

On the other side of the leaf stood the other poem, "Ach um deine feuchten Schwingen," &c., but in this Goethe has *altered* very little. "Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe," which Marianne further confessed to, stands at page 125 in the "Divan" under the title of "Suleika;" and "Sag du hast wohl viel gedichtet," at page 132, under the same title. These details are important, as showing, though she had so large a share in the "Divan," how little the work was familiar to her as a printed book. [This is very confused.] Marianne had almost put into my hands the copy given her by Goethe, but withdrew it again because she could not part with it.

We confess not quite to understand the force of all this. But such is this precious revelation, such are the proofs alleged. Scraps of confused speeches and more confused letters from an infatuated old lady (however charming at one time) are to convince us that Goethe knowingly committed petty larceny, coolly stole some of the most exquisite jewels in his crown from the young dancer who loved him! But what shall we say of what follows?—

As she says (Grimm adds) that she has inspired much besides (which she may have forgotten), we may *surely attribute to her* some others of the poems bearing the title of "Suleika." For instance, "Als ich auf dem Euphrat schiffte," where the last stanza *no doubt* was originally something different:—

Also träumt' ich, Morgenröthe
Blitzt ins Auge durch den Baum,
Sag Poete, sage *Goethe*,
Was bedeutet dieser Traum?

Simrock first drew attention to the necessary alteration here of *Hatem* into *Goethe*, which seems quite as natural as in the poem "*Hatem*," page 149:—

Du beschämst wie Morgenröthe,
Jener Gipfel ernste Wand,
Und noch einmal fühlet Goethe
Frühlingshauch und Sommerbrand.

The poem "Geheimschrift" follows at page 173. And immediately afterwards, as an answer to the "Abglanz," page 175, the poem entitled "Suleika," page 177, "Wie mit innigstem Behagen," &c. At the same time, Marianne *says nothing of it*. It almost seems to me as if with a certain prudence she wished not to betray the full extent of her share in the "Divan." In time, however, her letters will bring this to light. It is also clear that her memory occasionally failed her. We must not forget that Marianne was over seventy when she made these communications to me.

No, we will not forget it. Neither shall we forget that it is a scion of the Grimms, himself distinguished as a writer, who has thus dared to bring such a charge before the world—a charge suggested (let us not forget this either) by himself to that dear and queer old lady of Frankfort.

[1307]