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tories of literature have hitherto been too often "written in the special interest of scholastic learning," and are antiquarian lists of books and not living histories. It is certainly well to write a history of literature so that all men may read. But it would require a most uncommon head to treat ably of all departments of literature and science. In one word, it is quite impossible to judge all by one rule. The writer, therefore, must change his position as often as he changes his subject. He must write of matters pertaining to religion, with the knowledge of a theologian; on philosophical subjects, like a philosopher, and so of the rest. Any attempt to describe them all from one point of sight seems as absurd as to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, and drachms, ounces, quarters, and tons in the same column. A sketch of German theological literature ought to tell what had been done, and what was now doing by Protestants and Catholics, in the four great departments of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. It should put us in possession of the idea, which lies at the bottom of Catholicism and Protestantism, and tell what form this idea assumes, and why it takes this form, and no other. But this Mr. Meznel makes no pretension. He has not the requisite knowledge for this. His learning seems gathered from reviews, newspapers, the conversations lexicon, literary gossip, and a very perfunctory perusal of many books. The whole work lacks in plan. There is no unity to the book. It seems a compilation of articles, written hastily in the newspapers, and designed for immediate effect. So the spirit of the partisan appears everywhere. We have declamation instead of matter-of-fact and cool judgment. Still the work is quite entertaining. Its author, no doubt, passes for a man of genius; but as a friend says, who rarely judges wrong, "he has more show than sinew, and makes up in smartness, what he wants in depth." We are glad to welcome the book in its English dress, but we hope it will be read with caution, as a guide not to be trusted. Its piquant style, and withering sarcasm, remind us often of Henry Heine, and the young Germans, with whom the author would not wish to be classed. We think it will not give a true idea of the German mind and its workings, to the mere English, or aid powerfully the student of German to find his way amid that labyrinthian literature. The book is very suggestive, if one will but follow out the author's hints, and avoid his partialities and extravagance.

Professor Felton seems to have performed the work of translation with singular fidelity. His version is uncommonly idiomatic and fresh. It reads like original English. But here and there we notice a slight verbal inaccuracy in translating, which scarce any human diligence could avoid.* We regard the version as a monument of diligence and skill. The metrical translations are fresh and spirited.

THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whitened air
Mides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven.
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Pounded with tile, the fierce smithy forges
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Rushed every windward steeple, or tree, or door.
Spreading, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hiddenthorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astounded Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

* It would have been a convenience to the readers, if it had been stated in the preface, that the version was made from the second German edition, published at Stuttgart, 1836: for the author only treats of things as they were at that time, or before it.

Source: The Dial (January 1841) pp. 339