

The Morning Chronicle.

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PRICE

It is not very easy to determine the category of literature to which this thin oblong quarto should be referred; and even the professed catalogue-maker or librarian would be perplexed in allotting to it a proper position in a collection of books. The *Bürger* and *Brighton Leonora* consists of three distinct parts—an original German poem, a metrical translation thereof, and a travestie, or parody thereupon. German scholars here are familiar with *Bürger* in his vernacular; and "*Leonora*" has been more than once translated for the use and behoof of the unlettered. To the question why should any one again attempt an English version of that beautiful poem, Mr. Warre Tyndale answers that it has been propounded of the existing translations that they essentially deviate from the original; that in them the supernatural has been reduced to the material and that the simplicity and terseness of the German have been altered by the interpolation of elegant but extraneous and inappropriate imagery. He therefore felt inclined to try his hand at keeping closer to the spirit and simplicity, as well as shadowy vagueness, of the poet; but he carefully disavows any coquetry with former translations before he had finished his own; and invites comparison, by printing the text in juxtaposition with his rendering. So far, only, this would have been an enticing little book for our German amateurs—a reprint of a favourite poem, and a new version of it. But Mr. Tyndale holds out to them another attraction. He has brought a *Leonora* of his own into the field—a *Brighton Leonora*—and in sportive phantasy has paraphrased the ghastly intrigue of the German heroine and her mysterious ride on the coal-black steed behind her spectre lover, by the romance of a "desperate daughter," who elopes per railway to avoid a detested match decided upon by papa.

We will give one short specimen of the translation and of the parody. In the original poem the skeleton lover thus addresses his victim-bride, as she clings confidently to him in their fearful gallop:—

" ' Grant Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
Grant Liebchen auch vor Todten?
' Ach nein! Doch lass die Todten! "

This Mr. Tyndale translates as follows:—

" ' Dost shudder, love?—The moon shines bright;
Hurrah! The dead ride fast in flight!
Dost shudder, love?—The grave dost dread?
' Oh no! but leave alone the dead! "

And this is his travestie of the same:—

" ' Are you nervous, my love? The journey is short;
We Lovers and Specials can never be caught!
Are you nervous, my love? Papa, do you fear?
' Oh no! let him go to Old Harry, my dear! "

We will not harrow up the feelings of our readers by recounting the catastrophe. Enough to say that Mr. Warre Tyndale has devoted some leisure hours to putting together an elegant and tasteful drawing-room trifle—one we should be very much disposed to pack up as a complimentary offering, if about to visit a family in which the ladies cultivated German.

The illustrations, we should add, are clever, and in character with the burlesque.

The Bürger and Brighton Leonora; or Romance versus Railway. Dedicated by permission to all desperate Daughters. By J. W. Warre Tyndale. Illustrated by K. A. Drake. London: Bentley.

**JOHNSTON'S PHYSICAL ATLAS OF
NATURAL PHENOMENA.**

We hail with pleasure the publication of this

Johnston's Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena. Small folio. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.