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MISS KITTY:

A

PARODY,

ON

LENORA;

A

BALLAD,

Translated from the GERMAN

BY SEVERAL HANDS.

“ IDLY AMUS'D;
“ LIKE CHILDREN PICKING PEBBLES FROM THE SHORE.”

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY G. O. REID AND CO.

BAILLIE'S LAND, COWGATE.

Sold by them, and the Bookfellers.—Price 1s.

1797.

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Entered in Stationer's Hall.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following trifle was produced merely for the amusement of the author and a few friends. He has, however, been persuaded to allow it to be printed. He cannot expect it will be received with as much favour, by a dispassionate public, as it met from indulgent friendship.—If, as a Parody, it should move neither mirth nor approbation,—there are but few copies printed, and, in that case, he will not have the folly to extend their number.

The *first* translation is the one he has made use of: It is allowed, he believes, to be nearer, than any of the others, to the sense of the original.

L E N O R A.

A B A L L A D.

*AT break of day, with frightful dreams,
Lenora struggled sore :*

*My William art thou slaine, say'd she,
Or dost thou love no more :*

*He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell ;
But he no word to her had writ,
An he were sick or well.*

*With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldyers come,
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd for home.*

MISS K I T T Y.

A P A R O D Y.

AWAKE all night, Miss KITTY tofs'd,
Unconscious of the down:
“ My BELMONT, art thou kill'd, she said,
—Or, art thou not in town?”

From town a gallant troop he led,
The civil pow'r to screen;
The lawless mob soon fled from him,
Yet him she had not seen.

With loud huzzas, and louder drum,
At length the troop is come;
With bloodless victory, I ween,
Well pleas'd return'd they home.

*And ev'ry roade and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome tounge.*

*" Thank God !" their wives and children saide,
" Welcome !" the brides did saye :
But greeete or kifs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.*

*She askte of all the passing traine,
For him she wisht to see :
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.*

*And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the groune
In furious despaire.*

*Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
" My child, my child, what dost thou ail ?
God shield thy life from harm !"*

And ev'ry window, gaping wide,
 Disp'ay'd both old and young :
 The fair each household task resign'd,
 To ply th' unwearied tongue.

“ What gallant youths ! how neat their drefs ?”
 The fimp'ring damfels faid :
 But no fuch praife, Miss KITTŸ gave,
 To blue coat, or to red.

She queftion'd clofe, each friendly fair,
 If BELMONT ſhe could ſpy :
 —Each fair, to find her *own* true love,
 Employ'd her glancing eye.

And when at length the ſhow was by,
 Miss KITTŸ pull'd her hair,
 And rent, in ſpight, her neweſt cap,
 And funk—into a chair.

With friendly zeal, her governeſs,
 Soon rais'd her up, and ſaid,
 “ My dear Miss KITTŸ, what doſt ail ?
 —“ I hope thou art not mad !” *

* The author of the Parody has, in this and other inſtances, endeavoured to keep up with the original in ſimple and *familiar* expreſſions of emotion—he hopes the judicious reader will pronounce theſe expreſſions not uncharacteriſtical.

“ O mother, mother ! William’s gone !
 What’s all besyde to me !
 There is no mercye, sure, above !
 All, all were spar’d but hee !”

“ Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
 ’Twill calm thy troubled spright :
 The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good ;
 What he bath done is right.”

“ O mother, mother ! saye not so ;
 Most cruel is my fate !
 I prayde, and prayde ; but watte awayl’d ?
 ’Tis now, alas ! too late.”

“ Our heavenly Father, if we praye,
 Will help a suffering childe :
 Go take the holy sacrament ;
 So shall thy grief grow milde.”

“ O mother, what I feel within,
 No sacrament can stave ;
 No sacrament can teche the dead
 To bear the sight of daye.”

“ May be, among the heathen folk
 Thy William false doth prove,
 And puts away his faith and troth,
 And takes another love.

“ O madam, if the Captain’s false,
 I mad, indeed, shall be ;
 No joy can flow to me below,
 Till him again I see !”

“ With reason, KITTY, calm your thoughts,
 (Reply’d the prudent maid,)
 Pursue good counsel—say your pray’rs,
 And get you soon to bed.”

“ O madam, madam, nor of rest,
 Nor yet of pray’r I think :
 If I shou’d wear my knees quite bare,
 I shou’d not sleep a wink !”—

“ Our boarding-mistress is most wise ;
 Our cares she makes her own :
 Thy grief, be sure, she soon can cure,
 —From ’scapes herself hath known.”—

“ Alas, the fire I feel within,
 Her wisdom cannot drown ;
 Unless she cou’d, with some dear spell,
 Bring BELMONT up to town.”—

“ Perhaps thy BELMONT, simple maid,
 Derides thy partial will,
 With some new Venus leads the dance,
 —Or fits with Bacchus still.”

B

*Then wherefore sorrow for his loss,
Thy moans are all in vain :
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehood brings him paine."*

*" O mother, mother ! gone is gone
My hope is all forlorne ;
The grave mie onely safeguarde is—
O had I ne'er been borne !*

*Go out, go out, my lampe of life ;
In grislie darknes die :
There is no mercye, sure above !
For ever let me die."*

*" Almighty God ! O do not judge
My poor unbappy childe ;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.*

*My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and blifs ;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly Bridegroom miss."*

*" O mother, mother ! what is blisse,
And what the fiendis celle ?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, belle.*

“ Yet, droop not thus, because he’s false,
 Nor make, for shame ! this moan ;
 In yon true mirror view thy face,
 And scorn a lover gone.”

“ O madam, if he’s gone indeed,
Your cares, henceforth, are vain ;
 Italian, music, drawing, French,
 I’ll ne’er pursue again !

But let me seek some convent drear,
 Fenc’d round with muddy moat,
 No more to view the park so green,
 —Nor yet a scarlet coat !”

“ Our mistress’ ear how this wou’d wound !
 —I’ll Kitty’s weakness screen :
 Alas, she knows not what she says ;
 —She is but just fifteen !—

My child, restrain this headstrong warmth,
 O’ervaluing fancy’d bliss ;
 For so, at least, shall not good-sense
 A *wealthy* bridegroom miss.”

“ What’s wealth? upon a bed of straw,
 With BELMONT, I were blest :
 But what are prints, or India chints,
 That canopy unrest ? *

* This word, tho’ not in common use, is to be met with both
 in Milton and Shakespeare : MISS KITTY might get it from
 the *Plays* of the latter.

*Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
 In endless darknes die:
 Without him I must loathe the earth,
 Without him scorne the sky."*

*And so despaire did rave and rage
 Athwarte her boiling veins,
 Against the providence of Heaven
 She hurld her impious strains.*

*She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
 And rollde her tearlesse eye,
 From rise of morn, till the pale stars
 Again did freeke the sbye.*

*When barke! abroad, she heard the trampe
 Of nimble-hoofed steed;
 She hearde a knight with clank alight,
 And climb the staire in speede.*

*And soone she herde a tinkling bande,
 That twirled at the pin;
 And through her door, that open'd not,
 These words were breathed in.*

Alas, alas, I see 'tis true ;
 My hopes are all o'erthrown ;
 O let me never sleep again,
 Or ever sleep alone !"

And then by fits, her gauze, she ply'd—
 —But pierc'd her fingers fore ;
 Her gum-flow'rs—in a moment's space,
 She hurl'd them on the floor.

And still unquiet was her mien,
 For so her beating breast,
 From th' hour when maids first sip their tea,
 Till all were wrapt in rest.

When hark ! she heard a distant sound—
 Her ear was quick to greet ;—
 It came more near— a chaise it seem'd,—
 And stopt within the street.

And soon a stealthy foot was nigh,
 Pat, pat, along the floor ;
 And soon a silver voice there came
 Soft gliding thro' the door.

“ *What ho ! what ho ! thy dore undoe ;
 Art watching or asleepe ?
 My love, dost yet remember mee,
 And dost thou laugh or weepe ?*”

“ *Ah ! William here so late at night !
 Oh ! I have watchte and wak'd
 Whence dost thou come ? For thy return
 My bearte has sorely ak'd.*”

“ *At midnight only we may ride ;
 I come o'er land and sea :
 I mounted late, but soone I go ;
 Arise, and come with me.*”

“ *O William, enter first my bowre,
 And give me one embrace,
 The blasts athwarte the hawthorne bifs ;
 Awayte a little space.*”

“ *The blasts athwarte the hawthorne bifs,
 I may not harbour here ;
 My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
 My houre of flight is nere.*

My life! my KITTY!—art thou here?

My faithful counsel keep ;
Arise, my love, and come with me ;
—I hope thou’rt not asleep!”—

“ My BELMONT!—but to hear thee nigh!—
—’Twas surely thou that spoke,—
How can’st thou here, at this still hour?—
—My heart is almost broke!”—

“ Ah, midnight is the lover’s hour ;
But hast thou thought of me?
Think not I’ve lagg’d—but now I’ll fly,
If fly thou wilt with me.”

“ O, BELMONT, pow’rful are thy words ;
Yet eloquence you waste :
I prithee leave me—for to-night—
What need of so much haste?”

“ To-night, all tongues are hush’d in sleep :
No stop we have to fear :
My care is great, and great my love,
And hark! the chaife—d’ye hear?—

*All as thou lyeſt upon thy couch,
 Arſe and mount behind ;
 To-night we'll ride a thouſand miles,
 The bridal bed to finde."*

*"How, ride to-night a thouſand miles ?
 Thy love thou doſt bemocke :
 Eleven is the ſtroke that ſtill
 Rings on within the clocke."*

*"Looke up, the moone is bright, and we
 Outſtride the earthlie men :
 I'll take thee to the bridal-bed,
 And night ſhall end but then."*

*"And where is, then, thy houſe and home ;
 And where thy bridal bed ?"*

*"'Tis narrow, ſilent, chilly, dark :
 Far hence I reſt my head."*

*"And is there any room for mee,
 Wherein that I may creepe ?"*

*"There's room enough for thee and mee,
 Wherein that wee may ſleepe."*

Then quit thy couch, and come with me—
 (Ne'er stay to dress thy head)—*
 Swift as the wind, the land we'll find
 That shields true love from dread." †

" But, BELMONT, is't not far away?
 —And may we 'scape remark?—
 Hark, dost not hear the watchman's voice?
 —And, then, the night's *so* dark!"

Tho' sun and moon are both withdrawn,
 Two orbs shall stream most bright:
 They're *patent lamps*—by Hymen trimm'd,
 To guide us thro' the night.

" But sure 'tis far to Gretna Green:
 And dost thou know the ways?"—
 " I do, my love,—up hill and down,
 —And know—the Doctor stays."

" And are there inns of decent note,
 Wherein we, tir'd, may stop?"—‡
 My love there are;—I know them all,—
 And know old Vulcan's shop.

* Compare this with the opposite text, and acknowledge the delicacy of the Captain's address:—How superior to that of the German Soldier! † Scotland.

‡ This, and other pertinent enquiries, made by MISS KITTY, mark the prudent caution of the British Heroine—which, as well as her subsequent appearance, the reader may compare with the confident conduct of MISS LENORA.

*All as thou ly'st upon thy couch,
 Arise, no longer stop ;
 The wedding guests thy coming waite,
 The chamber dore is ope."*

*All in her sarke, as there she lay, *
 Upon his horse she sprung ;
 And with her lily hands so pale
 About her William clung.*

*And hurry-skurry forth they go,
 Unbeeding wet or dry ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.*

*How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
 Aright, aleft, are gone !
 The bridges thunder as they pass,
 But earthlie sowne is none.*

*Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see ;
 " Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost feare to ride with mee ?*

* This is certainly a very forcible passage, and describes well the ardour of Lenora's love. It comes very nearly up to what has been sometimes called, in *emphatical* terms, *stark love and kindness*.

Then, as thou art, I prithee come ;
In safety mount my chaise,
Three faithful grooms attend thy flight,
And blood are all my bays."

And now, but not in loose attire,*
She sprung to BELMONT'S arms ;
In manlike garb, like wisdom's queen,
She veil'd ten thousand charms.

And dash ! at once, they clattering go
O'er pavement, low or high :
Like well plied flails, the horses heels
Make each light substance fly.

How swift the street, the lane, the square,
With echoing noise is past !
One only found the lovers hear—
Of kisses snatch'd in haste.

Still clattering thro' each town they go,
And dart by ev'ry tree :
" Hurra ! 'tis thus that lovers drive :
Shou'd lovers not be free ?"

* See last Note in page 17.

*The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte ;
 Dost quake the blast to stem ?
 Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the deade ?”
 “ No, no ; but what of them !*

*How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song !
 Night-ravens flappe the wing.
 What knell doth slowlie tong ding-dong ?
 The psalmes of death who sing ?*

*It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
 The corse it onn the beere ;
 Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
 The chaunte doth meete the eere.”*

*“ Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,
 With song, and tear, and wayle ;
 I've gott my wife, I take her home,
 My houre of wedlocke hail,*

*Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
 To swell the nuptial song :
 Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone ;
 For bed, for bed we long.”*

*They heede his calle, and hust the sowne ;
 The beere was seen no more ;
 And followde him ore feeld and flood
 Yet faster than before.*

The morn is fair, the sky is clear :—

“ Dost see yon spruce-drest crew ?”

“ Ah, yes, and, here, each form I fear—
What come they here to do ?”

“ My KITTY still thy tim'rous breast,
Hear'ft not yon steeple ring ?

Among them stalks the well-fed priest—
And nuptial songs they sing.

They dancing speed, the jovial train ;
The bride is in the rear ;
Their looks are music to my heart,
Their voices to my ear !

Here call yon dusky-coated man ;
His look much zeal displays :
Perchance our RORY strays from home,—
And roomy is the chaise.—

Come here, Sir Doctor, take a feat,
My nuptial hour is near ;
Bid follow you, this merry crew,
To taste our wedding cheer.”

The priest, who heard, believ'd him craz'd ;
And so, with fearful aim,
Fled out of ear-shot of the chaise,
And all that with it came.—

*And brush, brush, brush, the gostlie crew,
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the wither'd leaves
That wide the wirlwinds spreads.*

*Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unbeeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.*

*And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backward scudded, overhead,
The sky and every star.*

*Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrab, the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with mee?"*

*I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soone be runne:
I snuffe the early morning aire;
Downe, downe! our work is done.*

With buxom spring, the nut-brown maids,
 Their well shap'd limbs reveal ;
 The urchins of the band rush forth,
 And throw the *Catbrine wheel*. *

Halloo, halloo ! away they go ;—
 The gipseys shout amain :
 And every village, hamlet, cot,
 Increafes still their train !

And all that in their course they met,
 Ran far aside for fear ;
 The turnpike-men threw wide their gates
 A mile ere they came near.

They clattering shake each ancient town,
 And glide by every tree ;
 “ Hurrah ! ’tis thus that lovers drive,
 “ And still may love be free !”

“ But fee the sun, with purple glow,
 To western vallies glide ;
 If right I guefs,—by this dear kifs,
 Short way we have to ride.

* On feveral of the principal roads in England, nothing is more common than for fuch little vagrants, in hopes of gaining a few pence from travellers, to tumble heels over head in a fidelong direction ; which they call throwing the *Catbrine wheel*,—from the refemblance their action bears to the motion of the firework fo named. D

*The dead, the dead can ride apace ;
 Oure wed-bed here is fit :
 Oure race is ridde, oure journey ore,
 Oure endlesse union knit."*

*And lo ! an yren-grated gate,
 Soon biggens to their viewe :
 He crackte his whipe ; the clanginge boltes,
 The doores affunder flewe.*

*They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode ;
 " 'Tis hitber we are bounde :"
 And many a tombstone gostlie white
 Lay in the moonshine round.*

*And when hee from his steede alytte,
 His armour, black as cinder,
 Did moulder, moulder all arwaye,
 As it were made of tinder,*

*His head became a naked scull ;
 Nor haire nor eyne had hee :
 His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilome so blythe of blee,*

*And att his dry and boney beele,
 No spurre was left to be ;
 And in his witherde hand you might,
 The scythe and hour-glasse see,*

My KITTY, lovers drive with speed—
 Yes, yes, thro' thick and thin :
 Our love shall last till life be past—
 —By Heav'n we've reach'd our inn !”

And lo a winter-batter'd sign
 Soon stood reveal'd to view—
 The Captain gave a thund'ring shout,
 —And out the waiters flew.

And foremost rush'd, uncall'd, a wight,
 Who, with a merry bound,
 Against the * leader ran his nose—
 Which made him kiss the ground.

And when he had the earth embrac'd,——
 Which made him not more black,
 “ Here is the man, he cry'd, that hearts
 Can rivet in a crack !”

And from his haunches, quick he made
 The apronstrings to flee :
 That all in black, of various shades,
 A parson he might be.

His head soon wore a decent hat,
 A band beside had he,
 His hands and face with speed he wash'd,
 —Which made him fair to see.

* The fore-horse.

*And, lo! his steede did thin to smoke,
 And charnel fires outbreathe ;
 And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite,
 The mayde from underneathe.*

*And hollow howlings hung in aire,
 And shrekes from vaults arose,
 Then knew the mayde she mighte no more
 Her living eyes unclose.*

*But onwarde to the judgment-seat,
 Thro' myste and moonlighte dreare,
 The gostlie crew their flyght pursewe,
 And hollowe in her eare :—*

*“ Be patient ; though thine herte should breke,
 Arrayne not Heven's decree ;
 Thou nowe art of thie body reste,*
 Thie soul forgiven bee !”*

* This, certainly, may be considered as more than poetical justice ; a punishment more than adequate to the crime committed by LENORA,—which was giving way to an impatient expression of grief, while labouring under the impulse of a violent passion.

F I N I S.

And lo, he held the licens'd book,
 That teaches what to say:
 And duly skill'd, he ended soon,
 And, paid, soon went away.

What feelings flutter'd KITTY's breast,
 And brighten'd BELMONT's eyes,
 To think MISS KITTY might no more
 With virgin freedom rise.

But while they're counting years of joy,
 Uncheck'd by fordid fear,
 A wordy wight, with morning light,
 Affaulted BELMONT's ear:

“ Tho' parents break their children's hearts,
 'Twere bootless to repine ;
 The Law shall KITTY's Dowry feize,
 Her Charms, it grants, are thine.”

* It might at first sight be questioned which of the ladies is treated most hardly—but tho' the moral seem'd to require that MISS KITTY should be placed in a critical situation, with regard to her power of rewarding her lover, let it be remembered, that poor LENORA, for talking somewhat wildly, is dispatched to that bourne from whence no traveller returns ; while we are left in hope, that, after the customary chidings, KITTY, with her lover, may be received within the pale of parental affection by a sensible and forgiving father.

F I N I S.