

**GUILT; OR, THE
ANNIVERSARY: A
TRAGEDY, IN FOUR ACTS**

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Guilt; Or, the Anniversary: A Tragedy, in Four Acts by Adolph Müllner

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ADOLPH MÜLLNER

**GUILT; OR, THE
ANNIVERSARY: A
TRAGEDY, IN FOUR ACTS**

Fr

Mr Rev J. M. Manningham

with Mr Smith's best respects

GUILT;

OR,

THE ANNIVERSARY:

A TRAGEDY,

IN FOUR ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ADOLPHUS MÜLLNER.

tr. by R. P. Gillies

*"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres."*

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

1819.

1st ed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To produce a rapid sketch in *blank verse* from the Octo-syllabic *rhyme* of MÜLLNER, which, with proper alterations, might afterwards be adapted to the *English stage*, was the Translator's intention in the following sheets. Had his object been to do justice to "DIE SCHULD," as a POEM, his procedure would of course have been very different. There are several inaccuracies of versification and expression, which fall to be corrected if the work should ever be regularly published; the present impression being limited to fifty copies.



STANZAS INTRODUCTORY.

"Ergebnis eines trüben Herbst-monats."—MÜLLNER.

THE sun looks forth again—the skies are mild,
And something of a balmy west wind blows;
The varied colouring of the forest wild,
Once more begins its beauty to disclose.
Then, at my window, cheerfully again,
The redbreast wakes his contemplative strain

II.

Sweet bird! thou comest to tell me of past days,
When first in Gothic tales I took delight,
And thought, perchance, to frame immortal lays,
Though dreams like these long since were put to flight.
Enough, if other authors I can read,—
And in translation's humble task succeed.

III.

Most pleasant is it, MÜLLNER! to recline
In some deep vale, beneath autumnal skies,
And meditate mysterious lore like thine,
And listen to the south wind's pensive sighs,
While Nature's fading beauties all around,
Give to each page an interest more profound.

IV.

For sadness—and even pain itself—so long
As they are cherish'd, and come not unsought,
Have their own charms, and for poetic song
Unfold a treasury of lofty thought ;
Though sometimes may the gifted Bard at last,
Even at his own creations stand aghast.

V.

Now for plain prose.—'Twas on a lovely day,
When first I read "DIE SCHULD ;" and rashly then
Resolv'd the volume not aside to lay,
Till I had proved its worth to Englishmen.—
But had I known of CAPTAIN FRYE's new version,*
It would have damp'd my spirit of exertion.

* Advertised in the "Times" newspaper, but not yet published.

STANZAS INTRODUCTORY. v

VI.

And, all at once, how did the smiling skies
Their influence change! Relentless winds arose,
And swept away the forests' varied dies,
And hurried the sweet season to a close ;—
Then like the wither'd leaves, poetic flowers
Lay numb'd with frost in our cold northern bowers.

VII.

And therefore, in such weak exhausted mood,
Feebly thy likeness, MÜLLNER, have I traced ;—
Yet may the *Silhouette*, itself so rude,
Ere long by glowing colours be replaced,
If SOTHEBY or COLERIDGE should awake
A portrait full of life and truth to make.

VIII.

But while the storm, without, raged loud and chill,
Bright eyes were gleaming on me, and sweet voices
Strove with encouragement my heart to fill,
(In praise even a translator's heart rejoices,)
And though even with such aid the work may fall,
Yet without this, it had not lived at all.

***** NEAR EDINBURGH,
Nov. 2, 1819.