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No. 12.

LITERARY NOTICES OF THE WEEK.

BOOK TABLE.

AMONG the novelties of our time, and every day, we had almost said every hour, adds one to the innumerable catalogue, Messrs. Bancroft and Holly propose to issue, early in the next month, a rare specimen of the application of that well-known device in printing, by means of which we may have not merely an author's lucubrations, but a fac-simile also of his original manuscript. This may well be sad tidings to some of our worthy and laborious brethren of the quill, whose labouring thoughts so often impart emotion to their feathered vehicle of thought, and produce corresponding agitations in their inkings, (so to speak,) not infrequently to their own confusion, as well as to the vexation of compositors; and they may, with good reason, be startled at the idea of an eternizing of the hieroglyphic insignia of their autographs. But with all the condolence that we willingly offer to such delinquents in the calligraphic art, we consider the proposal of Messrs. Bancroft and Holly to be deserving of all patronage, for the enterprise which it evinces, and for the interest and real value of the work which they have in hand. It is "An autobiography of the late Right Reverend William White, D. D., bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the state of Pennsylvania, and presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States:—a lithographic fac-simile of the original manuscript." The history of this venerable bishop, and his reminiscences of by-gone days, will, no doubt, be rich in entertainment and instruction. He enjoyed the enviable society and confidence of the leading worthies of the revolution; he was the chaplain of congress at Yorktown; he was the friend and pastor of our immortal Washington; he founded the Episcopal Church in the United States, and wrote its constitution; and, after his consecration in England as one of the first two bishops of this church, he continued for half a century to discharge the duties of his office, so that, at the period of his demise, in July last, he was reputed to be the oldest prelate in all christendom—being in the fiftieth year of his episcopate, the sixty-sixth of his ministry, and the eighty-ninth of his good old age. The proposed work will consist of a hundred pages, small quarto, and comprise an eventful period of more than seventy years, from A. D. 1747 to A. D. 1819. Many friends of the beloved and honoured bishop will be taken by surprise at the announcement of this work; and the many aspirants to the honourable office of inditing his biography, will be thus unexpectedly, it may be happily, anticipated. But the document cannot for a moment be thought spurious, as the respectability of the publishers, and a certificate which accompanies the proposals abundantly attest its genuineness. In the certificate alluded to, the Rev. Dr. Schroeder, of this city, states, that the bishop submitted to him the original manuscript of the autobiography, to be used at his discretion, while he was engaged in preparing a sketch of the life of this venerated man—the sketch which appears in the first volume of the National Portrait Gallery. From the specimen of a few pages of the lithographic fac-simile, which we have examined, we have no doubt that the publishers will amply fulfil their pledge, and at their new and eligible stand in the Astor House, they may offer many a future lithographic fac-simile. The idea is to us a pleasing one, and we may recur to it hereafter.

The Harpers have published the *Diary of a Desennuyé*, complete in one volume, at fifty cents! It was issued in London at a guinea and a half, and is attributed to an English dutchess. It is the first book that has been published by Mr. Colburn since his resumption of his publishing business, and is accordingly violently assailed by the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, whom Lord Byron designated as a "literary animalcule," and who is in the pay of the rival house of Longman's. It is a sparkling, racy, vivid, and spirited narrative of scenes in high life in England and the continent of Europe, and bears the impress of *vérité*. We cordially recommend it to our readers, as it contains less of clap-trap, and straining after effect, than any similar work we have seen within the last twelve years.

The same publishers have very wisely given additional value to their *Family Library* by comprising the *History of Italy* in its seventy-ninth number. There is no country in the world whose modern history is so often alluded to familiarly, and so imperfectly known as that of the glorious country from whence the Romans regulated the destinies of the world, and where, even now, the minds of so many nations are swayed. We have no connected and continuous narrative of its revolutions, and are forced to wade through whole shelves to obtain a *coup d'œil* of the various mutations of fortune and government it has gone through, written in almost every language, from the early Greek and Roman historians to the recent work of Botta, comprising all that Muratori, Gibbon, Roscoe, Hallam and Daru, with many others, have narrated. Mr. Nathaniel Greene, of Boston, has given us in a compendious shape all that Sforzoli has compiled, and a more valuable acquisition for the student of history could not have been devised. As we have spoken of this work on a former occasion, there is no necessity for us here to recapitulate our opinion of its merits.

We have before us a book, which, when we casually opened, appeared to us a new edition of a work on *Logarithms*, or the combinations of numbers; but on closer inspection we discovered that it was "A help to Printers and Publishers" in the mysteries of their craft, by Samuel N. Dickinson, and published at Boston. It is filled with calculations of the highest utility to those connected with the art typographical, and an instant reference to its columns will obviate the necessity of long, tedious and perplexing numerical operations. As a shortener of labour, and an assistance in a profession, perhaps the most harassing of all others, Mr. Dickinson's book from its utility, and the elegance of its execution, cannot fail to be supported by those for whom it is principally intended.

Mr. Pray, the editor of the *Boston Pearl*, has collected his editorial contributions to that journal in a very neat volume, published by Russell, Shattuck and Co., of Boston, and for sale by Bancroft and Holly, Astor Buildings, Broadway. The typography of this book is very pretty, and the legends, essays, and poetry are the same. Mr. Pray is a very young man, and these productions are very creditable to him. His classification of American poets, however, is in our opinion decidedly incorrect; unjust to the master spirits of our national lyre, and too partial to those who may be very rightly termed minor poets.

"*The Warlock*" has been just published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It is a tale of the sea, by "The Old Sailor," who wrote the "Tough Yarns." It is an interesting story of piracy, love, and murder, in which the ship-of-war *Warlock* is connected—all very well told, and very pleasant reading for those who have no other amusement.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received City Lyrics; they shall appear forthwith; and we thank our attentive friend.—In reply to "A Subscriber," who wishes to know where the Southern Rose is published, we have the pleasure of stating that it unclothes its blushing and graceful buds in Charleston; we take the liberty of recommending it warmly to the querist.—Evening, by "S*****" is very pretty, both in rhyme and sentiment, but with scarce sufficient novelty for our columns.—The Rose, by "Pratt," is respectfully, but emphatically declined.—We should like to publish the Death of Fraser on account of its patriotism, and the interest of its subject—but it is too imperfect both in rhythm and rhyme. Many of our correspondents preface their favours with the observation that they were "written in a hurry," when "more important affairs demanded their attention," and that "they are conscious of their imperfections, but hope," etc. Now, if they cannot find time to correct their own performances, we cannot; and the "consciousness," if sincere, might lead them to a tolerable correct anticipation of what is likely to be their fate.—Lament to the officers and soldiers now in Florida is respectfully declined.—We regret that the author of the translation of *Penelope to Ulysses*, should have taken offence at its rejection. We assure him that we only acted in conformity with our notions of our duty to nine or ten thousand readers.—"W. M. W.'s" piece shall appear in our next—and we will endeavour to find room for the stanzas by "S." in an early number.—Although we have seen "W. H. H.'s" epigrams before, yet as to the generality of our readers they may be new, we will embody them into our miscellany department.—The address to Ambition, from Baltimore, is filed for insertion.—We trust we shall not be blamed for preferring the examination of those productions whose penmanship is most attractive; a crabbed hand-writing is certainly not attractive, and as a handsome face is a letter of recommendation all over the world, so a fair calligraphy is mighty prepossessing to the critical reader. After this hint, the author of "My Boyhood's Day," who dates from the Astor House, will guess why his favour has not been sooner acknowledged. It will claim and receive our earliest attention.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

Astoria.—Much of speculation, surmises, hints and fancies have recently been indulged in, as to what Mr. Washington Irving could have found to write about in the life of Mr. John Jacob Astor, upon whose memoirs it was reported our townsman was employed. The career of a plodding and money-getting citizen, was not supposed to contain many incidents of interest, or to present features sufficiently novel, and beyond the ordinary route of mortals, to justify the labours of such an author on such a subject. But it is the characteristic of genius to extract a fruitful theme out of the most jejune and unpromising materials; and as Dr. Johnson boasted that he could write the life of a broomstick, and make it an amusing memoir, so, we have no doubt, Mr. Irving would be equally successful, even if he took the life of Mynheer Astor as the groundwork of his story. But in *Astoria* the author of the *Sketch Book* has blended so many accessories with his main feature, and interwoven so important a subject therewith, that out of the business pursuits of a private individual he has contrived to form a book glowing with all the charms of romance, and sparkling with stories, legends, persons, and characters of deep and general interest. The fur trade, and the daring traders and voyageurs employed in it; their perilous adventures, and their gallant encounters with the Indians, form the staple of the book, whose object will appear more clearly by the following extract from the author's own introduction to the work, which will be published by Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, of Philadelphia:

In the course of occasional visits to Canada many years since, I became intimately acquainted with some of the principal partners of the great North-West Fur Company, who at that time lived in genial style at Montreal, and kept almost open house for the stranger. At their hospitable boards I occasionally met with partners, of sterner, and hardly far removed from the interior posts; men who had passed years remote from civilized society, among distant and savage tribes, and who had wondrous to recount of their wild and wild peregrinations, their hunting exploits, and their perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the Indians. I was at an age when the imagination lends its colouring to everything, and the stories of these Sinbad of the wilderness made the life of a trader and fur trader a perfect romance to me. I even meditated at one time a visit to the remote posts of the company, in the boats that annually ascended the lakes and rivers, being thereto invited by one of the partners; and I have ever since regretted that I was prevented by circumstances from carrying my intention into effect.

About two years ago, not long after my return from a tour upon the prairies of the far west, I had a conversation with my friend, Mr. John Jacob Astor, relative to that portion of our country, and to the adventurous traders to Santa Fe and the Columbia. This led him to advert to a great enterprise set on foot and conducted by him, between twenty and thirty years since, having for its object to carry the fur trade across the Rocky Mountains, and to sweep the shores of the Pacific.

Finding that I took an interest in the subject, he expressed a regret that the true nature and extent of his enterprise, and its national character and importance had never been understood, and a wish that I would undertake to give an account of it. The suggestion struck upon the chord of early associations, already vibrating in my mind. It occurred to me that a work of this kind might comprise a variety of those curious details, so interesting to me, illustrative of the fur trade; of its remote and adventurous enterprises, and of the various people, and tribes and castes, and characters civilized and savage, affected by its operations. The journals, and letters also, of the adventurers by sea and land, employed by Mr. Astor in his comprehensive project, might throw light upon portions of our country quite out of the track of ordinary travel, and as yet but little known. I therefore felt disposed to undertake the task, provided documents of sufficient extent and minuteness could be furnished to me.

The work I here present to the publick, is necessarily of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature, comprising various exhibitions and adventures by land and sea. The facts, however, will prove to be linked and handed together by one grand scheme, devised and conducted by a master spirit: one set of characters, also, continues throughout, appearing occasionally, though sometimes at long intervals, and the whole enterprise winds up by a regular catastrophe; so that the work, without any laboured attempt at artificial construction, actually possesses much of that unity so much sought after in works of fiction, and considered so important to the interest of every history.

Solecism in manners.—There are few things more disagreeable than to be kept waiting in a drawing-room, parlour, or library, when you have come either alone or in a party, to pay a visit to the lady of the mansion. We speak feelingly on this subject, having not unfrequently been compelled to possess our souls in patience for some thirty minutes, while the Martha of the household, "who is busied about many things," is attiring herself for the due reception of visitors, by whose unexpected arrival she is caught unprepared, and in *dishabille*. Now people should always time their calls at reasonable hours, say from one to four o'clock, and ladies should always be in proper trim to receive visitors during that period. To be kept waiting, indicates either that your call is intrusive; that the lady is not acquainted with the rules of good-breeding; that you are upon such an intimate footing that any liberty can be taken with you; or that an elaborate array is absolutely essential to the hostess's being at all presentable. This evil prevails to a disagreeable extent in this country, and its prevalence manifests a degree of carelessness in domestic costume, which is worthy of all reprehension. It is presumed that a lady is always neat, and derives no adventitious succour from the circumstances of the toilette. She should, therefore, on the announcement of the presence of visitors in the drawing-room, hasten to receive them in the same attire in which she appears in her family circle, and by the readiness of her reception, evince its cordiality and welcome. Those people, indeed, who ought to have been denied altogether by servants of common tact, may be permitted to kick their heels not longer than five minutes, as the time which elapses previous to the appearance of the fair dame, is generally employed in conversation anything but complimentary to her amiability, accomplishments, and good sense. A delay of a quarter of an hour should be taken as a tacit hint that a repetition of the call will be considered a bore, while any further delay should be construed into a decided and most unequivocal affront.

Westward Ho!—The mighty tide of emigration which is now rolling westward, is one of the most interesting subjects which can occupy the thoughts of the lover of adventure, and the patriot who rejoices in the prosperity and weal of his country. There is nothing more exciting to the mind than the long journey, and the curious incidents by which that journey is diversified, before the land of promise and the pleasant resting-place is reached. Every thing is so out of the common track, and the ordinary routine of life, that difficulties and privations are borne cheerfully on account of their novelty and the excitement which attends them; and the remembrance of the cares and perplexities which the travellers have left behind them, tend to sweeten the hardships of nature, and the troublesome, but oftentimes amusing, incidents of the road. The following sketch of a family floating down the Ohio on a raft, is at once highly graphic and characteristic of our inland emigration. "To-day we have passed two large rafts, lashed together, by which simple conveyance several families from New-England were transporting themselves and their property to the land of promise in the western woods. Each raft was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house erected on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the paraphernalia of a farm-yard, the ploughs, wagons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distributed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence, than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable-looking old lady with spectacles on her nose, was seated on a chair at the door of one of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub, the men were conversing with as much complacency as if they had been in the land of steady habits; and the various avocations seemed to go on with the steadiness of clock-work. In this manner our western emigrants travel at slight expense. They carry with them their own provisions; their raft floats with the current, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with his scolding, squalling, grunting, lowing and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed, without leaving his own fireside; and on his arrival there, may go on shore with his household, and commence business, with as little ceremony as a grave personage, who, on his marriage with a rich widow, said he had 'nothing to do but to walk in and hang up his hat.'"

Caution to picture-fanciers.—In one of Foote's farces, the name of which we forget, and have no copy of the English Aristophanes to refer to, there is an amusing character of an enthusiastic amateur of paintings, who descants eloquently upon the technical terms of the art, and the characteristic beauties of the great Italian masters. In the commonest daubs he recognizes Raphael's, Michael Angelo's, Guido's, Cuypp's, and Rembrandt's, and no little advantage is taken of his presumptuous credulity by the cunning knaves about town, who smoke new pictures to give them the discoloured appearance of antiquity, and who, in proportion to the obscurity of a painting, vaunt its value, and enhance upon its price. We do not know whether there are many of these dupes in New-York, but some there certainly are, and of this fact we had sufficient evidence a few days ago. It will be remembered that a week or two back, the newspapers contained advertisements of an extensive sale of a magnificent collection of paintings, selected with great care, and containing some undoubted originals, etc.: which several of the papers corroborated in articles which are technically termed *puffs*. The day after the sale, an acquaintance informed us, that he had purchased twenty or thirty of them, and expected to make two hundred dollars by the transaction. He showed us Madonna's, scripture scenes, cherubs, and flower pieces—gentlemen in half-armour, with flowing wigs—shepherdeses with an orange in one hand, and the pastoral crook in the other—and two square pieces of dark canvass, with a strong light in the centre, which he declared were Rembrandt's—the former being merely Murillo's, Caracci's, Titian's, and so forth. The price at the sale was about fifteen dollars each, and he intended to clap on about five hundred per cent., and then he assured us they would be cheap bargains; and on this he asked us whether we did not wish to decorate our gallery with one of his *chef-d'œuvres*? We understand that the great patrons of this speculation are the money-changers of this city, who hang their walls with these splendid master-pieces! The fact is, that the sweepings of Europe—the daubs which would be considered as encumbering the servant's hall of a gentleman's house in England, are bought up and shipped for America; and it is in order to open the eyes of the unenlightened, that we have taken the trouble to pen these remarks.

Time and hour of composition.—It is related of the poet Thomson, that his muse was most propitious in the dead and solemn night, and that the season of the year best adapted for arousing the fire of genius in his soul, was the autumn. This, however, was a characteristic of the poet of the *Seasons*, and different idiosyncrasies require different stimulants to exertion. Doctor Combe, in his famous book on physiology, which is one of the best text-books of the human mind, advocates a system altogether at variance with that which was so successful with Thomson, and we recommend his observation to the serious attention of our studious readers:—"Nature has allotted the darkness of the night for repose, and the restoration, by sleep, of exhausted energies of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in toward that period of the day, the increased action in the brain, which always accompanies activity of mind, requires a long time to subside; and, if the individual be of an irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or, perhaps, tormented with dreams. If, nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately produce a state of irritability of the nervous system, approaching to insanity. It is, therefore, of great advantage to engage in severe studies earlier in the day, and devote two or three hours preceding bed-time to light reading, music, or amusing conversation."

Gasparoni, the Brigand.—We have read several accounts of this noted outlaw, all differing in particulars, but all agreeing in representing him as one of the most blood-thirsty wretches that ever infested the hills of the Abruzzi, or the road between Terracina and Fondi. Some traits of generosity have from time to time thrown a dubious lustre over the acts of other Italian bandits—but this was an unmitigated ruffian, whose heart owned no soft or gentle impulse, and who roamed about like a beast of prey for carnage and destruction. His adventure with the priest, whose life he promised to spare on his denying his Redeemer, and then stabbing him to the heart, exulting in having deprived him of life here and salvation hereafter, and other particulars of his career, his arrest and subsequent execution, not long ago, at Rome, have appeared in various forms; but some heretofore unappropriated incidents in his history have been taken by an able correspondent, and interwoven in a tale, which will be found on the fourth page of to-day's impression. The moral of the story is exemplary, and the writer has only illustrated well-known facts.

A stuttering critic.—We never see Mr. Povey without thinking of Doctor L. an eccentric physician about town, who stutters most cruelly. He goes to the theatre but seldom, has but little acquaintance with actors, and is not a very excellent judge, we presume, of acting. He met our friend B—, one day, and asked him if he "knew Mr. P—P—Povey." B. answered, "Yes. My musical propensities lead me often to the rehearsals with Mrs. A. where I have had the honour and pleasure of meeting Mr. Povey." "Well, Mr. B. does not Mr. P—P—Povey receive a very great salary for his ser—ser—services?" "Why, no; I believe he gets one of the smallest in the theatre." "Well, that's odd; and, besides, it's a very great shame. He ought to be well p—p—paid." "Why so?" "Because whenever I g—g—go to the p—p—play-house, in all the f—f—f—farces, all the actors k—k—k—kick Mr. P—P—Povey, and he ought to have a large salary for submitting to such degradation to amuse the publick."

Marriage medals.—We omitted to mention that these beautiful emblematic memorials may be inspected, or purchased, at William L. Tenny's, corner of Murray street and Broadway.

DER FREYSCHUTZ WALTZ.

MUSICK COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY CARLE VON WEBER.

Moderato.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

LEONORA.

A BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

BY JAMES NACK.

BURGER's celebrated ballad, "Leonora," has been repeatedly "done into English," after some fashion or other. The only successful attempt of the kind, is that of Mr. Taylor, with which every reader is familiar. Mr. Taylor, however, has not given us a translation, but rather a ballad of his own, founded upon the German materials. The present is an attempt to give at once a faithful translation, and an imitation of those sounds on which so much of the effect of the original depends.

UP starts she from a dream of dread
At blush of dawning day;
"Art faithless, William! art thou dead?
How long wilt thou delay!"

Her lover went with Frederick's might
Upon the fields of Prague to fight,
And still no tidings came to tell,
Or were he ill, or were he well.

Weary, at last, of war's debate,
The sovereigns bade it cease,
To milder moods subdued their hate,
And swore to lasting peace.

With spear and shout the soldiers come,
With clash and clang, and roll of drum,
Bedecked with garlands green and gay,
Rejoicing on their homeward way.

And everywhere, and everywhere,
With shouts of jubilee,
Both old and young in throngs repair
Their coming friends to see.

"Now, God be praised!" said wife and child,
And many a bride her "welcome!" smiled;
But Leonora friend is meeting;
No kiss for her, for her no greeting!

From rank to rank she wandered fast,
And questioned all that came;
In vain she questioned all that past,
And named her lover's name.

All—all past on—she gazed around—
She dashed herself upon the ground;
She wept—she tore her raven hair,
And tost her arms in mad despair!

Now hastes to her the mother mild:
"Oh! why art thou distressed?
God's pity on my darling child!"
She clasped her to her breast.

"Oh, mother! mother! gone is gone!
Away with all beneath the sun!
In God no mercy can I see!
Ah! wo is me! ah! wo is me!"

"Oh, help her, Lord! with gracious eye
Look down. My child, to prayer apply—
All—all is well that God may do—
Oh, God! my child with pity view!"

"Oh, mother! mother! dreams of air!
God deals not well with me.
What help have I—what help in prayer?
No good to come can be."

"Help, Lord! a father is above,
Who helps the children of his love—
The holy sacrament, my child,
Will make thy sharpest sorrow mild."

"Oh, mother! mother! how I burn!
All sacraments were vain;
No sacrament that can return
The dead to life again!"

"Nay, child, what if the faithless youth
In stranger lands forgets his truth,
And careless of his plighted band,
On other maid bestows his hand;

"Why, let it go—his worthless heart—
And small his gain shall be:
His soul, when soul and body part,
Shall rue its perjury."

"Oh, mother! mother! gone is gone!
Forever must I mourn!
Death! death I seek! and death alone!
Would I had ne'er been born!"

"Go out—forever out—my light!
In horror vanish, and in night!
In God no mercy can I see!
Ah! wo is me! ah! wo is me!"

"Help, Lord! nor with my hapless child
Thy judgment enter in;
She knows not what she utters wild;
Oh count it not her sin.

"Ah, child! forget thy earthly rod,
And think of heaven, and think of God;
So shall thy soul through all prevail,
Nor of its heavenly bridegroom fail."

"Oh, mother! mother! what is heaven!
Oh, mother, what is hell!
With him alone, with him, is heaven—
Without my William, hell!"

"Go out—forever out—my light!
In darkness vanish, and in night—
Without his sight—without his love—
No joy's below, around, above!"

Thus raved the madness of despair
That burned through brain and vein,
And rashly God's foreseeing care
She blamed with thoughts profane.

She wrung her hands—she beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest,
Until the golden stars about
The heavenly arch came dancing out.

And hark! without, a tramp, tramp, tramp!
Some steed is trampling by;
And clattering up the stairs, the stamp
Of knightly feet is nigh.

And hark! a tinkling, tinkling ring;
Loose swings the bell's vibrating string;
Then comes a voice, and every word
Distinctly through the door is heard.

"Hollo! hollo! my child arise!
My love, dost wake or sleep?
Was I before thy fancy's eyes!
And dost thou laugh or weep!"

"Ah! William! thou! I have not slept
Nor smiled, but I have watched and wept,
And sorely sorrowed for thy sight—
Whence ridest thou so late at night!"

"At midnight we prepare the steed,
And from Bohemia ride.
I mounted late—but good my speed;
I come for thee, my bride!"

"Ah! William, here awhile repose;
The wind is whistling as it blows;
My heart's beloved, my own, my best,
Come to my arms for warmth and rest."

"And let it whistle—let it blow—
Yes, let it blow, my dear!
Steed stamps—spur clinks—'tis time to go—
I may not house me here.

"Come, gird thyself, and spring and swing
Upon my steed, behind me cling;
To-night, before I wed my bride,
We have a hundred miles to ride."

"A hundred miles ere morning's light,
To seek the bridal bower!
And, hark! the clock! 'tis late at night—
'Tis the eleventh hour."

"Look there! look here! the moon shines clear
How swift the dead and we career!
Come, come, my love, to-night we wed;
To-night we reach the bridal bed!"

"But where the bridal chamber, say!
What bed doth it contain!"
"Small, cool, and quiet—far away;
Six planks, and shingles twain."

"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee;
Come, gird thyself, and mount with me;
Spring, cling behind—the guests await,
And open stands the bridal gate."

She girt herself—she sprang—she swung
Upon the steed in haste;
Her lily hands were clasped and clung
Around the rider's waist.

And hurra! hurra! patter, patter!
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

Swift on the left—swift on the right—
Sweeps every scene asunder!
Heaths, meadows, fields—how swift their flight!
And how the bridges thunder!

"Love, dost thou fear? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swift the dead career!
Love, dost thou fear! and dost thou dread
The dead?" "Ah! no—but leave the dead!"

Hark! hark! the raven flaps his wing;
What songs and sounds of gloom!
The knell they ring—the dirge they sing—
"Let us the dead entomb!"

And now, with coffin and with bier,
A funeral train approaches near:
The gurgled song was like the sound
Of croaking frogs in marshy ground.

"With clang and cry the dead entomb
When midnight hour has cease;
But now I take my young wife home;
Come to the marriage feast.

"Come—with the chorus come along,
Sacristan—croak the bridal song;
Come, priest, and be thy blessing said
Before we seek the bridal bed."

The bier is gone, and hushed the song,
The train behind him steals,
And hurry-scurry sweeps along
Hard at his courser's heels.

And faster, faster, patter, patter;
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

How swift on right, how swift on left,
Hills, woods and vales sweep by!
How swift on left, and right, and left,
The towns and hamlets fly!

"Love, dost thou fear? the moon shines clear;
Hurrah! how swift the dead career!
Love, dost thou fear! and dost thou dread
The dead?" "Oh! let them rest, the dead!"

Behold! a gibbet! phantoms dance
Around the gory wheel;
Half visible by moonlight's glance
An airy rabble reel.

"Ho! ho! come, rabble, hasten here,
Come, rabble, after me career;
For ye the bridal dance must tread
When we repair to bridal bed."

He spoke! the rabble, hush, hush, hush!
Behind him rustling throng,
As whirlwinds through the forest rush
And sweep its leaves along.

And faster, faster, patter, patter,
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

How flies whate'er the moon beholds!
How swift it flies—how far!
How flies whate'er the sky enfolds,
The heavens with every star!

"Love, dost thou fear? the moon shines clear!
Hurrah! how swift the dead career!
Love, dost thou fear! and dost thou dread
The dead?" "Ah, wo! why name the dead!"

"On—on—my steed—the cock will crow—
The sand will soon be run—
The morning air begins to blow—
Ho! ho! the goal is won!"

"Our race is run—prepare—prepare;
The bridal bed awaits us there;
Ho! ho! how swift the dead career!
Be welcome, love, our home is here!"

And instant to an iron gate,
With loosened rein he speeds;
With slender rod he smites the grate,
And bolt and bar recedes.

The gate flies back with clashing crash,
And onward over graves they dash,
Where in the moon's uncertain light,
The grave-stones gleam in ghastly white.

Lo! in the twinkling of an eye—
Hush! hush! a fearful wonder!
The rider's vestments piecemeal fly,
Like tinder drop asunder!

His head a ghastly skull has grown,
For flesh, and hair, and eyes have flown;
His form a skeleton unfolds,
An hour-glass and a scythe he holds.

The courser snorts and wildly rears,
And scatters fire around;
And, lo! at once he disappears
Beneath the yawning ground.

And howls and howls are heard on high,
And from the graves a mournful cry;
How beats her heart—how heaves her breath
Toast to and fro by life and death!

Now hand in hand, by moonlight's glance,
Appear the spectral crowd,
In circling measures weave the dance,
And howl these words aloud:

"Be patient—patient—break thy heart,
But blame not God's control!
Thy time has come with life to part;
God's mercy on thy soul!"