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FINE ARTS.

BURGER'S LEONORA. Translated by Julia M. Cameron; with Illustrations by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Among the numerous offerings of song from Germany, this noble and celebrated ballad is one of the worthiest, and it is here produced by Messrs. Longman in a gorgeous arabesqued binding, printed on glazed paper almost as massive as cardboard, and in type of the German character. To the lovers of ballad poetry what a feast is not here! The genius of Burger, the accuracy of Miss Cameron, and the imagination of Macilise! And who was not already familiar with the verses of Leonora? Who had not already hung over that thrilling tale, riveted by the horror of its catastrophe, and entranced by the music of its diction? Who had not already mourned for, and with Leonora, and followed her breathlessly through her flight with the goblin horseman? Those who had not will find a new field for their admiration in the present version, embellished as it is by the poetic fancy of Daniel Macilise. Those who, like ourselves, were, long before its publication in this form, lovers of this masterly ballad, will derive new pleasure from its appearance under a guise so novel and so beautifully appropriate. Although there is a glaring absence of the renowned lines in the translations of Taylor and Scott—

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride,
 Splash, splash across the sea;"

that very omission is admirable as a token of the rigid manner in which Miss Cameron has adhered to the text of the original. Besides, as that lady judiciously intimates in her preface, the introduction of the sea, in the interior of Germany, is somewhat of a solecism. The success with which Miss Cameron has rendered Burger's words into English, without scarcely the alteration of a syllable, is extraordinary: and, although she adheres strictly to the text of her author, she in no measure trammels the ideas or fetters the rhythm. Macilise has drunk deeply of the spirit of the poem, his pencil has been the truest interpreter of the "sentiment" of Leonora. The drawings, which have been dexterously engraved by John Thompson, are exquisitely classical; two of them are not unworthy of the hand which limned that splendid cartoon of the Genius of Chivalry which some time back hung in the south-western corner of Westminster Hall. In the first delineation there is an animation in the crowds in the background, which contrasts charmingly with the pensiveness of the solitary figure in the foreground. The victorious battalions are returned, they are marching homeward through the streets, and the maiden is looking anxiously among the warriors for her betrothed—

"But why stands Leonora there
 Alone, amongst the rest,
 Whilst all embrace? To her pale lip
 No loving lip is prest."

The face of Leonora is beautiful as the dreamings of a poet. Miss Cameron has translated the subsequent stanzas with singular felicity and power. The ravings of Leonora in her grief, her wild and blasphemous exclamations in answer to the solace offered by her mother, and the broken colloquy which ensues between them is only inferior to the original of Burger, in proportion to the appropriateness of the language in which the thoughts were conceived. "God is love," says the mother. "O! mother, mother, lost is lost," cries Leonora. When the mother insists that "All that God doth is wisely done," Leonora exclaims, almost beside herself with sorrow, "Oh! mother, God hath not well done," the mother bids her calm herself by thinking of God and heaven; and then comes that most impassioned verse—

"Oh, mother, mother, what is heaven?
 Oh, mother, what is hell?
 To be with William, that's my heaven;
 Without him, that's my hell."

It is in the simplicity of the translation that we conceive that the success of Miss Cameron's version consists. She has contented herself with allowing the language of Burger to be heard in all its purity without attempting any alterations of her own. The most admirable drawing by Daniel Macilise, in the collection is, to our thinking the one prefixed to the lines:—

"Now, nearer draws the funeral train;
 Like croak of frogs resounds the strain.
 Why tolls the bell? Who, solemn, say,
 Dust unto dust, and clay to clay?"

The posture of the horse, and the grouping of the spectral figures, with which the air is filled, are the pure emanations of artistic genius. The volume altogether is a beautiful novelty.