

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

ENGLAND and Germany, the two main representatives of the Germanic nations, are not only brothers according to blood but are also interrelated in their history, especially in the development of liberty in both religion and politics. The truth is that together with the United States of America they are called upon to establish an international policy of goodwill and peace on earth, and the sooner the leaders of these three most powerful nations would recognize their duty the better it would be for mankind.

Schiller, representing the good spirit of the German nation, echoes the deep-seated sympathy of his people with the liberty-loving spirit of England in his poem "The Invincible Armada" which we here reproduce in Bowring's translation:

She comes, she comes—Iberia's proud Armada—
The waves beneath the heavy burden sigh;
Laden with bigotry and chains, the invader,
Charged with a thousand thunders, now draws nigh;
And as she sweeps along in stately motion,
With trembling awe is fill'd the startled Ocean.
Each ship a floating citadel,
Men call her "The Invincible!"
Why should she boast that haughty name?
The fear she spreads allows her claim.

With silent and majestic step advancing,
Affrighted Neptune bears her on his breast;
From ev'ry port-hole fierce destruction glancing,
She comes, and lo! the tempest sinks to rest.

- And now at length the proud fleet stands before thee,
Thrice-happy Island, Mistress of the Sea!
Mighty Britannia, danger hovers o'er thee,
Those countless galleons threaten slavery!
Woe to thy freedom-nurtur'd nation!
Yon cloud is big with desolation!

How came that priceless gem in thy possession,
 Which raised thee high above each other State?
 Thyself it was, who, struggling 'gainst oppression,
 Earn'd for thy sons that statute wise and great—
 The MAGNA CHARTA—'neath whose shelt'ring wings
 Monarchs but subjects are, and subjects kings!
 To rule the waves, thy ships have prov'd their right,
 Defeating each proud foe in ocean-fight.
 All this thou ow'st,—ye nations, blush to hear it!—
 To thy good sword alone, and dauntless spirit!

See where the monster comes—unhappy one!
 Alas, thy glorious race is well-nigh run!
 Alarm and terror fill this earthly ball,
 The hearts of all free men are beating madly,
 And ev'ry virtuous soul is waiting sadly
 The hour when thy great name is doom'd to fall.

God the Almighty look'd down from his throne,
 And saw thy foe's proud "Lion-Banner" flying,
 And saw the yawning grave before thee lying,—
 "What!" He exclaim'd, "shall my lov'd Albion,
 And all her race of heroes, now so free.
 Pine in the galling bonds of slavery?
 Shall she, whose name with dread all tyrants hear,
 Be swept for ever from this hemisphere?"

"Never," He cried, "shall Freedom's Eden true,
 That bulwark of all human rights, be shatter'd!"—
 God the Almighty blew,
 And to the winds of heaven the fleet was scatter'd!*"*

* These last two lines refer to the medal struck by Queen Elizabeth to commemorate the overthrow of the Armada, on which was the inscription—*Afflavit Deus, et dissipati sunt.*