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ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

(First Series.)

The Beloved always Near.—Goethe.

I SEE thee when the sunshine lies golden on
the sea—
When the pale moon trembles in the brook, I
think, love mine, of thee ;
I see thee when the clouds of dust obscure the
weary way, [veller dismay.
And when the shadows of the night the tra-
When through the cool and tangled grass
singeth the lonely rill,
I go into the thicket green, where all beside is
still ; [art near !
Thy face is painted on the air — I fancy thou
The sun sinks down, the stars shine forth—
would thou wert really here !

The Lovely little Flower.—Goethe.

I know a lovely little flower, a flower for which
 I pine— [confine ;
 I would go gather it, but bars my heavy hours
 Oh, grief, when free, how easily that little
 flower was mine !

How dark and stern the wooded rocks around
 my tower ascend ! [send,
 In vain to seek my little flower a weary look I
 Or knight or serf who brought it me should be
 my dearest friend.

The Rose.

'Tis I, the Rose ! thy prison-grate has kept us
 long apart ; [art,
 But noble is thy spirit, Knight, ill-fated as thou
 Since she that is the queen of flowers is queen
 too of thy heart.

The Knight.

Now honour to thy purple, beneath its green
 moss dress,
 Fair maidens grow more fair who wreath with
 thee each auburn tress ;
 But thou art not the flower I ask to soothe my
 loneliness.

The Lily.

A haughty beauty is the Rose, she claims the
highest place ;
But not so dear as that I hold in the true
lover's grace,
If his heart beat with love as pure as is my
angel face.

The Knight.

Oh, Ladye Lily, my true heart is clear and
pure like thee,
Yet cast in prison, long and lone, my weary lot
must be—
Still, image of the maid I love, there's one
more dear to me.

The Carnation.

That must be me — the gardener's joy and
constant care am I ;
For beautiful are my striped leaves with many
a varied dye—
And odours through my summer-life within
those colours lie.

The Knight.

Oh, stately flower, thy radiant leaves arose
when morning shone—
Thou settest with the setting sun — yet thou
art not mine own : [alone.
I ask a little drooping flower that blossometh

The Violet.

I stand amid my large dark leaves, a little hid-
den flower—
I seldom speak ;—if now I break the silence of
my bower, [tower.
It is to grieve I cannot send my perfume to thy

The Knight.

I love the gentle Violet, so modest and so sweet,
 Still it is not the darling one my eyes desire to
 greet—

The little love on this steep rock, alas, you
 may not meet.

Beside a brook the truest maid now roams
 with many a tear—

She seeks a little azure flower amid the waters
 clear— [here!

She gathers it, and I can feel its influence even
 Strong is the faith of loving hearts it whis-
 pereth to me!

Though long within a prison's walls my heavy
 lot must be, [the free.

Yet am I borne in mem'ry by the true and by
 Oh, were I sinking to the grave I often ask in
 vain,

And welcome Death stood by to loose the
 wasted captive's chain—

Ah, name me the Forget-me-not, I'd wake to
 life again!

The Black Hunt of Litzou.

What is the light from yon deep wood flashing—

What the sound on the wild wind borne?

What the dark ranks that are onwards dashing
To the voice of the pealing horn?

Who are they that thundering go?—

It is the Black Hunt of the bold Litzou!

Who are those wooded heights ascending,

Just sprung from their brief repose,

While the shout and the musket's crash is
blending

With the shriek of dying foes?

Well do the French those rifles know—

It is the Black Hunt of the bold Litzou!

Where the Rhine's flowing, and the vine's
growing,

They spring in their arms from the shore;

Like the lightning they cleave the dark stream's
flowing,

For the enemy flies before!

Ask what dark swimmers heedless go?

It is the Black Hunt of the bold Litzou!

What is the strife that wakens yon valley?

There are swords that strike in their coun-
try's name,—

Around the spark of freedom they rally,

And the spark hath arisen a goodly flame!

Who are they that strike the blow?

It is the Black Hunt of the bold Litzou!

Who are they in their life-blood lying?

'Tis the last sunrise they'll see:

It matters not—the French are flying,

And their father-land is free!

Who are the brave ones now laid low?

It was the Black Hunt of the bold Litzou!

The glorious hunt of the foe is over—

Calm be the rest of the honoured brave!

Weep ye not for the friend or the lover—

Ours is the day which but dawned on their
grave.

Ask ye what true hearts sleep below?

It was the Black Hunt of the brave Litzou!

The Gathering.—Koerner.

The people are risen—the storm is unbound—
 Whoso with folded arms shall be found,
 Shame on the loiterer wherever he be,
 At the hearth,* in the hall, by the plough on
 the lea—

Dishonour on thy useless hand !
 A German maid shall kiss thee not,
 A German song rejoice thee not,
 And German wine shall warm thee not !
 He who has strength to wield a brand,
 Let him draw it now for his father-land !

While we are laid on the battle plain,
 Drenched to the skin by the midnight rain,
 Pleasant dreams may thy slumber crown,
 As thou sinkest to rest amid silk and down :

But shame beside thy pillow stand !
 A German maid shall kiss thee not,
 A German song rejoice thee not,
 And German wine shall warm thee not !
 He who has strength to wield a brand,
 Let him draw it now for his father-land !

When our trumpets like thunder in heaven
 resound,

Thou may'st be lulled to the lute's languid
 sound ;

When we ask in the hot noon for water in vain,
 Thou may'st be pouring the sparkling cham-
 pagne :

But shame thy sunny cup shall brand !
 A German maid shall kiss thee not,
 A German song rejoice thee not,
 And German wine shall warm thee not !
 He who has strength to wield a brand,
 Let him draw it now for his father-land !

While we, when the shouts of the battle swell,
Think of our loved one's last farewell,
Thou, with thy worthless gold, may'st try
To win what gold may never buy.

Shame on the sordid love thou hast planned !

A German maid shall kiss thee not,

A German song rejoice thee not,

And German wine shall warm thee not !

He who has strength to wield a brand,

Let him draw it now for his father-land !

When the lances are shivering, and the balls
are flying,

And the dead are strewn beside the dying ;

When the sight is true, and the blow is hard,

Thou may'st be watching the turn of a card.

But shame such coward game has planned !

A German maid shall kiss thee not,

A German song rejoice thee not,

And German wine shall warm thee not !

He who has strength to wield a brand,

Let him draw it now for his father-land !

Breathe we in battle our latest breath,

Welcome the soldier's comrade—Death !

But thou, 'neath thy silken coverlid creeping,
Shalt tremble lest Death approach thee sleeping.

Thou shalt die a pale, dishonoured slave !

No German maid shall weep thy grave,

No German song* shall sing thy fame,

No German cup shall pledge thy name !

He who has strength to wield a brand,

Let him draw it now for his father-land !

L. E. L.

* Literally, "Fie upon thee, boy, in the oven!"

* In the original, "besing:"—what a pity that we so little use a mode of expression equally simple and forcible!

[I can scarcely call the above translations— they are only an attempt to versify some literal prose versions: and I frankly confess I despair of communicating my own enjoyments to my readers.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.**VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.**

(Second Series.)

Pauline's Price.—Goethe.

SWEET Pauline, could I buy thee
 With gold or its worth,
 I would not deny thee
The wealth of the earth.
 They talk of the pleasure
 That riches bestow—
 Without thee, my treasure,
 What joy could I know ?

Did I rule Europe over,
 Thy price it should be ;
 Let them leave, for thy lover,
 A cottage with thee,
 Where a pear-tree is stooping
 With fruit at the door,
 And the green vine is drooping
 Each dark lattice o'er.

If my life-breath could be, love,
 A ransom for thine,
 I'd yield it for thee, love,
 With all that is mine.
 Ah ! had I the power,
 I'd count as time flown
 A year for each hour
 That thou wert mine own.

The Coming of Spring.—Schiller.

In a valley sweet with singing
 From the hill and from the wood,
 Where the green moss rills were springing,
 A wondrous maiden stood.

The first lark seemed to carry
 Her coming through the air ;
 Not long she went to tarry,
 Though she wandered none knew where.

A rosy light fell o'er her,
 Too beautiful to last ;
 All hearts rejoiced before her,
 And gladdened as she past.

She brought strange fruit and flowers,
 Within her sunny hand,
 That knew the shine and showers
 Of some more glorious land.

The winter ice was broken,
 The waters flashed with gold ;
 She brought to each a token,
 The young man and the old.

Each seemed a welcome comer,
 Her gifts made all rejoice ;
 But two, the nearest summer,
 These had the fairest choice.

Now I, of all that gather
 In the zodiac's golden zone,
 Love a month whose sullen weather
 Has no love but my own.

Though its fierce wild winds are sweeping
 The last leaf from the thorn ;
 Though the rose in earth be sleeping,
 Yet then my love was born.

The Earth's Division.

The fair earth, it shall be for all,
 Divide it at your need !
 So, in his high Olympian hall,
 The starry Jove decreed.

Each hurried at the mighty word—
 The merchant swept the main,
 The peasant drove the lowing herd
 And sowed the golden grain.

The hunter took the glad green wood,
 The soldier drew his sword ;
 " I am," quoth he, " by title good,
 A universal lord."

The miser's wealth was little known,
 He hid it from the light ;
 The king said, " Take ye all their own,
 And pay me for the right."

When, lo ! the poet came at last,
 Pale watcher of the air ;
 The spoil was shared—the lots were cast,
 His, only, was not there.

He flung him at the feet of Jove,
 And cried, " What wrong is done
 To him whom thou wert wont to love,
 Thy true and favourite son !"

" Blame thou not me," the God replied,
 " Some land of dreams too long,
 When earth was given to divide,
 Has kept thee and thy song."

" I watched thy spirit's mighty law,
 Control the ocean's flow ;
 I gazed, forgetting in mine awe
 All that was mine below."

" Ah !" said the god, " beneath my throne
 Is given earth and sea ;
 But the high heaven is still mine own,
 And there I welcome thee !"

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.
 (Third Series.)

Körner's Grave.—Anon.

WHERE is my soldier's grave—where have you
 laid him ?
 Sculptured aisles and vaulted tombs to sleep
 among ?
 A nobler urn hath the memory made him
 Of a life that was devoted unto war and unto
 song.

He is laid on the battle-field — there the youth
 slumbers,
 Where war's mighty sacrifice is offered unto
 death ;
 There did his spirit pour its latest numbers—
 “ Bless me, oh my father !” sighed the
 hero's dying breath.

Ye, who so dearly held him, now follow me with
 weeping— [above—
 Yonder the green hillock his lowly grave
 There the oak, tall and old, its shadowy watch
 is keeping— [their love.

There was the hero laid by brave men in
 Well may the young and true weep above his
 ashes,
 Honouring the unforgotten one who slum-
 bereth here ;
 Yet, amid the fields of death, where the red
 war-spear flashes,
 German hearts will hold his remembrance
 dear.

Still let the urn of the brave one inherit
The crown that was glorious around his
youthful head :
Maidens still ask his sweet songs, and his spirit
Is with us, although its mortal veil be fled.
Never, on the noble race in which he led ye,
falter—
Oh, my German people! forget ye not the
brave ;
Vow ye to your country's cause, as if upon an
altar—
Make ye an altar of my youthful hero's
grave !

Although but in its youth-tide, already adorning
The early oak, with summer, hung around
each graceful bough,
Stately and pleasant, amid the skies of morning,
Amid the rich and painted clouds it reared
its lofty brow.
So bloomed our hero ! and for the sunny hours
That lifted up his young green head so beau-
tiful above,
There came forth all the music from the forest's
deepest bowers,
And sung in his boughs like the singing of
love !

 There was song amid the leaves, as if Apollo
 had suspended
 His old heroic lyre amid the thick green
 shade—
 He the god of bard and hero : — too soon the
 music ended—
 A storm in early summer, low the youthful
 oak-tree laid.
 Too soon death seized my bravest,—in the first
 spring-tide of honour
 He fell in glorious battle, a hero and a bard ;
 Dear was the debt which his country took
 upon her,—
 Her praise and her remembrance is the pa-
 triot's reward.
 First in the holy warfare for liberty he perished—
 The path in which he led to the youthful
 brave belongs ;
 Follow ye his footsteps — so be his memory
 cherished,
 While nightingales amid the boughs mourn
 for his lovely songs. L. E. L.

The Sea of Love.—Herder.

WHITHER would ye draw me, fair and faith-
less eyes,—

Soft as is the azure within the summer skies :
The storms of jealous anger upon my head will
beat—

The fickle waves forsaking, will yield beneath
my feet.

And yet they lead me onwards, while in their
swimming light

I think not of my dangers when day declines
in night.

Oh, false and lovely beacons! too soon they'll
set, and shew

What dark and dreary caverns their sunshine
hides below.

L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.
 (Fourth Series.)

The Huron's Child.—Herder.

THE only child within the tent,
 Beneath the old fir-tree :
 How pleasantly his days were spent—
 The young, the glad, the free.

Not rosy, like an English child :
 His cheek was dark and pale,
 And black the long straight hair that wild
 Was toss'd upon the gale.

And yet the child was beautiful,
 And graceful as the fawn,
 That at the noontide stoops to pull
 The grass of some wood lawn.

He sat beside his mother's knee
 The long and lonely day,
 While, seeking where the deer might be,
 His father was away.

He loved to hear her mournful song,
 Her song of love and fear ;
 And never seem'd the day too long
 With that sweet listener near.

At night it was a cheerful thing
 To watch their hunter craft ;
 With feathers from the eagle's wing
 They plumed the slender shaft.

Listened the child with eager joy
 To all his father told—
 Who'd watch his eyes and say, " my boy
 Will be a hunter bold."

But showers are on a sunny sky,
 And sorrow follows mirth ;
 The shadow of the grave was nigh
 To that devoted hearth.

The child so loved, the child so young,
Grew paler day by day—
A weight upon his spirits hung,
They watched him pine away.

One night upon his mother's arm
He leant his weary head ;
She whispered many a prayer and charm
In vain—the child was dead !

They laid him in a little grave,
Washed by the morning dew,
Which falls whene'er the pine boughs wave,
As they were weeping too.

Still night and morn upon the wind
Was heard her funeral cry—
“ My child, why am I left behind ?
My child, why would'st thou die ?”

The father's moan was never heard—
None saw him weep or sigh ;
Upon his lip there was no word,
But death was in his eye.

The moon above the funeral ground
Had just her race begun ;
The hunter, ere her orb was round,
Lay sleeping with his son.

And then the mother ceased to weep,
And, with a patient grief,
Sang her sad songs, and strewed their sleep
With many a flower and leaf.

A white man, who was wandering 'lone
From some far distant shore,
And, wondering, asked, “ When all are gone,
Why dost thou weep no more ?”

The woman raised her languid head,
And said, " My child was weak—
He knew no one amid the dead
His daily food to seek !
My husband was a hunter good
As ever arrows bore :
I know my child will now have food,
Therefore I weep no more,
I sit and think upon the past,
And sing my mournful strain :
I know that we shall meet at last,
And never part again."
" Oh ! strong in love," the traveller cried,
" Worthy a hope divine—
I would that all whom God hath tried,
Had faith as meek as thine ! " L. E. L.

The Message.—Anon.

A MOMENT, ladye nightingale !
A maiden sits alone,
With the moonlight falling round her—
My loved one, and my own.
Say sweetest things, in singing,
To this dear love of mine ;
I cannot trust my messages
To any voice but thine. L. E. L.

The Empire of Woman.—Schiller.

HER might is gentleness—she winneth sway
By a soft word, and by a softer look ;
Where she, the gentle-loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.
Strength, power, and majesty, belong to man ;
They make the glory native to his life ;
But sweetness is a woman's attribute—
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.
There have been some who, with a mightier
mind,
Have won dominion—but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful :—
Sweet sovereigns in their natural loveliness.
L. E. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.
 (Fifth Series.)

Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.

WE need only preface this scene by observing that the heroine, a girl of inferior rank, is beloved by Count Egmont. Brackenbergh has been her friend and lover from childhood; and partly to preserve her secret, but still more from a mistaken kindness, which hopes that affection can be an equivalent for love, Clara encourages his visits. I only attempt (with one exception), to render the scenes in which she appears. Clara's character appears to me full of interest and poetry. You see her first, simple, and ignorant of that world from which she has lived secluded. Her attachment has originated in her imagination. The hero has been her idol before he was her lover. She looks up to him, and her tenderness is almost worship; but sorrow brings its strength. The imprisonment of Egmont rouses all the latent energies of her mind. She, who, "save to church," had never trod the public streets, rushes to the market-place, and strives with kindling words to excite the people to save their leader. Her efforts are vain; and those whom life has parted death re-unites. Count Egmont, one of the Protestant leaders in the Netherlands, was imprisoned and executed by the Duke of Alba. The first victim in as noble a cause, crowned by as glorious a triumph, as history records.

Scene I.—(Clara, Mother, Brackenbergh.)

[A little chamber, in a narrow street,
 Where neatness lends a charm to poverty,
 Some signs there are of better days: and taste,
 Simple, yet graceful, making its delight
 Of natural enjoyment. Scattered round
 Are common flowers; and softened daylight comes
 Through the green branches of the plants that crowd
 The window sill. There, bending o'er her wheel,
 Whose low perpetual murmur fills the room,
 The aged woman marks her daughter's face,
 And in its loveliness recalls her own.
 A youth, too, reads that face, as if his life
 Had written all its history there. To him
 The world, save where it shines, is as a blank
 Which memory, like the melancholy moon,
 Fills with a borrowed light. The youth is pale,
 As if his childhood taxed a mother's care
 With many anxious hours.]

Mother.

Children, ye are too sad! Once this dull room
 Was gladdened with your frequent mirth.
Brackenbergh. Ah! once!
Mother. Come, sing! and sing together!
Clara. What shall we sing?
Brackenbergh. What pleases you.

Clara. Then I will choose our song.
Quick, gay, as if our notes were like the steps
That rush to battle—'tis a soldier's song.

(She sings, while Brackenbergh, accompanying her, holds the yarn which she is winding.)

Fife and trumpet are sounding
The battle alarms ;
How my wild heart is bounding—
My love is in arms.

His bright lance is gleaming
On high in the air ;
His banner is streaming—
I would I were there !

Oh, had I a helmet,
A sword, and a shield,
I would follow my true love
Away to the field !

Hark ! hark ! the death rattle
Of shot from the gun :
Our chief leads the battle—
He leads—it is won !

Would I were the meanest
That belted a sword ;
Its edge were the keenest
That drew for my lord !

To pray and sigh for him
Is all that I can ;
I would strike and die for him,
If I were a man !

(Brackenbergh watches her during her song. He soon ceases to accompany her ; and, letting the skein fall from his hand, goes to the window. Clara rises, as if to follow him ; but resumes her seat. Brackenbergh, at her request, goes to inquire what has caused the unusual attendance of guards upon the regent who is passing.)

Mother.

Why sent you the good youth away so soon ?

Clara.

Blame me not, mother ; for I blame myself.
My spirits are oppressed when he is here—
I know not how to look, or how to speak !
The wrong I do him cuts me to the heart.

Mother.

Clara, he loves you with a faithful love.

Clara.

I cannot help it—would we could be friends !
How I reproach me the deceit I use ;
He brings so many kindly thoughts to mind—
How many pleasures have we shared together—
How many thoughts exchanged. Sometimes he
takes

My hand so softly and so timidly,
With such undoubting confidence of love !
How can I feed so fond a faith in vain ?
I have no hope to give ; and yet I lack
The courage that would tell him to despair.

Mother.

Time was, you loved him well enough to wed.

Clara.

I knew not then the mightiness of love,
Or how a heart requires a heart again ;
I wished him well—God knows I wish it still—
But loved him—never ! never !

Mother.

Well, maiden, in your folly you have lost
A calm, a happy, and a loving home.

Clara.

Not loving, mother ! — love asks more, much
more !

I try to gather up my thoughts in vain—
I doubt, I fear, it is *his* absence, mother,
That spreads its own dismay ; were Egmont
nigh,

All would be clear. He is my light—my life—
Existence is without him incomplete—
How great he is ! Our land on him relies !
Why should not I—**I who am in his arms**

The happiest creature on God's blessed earth ?

Mother.

And for the future—ask if the hereafter—

Clara.

I only ask the present—if he loves me ?

Mother.

Children and sorrow come together. First
Are sleepless nights, and cradle watchings—
next

Your age is vexed with maiden fantasies,
And your girl's lover costeth you more care
Than ever did your own. It is not well !

Clara.

You did not always blame me, mother dear !
When first I sought the casement, just to watch
Our stately hero pass, you came as well ;
And when his dark eye sought me out with
smiles,

Did you not feel the greeting half your own ?

Mother.

My foolish fondness for thee was too kind.

Clara.

When he came often—came here day by day—
And well we knew his coming was for me—
Were you not proud and joyful as myself,
When on our threshold waiting, and for him,
Was I called back, my mother ?

Mother.

I never thought it would have gone so far—

Clara.

And when, at length, wrapped in his cloak, he
came,

Who was it greeted—gladly too—our guest ?
I leant upon my chair, pale, trembling—still
As if spell bound : I could not speak to him.

Mother.

He is so kind—so frank—one cannot choose,
But give the cheerful welcome which he makes.

Clara.

Ah, this poor house is heaven, since he came here.

What princess but would envy in his heart
The lowly Clara's place! How fond his love—
How anxious for me—and how tender of me—
Love mine—my idol! Not in his true heart
Beats one false pulse!

Mother.

Does he come here to-day?

Clara.

Have you not seen me at the window, mother?
The floor creaked, and I reddened at the
noise—

I thought it was a step—and still my eyes,
Though turned on other things, have watched
the door.

Mother.

You are so eager, you betray yourself.
The wood-cut which your cousin shewed—how
near
It had betrayed your secret. Egmont's form
Scarce caught your eye, before you cried, 'Tis
he!

Clara.

'Tis hard to hide a heart so full as mine!
It was the fight near Gravelines—and there
His horse was killed beneath him—and my
heart

Gave all the wretched picture lacked to shew.
Nay, I must laugh. There Egmont stood, as tall
As the old tower, or the good English ship
That rode hard by. I saw the hero stand,
His helmet off, the wind in his dark hair,
And his eye bright with triumph. Often now
I think how I was used to fancy war,
Familiar from my childhood, with the name—
The honoured name of Egmont. I was wont
To image what the hero's self might be:
How feel I now?

(Brackenberg returns, says that there has been a tumult in the town, and proposes to go. Clara does not attempt to detain him — but, withdrawing the hand which he attempts to take, leaves the room with her mother.)

Brackenberg (solus).

I scarcely meant to go so soon away—
I felt my heart swell when she said no word
That might induce my stay. Unhappy one!
The perils darkening o'er thy father land
Affect not thee. No general sympathy
Stirs generous anger in thy laggard veins.
Spaniard, or countryman—the same to thee—
I had a nobler spirit as a boy;
My very school-task roused its youthful wrath
At the oppressor's name. But now I hang
Devotedly upon a maiden's look.
I cannot leave her! Can she not love me?
The gentle ties gathered by many years,
Affections garnered since our first small words:
These cannot be forgotten all—like dreams!
Can she have cast me from her thoughts? Not
quite—

Yet half is worse than nothing. Oh! no more
Can I endure this worst of misery—doubt!
Can it be true—the whisper which I heard—
That at this very door a cavalier
Stands with the night, his cloak around his face;
Aye enters? No! it is a false, base lie!
Clara is innocent, as I am wretched;
Yet time was when she loved, or seemed to love:
Can I forget the happiness that pierced
My heart like sudden pain—yet was so sweet.
False hope! that in thy cruelty dost paint
A perfect joy—a paradise far off.
And that first kiss—that one—'t was here.

(Laying his hand on the table.)

Gentle she always was, and kind, and sweet.
But there was softness in her eyes that night.
I never read their light so close before.
I know not how—but there my lip touched hers.
My head was dizzy with the wild delight.
Oh! would that I had died! I think of death
As if he were a friend—severe and cold—
From whom I shrink—but yet my only friend.

L. E. L.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.**VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.**

(Fifth Series; continued.)

*Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.**Scene II.—(Mother, Clara, and afterwards Count Egmont.)*

[THE same small chamber; but the fire-light now
Flings its fantastic shadow on the wall:
A light less cheerful than the blessed sun,
And yet more social. Curtains closely drawn,
And fastened doors, shut out all else beside
The still small world of our own hope and heart.
The maiden's garb is simple; but 'tis worn
With a sweet anxiousness to please. Her hair—
How rich its golden tresses are—is knit
With curious care around her graceful head.
Her cheek is red; the rose betrays her heart;
Telling how fast it beats. One enters there—
A warrior by his step—and by his eye—
And yet the step is light—the eye is soft.
Still hath that eye a dark and inward power,
Which, like the shadow of some omen, sits
And clouds the present with vague prophesy.]

Mother.

So true a lover have I never known!
Young Brackenbergh may well deserve a place
On those old chronicles of constancy
That are such favourites with you.

*(Clara continues to pace the room, singing
snatches of an old song.)*

It weeps, saddest weeping,
It hopes, and it fears;
Then smiles are keeping
A light mid its tears.
Now humble, now scornful,
Now gladness, now gloom;
Now bright as the morning;
Now dark as the tomb.
Now pining all lonely;
Then widely it roves;
Yet happy is only
The spirit that loves.

Mother.

Now, cease this foolish singing.

Clara.

Pray thee forbid me not, you do not know
The power that lurked in that simple song:
'Twas sung beside my cradle, and recalls
Thoughts that I love to link with thoughts of
love.

Frank, innocent, glad thoughts. He is a child,
And useth childish phrase; our common words,
The workaday and worldly, are too harsh,

Too cold a language, for his gentle mouth,
Which has a music like the lisp of child.
The loving heart delighteth in old songs ;
They say so many things we wish to say,
And wake our sympathies, and make us feel
Less strange ourselves. Others have loved as
well,
And left these tender relics of their love.

Mother.

You think of nothing else. This will not last.
Youth and fair Love have their appointed time ;
They pass, and then we care for other things.

Clara (shuddering.)

Let that day come, and it will come like death,
Cold, fearful ; but thou liest too near my heart
To be forgotten : other loves may pass
The vain, the cautious — not a love like mine.

(Egmont enters, his mantle folded round him. Clara at first stands as if overpowered, and then springs towards him. The Mother makes him welcome, and, after a few words, hurries to prepare supper.)

Clara.

What ails my love, that thus with folded arms
He stands aloof ? and yet love, mine, you smile.
The watching soldier wraps him in his cloak.

Egmont.

Sweet one, the lover has his ambush too—
Disguising.

Clara.

Ah ! what would my lover be ?

Egmont.

Whate'er you please !

(Throws off his cloak, appears in a splendid garb, and clasps her in his arms.)

Clara.

I pray thee, loose me, for I fear to spoil
Your rich array ! How glorious you are !

Egmont.

Are you pleased, sweetest? Thus you bade me
come,
Garbed as a Spaniard.

Clara.

I shall pray thee, love,
To come no more, so gorgeous in array—
It is a barrier 'twixt thy heart and mine.
I dare not touch you. Oh, the golden fleece!

Egmont.

Yes, sweet, look on it!

Clara.

It was an emperor hung it round your neck.

Egmont.

And with it many a noble privilege.
The master of the order, and its knights
Alone, may sit in judgment upon him
Who wears its stately badge upon his breast.

Clara.

Ah, you might challenge the whole world to
judge
Your glorious life. How rich this velvet is.
I know not where to fix my eager eyes.

Egmont.

Look till you tire of looking, dearest child.

Clara.

I love this golden fleece. Some day I'll ask
Its ancient history of you. It is given—
The high reward of honourable toil.
You wear it as your proud rank's proudest sign.
I liken it, my Egmont, to your love,
Which wear I, as a badge, upon my heart—
And yet—

Egmont.

What yet, my sweetest?

Clara.

Noble achievement won this noble pledge.
But I have nothing done to gain your heart.
How have I merited this happiness—
I never laboured for your love?

Egmont.

Therefore the worthier of it. Love is not
A bird of prey, to pay the hunter's toil—
He is best won by those who seek him not.
What have I done? What can I do for you?

Clara.

I saw you riding in the regent's train.

Egmont.

Did you, my child? I looked, but saw you not.

Clara.

I shun to meet your eye before a crowd—
I am a very coward.

Egmont.

Not so; it is not fear; but a sweet shame
That sends the rose so frequent to your cheek.

Clara.

(Kneels at his feet, and looks up into his face.)

Let me gaze on thee! Let me read those eyes!
And aye, within them comfort, joy, and hope.
The history of my life is written there.
Oh! tell me—are you mine—my very own—
Mine—Egmont—the great Egmont—on whose
smile
So much depends—on whom the city trusts—
He who hath given to so many life.

Egmont.

No, I am not he.

Clara.

How mean you?

Egmont.

Listen, sweet !
 The Egmont of yon city—he is proud,
 And cold, and stern, and sorrowful. He keeps
 His counsel to himself. He wears a brow
 That is a smiling shadow to his heart :
 Perplexed with seeming mirth, that shroudeth
 care.
 Exalted by a giddy populace,
 That know not what they laud, or what they
 seek.
 Moving 'mid those who understand him not ;
 Whom he has naught in common with : and
 worn
 By furious guarding 'gainst familiar friends
 Who seem, yet are not. Watched, suspected,
 feared ;
 Wearied with labour, which hath neither end
 Nor yet reward ; but only distant hope.
 Such is the Egmont of the field and state.
 But thine beloved : he is happy, frank,
 Open, and known to that most dear of hearts—
 Which he knows, too, and trusts it as his own.
 Calm, deeply joyful ; such is Egmont now.

Clara.

Ah ! let me die upon those blessed words—
 The world has now no joy beyond.

L. E. L.

[The above scene certainly suggested to Sir Walter Scott the exquisite one in "Kenilworth," where Leicester comes to visit Amy, garbed as befits his rank. A brief portion will shew the general resemblance. "Meanwhile, the earl affected to resist, when she strove to take his cloak from him. 'Nay,' she said, 'but I will un-mantle you. I must see if you have kept your word to me, and come as the great earl that men call thee: and not heretofore as a private cavalier.' And, with a childish wonder, which her youth and rustic education rendered not only excusable but becoming, she examined and admired, from head to foot, the noble form and princely attire of him who formed the proudest ornament of the court. 'But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel, like a sheep hung by the middle, attached to it, what,' said the young countess, 'does it signify?' 'This collar,' said the earl, 'is the badge of the noble order of the Golden Fleece, once appertaining to the House of Burgundy. It hath high privileges, my Amy, belonging to it — this most noble order — for even the King of Spain himself, who hath now succeeded to the honours and demesnes of Burgundy, may not sit in judgment upon a knight of the Golden Fleece, unless by assistance and consent of the great chapter of the order. It belongs properly to Flanders: and Egmont and Orange have pride in seeing it displayed on an English bosom.'"—*Kenilworth.*]

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

(Fifth Series: continued.)

*Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.**Egmont.*

EVENING has darken'd o'er the market-place:
 'Tis shadowy and deserted. Those who pass
 Go hurrying by, with pale and anxious looks,
 That fear to meet each other. She is there,
 The gentle maiden whom Count Egmont loves.
 An hour has changed her more than many
 years.

Her wild eyes wander round, and in their gaze
 Flashes the lightning of despair that hopes—
 Hope, agony's brief fever. Her white lip
 Is eloquent, and passionate with fear—
 Fear born of love, forgetful of itself.
 Her cheek is flushed—'tis with the eagerness
 Of the young warrior—but they heed her not.
 A selfish fear has paralysed the crowd—
 The future is not with them—and they seek
 Precarious safety by its sacrifice.

*Clara, Brackenberg, and Citizens.**Brackenberg.*

Return, beloved one ! Wherefore are you here ?

Clara.

To free him, Brackenberg. A little word
 Will bid his fellow citizens awake
 To strength and action. Strong in every heart,
 Though secret is the wish to set him free.
 What do we hazard but our useless lives,
 That are not worth the keeping, if he perish.
 Come, come, there only wants the gathering
 voice !

Brackenberg.

Unhappy one ! you do not see the power
 That fetters our desire with iron band.

Clara.

But not unconquerable. See, they come,
 Men, tried and true, his fellow citizens.
 Oh, friends, what now of Egmont ?

1st Citizen.

Hush ! child, hush !

Clara.

I will speak softly, till our gathered strength
 Finds in its union voice. Ah, no delay!
 The tyranny that dared to fetter wears
 A midnight dagger. As the evening shades
 Darken around, my spirit darkens too.
 I dread the night. But let us now disperse,
 Each calling on his friends: let each one seek
 His ancient sword. Here let our meeting be!
 The market-place will hold our generous crowd:
 Our stream will carry all before its tide.
 The enemy will falter, and then yield.
 They have but hired guards to meet our
 might—

Soldiers against the people! they'll not stand.
 Count Egmont, he will marshal our return.
 Free, he will thank us for it—we, who owe
 So vast a debt to him. Ah, he may see—
 He will see morning redden the free sky!

2d Citizen.

What mean you, maiden?

Clara.

Hear ye not my words?
 I speak of Egmont.

1st Citizen.

Name not his fatal name!

Clara.

Not name that name! his name! Why it
 must come,
 If but from common custom to the lip.

Where is it not inscribed? Why, I have read
 Each letter of that name amid the stars.
 Neighbours, dear friends, ye dream, ye dream :
 awake !
 Gaze not on me with sadly wondering eyes,
 I only bid you to your actual wish.
 My voice is but the voice of your own hearts.
 Who will this wretched night lay down his head
 Upon his restless bed, ere he has knelt
 In earnest prayer to heaven for Egmont's sake.
 Now, with God's blessing, ask it of yourselves.
 Mine be your watch word—Egmont! freedom!
 death !

3d Citizen.

The evil that would bring upon our heads !

Clara.

Stay yet a little while. Fly not the name
 Your shouts so lately bore to yonder heaven.
 But late he came from Ghent ; then stood ye
 all [rode.
 Joyful, and lined the streets through which he
 Then did the artisan fling down his work
 That he might gaze ; the sorrowful looked forth,
 And gladdened while they looked, as if his face
 Shed sunshine round. Ye held your children
 up
 That they might know the hero of your love.
 'Tis our brave Egmont. Ye must look to him
 For better days than those your fathers knew.
 Let not your children ask, where is he now—
 Our great deliverer ? Where the better days
 That built their hope on him ? How will ye
 say,
 We did betray him, cowards that we were !

1st Citizen.

Let her not talk, it only adds to ill.

Brackenberg.

Pray you, dear Clara, let us now go home.

Clara.

Am I a child or mad? You think me such,
From this dark certainty I cannot come
Without a hope away. Ah! let me speak
And ye will hear. I see you are amazed,
As yet ye cannot find your better selves.
Look from the present danger to the past—
Summon ye next the future from that past—
Can you then live—live, will you, and Egmont
gone?

With his breath fails the breath of freedom too!
For you, what pressing dangers he has dared!
For you, he shed his life-blood in the war!
Now doth a jail confine that noble soul,
Where deeds of murder are familiar things.
Perhaps he thinks of you—and hopes. He asks
The help that he was only used to give.

3d Citizen.

Come, comrade, come, this is too dangerous
talk.

Clara.

Ah, I have not your arms, nor yet your
strength;
But I have what you want—a constant heart.
Would it could beat for all. Let my weak
breath

Kindle the dormant ashes. I will go,
Like a frail banner flung upon the wind,
Which leads a noble host to victory,
So shall my spirit lead—would ye but know
A gathered people have an awful power.

1st Citizen.

Nay, lead her hence.

Brackenber.

Think, Clara, where you are.

Clara.

Beneath the glorious heaven which grew more
fair
When he, the glorious one, walked free below.
Mark yonder windows, that now, closed and
dark,

Are like your own shut hearts. Have ye not
seen

Head above head there raised to gaze on him?
On your own thresholds have ye stood with
shouts!

Ye! whom I loved, because ye honoured him.
Is he become a tyrant that ye shrink
From sharing in his fall? Ye loved him once.
Oh, these weak hands! could ye but grasp a
sword,

And ye fond arms! that have so often held
The hero prisoned in their soft restraint,
Can ye do nothing for him?

3d Citizen.

Yonder is Alba's guard: we must away.

Brackenber.

Come, Clara, this is madness: let us go.

Clara.

And will you make no effort? you too stood
One of the many in the shouting crowd;
I, only, hid my face, or timidly
Glanced through th' half-opened casement,
though my heart
Beat higher than your own, and far more true.

Brackenber.

Patience, sweet Clara, we are left alone.

Look round—these public streets you used to
tread

Only to church on the calm Sabbath morn;
Then was your veil drawn closely round, your
eyes

Sought but the ground, and if I spake you
blushed—

Though but the kindly greeting of a friend—
An old familiar friend. What can have
changed

The downcast and the timid one?

Clara.

Despair!

But let us home; home—where is now my
home?

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.**VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.**

(Fifth Series: continued.)

*Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.**Count Egmont's Soliloquy in Prison.*

THE chain is on his hand and on his wrist—
Even the narrow limits of his cell
He cannot trace. How drearily the light

From the sepulchral lamp falls o'er the walls,
Which gleam with constant damp. On every stone
Are graven melancholy characters;
Names that are histories. He cannot rest,
That captive warrior, for his pulses beat
With an impatient sense of injury;
His brow is feverish with unquiet thoughts;
And though he folds his arms as if to sleep,
It will not visit him.

Egmont.

Old friend and true companion! soothing Sleep,
You fly, like other friends. How easily
Did your sweet influence fall on my free head,
Cool like a lovely crown of myrtle boughs.
Beloved Sleep! amid the clash of arms,
On the rough torrent of unquiet life,
I rested, breathing lightly as a child,
Weary and cradled in your mother arms.
When the storm swept the leaves from off the
bough,
And rushed thro' crashing branches, yet my
heart
Was in its depths untroubled,—and I slept.
What is it now shakes my tranquillity?
It is the axe's clang laid to my roots.
I shudder as I stand—I feel my fall
Before it comes. The traitors will prevail!
Thundering amid the forest comes the oak
Down upon earth, while yet its crown is green.
Yet wherefore now—thou who so oft hast
driven,
Like the soap bubbles on the air dispersed,
So many heavy cares away—why now
Can I not do as I have frequent done
A thousand times—flung off their weight with
thee?
Since when has death grown fearful; with
whose face,
As with familiar images of life,
Thou hast been wont to live; what ails thee,
Sleep!

A natural horror sinks my shuddering soul.
 It is not him, not the bold enemy
 That rushes fiercely on the healthful breast.
 For such I have no fear. 'Tis this dull jail
 That makes the hero and the coward one!
 Oft, amid princes in the senate house,
 Weary of long debate in narrow walls,
 I've felt the air grow heavy, and rushed forth
 And flung me on my horse, with one deep
 breath,
 Impatient for a far and free career.
 Then went I forth amid the pleasant fields,
 Rich with sweet nature's bounty, fair with
 flowers,
 Or golden with the early harvest's corn:
 The heaven above us shed its blessings round.
 I felt more keenly my humanity,
 And lofty impulses, and generous thoughts,
 Swelled in my bounding veins. To serve man-
 kind
 Was uppermost in the young hunter's thoughts.
 Then was the soldier ready to make good
 His right against a world—his glorious right!
 When freedom, terrible, swept like a storm
 Through meadow, forest, valley, swelling on;
 Scorning the petty boundaries wherewith man
 Would fence his portion from a brother's claim.
 Ah, Memory! thou art a spectre now
 Of the fair happiness I once possessed.
 Fate! that hast made the past but as a dream,
 False fate! wilt thou deny me that bold death
 I never feared before the open sun?
 Hast thou prepared a foretaste of the tomb
 In this my vault-like prison? I am cold,—
 I draw a difficult breath amid the damp
 Exhaling from these old sepulchral stones.
 I shudder at yon pallet, as it were
 A new made grave laid open at my feet.
 Oh, care! that art death's shadow, leave me
 now.
 Ah, when hath Egmont been so all alone

In this wide world! come back, my former self.
Let me remember I have many friends ;
That I am master of the people's heart.
Honour, fidelity, and hard-earned love,
These cannot flit like meteors of the night.
Fear were, for me, injustice. I am safe
In the great strength that makes the many one.
My trust is with my countrymen, whose cause
Has ever been my own, they will rise up,
And, with an overwhelming power, save
Their faithful servant, and their ancient friend.
Oh! walls, that press me with your gloomy
depths,
My spirits rise above your dark restraint !
Courage is like an angel at my heart !
I see the people gathered at my side,
In swarming thousands ; and she too is there,
My own beloved one ! Freedom is more fair
For that it wears her image. I will sleep,
And dream of Clara and of liberty.
The fair face painted on the dungeon air,
By the strong force of hope, distinct and sweet,
Is a good omen. Love mine, I will rest.
If my last sleep—it will be full of thee.

L. E. L.