

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

to the voices of innumerable birds, he hears at first only a confused mixture of strains. In time, however, he distinguishes now a petulant cry, now a deep bell-like reiterated note, and now the unbroken song of some joyous chorister. Finally he recognises the individual character of each strain, the music runs clearly in ordered threads,

“E come in voce voce si discerne  
Quando una e ferme e l'altra va e riede.”

And the Minnesong of this period exhibits a phenomenon not dissimilar from that described. The subjects and the songs themselves are likely at first to seem monotonous. Lamentations at winter, the russet woodlands, and ashen grey landscapes, no less than the joyous welcomes to spring, are repeated over and over again. But notwithstanding this, the German Minnesong, as the rich and peculiar growth of an extraordinary literature, is worthy of attention. As in the former instance so now in this forest of song, the listener soon discovers that some notes are clearer and more solemn than others, and that in them he may follow a music well worthy the hearing.

The Minnesong is entirely distinct from the lyrics of the Provençal Troubadours. A feminine character has been attributed to it, and a masculine character to the songs of the South. To a certain extent this description expresses the difference between them, but it does so only partially. The Minnesong is certainly more reticent and coy. It sighs deeply, it smiles and blushes; it seldom laughs aloud. It is pervaded by an innocent shame. But it is bold and brave too. It has a scornful contempt for danger, a profound belief in honour and virtue, and an unutterable longing for love and beauty.

This is how the Minnesong came to be born. When Conrad III. led his people to the Holy Land, Louis VII. of France brought to the same place his French hosts. There, amidst the magnificence of the East, the German knights and soldiers listened to the songs of the troubadours who accompanied the French armies. The “gay science,” as the troubadours named their art, was then in its bloom. The soldiers of Conrad were enchanted with the soft melodies and musical rhymes; they could not forget the rich colours and gallant romances of the Southern singers when they went back to the North. They felt indeed that such poetry was not for them. It had not the deep sentiment, and that inner soul of song which their sterner natures required. But the Minnesong sprang from this contact of Teuton and Celt under Eastern skies.

The greatest of the Minnesingers was Walther von der Vogelweide, with whose life and poems it is proposed to deal

briefly in this paper. And as his works cannot be understood without reference to the events of his life, and as those events were controlled by the wider movements of political affairs, it will be necessary to speak in some detail of the circumstances which mark the decadence and follow the fall of the illustrious Hohenstaufen dynasty.\*

The place and date of Walther's birth have been matters of dispute. The former may now be considered as settled, the second difficulty can only be approximately solved. For while we are thrown back to Walther's poems for most of our information in reference to the events of his life, those poems are by no means autobiographical, and it is only partially that we can construct a connected history of the poet's life.

Quite as many countries have contended for the honour of being Walther's birthplace as strove to enrol Homer amongst their citizens. Switzerland, Suabia, the Rhineland, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, the Tyrol and others have claimed him. There is scarcely a district of Germany that has not sought the honour of being connected with him. All this, however, is a point of minor interest in the face of his own words—*Ze Oesterriche lernt ich singen und sagen*. But as a matter of fact the question has been recently set at rest by the discovery, in the Royal Library at Vienna, of a MS., which shows the revenue of the Count of Tyrol towards the end of the 13th century. Amongst the returns therein recorded is found the yearly sum paid by the Vogelweide estate, namely, three pounds. This entry is between those of Mittelwald and Schellenberch,

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\* The first edition of Walther's poems, founded upon the Paris MS., was that by Bodmer and Breitinger, published at Zürich in 1758. In 1838 Von der Hagen sent out a second edition. It was of little value. The first really critical edition was that of Carl Lachman. Wackernagel's edition of 1862 was also good. Pfeiffer's edition of 1864 is perhaps, upon the whole, the best. Its speciality is the excellent commentary which accompanies it, but it is admirable from every point of view. It is the first edition which has laid the treasures of Walther's poetry open to the ordinary German reader. The introduction is good, and the prefatory remarks to each poem are well and judiciously written. It is provided with explanatory notes, and the glossaries and index are models of arrangement. Middle High German has been so long the monopoly of a few students that it is desirable it should be known that, with a fair knowledge of German, a moderate acquaintance with some good Middle High German grammar, and Herr Pfeiffer's book, Walther von der Vogelweide is easily accessible to all who are interested in Minne song. There has sprung up rapidly in the last few years a whole body of literature around the name of Walther von der Vogelweide. Uhland's book is perhaps the most widely known: Pfeiffer uses it freely. The best and completest life of the poet is that by Dr. Menzel. The book is complete and instructive, but fails to be popularly interesting through abundance of minute historical details. Where Menzel and Pfeiffer differ, the preference has been given in this paper to Pfeiffer's theories. All the references are to Pfeiffer's edition.

places ten miles apart upon the Eisach. The exact site of the poet's house cannot be pointed out, but a wood divided into two parts still bears, according to investigations made in the winter of 1863, the double name of Upper and Lower Vogelweide. Of all the places previously suggested, this alone corresponds with the indications which the poet gives of his early home.

There is nothing to fix the exact date of his birth; a consideration of his poems leads Dr. Menzel to place it earlier than 1168 by, perhaps, ten or twelve years. His life thus comprises the period of at least sixty years, for we find him in 1228 a bowed and venerable pilgrim from the Holy Land, ready to lay his head in its last resting-place. These sixty years were filled by important events not uninfluenced by the poet.

It is probable that he belonged to the lower ranks of the nobility. The name of his family and the land-tax which they paid prevent us from ranking them with the great families of the time. Probably, too, his childhood was passed amongst the bowery solitudes of the Tyrol, where a free and happy boyhood, which he never forgot, grew amid the songs of birds and the music of waters into a manhood no less musical and free.

Somewhere between the years 1171 and 1183 Walther left his home for the ducal Court at Vienna. It was then a general practice for the younger sons of noble families to seek education by such means as this, and the renown which the Court of Vienna acquired for the splendour of its pageants and the patronage which it bestowed upon music and poetry, made it peculiarly attractive to a youth whose imagination had already been awakened. And no eager dreams which Walther had dreamed in the woods of Tyrol were to be rudely banished when he reached the ducal Court. The star of the German empire never shone brighter than it did at that time. Then it was that the old Barbarossa finished his Italian wars. The Church was developing her powers. Chivalry had reached its highest point and had not begun to decline, and over all Europe swept that inspiring breeze which hurried away warriors and priests to do pious duty in the Holy Land. Everywhere there was a keen atmosphere of new and large ideas. The contact with the East, even at that time, lent more of magnificence to the national pomp, and the great festival which Frederick celebrated in Mayence, at Whitsuntide of the year 1184, stands out still as the greatest national festival which Germany has celebrated. All the spiritual and temporal lords of Germany were present. Princes from far lands, from Italy, France, Illyria, and Sclavonia assembled with innumerable followers. And it is no wonder if the centre figure of such an assembly kindled then an enthusiasm over all the Empire which has never since been extin-

guished, however hidden the sparks have lain. For, as a contemporary averred, "The flower of chivalry, the strength of dominion, the greatness of the nation, and the glory of the empire were united in his single majestic person." With these great events the Court of Vienna was closely connected. The Duke Leopold VI. took the most active interest in the policy of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, and was a conspicuous sharer in the Mayence pageant. Nor was his own Court behind any other of that time in such knightly display. With Leopold's two sons, the young and promising princes, Frederick and Leopold, Walther was, as we may divine from later poems, upon terms of intimacy and affection, which, at least in the case of Frederick, never suffered change.

But if the stirring spirit of the times did much to give the poet a love for magnificent energy, the Court at which he resided furnished him with modes of culture which scarcely another could. Whatever was graceful and chivalric in life flourished here, and here the Minnesong was oftenest sung. The master poet of this early time was Reinmar, the "nightingale of Hagenau," as they delighted to call him, and in him Walther found the best model for his poems. But it was only for the lighter poems that Reinmar could serve as a model. Walther's earnest political lays belong to the sphere of poetry, which Reinmar's flight never reached. Yet the education which Walther derived from his residence at the Court was gained by no system of learned instruction, nor at that time (any more than at present) did courtly culture deem learning requisite. Life, action, the free circulation of ideas, and a readiness to receive them were the means of instruction, by using which Walther acquired the deep knowledge of mankind, and the perfect command over artistic material which are exhibited in his poems.

Leopold died in 1194, and was succeeded in Austria by his son Frederick the Catholic, a youth twenty years of age. For four years Walther enjoyed under his patronage all that a poet and a patriot could desire, for the Empire was yet in its splendour, which seemed to wax rather than to wane. But this splendour was to meet with a speedy and long-lasting eclipse; and never again do we find in the poems of Walther the bright and careless happiness with which they open. Henry VI. the successor to Barbarossa, succeeded likewise to that idea of the Empire, which filled the mind of Frederick. He swayed an Empire greater than any since the time of Charlemagne, and possessed qualities which rendered him likely to sway one yet greater. Regarding himself as the heir of the old Cæsars, he deemed his Empire incomplete until all that belonged to them

should own him as its liege lord. Once more the East should be won back to the West and far-away kings hold their power only as vassals to the Kaiser. To follow out this idea, and advance his power in the East he announced a crusade. All preparations had been made, part of the Eastern countries had acknowledged his authority, and much more was about to yield, when suddenly, on the 25th of September, 1197, at Messina, Henry died. With him died too the splendour of the German Empire; but it was to this, as it sank lower and lower, that Walther continually turned his gaze, and it is this which colours his political poems, and gives them their significance in the eyes of his countrymen. Yet it was not only the destruction of so much glory that caused the change in the tone of Walther's song. With the national catastrophe his own fall at the Court of Vienna was nearly contemporaneous. The exact cause of the Prince's disfavour is uncertain, but with the departure of Frederick the Catholic, on Henry's crusade, Leopold, who was Regent, began to withdraw the Court patronage from Walther, and at Frederick's death in 1198, Walther found himself compelled to leave Vienna.

And here it will be well, before we follow him out into the dark and troublous times which follow, to refer to those poems which are associated with this period of his life—associated with it, though it is impossible to assert with certainty that all the songs of "*Minnedienst*" which we still have were composed before he left Vienna.

Walther's poems fall into two divisions. They are either Minnesongs, such as court-singers of the time were wont to sing, differing only in degree of excellence from contemporary lays, or they are poems of an earnest, religious, and political tendency. Of these latter we shall presently see something. But certainly the greater part of the former class belong to the Vienna period. All the fairest and freshest of these were written before the trouble came, and possess that charm of conscious happiness which does not recur. And although, from the nature of the poems, it is not possible to refer them to a fixed date, a process of growth and development is to be traced in them. In Walther's youth court-poetry had not as yet crystallized into those rigid forms in which development ceases. Nor was the first inspiration of a young poet's fancy likely to exhibit itself in the mould of artificial excellence, at least as long as that freedom from care, which external circumstances guaranteed, favoured a spontaneous and happy production of works of art. For this reason Menzel, unlike Pfeiffer, is inclined to place many of the "*Lieder*" in a later period. He is inclined to think that Walther did not submit to conventional trammels until the necessity of

finding an audience and patrons became dominant. Be this as it may, the songs of the early period are undoubtedly pleasing, and amongst them may be reckoned the exquisite lyrics:—

“Under der linden, an der heide,”

and

“Sô die bluomen ûz dem grase dringent.”

We have altogether about eighty of Walther's “*Lieder*,” but probably many of the earliest are lost. With those that remain, some German critics (as was to be expected) have endeavoured to build up a consistent history of Walther's youth. Little success, however, has attended the attempt, and the best critics dismiss the autobiographical theory altogether. Nor is it necessary to literary enjoyment that the theory should be established; it is better to regard these exquisite poems as blossoms of a happy period. If indeed we think of him as the laureate of a dazzling and polite Court, the friend and favourite of a prince only a little younger than himself, amidst the circumstances of an Empire whose highest glory did not yet seem to have been reached, in enjoyment of a reputation that was ever growing, we shall be more prepared to understand the change that came over the spirit of his verse when the Empire was racked by internal dissension, and he himself was sent from the light and kindness of a Court into the uncertainty of a wandering life.

The condition of the Empire was now such that it might well leave him in doubt where he should find a home. The rightful heir to the Imperial throne, Frederick the Second, was a child three years of age. Besides him Henry had left two brothers, Otto of Burgundy and Philip of Suabia. Henry's death set free all those elements of disorder which his iron hand had kept in subjection. The Pope would not recognise the claims of Frederick, and Otto and Philip became competitors for the crown. Philip was indeed willing to act as regent for the child, but the partisans of the Hohenstaufen dynasty were cold in their interest for Frederick, and desired to see Philip himself Emperor. Meanwhile confusion was universal, the Empire was wasted in a destructive war, its wealth squandered, and its power broken. The Court of Vienna took the side of Philip, and Walther became his poet-champion. It was now that he commenced those poems or “*Sprüche*” which were the first of their kind, and which, repeated from mouth to mouth, exercised considerable influence upon events. In the Paris manuscript of his works there is a picture of the poet musing upon the disorder of the times. He is represented as a bearded man in the prime of life; a cap covers his curly hair; he wears a rich blue cloak

and a red coat, and looks pensively to the ground, whilst in his right hand he holds a scroll of his poems, which winds upwards between the escutcheon and crested helm of Vogelweide. And in somewhat similar attitude the first "*Spruch*" represents him.

"I sat upon a stone and mused, one leg thrown over the other; my elbow rested upon my knee, and upon my hand I leant my head, cheek, and chin. There I mused with much despair what profit it were to live now in the world. I saw no way by which a man might win three things that are good. Two of them are Honour and Wealth, which often injure each other. The third is God's Favour, which is more excellent than the two. Would that I might bring these into one life. But, alas! it may not be that Wealth and Honour and God's Favour should ever come to one heart again; the ways and paths are closed against them. Untruth lies in ambush; Might rules in the highways, and Peace and Justice are wounded sore. So the Three can come no more till the Two are healed" (p. 81).

To Walther, the only method of healing the wounds of Peace and Justice seemed to be in electing Philip king. In him he recognised a man strong enough and good enough to stay the disorders of Germany. And his song gave no uncertain sound. He says:—

"The wild beast and the reptile, these fight many a deadly fight. Likewise, too, the birds amongst themselves. Yet these would hold themselves of no esteem had they not one common rule. They make strong laws, they choose a king and a code, they appoint lords and lieges. So woe to you, ye of the German tongue; how fares order in your land? when now the very flies have their queen, and your honour perishes! Turn ye, turn ye. The Coronets grow your masters, the petty kings oppress you. Let Philip wear the Orphan-diadem, and bid the princes begone" (pp. 81-2).

The "petty kings" are the other competitors for the crown. The "orphan" is a jewel in the crown of the Roman emperors. Albertus Magnus, according to Menzel, says of it:—"Orphanus est lapis, qui in corona Romani imperatoris est, neque unquam alibi visus; propter quod etiam orphanus vocatur." Philip's chief competitor seemed to be Berthold, of Zuriugen, and he had on his side Adolphus, the Archbishop of Cologne; but as Berthold did not prove an open-handed candidate, Adolphus entered into negotiations with Richard of England, and (after being well paid for his trouble), consented to crown Richard's nephew, Otto of Poitou, on the 12th of July, 1198. Previously to this, Otto had taken Aix-la-Chapelle, which had refused to recognise him, and Philip seeing that there was now no time to be lost, was crowned in the following September, at Mayence, by the Archbishop of Treves. This coronation, subsequently deemed insufficient, was performed with great splendour,

and gave hopes to the Hohenstaufen dynasty of once more beholding an united empire.

The diadem of Charlemagne wherein glittered the peerless "orphan" was placed upon Philip's head, and amongst those who swelled the train of the young King and his wife Irene was Walther. The crown, said Walther, seemed made for him.

"Older though it be than the king, yet never smith wrought crown to fit so well. And his imperial head no less becomes the diadem, and none may part the twain. Each lights the other. The crown is brighter by its sweet young wearer, for the jewels gladly shine upon the true prince. Ah! if any one doubts now to whom the Empire belongs of right, let him but see if the 'Orphan' so shines upon another brow. This jewel is a star that finds the true prince."

Walther's enthusiasm for the "sweet young" king seems justified by contemporary evidence. An old chronicle says with quaint Latinity:—"Erat Phillippus animo lenis, mente mitis, erga homines benignus, debilis quidem corpore, sed satis virilis in quantum confidere poterat de viribus suorum, facie venusta et decora, capillo flavo, statura mediocri, magis tenui quam grossa."

We have, however, now two emperors on the stage. The Chronicle has described Philip: Otto presented a complete contrast to the gentle brother of Henry. Nearly the same age as his rival, he was a man of lofty and commanding stature and resembled both in person and character his uncle Richard. His bravery was rash and impetuous, and his unyielding severity alienated more hearts than his courage could retain. The literary tastes of the two Emperors exhibited a contrast no less striking than that presented by their persons. Otto listened with pleasure to the masculine strains of the Troubadours. Philip heard with delight the soft complaining rhymes of the Minnesingers. It was by these rhymes that Walther won the favour of Philip and found admission to his court. But there was need of something else to be done than to listen to the strains of troubadour or minnesinger, before either of the rival Emperors could deem his empire safe. Philip had the wider support, and Otto, perhaps, the more valuable foreign assistance. Philip had on his side all South Germany, Bohemia, and Saxony. He was supported, moreover, by many Episcopal princes both in the south and in the north. Abroad France was his ally. The centre of Otto's power was Cologne, then the chief town of Germany, and though his kingdom was more contracted than that of Philip, the inequality was rendered less dangerous by the efficient help which his uncle Richard of England was ready to supply. Thus all Europe was divided into two parts awaiting the decision of its destiny. This seemed to hang upon the word a power which had not yet spoken—the Papacy.

Now Walther saw clearly enough, nor yet more clearly than the Pope himself, that whatever dissensions arose between native princes, the real antagonistic power to the German Empire was the papal supremacy. For a man now sat upon the papal chair whose ambition was even more imperial than that of Henry VI., and who possessed an energy of character and a subtle power of statecraft that seemed likely to bring his designs into effect. Innocent III. had inherited the ambition and the ideas of Gregory VII. With him he looked upon the Pope as the rightful source of all power, as above all kings, emperors and princes, who received from him their unction and their virtue, and who held their possessions as vassals of the Bishop of Rome. This notion he caused to prevail in Italy, and there the papal power regained all it had lost. The two candidates for the Empire he contrived for some time to keep without a decisive answer, by means of evasions and deceptions as unscrupulous as they were diplomatic. Yet he left no doubt in the minds of Otto's friends that he preferred the candidature of their monarch, though it may have escaped their notice that his chief object was the dissolution of the Empire, which had stood so firmly under the dynasty to which Philip belonged. It did not escape the notice of Walther, and he set himself to work against the papal machinations with that patriotic and impassioned enthusiasm with which his love for the German Empire had inspired him. The Pope seemed to him the incarnation of the anti-national spirit, and only that king to be worthy of the name who strove once more to realize the imperial ideal which had animated Germany under Barbarossa and Henry. Such a monarch he thought at this time he recognised in Philip. And since Philip, after his coronation, had met with some successes in the field, and his rival had been deprived of his chief support by the death of Richard, it was not unnatural that he should look upon the festival which Philip held, Christmas, 1199, as the dawn of a better era. The dawn of a better era, however, it was not, in spite of Walther's joyous song. The war which Philip was now waging did not advance his cause, and once more we find Walther at Vienna, reconciled to Leopold, perhaps, through the intervention of Philip, or, perhaps, with some political commission to the Duke. Meanwhile (1201) Otto advanced as far as Alsace, and Philip invaded the district of Cologne, when the long delayed decision of the Pope fell like a thunderbolt. Otto was declared Emperor by the title of Otto IV., and Philip, with his followers, was excommunicated. But though this bull caused more anger than terror amongst the partisans of Philip, its practical consequences were serious. Many supporters fell away, and Walther gave utterance to his grief in a poem

which deprecates the use of religious weapons for political purposes.

“I saw,” he says, “with mine eyes the secrets of the hearts of men and women. I heard and saw what each one says and does. At Rome I found a Pope lying, and two kings (Philip and Frederick) deceived. Then arose the greatest strife that has been or shall be. The priests and the people began to take opposite sides, a grief beyond all griefs. The priests laid down their swords and fought with their stoles. They laid the bann on whom they would and not on whom they should, and the Houses of God were desolate” (pp. 81-3).

In March, of this year, those of Philip's party who were faithful, renewed their oath of allegiance, and a formal protest against the Pope's decision was sent to Rome. The Pope received it with consideration but firmness, and fresh successes followed the arms of Otto. Philip sought to strengthen his connexion with France, by an embassy, to which Walther was attached. As we are at present more interested in Walther than in the history of events, it will be well to mention a conjecture of some critics, that it was upon his return from this journey that he wrote his celebrated song (39) in praise of German ladies:—

## I.

“Ye should bid me welcome, ladies,  
He who brings a message, that am I.

All that ye have heard before this,  
Is an empty wind, now ask of me.

But ye must reward me.  
If my wage is kindly,  
Something I can tell you that will please;  
See now what reward ye offer.

## II.

“I will tell to German maidens  
Such a message that they all the more

Shall delight the universe,  
And will take no great payment therefor.

What would I for payment?  
They are all so dear,  
That my prayer is lowly, and I ask no more  
Than that they greet me kindly.

## III.

“I have seen many lands,  
And saw the best with interest.

Ill must it befall me  
    Could I ever bring my heart

To take pleasure  
In foreign manners.  
Now what avails me if I strive for falsehood?  
German truth surpasses all.

IV.

“From the Elbe to the Rhine,  
    And back again to Hungary,

These are the best lands  
    Which I have seen in the world.

This I can truly swear,  
That, for fair mien and person,  
So help me heaven, to look upon,  
Our ladies are fairer than other ladies.”

Philip's supporters continued to fall away and to swell the ranks of Otto; his ecclesiastical adherents, terrified by the fulminations of the Pope, were amongst the earliest deserters. Indeed, at one time it seemed likely that the whole party would be broken up, but the judicious concessions which Philip made to the Pope turned the current, and Philip's cause was strengthened by the accession of the Bishop of Cologne, who, perhaps, found Otto ungenerous. At any rate he was now willing (upon the receipt of pecuniary remuneration) to crown Philip and his wife. This second coronation took place in 1205. We have no poem by Walther in reference to it. In fact, he was losing faith in Philip. The Emperor of Germany should have been a man firm in will and ready in deed. Philip was not realizing this ideal. A second coronation was in itself a confession of weakness. Lachmann imagines that there had even been a personal quarrel between the king and the poet, but the ground for such a belief seems hard to find. In 1208 Philip was assassinated, and Otto was now universally recognised as Emperor.

Without doubt Walther had been much disappointed in Philip. He had grown up under Barbarossa and Henry, and the magnificent ideas of the Empire had grown strong with his growth. Those brilliant anticipations of supreme dominion in German hands he expected to see fulfilled by Philip, and they had not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the papal power, which he detested, was leaving everywhere a contracted sphere for another Empire, and, when a year before his death Philip became, as a matter of political necessity, reconciled to Innocent,

Walther, whose ideal monarch was no king, but an emperor, saw with a despair which is reflected in his poems, the dissolution of his hopes.

From 1204 to 1207 Walther resided at the Thuringian Court. This is to be gathered from certain indications in his poems, and from a consideration of the history of events. Until 1204 Hermann the Landgrave had been on Otto's, and Walther upon Philip's side. The poet's residence at the Landgrave's Court could not, therefore, have belonged to an earlier period. The exact length of its duration is uncertain: it was probably three years. And had Walther been able to see the Empire in a prosperous state, his days might have been as bright under the "gentle Landgrave" as they had been at the Court of Vienna. The Landgrave was not only gentle but generous. His Court was a regular caravansary of warriors and minstrels. "Day and night," says Walther, "there is ever one troop coming in, and another going out. Let no one who has an earache come hither, for the din will assuredly drive him wild." The Landgrave's hospitality was, indeed, unbounded. "If a measure of good wine cost a thousand pounds no knight's beaker would be empty" (p. 99). And later too, upon another occasion, Walther sings of his host, that he does not change like the moon, but that his generosity is continuous. When trouble comes, he remains still a support. "The flower of the Thuringians blossoms through the snow" (p. 109).

About the year 1207 Walther found it necessary to leave the Court. He had not been without enemies there, especially amongst those of his own craft. Hermann was not to blame for this, nor did Walther lose his favour; for later on we find him again at the Thuringian Court. There seems to have been two parties amongst the Minnesingers, and Walther was in the minority. For the next two years Vienna was again his home, and Leopold forgot or forgave the old quarrel that had been between them. But he did not long remain here, and his life until 1211 was unsettled, and was spent at various Courts. But it will be necessary to bring down the history of the nation to this period, for several great and important events had occurred.

The death of Philip was followed by an interval, in which lawlessness and crime prevailed throughout the country. Pillage and incendiarism desolated the inheritance of the Hohenstaufens, and recalled to the recollection of the superstitious the comets and eclipses which had appalled them during the previous year. Many persons thought that the last day was approaching, and Walther found the signs in the heavens corroborated by the unnatural wickedness of man. "The sun," he says, "has withheld his light. Falsehood has everywhere scattered her seeds along the

way. The father finds treachery in his child; brother lies to brother. The hooded priest, who should lead us to heaven, has turned traitor." It was indeed a dark time for Germany, nor did it at first appear from what quarter amendment should come. The real representative of the Hohenstaufen line was the young Frederick, who was now fourteen years old, but this was no time for a boy-emperor. Many of those who might have protected his interests had already joined the party of Otto, a party that openly took the supremacy when Otto declared his intention of espousing Beatrice, the daughter of Philip, and the storm of party passion for awhile abated. The interests of the Empire, too, clearly pointed to Otto as Emperor. Walther saw this, for Otto was by no means a man who would not follow up the advantages which his position gave him. Personally the poet could feel little cordiality towards the new monarch, whose patronage of song would little benefit the Minnesingers. And when Otto received the imperial crown from the hands of the Pope, in Rome, it was accompanied by no strain of triumph from Walther. This coronation was in the autumn of 1209. But Otto, instead of leaving Italy to its ghostly monarch, remained there for a year, in which time he restored the imperial authority in Northern and Central Italy, and then marched into Southern Italy. One result of this policy was inevitable. He was excommunicated by the Pope, who now put forward the young Frederick, as king in his stead. Then first, when Otto was under the Papal bann, did Walther step forward as his fellow combatant for the idea of the Empire. As reconciliation with the Pope had estranged him from Philip, so now it was a variance from the same authority that was to place him upon close terms of sympathy with Otto. And for the next two years we find Walther at the height of his political influence. .

The Pope, not contented with the declaration of excommunication, set in motion other measures for Otto's destruction. Once more he fanned the subsiding embers of civil discord in Germany. At the Pope's call the Archbishops of Mayence and Magdeburg, the King of Bohemia, the Margrave of Meissen, and the Landgrave of Thuringia, formed a confederation, whose object was the deposition of Otto, and the elevation of Frederick to the throne. This confederation was accomplished in the autumn of 1211, and was joined by the Archbishop of Treves, and the Dukes of Bavaria and Austria. In February of the following year Otto returned from his victorious campaign in Italy once more to German soil, and held a parliament at Frankfort.

In the political complications which followed these circumstances, we find Walther an influential diplomatist, for it was undoubtedly through his influence that the two princes of

Meissen and Bavaria returned to their allegiance to Otto ; and the princes themselves thanked him for his services upon that occasion. Further : through his negotiations the crown of Bohemia was given to the Margrave's nephew, and to the Duke's son as consort the daughter of the Count Palatine, by which union the Palatinate afterwards passed into the ducal family. These important negotiations, and the results which attended them, give us an adequate notion of Walther's position at this crisis. The time came when he found the Margrave forgetful (as even monarchs may be) of former services, but he could still refer with conscious dignity to the benefits he had conferred upon the Margrave's family : "Why should I spare the truth?" he asks, "for had I crowned the Margrave himself the crown had even yet been his" (p. 157).

But Otto had still important enemies. Amongst them was the Landgrave of Thuringia. Whilst engaged in operations against him he heard of the approach of Frederick, who with a gathering retinue of supporters was gradually winning the whole of the Rhineland and North Germany. In 1213 Frederick ratified his submission to the Pope, and resigned all German pretensions to the disputed territory in Italy. Thus for awhile we have the curious spectacle of a Guelph fighting for that Imperial idea which should have been the heirloom of the Hohenstaufens, and a Hohenstaufen carrying the banner of the Papacy.

Whilst thus the power of Frederick was increasing, and the followers of Otto were falling away, Walther struggled both as poet and politician against the Pope, and the corrupt use of ecclesiastical power for political purposes. That he himself respected the office of the clergy, and that his own religious convictions were deep-seated, is certain. He viewed, however, with aversion the struggle of the Papacy for temporal power, and the humiliation of the German national spirit. In a struggle of this kind he seemed to see the decay of faith, and the imminent ruin of the Church herself, and his language to the Pope was outspoken from the first. He bade him remember that he himself had crowned and blessed the Emperor (p. 131) ; he reminded the people that the same mouth which had pronounced the bann had declared the blessing (p. 132) ; and he referred the Pope to the scriptural command, that he should render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's (p. 133). The corruption of the clergy he rebuked almost with the fire which afterwards was to belong to Luther.

"Christendom," he says, "never lived so carelessly as now. Those who should teach are evil-minded. Even silly laymen would not commit their crimes. They sin without fear, and are at enmity with

God. They point us to heaven and themselves go down to hell. They bid us follow their advice, and not their example."

Again:—

"The Pope our father goes before us, and we wander not at all from his way. Is he avaricious? So are we all with him. Does he lie? We all lie, too. Is he a traitor? We all follow the example of his treachery."

And then he calls him a modern Judas. He accuses him of simony, and hints at his collusion with infernal powers. Against the Pope's attempt to collect tithes in Germany he spoke out strongly, and not without effect, for his poem on this subject (116) aroused much bitterness.

Yet even in Otto, the Pope's enemy, Walther did not find an Emperor like those whose names he loved. His star waned before that of Frederick. His manners were marred by an unroyal boorishness; his Court was the scene of drunken and disorderly revels, and the flower of poetry no longer blossomed in its ungracious precincts. In 1214 Walther joined the party of Frederick. With this new allegiance closes the dependent period of Walther's life, for Frederick presented him with a small estate, which he enjoyed until his death. His first feeling was one of intense delight, and he celebrated the event in a strain of fervent gratitude (150). However, in the interval stretching from 1217 to 1220 he does not appear to have resided there. Probably he did not find it so valuable as he at first imagined it to be, when he sang his pæan as a landholder. There were ecclesiastical claims upon it, and he was in no mood to satisfy them with equanimity. At any rate he determined, after the residence of a year or two, to betake himself to the Court of Vienna. It was no longer that brilliant home of poets and fair women which it had once been. The Duke Leopold was absent in the Holy Land: his two youthful sons were in need of an instructor and guardian, and it is probable that until the return of their father Walther undertook their instruction. In 1219 Walther greeted the Duke with an ode of welcome (152), and this is followed by a sarcastic poem (120) directed against the miserly habits of the Austrian nobility. This poem may perhaps indicate the reason why Walther left the Court of Vienna, but all reasoning here rests upon conjecture. A quarrel between himself and Leopold has been surmised, but upon insufficient grounds. Then, in 1220, we find him at the Court of Frederick II. His political muse had been silent since his adoption of Frederick's cause: his vehement protestations against the papal influence were hushed: he aided in no agitation for the imperial cause. This silence was probably in

accordance with Frederick's wishes. Honorius III. was now upon the Papal throne, a man of a different disposition from that of Innocent.

Four important subjects were still matters of consideration between the Papal and Imperial Courts:—Firstly, the separation of the Italian and German crowns; secondly, the supremacy of Lombardy; thirdly, the succession to Matilda; and fourthly, the fulfilment of Frederick's promise to enter upon a crusade. And so long as no open breach had been made in the friendship of Pope and Emperor, and whilst Frederick was furthering his views more by policy than war, there was no room for the efforts of Walther. From this time, however, till 1223 we find several political odes dictated by his sympathy with Frederick. After this period he returned to his own estate, and henceforth his mind seems to have been occupied with religious ideas and the support of the Crusaders. He did not cease to urge the German princes to that holy undertaking. Frederick had, long before, promised Innocent that he himself would lead an army to the East; he had delayed to do so during the life of Honorius; he was punished for his delay with excommunication by Gregory IX., and set out upon the crusade in 1228. Amongst his followers was Walther the Minnesinger.

For it is clear that the bright dream of a restored Empire, which once filled the poet's mind, had now given place to another feeling. Fainter and fainter the hope had grown which inspired so many of his songs. Barbarossa could not come again, at least not now, and there was no comfort remaining, except in religion. An overwhelming longing for the Holy Land seized him. The last winter a terrible storm had swept over the country. What else could it denote than the anger of God at the negligence of Christians who left the Infidel in undisturbed possession of his Holy City? The bands of pilgrims who passed through town and village did not fail to warn those who lingered that they were incurring the divine wrath. Terror and enthusiasm took possession of all, and Walther, old and worn as he was, left once more his home and his repose. His steps were turned towards the Alps. He travelled through the Bavarian Oberland, and the Inn Valley, until he came to the Brenner Pass. There at the foot of the hills lay the place of his birth, a place which he had not visited since his boyhood. And here he wrote the renowned poem (188) which touchingly and truthfully depicts his feelings:—

“Ay me! Whither are vanished all my years? Has my life been indeed a dream, or is it all true? Was that aught whereof I believed it was something? Nay, I have slept and knew it not.

- “ Now I have awakened, and no longer know that which of old was as familiar to me as mine own hand. People and land where I grew up from a child, these are become strange to me, as though what is past had never been.
- “ They who were playmates of mine are feeble and old ; that which was wild land is planted and trained ; the woods are felled. Only the rivulet flows as it flowed of old ; otherwise my sorrow were fulfilled.
- “ I scarce win a greeting from those who once knew me well ; the World has become ungracious. Of old I had here many a happy day ; all has fallen away like the print of a stone on the waters, alas ! for evermore.
- “ Ay me ! there is a poison in all sweetness. I see the gall above the honey. Outwardly the World is fair hued, white and green, inwardly she is black and dark, and coloured with the colour of death.
- “ Yet if she has misled any one, let him take this to heart, for he may with slight service be free from great sin. Look to it, knights ; this touches you. Bear the light helm and thering-linked panoply of arms ;
- “ Also the strong shield, and consecrated sword. Would God that I, too, were worthy to join in the Crusade. Then should I, for all my poverty, become most rich, though not in land nor lordly gold ;
- “ But I should wear that eternal crown, which the simple soldier may win by his own spear. Could I but fare that happy journey oversea, then would my song be ‘ Joy ! ’ and never more ‘ Ay me ! ’ nor ever more ‘ Alas ! ’ ”

If Walther sang joyous songs after his return from the Crusade, these songs are no longer to be found. We cannot doubt, as has been doubted, that he accompanied the expedition to the Holy City. Two devotional poems (78, 79) remain, which were probably written later, but they are not songs of triumph. His voice does not reach us any more ; only the grave at Würzburg gives further indications of his fate. For he died, as they say, in 1229, at the age of seventy-two.

Yet another pleasing memorial. In his will the poet left a sum of money to provide seed which the birds might gather every day upon his grave. And four holes for water (still to be seen) were scooped in the stone that covered him. The birds no longer derive any benefit from his legacy, it is commuted into a dole which upon his birthday is given to the choristers of the Church.

It has already been indicated that Walther's poems fall into

two divisions, "Lieder" (*songs*) and "Sprüche" (*poems*.) These are different both in form and purpose. A *Lied* was intended to be sung to a musical accompaniment; a *Spruch* was to be read or recited. The form of a *Lied* was artistic and severe, that of a *Spruch* admitted of anomalies. Their subjects were also different. The *Lied* chanted a lover's hopes and fears, welcomed the Spring and Summer, bemoaned the Winter, or a lady's coldness; the *Spruch* dealt with ethical situations, or, as is mostly the case in Walther's poems, expressed strong political convictions. A *Minnelied* was a complex work of art. It comprised three elements, which may be named, after the German analysis, the tone, the time, and the text. The tone was the rhythmical form or metre into which it was thrown; the tune was the melody to which it was sung; the text was the verbal wording of the poem. A Minnesinger must, therefore, be artist, musician, and poet. Of the three elements the tone was almost the most important, for it was no traditional lyric form, but in each case the invention of the individual poet. No poet could creditably appropriate another's metre, nor could any poet repeat without danger to his reputation the same tone upon several occasions. Hence the infinite variety of tones which characterize the poems of Walther. But in all this variety one rule prevails—the rule that each stanza should have three parts (two *Stollen* and an *Abgesang*). Each stanza begins with corresponding portions, and concludes with a third, differing metrically from the others. To some of Walther's poems this triple character is wanting. We may unhesitatingly assign them to a very early period of the writer's life. The following simple little *Minnelied* is an example:—

"Winter has injured us every way:  
Copseland and woodland are russet and grey,  
Where many voices rang merry and gay.  
Ah, would that the maidens could come forth to play,  
And the birds again carol their roundelay.

"Would I could slumber the winter through;  
Now, when I waken my heart is low,  
In winter's kingdom of ice and snow.  
God knows that at last the winter must go;  
Where the ice lingers now flowers will grow."

To an early period also belongs the poem already referred to, "Under der Linden." It is, perhaps, impossible to reproduce in English verse the delicate music of this airy lyric. The following is a literal translation. It preserves the triple division of the tone:—

I.

“ Under the lindens,  
On the heather,  
Where the couch of us two was,  
You may discover,  
Both beautiful  
Broken flowerbells and grass,  
By the woodside in the vale.  
Tandaradei,  
Sweetly sang the nightingale.

II.

“ I went, I hastened  
To the meadow ;  
Thither my love had gone before.  
There was I welcomed  
Lady Mary !  
That I am happy evermore.  
Did he kiss me ? A thousand times,  
(Tandaradei),  
See how red my lips are yet.

III.

“ There he had fashioned  
A beautiful  
Flowercouch and bed of flowers ;  
And laughter arises  
In inmost heart,  
If any one passes that way ;  
By the roses he may well  
(Tandaradei)  
See yet where my head was laid.

IV.

“ That he lay beside me,  
Should any know,  
(O God forbid ! ) I were ashamed.  
And what he did with me,  
No one—never—  
Shall know but he and I alone,  
And one dear little bird that sang  
Tandaradei,  
And he will ever be true.’”

In reference to this poem, Simrock has remarked that the folksong also is not without instances of lyrics, whose simplicity throws the magic light of innocence upon situations which would be intolerable in any other. But in reality to raise a moral question upon this artless song is wholly inappropriate: the difficulty for a modern reader is to appreciate the subtle delicacy and infinite reserve which characterize Miinne poetry. To name his lady's name was deemed a shameless breach of good taste in a lover; and Walther has one indignant poem addressed to those who sought with some importunity to win such a secret from him (19). In another graceful little poem (21), he speaks of his eyes as ambassadors to his lady, ambassadors that return always with a kindly message. But these eyes are not those of his corporal vision, for they have long been unblessed by beholding her; they are the eyes of his mind.

“Es sint die gedanke des herzen mîn.”

“Shall I,” asks the poet, “ever be so happy a man as that *she* shall gaze upon *me* with eyes like mine?”

It was not much, indeed, that the Minnesinger asked from his lady. That she should smile upon him when he greeted her, or that, if others were by, she should at least look toward the place where he stood. A glance threw him into an ecstasy of delight, yet if his lady endured the presence of other admirers he sank into the depths of despair. Thence again he rose buoyantly with the slightest straw of hope. Here is the immemorial love-oracle (24):

## I.

“In a despairing mood,  
I sat me down and pondered.

I thought I would leave her service,  
Had not a certain solace restored me.

Solace it may not rightly be called. Alas, no,  
It is indeed scarcely a tiny comfort,  
So tiny that if I tell you you will mock me,  
Yet one is comforted by a little, he knows not why.

## II.

“Me a blade of grass has made happy,  
It tells me that I shall find favour.

I measured this selfsame little blade,  
As of old I have seen children do.

Now listen and mark if it does so again.

'She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she does not, she does.'

As oft as I have done it, the result is good,

That comforts me ; *but one must have faith, too.*"

Who the lady was whom Walther wooed is unknown now, if it was known in his time. It has been conjectured that she was of low birth, and the following poem (14) gives some ground for the conjecture. Walther's treatment of the subject is different from the way in which Horace handled a subject of similar nature.

I.

"Maiden, heart beloved of me,  
God give thee ever help and aid ;

And were there any dearer name,  
That would I gladly call thee.

What can I dearer say than this,  
That thou art well beloved of me ? Alas ! 'tis this that pains me.

II.

"They taunt me oft that I  
Turn to a lowly maid my song.

That they can never know  
What love is, is their punishment.

Love never came to those  
Who woo for wealth or beauty. O what love is theirs ?

III.

"Hate often follows beauty ;  
Be none too eager for it.

Love is the heart's best tenant,  
Beauty stands after love.

'Tis love makes lady fair,  
Beauty can not do this, it never made lady fair.

IV.

"I bear it as I have borne  
And as I shall ever bear it.

Thou art fair and wealthy enough,  
What can they tell me of this ?

Say what they will, I love thee.  
The crystal ring that thou givest is better than royal gold.\*

## V.

“If thou art faithful and true,  
Then I am thine without fear;

Thine—that no sorrow of heart  
Can come against me by thy will.

If thou art neither of these,  
Then thou canst never be mine. Ah me, should this happen to be!”

In another poem (17), however, he praises his lady's beauty with much enthusiasm. The following stanza runs more lightly into the mould of English verse:—

“God formed with care her cheeks so bright  
And laid such lovely colours there,

Such perfect red, such perfect white,  
Here tinted rose, there lily fair,

That I will almost dare to say  
On her with greater joy I gaze  
Than on the sky and starry way.  
Alas! what would my foolish praise?  
For if her pride should grow,

My lip's light word might work my heart some bitter woe.”

But in fact it is useless arguing from these poems to the actual circumstances of the poet's life. The *Minne* of this period was after all rather a subject of the imagination than a passion of the heart. The nameless lady whose praise a poet sang, belonged to the ideal portion of his life. We find nowhere among the poems of the Minnesingers songs which celebrate what we call “domestic happiness,” or which look forward to nuptial union. The ideal and the real were kept widely sundered by the knights and poets of *Minne*. In actual life the poet composed and sang these *Lieder* at the court of some noble patron, whose approval was his reward. Often he sang, too, with the hope of receiving a more substantial recognition, the gift, perhaps, of a small estate where he might settle, and marry the daughter of a neighbouring vassal landholder. For her, however, there were certainly neither *Stollen* nor *Abgesung*. She reared his children, and directed his frugal household. She managed the estate in sum-

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\* A glass ring for pledging a lover's faith was not unfrequently used in the Middle Ages by the poorer classes.

mer whilst he visited his patrons, gave orders to his servants and herself set arrow to bow, if any burglarious miscreant attacked the house. Possibly the poet appreciated what she did, and was a good husband and father. But the domestic life lacked poetical utterance; it was not within the region of the art of the time. Hence there is an artificial atmosphere about the whole circle of Minnesong. It does not come into close contact with real life. It is, if not in opposition, at least in contrast with the masculine and adult energy by which the German character of the Middle Ages was marked. Minnesong was of the court, courtly. It sprang, it is true, from the same source as the great folk-epic of Siegfried and Brunhild, but the waters of that fertilizing stream were diverted now to rise in the private fountains and tinkling cascades of royal gardens. If Walther's muse had been confined to this line of poetry alone, the poems which he has left us would amply have justified the title which has been assigned him in this paper. But his large and earnest nature is inadequately commemorated in such a title. He was the greatest of the Minnesingers, and he was much more. He was a politician penetrated with the idea of the necessity of German union. In his maturer years he applied himself more and more rarely to the composition of *Lieder*, and in the later works there is breathed a very different spirit from that which animates the lyrics of the Court of Vienna. We find in them the real life of the poet, as we should expect to find it, when a poet is possessed by an idea which is neither selfish nor small. The idea which possessed Walther was a great one, and has never been absent from the best minds of Germany, the idea of national union. What suffering, what immense power run to waste would have been spared that noble country, if the dream of our Minnesinger had been realized five centuries ago. This was not to be. Perhaps even now the full attainment is distant. But it is well for his countrymen to look back upon his pensive figure seated, as shown in the Paris manuscript, in the attitude of deep thought.

“Ich saz ûf eime steine  
 Und dahte bein mit beine,  
 Dar ûf sast' ich den ellenbogen;  
 Ich hete in mîne hant gesmogen  
 Mîn kinne und ein mîn wange.  
 Do dahte ich mir vil ange,  
 Wes man zer werlte solte leben.”

For strangely enough, the ecclesiastical and political contest of the present day, has much resemblance to that which was fought in the times of Walther. To-day, as then, Rome and the

Empire dispute the point of supremacy. The question at issue may be disguised and deceive even the wise and far-sighted. But the present is not the first time that Rome has learnt to throw an appearance of right over audacious and transcendent injustice. Five hundred years ago she failed to blind to her designs the vision of our Minnesinger, and now-a-days, happily there are men numerous enough and strong enough to be true to the spirit of these poems of Walther, and to insist upon wresting from the hands of Rome, at least the national education of their children.

*“Tiuschiu zuht gât vor in allen.”*

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#### ART. VIII.—MORAL PHILOSOPHY AT CAMBRIDGE.

*First Principles of Moral Science. A Course of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge.* By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, Knightsbridge, Professor of Moral Philosophy. London: Macmillan and Co. 1873.

NEARLY forty years have passed since Mr. Mill, in his review of Professor Sedgwick's celebrated Discourse, declared that “the end, above all others, for which endowed universities exist, or ought to exist, is to keep alive philosophy.” The “studies of the University of Cambridge” in 1835 were not the studies of the present year. In every department there has been progress. Great reforms have been instituted from without: those which have proceeded from within have still been greater. Unattached students have received recognition. Dissenters, at first admitted within college precincts for study and then allowed to graduate, after many years of probation have been placed on a footing of equality in the competition for college fellowships. The badge of creed has been abolished: the stigma of sex is passing away. Lectures and Examinations for Women have been inaugurated, and there is a fair prospect of the entire removal, at no distant time, of the intellectual disabilities under which they still labour. University influence has been extended far beyond the boundaries of Cambridge by the institution of Local Examinations; and more recently still, by the official establishment of Courses of Lectures by university men in provincial towns. New professorships have been founded. Degrees are conferred for proficiency in Moral and in Natural Science. The course of study for the

of obtaining a good article. By the time this number is in the reader's hands the intentions of the Government may possibly have been expressed, and whether it determines to try the scheme of the Commissioners at first upon some one office as an experiment, or to let the matter drop as one beyond its energies and strength, it is certain that the warm thanks both of the Civil Service and the public are due to Dr. Lyon Playfair and his colleagues for the ability with which they have sifted an almost overwhelming mass of evidence, and for the courage with which they have exposed what the real grievances are under which the public service suffers.

But though, in our opinion, such thanks are due, it is evident that, so far as the Civil Service is concerned, they have not been generally accorded. Mr. Farrer, in the *Fortnightly Review* for May has forcibly answered the three principal objections which appear to have been taken to the recommendations of the Commissioners, and though he seems to attach more weight than we should to such of the opinions of the Service as are 'expressed by their organs in the press,' it is undoubtedly a fact that the report has been received with much disfavour.

In this, however, the Commissioners have only shared the

common fate of all who attempt to reform professions. The obstinate resistance offered by the Proctors to the reformation in Doctors' Commons will be remembered by many; the gloomy predictions with which the Abolition of Purchase was greeted by the Colonels in and out of Parliament are still fresh in the memory of all. But it is to be hoped and expected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if clearly convinced that the proposals of the Commissioners are really sound and salutary, will have the courage of his opinion, and will not sacrifice a national reform to noisy professional clamour. Individual cases of hardship should be met by liberal or even lavish compensation, rather than be allowed to constitute arguments for continuing abuses in the Public Service.

The Civil Service of England deserves good and generous treatment at the hands of the country. It has never been servile like that of Russia; it has never been 'bureaucratic' like that of France; it has never been corrupt like that of America; and if the abuses in it be swept away and steps be taken to supply it with proper organisation and payment, it will be in the future, even more than it has been in the past, a legitimate source of pride and strength to the Nation and Sovereign it serves.

A. C. T.

