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SPECIMENS
OF THE
CHOICEST LYRICAL PRODUCTIONS
OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
GERMAN POETS.
FROM
KLOPSTOCK TO THE PRESENT TIME.

CONTAINING SELECTIONS

from

KLOPSTOK, SCHILLER, GÖTTE, HÖLTY, BÜRGER, UHLAND, HEINE, MÄURER,
H. MARGGRAFF, PRÜTZ, H. M. LEWIS THE FIRST, KING OF BAVARIA, RÜCKERT,
FREILIGRATH, SALIS, DINGELSTEDT, PLATEN, ANASTASIUS GRÜN,
ZEDLITZ.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH VERSE

by

MARIE ANNE BURT.

Second Edition.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

by

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.

25. Paternoster Row

1856.

Οὐχ αὐτὸς εἶη χ' ἂ τέχνα τεχνικός γε μάν.

Epicharm.



Zuric, printed by E. Kiesling, Nr. 579, Smith-street.

To

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS MATILDA,

GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT

This Work

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

by

Her obedient and humble Servant,

MARY ANNE BURT.



PREFACE.

In these Specimens, I offer to the Public, the fruits of several years' study, and research in the German Literature which is so rich and exhaustless in materials that, although I experienced no embarrassment to obtain subjects for my Collection, yet, I found it a responsible, and difficult task to make an appropriate choice.

Modern German Literature abounds with an infinite number of poetical inspirations which, how distinguished soever they may prove, by a Form, more or less brilliant, these effusions are, nevertheless, entirely deficient in true, poetical alloy, for, in our opinion, genuine Poetry consists not in the Form alone, something, more elevated and vivifying is required: the Form is but the aerial drapery whose graceful folds conceal just ideas, and noble sentiments. Byron thought

the Poet was that man who best understood how to love. In the following admirable strophe, Schiller teaches us the Poet's divine mission:

„Ihm gaben die Götter das reine Gemüth,
 Wo die Welt sich, die ewige, spiegelt,
 Er hat alles gesehen, was auf Erden geschieht,
 Und was uns die Zukunft versiegelt:
 Er sass in der Götter urältestem Rath,
 Und behorchte der Dinge geheimste Saat.“

But, most Poets are deficient in those qualifications which are indispensable in the high-priesthood of Nations.

We are led to imagine that, there are a great number of German Poets who have, too strictly, conformed to a precept which has been attributed to that celebrated, Diplomatist, the Prince de Talleyrand: „*Words have been bestowed on Man, for no purpose, save, to conceal his thoughts.*“ Such authors obtain not the smallest number of readers, for, as Goethe remarks in „Faust:“

„Die Meisten glauben, wenn sie Worte hören,
 Es müsse sich dabei doch auch was denken lassen.“

I feel not ambitious to obtain the suffrage of this class of the Public, and therefore I have only translated those Compositions which, sympathetically, speak

to the mind, and heart; the true Poet is keenly sensitive in both.

A German Scholar of eminent talent, who has equally distinguished himself in the literary world, by his pure and elegant style, and by his poetical, and philosophical works, has been my constant Guide in this responsible undertaking: I feel greatly indebted for his valuable and conscientious superintendence. To this Gentleman, and to other noble-minded and intellectual Individuals, I offer my tribute of gratitude, for the lively and generous interest they have taken in my Work.

Although, among the modern German Poets, there are a great many whose productions are worthy of immortality, yet, I cannot deny that, Schiller and Goethe have made the most profound impression on my imagination, and, for that reason, the Inspirations of those justly-celebrated Poets, will occupy the most prominent place in this Collection.

At no distant epoch, I shall publish a second Volume which will contain the Biography, and Selections from the most remarkable lyric Effusions of other Ger-

man Poets whom I consider worthy to be classed with those who appeared in the first Volume, therefore my Work will form a complete series of modern German Poetry.

Notwithstanding that the study of the German language is, now, become so extremely fashionable in England, as to be considered indispensable in a polite education, yet there are, comparatively, few persons who are sufficiently initiated to be enabled, scientifically, to comprehend the Soul of a language, so luxuriant, and varied in lyric productions, as the German; I therefore hope that, this Volume and the succeeding ones, may experience a favourable reception from many individuals who are interested in this sphere of literature, although circumstances may prevent those persons from being profoundly acquainted with a language which is, universally, acknowledged to contain difficulties, almost insurmountable to countless foreigners who desire to become sufficiently masters of that language, to be enabled to understand the German classic Authors.

ZÜRICH, June 30. 1855.

H. A. Burt.

GODFRED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

Bürger's life was, with very few exceptions, nought, save a melancholy tragedy. Few mortals have drained a more bitter cup of existence than this justly-celebrated Poet.

Godfred Augustus Bürger was born at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, the 1st of January 1748. His father was a minister of the church. Notwithstanding he possessed an excellent memory, the youth failed in good-will for study. In the tenth year of his age he found great difficulty in reading and writing fluently, and when twelve years old, he could not decline the word *mensa*. Punishment availed nothing with this idle and pensive boy. Instead of learning, he was accustomed to wander whole days, and very frequently, till an advanced hour of the night, in the most solitary labyrinths of the neighbouring forest, and he delighted in abandoning himself to the enjoyment of romantic sentiments, calculated to inspire terror

The poetical tenor of his mind was, at that period, conspicuously developed in his first juvenile Essays in the poetic art.

In 1760 he went to reside with his grand-father, at Aschersleben, in order to prosecute his studies at the Lyceum of that city. Here he made but slow progress in the sciences, yet, his taste for poetry became more confirmed. The raillery and insult of his school-fellows were usually rewarded with keen epigrams, by which he frequently excited the most bitter feeling of his companions. Once, by a similar composition, respecting an enormous perruque, worn by a proud student of the first class in the college, he had made that individual a subject of universal ridicule, and the public retribution was so severe that, in 1762, his grand-father removed him to the College of Halle.

Here the Poet became the intimate friend of Götingk, and Bürger's natural talents were fostered, and directed towards a noble sphere of action. The romantic, indolent boy appeared suddenly metamorphosed into a youth, greedy for knowledge, full of genial and joyous life, with an inexpressible goodness of heart, and a susceptibility of mind which aspired to all that was praise-worthy. At the same time he was very satirical, and endowed with many qualifications which formed a strong contradiction. At Halle, there was no

want of subjects for epigrams, and Bürger, on this account was continually embroiled in contentions and enmity.

Bürger exchanged the College of Halle for the University of the same place. Since his father's death, Bürger became entirely dependent on his grand-father, who desired that the youth should devote himself to theological pursuits, but this was so foreign to his inclinations that he applied only through form, and consequently, made but slow progress. His favourite studies were those writers whose works are considered the models of poetry. With the most enthusiastic industry, he read the best ancient and modern authors, and extended his knowledge of German literature. He found, in the privy-counsellor Klotz a patron and a friend; he introduced Bürger to other individuals, of congenial mind who formed a society. Here, whatever mental advantages he might have acquired, Bürger's moral character was not improved. His conduct became, daily more and more irregular, and this report having reached his grand-father, he, indignantly, recalled him from Halle.

The grand-son had sufficient influence over the old gentleman, to obtain permission to abandon theological pursuits, and devote himself to jurisprudence, at Göttingen. Bürger frequented the Georgia Augusta at Easter, 1768.

The first six months Bürger led a regular life, and studied his pandects, but in a short time he returned to those follies he had practised at Halle, and became the prey of temptation, and the associate of wild companions. When his grand-father was acquainted with these circumstances, he withdrew his protection, and left the young Poet to his fate. — Bürger, deeply in debt, and upbraided by his conscience, was nearly driven to despair. His better genius however gained the victory; — he rushed from the arms of Vice, and exchanged his nocturnal orgies, for those intellectual delights of the soul, which recompensed the fatherless Student for his midnight toil. By private instruction he obtained his livelihood, and felt proud of his justly-earned independence. With a determined perseverance, he devoted his peaceful hours to the cultivation of his mental powers, and again studied the ancient and modern poets.

At this period was formed among the students at Göttingen, that poetical association which created a new epoch in German literature, and which may justly be denominated the Golden-age. The „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ included in its Members, Voss, Hölty, Miller, Sprengel, Boje, the two counts of Stolberg, Leisewitz, Cramer, Bürger etc. The above were the most celebrated Members of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“.

The chief aim of this society was, to accomplish that which the immortal Klopstock had begun, namely, to free the Genius of the German language and taste, from the chains of servile imitators. With union of sentiment, the members studied, deeply and critically, the best models, among the Roman, Grecian, British, Italian and Spanish poets. That which Lessing, Herder and Gerstenberg had, with enthusiasm and perspicuity, written respecting Shakespeare, assisted these noble youths, to understand the greatest of all poets. Shakespeare was the Genius to whom they unanimously paid their voluntary homage. Their own compositions were subject to the most profound and severe criticism, which, in a short time, contributed to inspire each individual to give to his effusions the greatest degree of polish.

The power and influence of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ was victorious, when the old school, with the weapons of charlatanism, and pharisaic pedantry, attacked the Association; a furious combat ensued, between the powers of mental darkness, and the powers of intellectual light, but, the members of the „*Göttinger Dichterbund*“ were crowned by nobly-gained laurels.

Bürger, in a great measure is, indebted to this society, for his high attainments, and for his fame, as a poet. The severe yet profound critiques, especially from the part of Boje, which awaited all his effusions,

were to him, an ever-goading spur which excited him to give his productions more rotundity, and a higher degree of grace and harmony.

In 1772, Boje, who was minister of state in the service of the King of Denmark, obtained for Bürger, through the intervention of the counts of Uslar, an employment in the administration of justice, in Altengleichen, in the principality of Walenberg.

When Bürger's grand-father heard of his reformation, he became reconciled, paid his debts, and advanced the requisite security on his grand-son's installment in office. Unfortunately, this money fell into the hands of a swindler who retained it several years, and ultimately, nearly all was lost. This circumstance was the foundation of Bürger's ruin, and allured him into a variety of troubles, from which, Death alone relieved him.

Bürger's residence in the country visibly fostered his poetical talents. In Altengleichen he wrote „*Leonora*“, his master-piece: this composition won the admiration of the whole literary world. Never was any production of the German genius received, with more satisfaction than that poem.

In 1774 Bürger married the eldest daughter of the neighbouring Hanoverian employé, Leonhardt of Niedeck, and, with this union, begins the fearful tragedy of his life. In forming a matrimonial alliance, his chief aim

had been to obtain a prudent housewife, and he had elected, a partner, without love.

He had but just made the propositions, when he beheld, for the first time, Augusta Niedeck, then in her fourteenth year, the beautiful sister of his betrothed, and whom, since, he celebrated under the name of Molly. A passion, the most profound, was awakened in either heart. Instigated perchance, by a romantic, or by a justifiable sense of honor, regardless of the upbraidings of his conscience, Bürger led to the hymenial altar, a woman for whom he had never felt the sentiment of love, accompanied by her fascinating sister whom he secretly adored!

Henceforth the Furies appeared to hover around the existence of these three ill-fated beings, and to prepare for them, the most inexpressible and cruel sufferings. The passion of the two lovers daily increased, and each effort they made, to suppress its influence, only augmented its invincible force. Too soon the wife learned the fatal secret, and too soon that secret was known to the world! Favoured by circumstances, calumny, with a viperous tongue, invented histories the most ungenerous, and stigmatized this liaison of the unfortunate pair, as a crime against morality. His most intimate and faithful friends defended him, in vain; they could not deny the existence of a mutual

love, and, in the eyes of the multitude who are too corrupt to consider such liaisons, otherwise than under the most sensual forms, this avowal was almost considered equivalent to a confession of adultery!

But the voices which exclaimed: „Crucify them! Crucify them!“ have long been silent! With the most profound compassion Charity will read the confessions of Bürger, in his poems. In his „*Elegy*“ we penetrate, with terror, in the abyss of this tragical liaison, and reflect on that tissue of inauspicious circumstances which had poisoned his cup of life.

In 1780 as a means of ameliorating his pecuniary circumstances, Bürger resolved on turning his attention to husbandry, and rented a farm at Appenroda. Neither the Poet nor his wife had much practical knowledge of economy. Both saw themselves, in a short time, disappointed in their expectations, and the comfort they had hoped to experience in their new avocation, was soon changed into disgust. After the expiration of two years, Bürger abandoned the farm: in this undertaking he had lost nearly all his wife's fortune, and found himself in a condition, more ruinous than ever! This was not his only misfortune: by the denunciation of that swindler who had deprived him of the bail, given on a previous occasion, by his grand-father, Bürger was accused, by the Hanoverian government, of having

executed his functions in a negligent and unfaithful manner. Bürger justified himself from this imputation, but, he who had been so deeply wounded in public estimation, abandoned his employment, in 1784.

At this period, he was released from that matrimonial tie which he had, so rashly, and so imprudently contracted. Death separated him from his wife. Broken-hearted by misfortune, he stood beside the grave of one who had, with noble courage, and renunciation, supported, during ten years, a yoke, which must have proved galling to a woman who faithfully and deeply loved.

The rays of a more auspicious star now appeared to dawn on the Poet. He repaired to Göttingen, in order there, to devote his leisure, entirely, to literary pursuits. The editorship of the „*Almanac of the Muses*“ („*Musen Almanach*“) and private instruction on the Aesthetics of the German style gave him a sufficient, but at the same time, a straitened income, and, as he considered his pecuniary revenue fixed, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with his beloved Augusta Niedeck who had been, irresistibly, the idol of his imagination, and who had unfortunately, been also the source of so much anguish of soul to Bürger.

The Poet was soon awakened from his dream of connubial felicity. Barely were their domestic arrangements at Göttingen completed, when Fate who had,

during ten years, separated them, blasted for ever the terrestrial happiness of Bürger. His youthful and beautiful wife died in the twenty-fourth year of her age, a short time after having given birth to a daughter. —

It was impossible for any mortal to feel, more poignantly, a blow so cruel. With the loss of his Augusta, all Bürger's mental courage appeared annihilated, and his corporeal powers seemed paralysed. After having been plunged, during several months, in apathetic grief, he made an effort to arouse from despondency; applied, anew, to study and to literary employments, entered, with avidity into Kant's philosophy, but his physical strength, shattered by bitter suffering, and accumulated misfortunes, yielded. „The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.“ He was stricken and blighted, and, from that period, wandered slowly, like a phantom, towards his tomb. —

In 1787 the philosophical faculty at Göttingen, on the occasion of the celebration of their 50th anniversary, granted Bürger the diploma of Doctor, and two years later, he obtained the place of Professor extraordinary, (*Professor extraordinarius*) without emolument. These hopes of a better patrimony gave Bürger the first impulsion to a long-cherished, yet secret feeling of his breast, that of educating, beneath his own roof, his three motherless children who had been

placed at a distance, under the protection of relatives. Alone, he found his incapacity to accomplish his object, and he felt the necessity of providing for the orphans, a maternal guardian. The thought, so long indulged, silently, in his heart, was now ripened into a resolution, that of endeavoring to find a lady, worthy to become his wife, and who would, at the same time, act as an affectionate mother, to his three children.

Reinhard, Bürger's biographer, relates that, precisely at this epoch, a poem was sent to Bürger, from Stuttgart, by a young lady who, from the style of her composition, seemed to possess a highly cultivated understanding, and, at the same time, a honourable and feeling heart. She professed that, the enthusiastic admiration with which she had been inspired, by reading „*Bürger's Poems*,“ had occasioned her to form the resolution of offering the author her hand, fortune and heart! Bürger regarded this communication, as the effusion of a romantic and impassioned fancy, and the epistle became a subject of amusement to himself and friends. As other letters followed, which left on the minds of the readers, a still more exalted idea of the writer, and the naivety, grace, and purity which animated each sentence, betrayed a female soul, of no ordinary cast, Bürger, and many of his best friends thought the circumstance demanded, at least, a serious

consideration. Bürger returned a poetical answer; this occasioned a personal acquaintance, which finally terminated in the matrimonial alliance of the Poet with the Swabian Maiden, in 1790.

Bürger's hopes of happiness, founded on events so extraordinary, were alas! doomed to be disappointed. At the expiration of two years, passed in domestic misery, the hand of Justice freed him from a bond which was become insupportable!

Henceforth no friendly ray of hope and consolation illumined the desolate Poet on his journey towards the dreary tomb. — Bowed to the earth in body, and in mind, abandoned by nearly all his former associates, self-confidence, at length forsook him, and he was accustomed to remain, during many months, shut up, a close prisoner in his melancholy little study, exhausting the last efforts of his intellectual and noble soul in translations from different languages; — an employment, miserably remunerated, but, to this occupation he submitted, in order to find the scanty means of prolonging his wearied existence! — Such was the position of the favourite Poet of the German nation!

Bürger had not yet drained the last bitter dregs from the empoisoned cup of human life. *This* was reserved in a critique of the highly-talented Schiller who endeavoured to wrest from a brother-poet, laurels

that had been so gloriously won. In this respect, Schiller acted with injustice, and little in harmony with that generosity and delicacy of sentiment that characterized Schiller's disposition. This critique appeared in 1791, in the „*Literary Gazette of Jena*.“ („*Jenaer Literaturzeitung*“ 1791.) Bürger's violent and keen reply demonstrated publicly, how profoundly he felt this unexpected and cruel blow, and how deeply his literary fame was wounded!

From this period, the hour of his dissolution visibly approached. Bürger's malady became a rapid consumption, and Penury hovered o'er the bed of the dying Poet! Under those heart-rending circumstances, an unsolicited sum of money, bestowed by the Hanoverian government, prevented Want from approaching the death-bed of the immortal Bürger who expired the 8th July, 1794. —

Bürger's character, though worthy of admiration, was not faultless. Even at the age of maturity, he had not conquered a volatile and juvenile carelessness of action, but these faults were counterbalanced by numberless good qualities. To unshaken energy of mind, he united a generous heart which beat, enthusiastically, in the cause of humanity, and for all that was noble.

Although continually the prey of dissimulation, he had an unshaken faith in those who surrounded him,

and a breach of confidence deeply wounded him. Bürger was modest in estimating his own talents, silent in the convivial circle, and retiring, rather than presumptuous. The cunning and volubility of the worldling were despised by Bürger, yet, he was an agreeable companion, and never offended by his frankness. To his friends he was justly dear, on account of his sympathetic heart, and he was ever ready to administer to the misfortunes of others. Towards his children he proved a most affectionate father, and Bürger was indefatigable in forwarding the interests of his family, though the means he employed were not always the most prudent.

Horn very judiciously remarks thus: „The best critique which can be made on Bürger's Poems, is that which his own nation has pronounced, namely, that, most Germans have learned his poems by heart.“ — As a writer of romances, he is unsurpassed, even by Schiller. Bürger's subjects are never insipid, they are chosen with judgment, and display vivacity, plenitude of thought, and originality. His songs appear the pure vibrations of his breast. It has been justly remarked, by many authors of eminence that, if Bürger had written „*Leonore*“ only, this composition would have given him immortality.

Bürgers principal Works are:

POEMS. Göttingen, 1778. 2nd edition 1789. 3rd, 1846.

DISSERTATION ON THE METHOD OF LEARNING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE, and the art of writing in the Universities. Göttingen 1787.

ODE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GEORGIA AUGUSTA. September 1787.

THE YOUTHFUL YEARS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, written by himself, for the instruction of his son. Translated from the English. Berlin, 1792.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. Published by E. v. Reinhard. 2 volumes, Göttingen, 1797.

BÜRGER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Published by C. v. Reinhard. 4 volumes. Göttingen, 1796. New edition, 8 volumes, 1829.

BÜRGER'S COMPLETE WORKS. ONE volume. Published by W. A. Bohltz. Göttingen, 1835.

THE WIVES OF WEINSBURG.

(The subject of the following poem is not a fabrication of the Poet's imagination, but delineates an authentic event recorded in the History of Germany.)

Weinsburg, a city, long renowned,
Know'st thou where it doth lie?
There many wives, and maids are found,
Of worth and piety.
Whene'er allied in Hymen's chain,
A Weinsburg-wife may I obtain! —

Conrad hostilities declared
'Gainst Weinsburg, famed so far;
The Emperor thitherward repaired,
With all the pomp of war;
Battalions were encamped around,
Troops, horse, and foot, marched o'er the ground. —

As the besieged their town defend,
From war's destructive flame,
A herold doth the Emperor send,
This message to proclaim:
„Whene'er I pass yon walls, I swear,
No rebel shall the gallows spare!“ —

Ah! — when this proclamation dread,
The herold doth repeat,
In Weinsburg lamentations spread,
Echoing from street to street.
How dear is bread, midst din of war,
Yet, good advice is dearer far! —

The trembling monks exclaim, while roll
Warm torrents from their eye:
„Oh Lord! have mercy on my soul,
Alas! we soon must die;
Already, on my throat, I feel
The Emperor's avenging steel!“ —

From deepest fathoms of despair,
When wisdom — prayers are vain,
How oft, from arts of woman fair,
Deliverance we obtain!
Priest's guile, and woman's subtlety, —
To these, oh, — what compared may be!

A youthful and enamoured bride
 Who pledged her nuptial-vow,
But yeisterday, (you may deride,)
 Sage counsel would bestow, —
Counsel on which might all rely,
Could she but speak, at liberty. —

Beneath the moon's auspicious ray,
 Th' Ambassadors fair,
Toward Conrad's camp direct their way,
 And crave for mercy there:
They plead so gently — plead so kind,
Yet, ah! — this boon, alone they find:

„The Women all have egress free! —
 With what they prize the best,
They may depart, at liberty,
 The sword awaits the rest!“ —
O'erwhelmed by this announcement dire,
The Deputation fair retire. —

When morn's first blush illumines the sky,
 Lo! — Weinsburg's gates unfold,
And, with emotions of surprise,
 The Wives do all behold,
Each, with her Husband in a sack,
True as I'm living! — pickaback. —

'Mid Conrad's knights, are murmurs heard,
Against the artifice; —

„Sacred should be a monarch's word.“

The Emperor Conrad cries;

„Bravo! Bravo!“ doth he exclaim,

„God grant our wives may do the same!“ ---

The Weinsburgers have pardon found,

A banquet they prepare;

Flute, violin, and trumpet sound,

What heart-felt joy is there! —

Joy felt, alike, by great and small! —

Broom-seller — burgomaster — all! —

Weinsburg — by chroniclers renowned,

Know'st thou where it doth lie?

There, wives, and beauteous maids are found,

Of worth, and piety. —

Whene'er I tie th' hymenial knot,

I'll choose my Wife, from that famed spot!

COUNT CHARLES OF EICHENHORST

and

Gertrude de Hochburg.

A BALLAD.

„Page! saddle me the Danish steed!
Hence — hence must I depart,
And, from this castle ride, with speed,
To find repose of heart!“ —
Thus cries Sir Charles — stranger to rest,
Presentiment o'erclouds his breast;
He feels like one who, in fierce strife,
Has robbed a deadly foe of life! —

He gallops off; — sparks, glittering fly,
Beneath his courser's feet;
Lo! Gertrude's maid, advancing nigh,
The Chevalier doth greet.
She seemeth like a phantom light,
Beguiling his astonished sight;
Immoveably doth he remain,
And fever-flushes chafe each vein.

„May God, for thee, Sir Charles, prepare
Peace and felicity!
A farewell-message do I bear,
From Gertrude unto thee.
Thou ne'er wilt claim fair Gertrude's hand!
Count Blunt from Pomerania's land,
The promise of her sire hath won,
And Gertrude, soon, will be his own!“ —

What passions glow in Charles' breast! —
„In castle-dungeon lone,
Where toads and serpents form their nest,
The caitiff shall be thrown!
No peaceful sleep will close mine eyes,
Till, in his heart, my weapon lies, —
Till that presumptuous heart I've torn,
And spurned, with deep indignant scorn.“ —

Heart-broken, to her chamber lone,
Repairs th'affianced Bride,
For death she prays with sigh and moan,
And, there her tears doth hide. —
May God who views her anguish wild,
Console that gentle, sorrowing child!
His eye surveys the rankling dart:
God, consolation can impart. —

She cries: — „I soon, through keen despair,
Shall yield, the prey of death.
Haste! my last salutation bear,
Ere I resign my breath!
Say, that from Gertrude thou dost bring
A farewell-gift — this golden ring,
And a memento from the hand
Of Gertrude — an embroidered band.“ —

Like ocean's roar, when billows rise,
The maiden's tones resound:
Each star seems wandering 'mid the skies,
And mountains whirl around.
As leaves driven on by winter's wind,
Thus roves, tumultuously his mind,
And keen despair usurps control
O'er Charles' agitated soul. —

„God recompense thee, faithful maid!
I, thee can never pay,
For that memento, now conveyed,
God will, a future day,
A hundred fold! — Swift as a dart,
Courageous maiden! — hence depart!
If thousand-fold her chains should be,
I'll set the beauteous captive free!“

„Haste! gallop with rapidity!

I vow, I will not fail,

From giants' hand, to set her free, —

Yes, giants, clad in mail!

Tell Gertrude that, at twelve, to-night,

Cheered by the stars' auspicious light,

Beneath her window, I'll await,

If weal, or woe should be my fate.“

„Haste! haste thee!“ — Swift, at his command.

Doth Gertrude's maid depart.

Upon his brow Charles clasps his hand,

How palpitates his heart!

Now right — now left, his steed he turns,

His cheek with fever-flushes burns,

What thoughts conflicting chafe his mind,

Ere a decision he can find! —

Loud echoes the Knight's silver horn,

From tower, and balcony,

And swift o'er mount, vale, field of corn,

And wood, his vassals fly.

To each assembling swift around,

Charles whispers a mysterious sound: —

„Be vigilant, my trusty band!

„List to my bugle! — Be at hand!“ —

When hill and vale are mantled o'er
By sombre shades of night,
And, one by one, from Hochburg's tower,
The lamps withdraw their light,
When each is lulled to peaceful rest,
Save Gertrude who, with throbbing breast,
And feverish thoughts that wildly rove,
Muses on Charles, her earliest love, —

List! list! a gently-murmuring tone
Salutes the mourner's ear:
„My Gertrude! my beloved one,
Thy faithful Knight is near,
And thy deliverer will be!
Time presses; oh, depart with me!
Securely is the ladder placed,
Hence, on my charger, let us haste!“ —

„Ah my beloved Charles; no! no!
If hence I haste, with thee,
Far more profound will be my woe;
Dishonoured shall I be!
Yet, dearest treasure of my heart,
One farewell kiss before we part,
On earth, for ever! Soon my breath
Shall I resign, and welcome death!“ —

Gertrude! to mine integrity
A world mayst thou confide.
My child! thy honour trust to me,
Mine own affianced Bride!
My mother's mansion shall be thine:
Until we stand at Hymen's shrine;
Oh haste! Auspicious is night's gloom,
To God and me resign thy doom!" —

„A haughty baron is my sire,
Proud of his dignity,
I tremble now before his ire,
Forbear! — This ne'er can be.
Revenge would chafe him, night and day,
Until thy life becomes his prey, —
Until thy heart, in bitter scorn,
Before his daughter's eye is torn!" —

„Nought shall I fear, when, at my side,
My Gertrude have I placed;
Then East and West will open wide: —
Beloved, why linger? — Haste!
List! list! — What moves in yon dark spot? —
Depart oh Gertrude! Tarry not,
The night hath ears; soon dawns the day;
Descend! — we're lost! — Oh, haste away!" —

With hesitation doth she stand, —
Each breath her soul alarms. —
The Knight hath grasped her snow-white hand;
Gertrude is in his arms! —
While folded to his panting breast,
How ardently is she caressed!
And Heaven's benignant stars, above,
Witness their vows of deathless love. —

Quickly is placed, th'affianced Bride
On Charles' Polish steed:
As lightning Charles is at her side,
And forth he darts, with speed,
As on the wind's swift pinion borne! —
O'er his steed's saddle hangs the horn,
The whip and spur he now applies,
And, in the rear, soon Hochburg lies. —

How sensitive is midnight's ear,
To each minutest tone!
A traitoress is listening near,
To whom each sound hath flown.
Th'insidious duenna keen,
Of sordid mind, and spirit mean,
Arises, nimbly, from her bed,
And echo's voice the news hath spread. —

„Awake, illustrious Baron! wake!
Depart, without delay!
Thy daughter's honour is at stake,
Now, now she hastes away,
With Charles of Eichenhorst, by night,
The forest-shades protect their flight;
Oh, tarry not Sir Knight! — Haste on!
The fugitive may, yet be won.“ —

„Forth to the rescue! — Swift repair;
Rise, noble Count! arise!“
Soon as the message greets his ear,
Thus Gertrude's father cries:
„My son, from Pomerania's land,
Arouse thee, sword and lance in hand!
From thee is stolen thy promised Bride;
Re-capture her! — As lightning ride!“ —

'Mid twilight's gloom the lovers fly;
List! — near are tones profound, —
Hark! — horses are advancing nigh,
From Hochburg comes the sound.
The Pomeranian's rapid steed
Bears on the Count, with breathless speed,
And 'neath fair Gertrude's trembling glance,
Glistens the hated rival's lance! —

„Robber of honour! halt thee here,
With thine unworthy prey!
Thee will I teach, with sword, and spear,
To steal a Bride away!
Halt fugitive coquette! await!
My vengeance will I satiate;
Thy guilty paramour and thee,
I doom to death, and infamy!“ —

„List! — clown from Pomerania's land; —
Thou liest! — Here, I vow,
On thee, with sword, and lance, in hand,
A lesson I'll bestow!
Gertrude! the courser be thy care,
Dismount Sir Rustic, from thy mare;
More polished manners learn! attend!
Instructions I'll impart! descend!“ —

How poignant Gertrude's keen despair!
She views, by morn's first light,
Bright sabres glistening in the air,
Clashing 'mid deadly fight.
On polished armour, weapons sound,
Awakening caverned echoes round,
And, o'er the rival enemies,
What circling clouds of dust arise!

Like tempest's breath, Sir Charles' steel
Has pierced his hated foe!
Ah, what unbounded joy doth feel
The ardent lover now!
Yet, ere the Knight remounts his steed,
List! List! advancing, at full speed,
The Baron's rear-guard now appear; —
Behold! the vassal-train is near! —

Trara! Trara! through wood, and glade,
Charles' silver horn doth sound;
Like phantoms from their ambuscade,
His vassals flock around. —
„Halt Baron, halt! — A word with thee!
See'st thou yon gallant company,
Assembled? — ready, at my word,
For death, or life, to draw the sword.“

„Illustrious Baron list! that thou
Mayst have no cause to mourn.
Thy child and I, love's sacred vow,
Long, mutually, have sworn.
Oh! wilt thou sever heart from heart? —
Shall Gertrude's — prey to sorrow's dart,
Cry to the world, and God, Sir Knight? —
If this avails not, let us fight!“

„Reply not! — lest thy heart upbraid;
God hears the vow I swear:
To Gertrude, all respect I've paid,
Deny me not my prayer!
Father! — bestow thy daughter's hand;
Heaven gave me gold, high birth, and land;
Dishonour sullies not my name, —
I'm not unknown in deeds of fame.“ —

Pale as a statue — mute with woe,
Stands Gertrude near her sire;
Her veins, with fever-flushes glow,
How dread paternal ire!
Ah! what conflicting pangs she feels,
As, near that Sire, the suppliant kneels!
Though gushing tears bedim her eye,
His wrath she fain would pacify. —

„Father!“ she cries, with accents wild,
„As thou wouldst pardoned be,
By God, — oh, pardon thus thy child; —
Compassion show to me!
Compelled, unwillingly, to roam
From the beloved, maternal home:
To one I scorned, could I have given
Love's hallowed vow? — Forbid it Heaven!“ —

„How oft hast thou, when on thy knee,
Thine arm around me twined,
Thy heart's best treasure naming me,
Thy staff in life's decline!
My father, think of days gone by!
Blight not thy child's felicity!
Forgiveness, if my sire denies,
My life will be the sacrifice!“ —

No sentence doth the Baron speak,
How palpitates his breast,
As his deep-furrowed, time-browned cheek
Upon his hand doth rest!
Grief clouds the father's heart and eye,
Yet, pride that reigns internally,
Forbids that Nature's tears reveal
All that his knightly soul doth feel. —

O'er vengeance has the father's breast
Obtained a victory:
Those tears the Baron long suppressed,
Gush from his haughty eye. —
From earth he lifts his prostrate child,
The tempest of his feelings wild,
In weeping, doth a channel find,
And tender passions calm his mind. —

„My children! — me may God forgive,

As now I pardon you!

My benediction oh, receive!

Affection we renew.“

Advancing to the Count: — „My son,

May God approve this union!

My daughter I resign to thee;

Happy may this alliance be!“

„I give thee Gertrude willingly,

Henceforth am I thy sire;

Forgive — forget all enmity!

Oblivion to ire!

Thy father, mine inveterate foe,

O'erwhelmed me, once, in bitter woe;

Though animosity be flown,

The sire, I hated, in the son!“

„Thy sire's injustice now repair,

Towards Gertrude, and to me;

That life's „*good measure*“ I may share,

And owe my bliss to thee!

May God who contemplates us now!

Show benedictions on love's vow!

Exchange my children, ring, hand, heart,

Rancour! — from memory, oh, depart!“

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

I'll a history relate that you'll comical find,
Once an Emperor lived, of a humourous mind;
There once lived an Abbot; — how stately his mien!
Yet, his shepherd was far — yes, by far more keen.

Both in heat and in cold, hard the life that was led
By the Emperor! How oft, was war's field-camp his bed;
Oft, no water he gained for his brown bread, and meat,
And oftener he suffered frost, hunger, and heat!

Better far knew the Priest, of his limbs to take care,
To provide dainty food, and down bed to prepare;
As the moon's when full, were the cheeks of the man;
His rubicund waist no three persons could span! —

An affray with the Abbot the Emperor desires,
And he thitherward hastes, with knights, warriors, and
squires.

'Mid the noon-tide heat of a hot summer's day,
Behold! near the abbey, the Priest they survey. —

„At a moment propitious the Abbot we meet!“ —
With satirical tone, thus the Priest doth he greet:
„How, thou servant of God, do times, with thee fare?
Ah! thou thrive'st not ill, on fasting and prayer!“

„Yet, how tiresome, methinks, is the life thou dost live!
Thou'lt be grateful if thee, some employment, I give.
Fame reports thee, born with perception, so clear,
That, as groweth the grass — that Growth canst thou hear!“

„In thy full rosy cheek, Father! — strength does not lack,
So, three Nuts, as a pastime, I'll give thee to crack.
In three months, I command thee to clearly expound,
By thine erudition, these Questions profound.“ —

„First; — when throned, and with splendour imperial
crowned,
As my ministers stand, in subjection, around,
Most learned of Prelates! — I'll have thee express
Minutely, my worth; — not a mite, more or less.“

„The second Enigma I'll have thee unravel: —
How long, round the world, will it take me to travel
On horse-back? — The question is pastime to thee;
More or less, not a trice, thine answer shall be.“

„Thou shalt thirdly, oh, phoenix of Abbots, declare,
On what subject I ponder, — yes, true to a hair
Shalt thou say, what I muse on, internally,
Though my thoughts, the reverse of the Truth shall be.“

„Listen! if, to those Questions thou fail to reply,
Thou no longer art Chief of this monastery;
On an ass shalt thou travel, far o'er the land,
In lieu of a bridle, the tail in thy hand!“ —

The gay Emperor, joyously gallops away,
How harrowing the Abbot's distress, and dismay!
Never culprit at Justice' tribunal severe,
Feels greater anxiety, anguish, and fear. —

He consults with collegians, one, two, and three,
And with one, two, three four of the faculty;
Though emoluments liberal are willingly given,
Yet, the Nut's hard shell, by no doctor, is riven! —

While oppressed by research, and discouragement's prey,
Minutes swell into hours; — days, weeks, months pass away.
As the third month, at length, circles swiftly nigh,
Grey and yellow, each object seems to his eye. —

Now the Werther, pale, care-worn, with sunk, hollow cheek,
Doth the forest's umbrageous labyrinths seek.
On a rock, seldom traversed by human feet,
The Abbot, his shepherd, Hans Bender, doth greet. —

„Oh, Sir Abbot!“ cries Bender, „what troubles thee so?
Like a ghost, more and more, every day dost thou grow.
Maria and Joseph! — Oh Father! impart
Thy bitter affliction! What grieveth thy heart?“ —

„Ah, worthy Hans Bender,“ to fate I'm resigned.
The Emperor, to vex, and bewilder my mind,
Three Nuts, on my teeth, has given me to crack,
But, to break them — e'en Beelzebub strength would lack!“

„First: — when throned, and in splendour imperial crowned,
While his ministers stand, in subjection around,
The Monarch, imperiously bids me express,
His worth; — not a mite either more or less,“

„The second Enigma he bids me unravel:
How long, round the world, will it take him to travel,
On horse-back? — He thinks this is pastime to me:
Not a trice, more or less, must the answer be!“

„I, unfortunate Abbot, must thirdly declare,
On what subject he ponders, — yes! true to a hair,
Must I tell — what thought is concealed in his breast,
Though 'tis distant from truth, as the East from the West!“

„If, to these deep conundrums, I fail to reply,
I, no longer am Chief of yon monastery:
On an ass must I travel, far o'er the land,
In the place of a bridle, the tail in my hand!“ —

„What, no more!“ doth Hans Bender exclaim, with a smile,
„Lend thy Nuts to thy faithful old shepherd, awhile,
Let thy cross, hood, and mantle to me be resigned,
And I vow, in a trice, the answers to find!“

„Though, of Latin, and Greek, not a tittle I know,
Yet, sound common-sense, Nature failed not to bestow:
What, for gold, you Philosophers ne'er obtained,
In my youth, from my excellent mother, I gained.“ —

Like a goat bounds the Abbot, so nimble and gay,
He the shepherd with cross, capuch, cap doth array,
And with stately mien, and devotional air,
Doth, Hans to the Emperor's palace repair. —

While the Emperor, with dazzling splendour is crowned,
And his courtiers submissive their Monarch surround,
He exclaimeth: „Sir Abbot, calculate right,
And proclaim my value — yes, true to a mite!“

„For thrice ten silver coins was our Saviour betrayed;
Sire! whatever thy vanity, station, or grade,
Less than Christ's is thy value, — this, all will confess:
Twenty-nine art thou worth — not a mite more or less.“

„Brave!“ the Monarch exclaims, „thy reply may impart
Useful maxims, to lessen the pride of my heart;
Yet, ah! by my sceptre imperial, I vow,
Myself I esteemed not of value so low!“

„Now, thou Flower of Abbots! I'll have thee unravel,
How long, round the world, will it take me, to travel,
On horse-back? — The question is sport unto thee:
More, or less, not an instant, thine answer shall be!“ —

„If thy courser thou mount Sire, when riseth the sun, —
If, his faithful companion, thou journeyest on,
I'll venture my crozier, capuch — nay, more,
That in twice twelve hours will the journey be o'er!“ —

„A pre-eminent sophist!“ the Emperor cries.
„In the words *if* and *when*, what deep mystery lies!
What rare qualifications these words enfold!
If and *when* change, verily, stubble to gold!“

„Now, of question the third, unveil clearly the sense,
Or I vow, on an ass, will I banish thee hence!
I've a thought that is false: — thou most sapient of men,
My reflexion reveal, but discard, *if* and „*when*.“ —

„Of St. Gall, Sire, the Abbot thou thinkest am I.“ —
„That's not far from the truth,“ doth the Emperor reply. —
„Forgive me, my Sovereign, thy thoughts are untrue;
Hans Bender his shepherd, in me dost thou view!“

„Sirrah! thou not the Abbot!“ the Emperor cries,
With incredulous accent, and look of surprise;
„Not the Chief of the Monastery! — Here I vow, —
That Abbey, on thee, I'm resolved to bestow!“

„The ring and the baton I'll place in thy hand:
On an ass, the late Abbot shall trot o'er the land,
Till the sense of *quid Juris* be thoroughly known;
Let none wish to gather before he hath sown!“ —

„Forgive me, Oh Emperor!“ That ne’er will succeed,
For thy servant can neither write, reckon, nor read!
Of Latin, I not e’en a syllable know:

„Hans never can gather where Hans failed to sow!“ —

„At this circumstance, Bender, how much do I grieve!
Yet, some token of favour thou still must receive.
Amusement I’ve reaped from thy humorous vein;
The fruits of my gratitude thou shouldst obtain.“

„I, of nought stand in need; yet, if seriously
Thou a boon, oh, my Sovereign! wouldst grant unto me;
Vouchsafe me that proof of munificence now: —
On our reverend Abbot, thy pardon bestow!“ —

„Ah bravo! By lessons which thou dost impart,
Thou reformest the head, — thou allurest the heart!
To the pardon thine Emperor freely accords,
One Clause will he add, in the following words:“ —

„By our letters imperial, henceforth we command,
That Hans Bender, no more ’tend the sheep, on thy land,
But, by thee shall be nourished gratuitously,
Till, in Death’s calm sleep the brave shepherd doth lie.“