

**HONOR; OR, THE STORY
OF THE BRAVE CASPAR
AND THE FAIR ANNERL**

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Honor; Or, the Story of the Brave Caspar and the Fair Annerl by Clemens Brentano

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF
THE AUTHOR,

BY T. W. APPELL.

"How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not
the honor that cometh from God only!"

ST. JOHN, chap. v., ver. 44.

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Translated from the German.  
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LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND.
MDCCCLXVII.

INTRODUCTION.

THE late translation of Auerbach's "Village Tales of the Black Forest" has introduced to the English public that peculiar species of German literature, now so much in vogue with the authors and readers of Germany, descriptive of, and founded on, the actual lives of the lower orders of that country. England, so near akin to Germany in her appreciation of the beauties of natural description, and in her susceptibility to poetry, has received Auerbach's Tales with much of the favour which the vividness of their local colouring secured for them in their own country. And it is possible that *this* little volume may also find approval in its English dress, although it can scarcely be said to belong strictly to the present school of German Village Tales. They, indeed, may be considered as signs of the times, originating with Auerbach and A. Weill, although poets, such as Jeremias Gotthelf, Franz Berthold (Adelheid Rumbold), M. Martell, and especially Immermann, in his excellent novel of *Münchhausen*, have preceded them in their portraiture of simple life. But Brentano's

story of the brave Kasperl and the fair Annerl stands unrivalled, in its touching and beautiful simplicity, above all others in this branch of German literature. Neither Auerbach's writings, nor those of his followers, Joseph Rauch, W. O. Horn, and others who range themselves beneath his banner, can compete with the breathings of genuine poetry which, in this little tale, reveal to us the peculiarities of the German character, its cordial warmth, and its mysterious inner life. Minds gifted with a depth of feeling uncommon in the every-day world will find themselves irresistibly attracted by this little story, as it is almost certain to touch some responsive chord in their hearts, while the public in general can scarcely fail to peruse its pages with emotion.

It will also display to the English reader, in its most gracious attire, the muse of a German poet as yet little known; and it may not therefore be irrelevant to introduce here one or two remarks upon the author. The position of Clemens Brentano in German literature is as yet scarcely understood. Even in his own country the full extent of his genius is recognised only by the few; and in England the very school to which he belongs can be scarcely known.

The romantic school of Germany took its rise in the beginning of the present century, and had for its

object the revival of the poetry of the Catholic middle ages, as it was manifest alike in its songs, its paintings, and its architecture. As in earlier times Lessing and Winckelmann had directed attention to classical antiquity, so did this school revert to the middle ages; and by the magic of their golden lyres strive, like a second Amphion, to complete the stately Gothic cathedrals of that date, and to restore its castles of ancient chivalry now crumbling to decay. From the realms of the past they conjured up the spirit of the mediæval time, bearing to its former splendour the same relation which Echo does to Song. They strove to rekindle the long-faded brightness of German glory in arts and customs; and, in searching amid the sources of long-buried wonders, to drink deep draughts of inspiration, and thereby acquire the renovating power they sought.

Our limits forbid us to enlarge further on this school of poets, which may well be called the lovely *Midsummer Night's Dream* of German literature; but this merit at least must be conceded to it, that it contributed in an essential degree to rouse a true and national spirit at a season when the hand of the French Cæsar weighed heavily upon their fatherland.

The romantic school also brought to light, from their long-closed mines, those treasures of ancient German poetry which so victoriously combated the

lamentably shallow mediocrity which, for the last half century, had rolled ostentatiously along in its triumphal car, glorying in every material tendency, and hostile to every poetical conception. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that its followers went a little too far in their admiration of the middle ages. Exclusively occupied with the past, they neglected the claims of the present, and, blinded by the magical mists of the moonlight of romance, they became incapable of enduring the free light of day. They watched the disappearance of the sun of past ages, and followed his fading rays with looks of melancholy longing, unconscious that a new morning was dawning on the horizon. Thus the road they pursued led them back to that ancient prison-house from which the reformation had set us free.

When Augustus Wilhelm and Frederick Schlegel (of whom the latter unquestionably possessed the higher genius) announced themselves as agents of the romantic school of literature, Jena, their residence, and that of colleagues closely allied to them in genius, became the centre from which the electrical doctrines radiated.

The most distinguished bards of the school were *Ludwig Tieck*, whose literary labours already extend over half a century; *Novalis*, (Friederich von