

Walk under the  
Stars  
from Schiller.

Translated by C. J. Glass

Wilmar and Edwin  
are friends, and find in  
frequent conversation,  
in the quiet of the evening,  
the small of the busy world,  
have in philosophic leisure  
they were wont to discuss, the  
noteworthy events of their  
lives.

The happy Edwin, looked  
upon beauties of nature around

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him, with unfeigned delight;  
while the melancholic Valmar,  
clothed the scenes around him  
in the mournful colors of his  
own misfortunes.

Among all the Linden  
trees, one was especially loved  
by both as a place of  
meditation. Once upon a  
lovely May day, when they  
had walked thither, I remem-  
ber the following dialogue

Edwin:

"The day is so beauti-  
ful, all is so clear and serene,  
and you so gloomy Valmar."

Volmar;

"Sit me alone

you know it- is my way: I am  
continually disturbing your  
happy woods."

Edwin;

"Is it then well to  
dash away the cup of joy?"

Volmar;

"When a spider is  
found in it- why not?"

Look you now upon nature,  
as a rosy cheeked maiden  
upon her bridal day.

To me she appears a  
despised old woman, with

rough upon her wrinkled, swarthy  
cheeks, and diamond dust  
in her hair. How she  
giggles in this finery. But  
it is threadbare clothing worn  
already the hundred thousandth  
time. This gown waving  
dress was worn by her from  
the beginning of time, per-  
fumed and garnished  
as now.

For thousands of  
years she has consumed only  
that which has been  
cast-off from the table of  
the dead. Perpetual her

roughs from the bones of  
her own children, and regird  
up his decay with deceptive  
glitter. She is a filthy  
brouster, who bracons her own  
filth many thousand times,  
and fattens her tailens with  
new stuff, peiced up, achieving  
much, and she carries  
this filthy assemblage to market.

"Young man!" think you  
in what company you probably  
walk, think you that this  
mending round forboas

your loub; that the wind  
which brings to your ear

the pleasant-rustle of the  
linens, converge to your  
nostrils the wishyng power  
of Amivins, that the  
refreshing spring is the price  
of the grinding of the bones  
of our great Hanay, fie! fie!

The adulterers of Rome  
who rent the magnificent world  
in three divisions, "as bay,"  
would part a rose-gay among  
them, to stick in their hats,  
must probably be compelled  
to hear the death rattle of  
their grand children as  
they are cut to pieces.

The in the brain  
of Plato moral the thought-  
of deity, as the heart-  
of Titus trembling, pity;  
shows perhaps now the  
beauty breast, in the  
veins of Sandanapolis, <sup>is</sup> in  
the carcass of a hanged  
pick pocket which is scattered  
by carrion crow. Shameful!

Shameful! Who have con-  
structed our mask of buffoonery,  
out of the severed ashes  
of our forefathers, Who have  
lined our fools banble  
with the wisdom of a gas,

you appear to find this  
"ludicrous claim,"

claim;

Forgive me - your  
reflections open to me comical  
scenes. How? if our bodies  
go according to the law as  
we affirm of our spirits  
if they after death, must  
discontinue the function  
of the machine which they  
conduct under the command  
of the soul, like wise  
the spirit of the dead, the  
business of its former life  
brings again *qua cura*



ful- vivis eadem sequitur  
tellure repostos.

Valmar:

"So may the  
ashes of Sycungus, lie now,  
and forever, lay in the  
Ocean."

Edwin:

"How you yonder  
the nightingales tender song?"

How's she may be from the  
limb  
of Sibyls ashes who sang as

tenderly as she; probably  
the eagle, in the blue arch  
of heaven, is raised from  
the body of Pindar.

There probably moves  
in every winking eyelid an  
atom of Quacron.

Who can know if in  
the powder fluffs of the body  
of a fop, fly in the locks  
of your mistress, or if the  
remains of a neuron lies

in the crust of ages, in  
the shade of the mind, or

if the body's Polygrapher be  
condemned and

into letters or beat into paper,

can under the pressure of  
the printing press, to groan  
and assist to perpetuate

the nonsense of their  
(Kollegan)?

who can prove that -  
the painful gravel stone  
of our neighbor is not -  
the residue of an unskill-  
ful Physician; who at  
this time, for the punishment  
of misdoers is kept - our  
unwelcome guard over the flow  
of his water; to be confined  
in this disgraceful prison  
accursed, until released by  
the consecrated hand of  
a true Surgeon,

You see Valarian,

that out of the same  
cup from which you draw  
bitter gall, I draw pleas-  
ure and fun,

Volman;

Edwin! Edwin!

You patch over serious  
things with simpering wit;  
and still he is called  
our prince, who means  
to destroy us with shrugging  
wink, that may be  
beautiful which with a many  
colored landscape, makes  
fools of us in the face of  
our wisdom.

He may be said to be a  
sweet meller, who makes a  
handfull of blond hair, to  
be our god.

May you take heed,  
how the grave diggers should  
harshly stroke the skull  
of Yorick. How can a  
woman benefit herself with  
her beauty, when the great-

Graves patches up a rotten  
wall to break off the wind,

& drive;

But what will  
you do with all, —

Voluntar — Pitiful

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catastrophe of a pitiful  
farce. Look you, the  
fate of the soul is written  
in the material. Make no  
more happy conclusions,

Edwin;

Make? Bolman,  
you are becoming sour over  
it. You know how will-  
ing you misrepresent appear-  
ances,

Bolman;

Allow me to  
depart. The investigation  
fails to show the good  
things, how Edwin

Justify the Potter by the  
pot, Answer Edwin?

Edwin;

The Potter is  
already justified if the  
pot-can reason with him,

Volmar;

Will you answer?

Edwin;

I say that- although  
you may fail to reach  
the island the journey  
is not lost.

Volmar;

Possibly the  
picturesque landscape which

flies by to the right - and  
the left, may entertain  
the eye.

Examin; are usual-  
therefor throw ourselves out  
into the storm. Therefore  
humble on the wings of  
flagged cliffs - therefore  
an the miserable desert,  
suffer a three fold death  
staggering to and fro to  
find savings.

Volmar:

Have you nothing  
more to say Examin? Any  
glance is more talkative



than your happiness,  
Eodwin; -

Shall I tread  
all else under foot, because  
I cannot reach the rose;

or, shall I lose this way  
day because a thunder storm  
may darken it;

I draw happiness from  
the bright-blue of the cloudless  
sky, which therefore for  
me cuts short its storms,

Shall I not pluck  
a flower, because to-morrow  
it <sup>will</sup> ~~may~~ be scentless; and I cast  
it away when it is withered

and seek its younger  
sister who is just-burbling  
from the bud in all her  
charms.

Volman,

Impossible - forgive  
me! wherever one kernel of  
~~of misery falls~~, a thousand  
~~springs~~ enjoyment-falls, a  
thousand springs of misery  
are already sprouting, where  
one tear of joy falls there  
lie buried, many thousand  
tears of misery and woe.

Then are they who are  
worn out - to day, that-

they may be worn out -  
again tomorrow, I hold  
them up, but - they come  
to nothing. Again, others  
drag the troubles of their  
sensitive faculties into  
inglorious graves. There  
are those who spend the  
entire power of their minds,  
to follow the track of those  
who go before, who count  
them off and yet - a  
poor fourth part - yet remain.

They sail both on the  
fearful Ocean, unnumbered  
and frightened, without -

Compass, conducted by  
deceptive stars, soon  
there glimmers as a white-  
cloud on the border of the  
horizon the happy coast-  
land, calls the Stevanian,  
and behold, a miserable  
litter board bursts in, and  
the leaky ship sinks close  
upon the coast, the most-  
skillful swimmers fight  
his way weak and exhausted  
to the shore, a stranger  
in the ethereal zone, he  
wanders alone and in tears  
seeking his wretched home

So I may draw from  
the sum of our generous system  
a million, and give another

The children long  
for the armor of the man,  
and the men yearn because  
they are not children,

The stream of our  
knowledge wriggles its way  
backward into embouchure,

The evening is gloomy  
as the morning - In the  
nameless night Aurora and  
Hesperus embrace each other,

and the wise who would  
break through the walls of

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mortality, sunk backward  
and again become trifling boys.

Edwin:

Volmar, investigate  
where you are in a happier wood?

Volmar:

"Oh, fie! you  
have straggle-into a miserable  
wood. Wisdom is a  
gossiping fault-finding  
woman, who goes sponging  
in every house and another  
ly babbles in every wood,  
who trades the graces  
themselves to the unhappy,  
and to the happy, sugars

own all manner of evils,  
A disordered stomach takes  
this planet into hell,

A glass of wine can  
defy the devil, when our  
moods are the meadens of  
our philosophy.

Tell me Edwin, in  
which would the virtue appear?

I fear Edwin, that if  
you would be wise, you  
must first be <sup>come</sup> gloomy.

Edwin:

"I would not  
like to become wise  
in that way"

Volman:

You have mentioned the word happiness, how does man gain that? Education, Labor is the condition of life, the aim of wisdom, and happiness, you say, is the prize.

Thousands upon thousands of sails are flying out across to seek the happy island in the shoreless sea, and this golden prize to conquer; "Tell me now, you "wise" men, how we may find it, I see here a fleet tossed



in an everlasting round  
of distress, forever driven  
from the shore, again, forever  
striving to land thereon;

forever landing, yet, forever  
driven back, they wander  
in the outer harbor of fate;  
they cruise frightened to and  
fro along the shore, to  
obtain provisions, and patch  
their rigging, and steer  
and tack forever on the  
high seas.

Here on the spot where  
a man exults, a thousand  
dying insects are crushed.

Even this moment - when  
 your rapture is wafted to  
 heaven, then hurls up  
 a thousand damnable curses.

It is a deceptive lottery  
 which distributes a few miserable  
 prizes among numberless  
 blanks. Every drop

of time is the death moment  
 of pleasure, every moving  
 particle of dust is the  
 tombstone of hurried joy.

On every point of the  
 entire universe, has death  
 imprinted her monarchical  
 seal, - On every atom

I read the cheerless  
inscription — Gone —

Edwin:

And why not,  
may every tone of the  
death song tell of salvation;

It is also the hymn  
of omnipresent love.

Volmar:

By this Linden  
I kissed Juliette, for the first  
time.

Edwin: — (Suddenly turning away)

Young man! under  
this Linden, I lost  
my Laura. 