' Suevian tribes, Semnonés and Longobards, dissatisfied with Marobod's royal pretensions, went over to the Liberator, whose influence would now have been paramount, had not dissension once more broken out by the defection of Inguiomer. Priding himself on the superior wisdom of older age, he would not obey his younger nephew, Armin, and went over to Marobod; thus helping to divide Germany from within. In the words of the Roman historian, the different tribes had, 'after the retreat of the Romans, and being no longer apprehensive of foreign enemies, become jealous of each other's glory, and turned their weapons against themselves, in accordance with the custom of that nation. The strength of the contending populations, the bravery of the chiefs, were equal. But Marobod's royal title was hateful to his countrymen, whilst Armin, the Champion of Freedom, possessed their favour.'

With an army of 70,000 men and 4,000 horse, organised and officered on the Roman system, the Markoman King opposed the Cheruskian leader. North and South were ranged as foes against each other—a spectacle too often seen in later centuries! It is reported that Marobod, though for some time looked upon and treated by the suspicious Romans as a possible enemy, who might threaten their possessions south of the Danube, and even Italy itself, yet endeavoured to keep on good terms with them. When Armin, after the defeat of Varus, sent the head of the Roman general as a pledge of victory to Marobod, the latter hastened to return it to the Romans for honourable burial. In the hour of Marobod's misfortune the Romans, however, only re-

membered that he had not aided them in their contest against the Cheruskians. Imploring—after an indecisive battle, and much weakened by desertion—some succour from Tiberius, the Markoman ruler was refused all help; and becoming a fugitive, had to go, more as a prisoner than as an exile, to that same Ravenna, where Thusnelda ended her days in grief, far from her northern forest-home. The young Gothic duke Catualda, or Chatuwalda, who in the meanwhile stormed Marobod's capital, was in his turn expelled by another German tribe, the Hermundures; and flying also to the Romans, died in distant Gaul. Verily, a series of sad pictures of such discord as made the Roman historian say that if the gods wished to stay the impending fate of his own nation, they should for ever keep up dissension among the Germans.

Still, even these dissensions, albeit delaying, could not prevent, the fall of the Roman Empire. Frisian, Batavian, Markoman risings, the latter lasting for twenty years, followed, in course of time, upon Armin's struggles. And who knows whether in the later Germanic onslaught on Rome, the hosts of Goths, Herulians, Longobards, may not have marched forth to the sound of heroic songs that praised Armin's deeds?—songs probably still extant in the ninth century, under the Frankish Karl; forming part of those collected by him, but unfortunately lost for us.

We now rapidly come to Armin's end. We hear of a knavish proposal for poisoning him, made to the Roman Senate by a Chattian chieftain, Adgandester. The same historian who describes the refusal of the Senate to accede to poison, considers it a simple matter that a Chaukian leader, Gannask, was got rid of by means not very dissimilar.

The last days of the Victor of the Teutoburg Battle are enveloped in doubt and mystery. It is said that, after the withdrawal of the Romans and the overthrow of Marobod, he, too, was suspected of aiming at dominion, and was opposed by his freedom-loving countrymen, against whom he struggled with varying success. Roman report states this in a few lines. But it would be difficult, in the absence of all further testimony, to decide whether the 'love of freedom' of his opponents was a people's spirit of self-government, or merely the jealousy of minor chieftains whom the Romans would gladly have seen fritter away all German national cohesion. At last, Armin, at the age of thirty-seven, 'fell by the treachery of his relations'—that is to say, was murdered.

Of him Tacitus writes:—'Without doubt, Arminius was Germany's Deliverer (*Arminius Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ*)—one who had not warred against the early beginnings of the Roman people, like other princes or army-leaders, but against the Empire at the height of its power. Of chequered fortune in war, he was never vanquished in battle. Thirty-seven years of his life, twelve of his power did he complete: his glory is still sung among the barbarian nations; unknown he is to the annals of the Greeks,⁹ who only admire their own deeds; not sufficiently praised is his name by the Romans, it being our custom to extol the past, and not to care for the events of more recent days.'

This praise, coming from an enemy, is the greatest that could have been given; and no prouder inscription could be placed on the Memorial which is to be inaugurated in the Teutoburg Forest than the Latin words: '*Liberator Germaniæ.*'

KARL BLIND.

⁹ Still, Strabo—before the time of Tacitus—mentions Armin. The same was done later by Dio Cassius.

of that theory of the secular transmission of mental acquisitions which has become so familiar that it is now difficult to appreciate its daring originality. Feeling, like Reason, arises out of instinct ; and emotions of the greatest complexity, power, and abstractness are formed out of the simple aggregation of large groups of emotional states into still larger groups through endless past ages. Thus out of the feeble beginnings of life have been woven all the manifestations of mind, up to the highest abstractions of a Hegel and the infinitely complex and voluminous emotions of a Beethoven. Well may a French writer say :—" Si on la rapproche par la pensée des tentatives de Locke et de Condillac sur ce sujet, la genèse sensualiste paraîtra d'une simplicité enfantine."*

Hitherto the psychologist, proceeding objectively, has made no use of consciousness ; and it is now necessary, in order to justify the findings of the synthetic method, to examine consciousness in the only possible way—by analysis. Setting out with the highest conceivable display of mind, compound quantitative reasoning, he tracks all the mental phenomena down to that which is *only* a change in consciousness, the establishment of the relation of sequence, and proves that the genesis of intelligence has advanced in the same way as was shown in the synthesis—by the establishment and consolidation of relations of increasing complexity. Thus throughout all the phenomena of mind there exists a unity of composition ; and the doctrines of innate ideas, intuitions by gift of God, supernatural revelations, mysticism of all kinds, have the ground cut from under them.

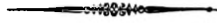
The very great extension of plan which Mr. Spencer's work received between 1855 and 1870-2 was due solely to the creation of his own philosophy of evolution. That in its turn had its initiative in the theory of the correlation of forces advanced by Grove in 1842. As the new philosophy conceived all existence to result from evolution through differentiation and integration, it was incumbent on Mr. Spencer to show that mental phenomena, or at least the physical correlatives of them, can be interpreted in terms of the redistribution of matter and motion, and explained by a series of deductions from the persistence of force. This is the task of a Physical Synthesis, which shows the structure and functions of the nervous system to have resulted from intercourse between the organism and its environment. And thus is laid the coping-stone of a treatise which has definitively constituted Psychology a science.

With the definitive constitution of the science our inquiry, which began with the differentiation of its subject-matter, comes to an end. We have seen mind slowly emancipating itself from

* Ribot, " La Psychologie Anglaise," p. 215.

the barbaric Cosmos, and raised into an independent object of speculation. Once "differentiated" it begins itself to unfold, and at the same time to gather round it the at first alien facts of sensation, appetite, and bodily feeling generally. These are increasingly matter of inquiry, and theories respecting them take the hue and shape of the sciences which relate to the material world. The science of motion evolves, and the idea of orderly sequence enters into Psychology. Natural Philosophy rises from motion to force, and Psychology passes from conjunction to causation. Chemistry tears aside a corner of nature's veil, and a shaft is sunk in a mysterious field of mind. The sciences of organic nature receive a forward impulse, and mind and life are joined in inextricable union. A philosophy of the universe, incorporating all the sciences, is created, and Psychology, while attaining increased independence as regards the adjacent sciences, is merged in that deductive science of the Knowable which has more widely divorced, and yet more intimately united, the laws of matter and of mind.

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ART. VII.—THE GREATEST OF THE MINNESINGERS.

1. *Deutsche Classiker des Mittelalters, Mit Wort und Sacherklärungen.* Begründet von FRANZ PFEIFFER. Erster Band, Walther von der Vogelweide. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1870.
2. *Das Leben Walthers von der Vogelweide.* Leipzig: B. G. Trübner. 1865.

IN the history of German literature no period is more interesting, than that short classical epoch at the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, which gave rise to the literature written in Middle High German. More especially does it attract attention, because within very narrow limits it comprises many and great names, but above all it is remarkable because within these limits it saw the birth and death of a new kind of poetry, a poetry of an entirely different character from that of the old epic poems. They were grand, massive, and objective; the new style was light, airy, plaintive, and subjective. To this style belongs the German Minnesong. The songs of three hundred Minnesingers are preserved all belonging to this short period. In their themes there is not much variety. The changes of the seasons, and the changes of a lover's mood do not in fact present a wide range of subjects to the lyric poet. And most of the Minnesongs are confined to these. But the following simile seems true. If any one enters a wood in summer time, and listens