

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. Translated from the German of HENRY HEINE. By CHARLES G. LELAND. First Number: pp. 96. Philadelphia: JOHN WEIK, Number 195, Chestnut-street.

WE briefly announced the publication of this commencement of HEINE's writings, in our last number, and promised a farther reference to the work in these pages; and that promise we now propose to fulfil. The characteristics of HEINE's writings are plainly and simply set forth in the American translator's preface:

'HEINE most emphatically belongs to that class of writers who are a scandal to the weaker brethren, a terror to the strong, and a puzzle to the conservatively-wise of their own day and generation, but who are received by the intelligent contemporary with a smile, and by the after-comer with thanks. He belongs to that great band whose laughter has been in its inner-soul more moving than the most fervid flow of serious eloquence; to the band which numbered LUCIAN, and RABELAIS, and SWIFT, among its members; men who lashed into motion the sleepy world of the day, with all its 'baroque-ish' virtues and vices. Woe to those who are standing near when a humorist of this stamp is turned loose on the world! He knows nothing of your old laws: like an AZRAEL-NAPOLÉON, he advances conscienceless, feeling nothing but an overpowering impulse, as of some higher power which bids him strike and spare not. He has endeared himself to the German people by his universality of talent, his sincerity, and by his weaknesses. His very affectations render him more natural, for there is no effort whatever to conceal them, and that which is truly natural will always be attractive, if from no other cause than because it is so readily intelligible. He possesses in an eminent degree the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind, (of a sympathetic cast,) refined secrets of art and criticism; and this he does, not like a pedantic professor, *ex-cathedra*, as if every word were an apocalypse of novelty, but rather like a friend, who with a delicate regard for the feelings of his auditor, speaks as though he supposed him already familiar with the subject in question. Pedantry and ignorant self-sufficiency appear equally and instinctively to provoke his attacks, and there is scarcely a modern form of these reactionary negative vices which he has not severely lashed.

'Perhaps the most characteristic position which HEINE holds is that of interpreter or medium between the learned and the people. *He has popularized philosophy, and preached to the multitude those secrets which were once the exclusive property of the learned.* His writings have been a 'flux' between the smothered fire of universities and the heavy ore of the public mind. Whether the process will evolve pure and precious metal, or noxious vapors — in simple terms, whether the knowledge thus popularized, and whether the ultimate tendency of this 'witty, wise, and wicked' writer has been for the *direct* benefit of the people, is not a question open to discussion. All that we know is, *that he is here*; that he cannot be thrust aside; and that he exerts an incredible and daily-increasing influence.'

In entering upon a brief consideration of HEINE's peculiar humor, Mr. LELAND truly and forcibly observes: 'It is a striking characteristic of true humor, that it is 'all-embracing,' including the good and the bad, the lofty and the low. There is no characteristic appreciable by the human mind which does not come within the range of *humor*, for wherever *creation* is manifested, *there* will be contradiction and opposites, striving into a law of harmony. Humor appreciates the contradiction — the lie disguised as truth, or the truth born of a lie — and proclaims it aloud, for it is a strange quality of humor, that it must out, be the subject what it may. Unfortunately, no subject presents so many and such absurdly vulnerable points as the proprieties and improprieties of daily life and society. Poor well-meaning civilization, with her allies, morality and tradition, maintain a ceaseless warfare with nature, vulgarity, and a host of 'outside barbarian' foes, while

HUMOR, who always had in his nature more of the devil than the angel, stands by, laughing, as either party gets a fall :'

'To understand the vagaries of HEINE's nature, we must regard him as influenced by humor, in the fullest sense of the word. For as humor exists in the appreciation and reproduction of the contrasts, of contrarities and of *appearances*, it would not be humor, did its existence consist merely of merriment. The bitterest and saddest tears are as often drawn forth by humor as by mere pathos — nay, it may be doubted if grief and suffering be ever so terrible as when supported by some strange coincidence or paradox. Consequently we find in his works some of the most sorrowful complaints ever uttered by suffering poet, but contrasted with the most uproarious hilarity. Nay, he often contrives to delicately weave the opposing sentiments into one. 'Other bards,' says a late review of HEINE, in *The Athenæum*, 'have passed from grave to gay within the compass of one work; but the art of constantly showing two natures within the small limit of perhaps three ballad verses, was reserved for HERR HEINE. No one like him understands how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiment, for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. No one like him approaches his reader with doleful countenance — pours into the ear a tale of secret sorrow — and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh. It seems as though nature had endowed him with a most delicate sensibility and a keen perception of the ridiculous, that his own feelings may afford him a perpetual subject for banter.'

We now proceed to a few extracts from this attractive and only-too-thin 'First Number,' which has whetted our appetite for the second, as these passages will enhance that of our readers for the one before us. We take first, Number Thirty-One of these 'Pictures.' It has had and has its actual counterpart, 'here and elsewhere,' and that is why it will 'bite :'

'TO-NIGHT we have dreadful weather,
It rains and snows and storms;
I sit at my window, gazing
Out on benighted forms.

'It seems that for eggs and butter,
And sugar, she forth has come,
To make a cake for her daughter,
Her grown-up darling at home.

'There glimmers a lonely candle,
Which wearily wanders on;
An old dame with a lantern,
Comes hobbling slowly anon.

'Who, at the bright lamp blinking,
In an arm-chair lazily lies;
And golden locks are waving
Above her beautiful eyes.

A very beautiful and natural picture of childhood-sports is the following. The poet begins his 'lay' by reminding his erstwhile boy-friend of the time when they were children; when they crept into the hen-house and hid themselves, and crowed so naturally, that the passers-by 'thought 't was a real crow :'

'THE chests which lay in our court-yard,
We papered so smooth and nice;
We thought they were splendid houses,
And lived in them, snug as mice.

'And oft, like good old people,
We talked with sober tongue;
Declaring that all was better
In the days when we were young.

'When the old cat of our neighbor
Dropped in for a social call;
We made her bows and courtesies,
And compliments and all.

'How piety, faith, and true love
Had vanished quite away;
And how dear we found the coffee,
How scarce the money to-day.

'We asked of her health, and kindly
Inquired how all had sped:
Since then, to many a tabby,
The self-same things we've said.

'So all goes rolling onward,
The merry days of youth:
Money, the world and its seasons;
And honesty, love, and truth.'

In quite a different vein, and yet how simple and touching, is the following. There seems a 'halt,' to our ear, in the last line but one of the last verse :

'In dreams I saw the loved one,
A sorrowing, wearied form;
Her beauty blanched and withered
By many a dreary storm.

'A little babe she carried,
Another child she led,
And poverty and trouble
In glance and garb I read.

'She trembled through the market,
And face to face we met;
And I calmly said, while sadly
Her eyes on mine were set,

'Come to my house, I pray thee,
For thou art pale and thin;
And for thee, by my labor,
Thy meat and drink I'll win.

'And to thy little children
I'll be a father mild:
But most of all thy parent,
Thou poor, unhappy child.'

'Nor will I ever tell thee
That once I held thee dear;
And if thou diest, then I
Will weep upon thy bier.'

The prose-pictures of travel are not less graphic and forcible. Witness the subjoined, premising that the author has been dining at a German town called Clausthal, and after dinner goes forth 'to visit the mines, the mint, and the silver refineries:'

'In the silver refinery, as has frequently been my luck in life, I could get no glimpse of the precious metal. In the mint I succeeded better, and saw how money was made. Beyond this, I have never been able to advance. On such occasions, mine has invariably been the spectator's part, and I verily believe, that if it should rain dollars from Heaven, the coins would only knock holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather up the silver manna. With feelings in which comic reverence was blended with emotion, I beheld the new-born shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, in my hand, and said to it: 'Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee! what a cause wilt thou be of good and of evil! How thou wilt protect vice and patch up virtue! how thou wilt be beloved and accursed! how thou wilt aid in debauchery, pandering, lying, and murdering! how thou wilt restlessly roll along through clean and dirty hands for centuries, until finally, laden with trespasses, and weary with sin, thou wilt be gathered again unto thine own, in the bosom of an ABRAHAM, who will melt thee down and purify thee, and form thee into a new and better being!'

Purely Germanic and imaginative is this passage: very beautiful it is too, and especially the thoughts we have ventured to italicise:

'My chamber commanded a fine view toward Rammelsberg. It was a lovely evening. Night was out hunting on her black steed, and the long cloud mane fluttered on the wind. I stood at my window watching the moon. Is there really a 'man in the moon?' The Slavonians assert that there is such a being named CLOTAR, and he causes the moon to grow by watering it. When I was little, they told me that the moon was a fruit, and that when it was ripe, it was picked and laid away, amid a vast collection of old full moons, in a great bureau, which stood at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. As I grew older, I remarked that the world was not by any means so limited as I had supposed it to be, and that human intelligence had broken up the wooden bureau, and with a terrible 'Hand of Glory' had opened all the seven heavens. Immortality — dazzling idea! who first imagined thee! Was it some jolly burgher of Nuremberg, who with night-cap on his head, and white clay-pipe in mouth, sat on some pleasant summer evening before his door, and reflected in all his comfort that it would be right pleasant if, with unextinguishable pipe and endless breath, he could thus vegetate onwards for a blessed eternity? Or was it a lover, who, in the arms of his loved one, thought the immortality-thought, and that because he could think and feel naught beside! Love! Immortality! it speedily became so hot in my breast, that I thought the geographers had misplaced the equator, and that it now ran directly through my heart. And from my heart poured out the feeling of love: it poured forth with wild longing into the broad night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. *Perfumes are the feelings of flowers, and as the human heart feels most powerful emotions in the night, when it believes itself to be alone and unperceived, so also do the flowers, soft-minded yet ashamed, appear to wait for concealing darkness, that they may give themselves wholly up to their feelings, and breathe them out in sweet odors.* Pour forth, ye perfumes of my heart, and seek beyond yon blue mountain for the loved one of my dreams! Now she lies in slumber; at her feet kneel angels, and if she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer which angels repeat; in her

breast is heaven with all its raptures, and as she breathes, my heart, though afar, throbs responsively. Behind the silken lids of her eyes, the sun has gone down, and when they are raised, the sun rises, and birds sing, and the bells of the flock tinkle, and I strap on my knapsack and depart.'

'Which is all at present,' reader, from yours devotedly; but no devotion can compress type-metal, or make room when you have n't got it. Our enforced closing advice is, 'Buy and read HEINE'S Pictures,' as fast as they appear. They are admirably written, faithfully translated, excellently well printed.

THE IROQUOIS: OR, THE BRIGHT SIDE OF INDIAN CHARACTER. By MINNIE MYRTLE. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348, Broadway.

WHEN we opened this handsome volume, with its appropriate and beautiful illustrations, and ran our eye over the title-page, we supposed the fair author had found enough of interesting material relating to the Iroquois, to justify her in offering it to the public; and in this she was not mistaken. But we soon discovered, that interesting as are her sketches of the history, character and institutions of this once powerful league, she employed the seat of their original grandeur as a stand-point from which to sketch the varied and melancholy history of the race. And nobly has she done it. With an eye quick to discern, and a heart alive to the wrongs inflicted on the Indians, she has thrown a shield between the red and the white man, which must for ever protect the former from the prejudices which, by false lights, have been thrown upon his character. The Indian is not the monster, nor the cruel and blood-loving savage he has been represented to be; or if he is, it does not become us, who are civilized and Christian, so to pronounce upon him. But we must let the gifted author make her contrast, in her own way, at this point:

'ALMOST any portrait which we have of Indians represents them with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, as if they possessed no other but a barbarous nature. Christian nations might with equal justice be always represented with cannon and balls, and swords and pistols, as the emblems of their employments and their prevailing tastes. The details of wars form far too great a portion of every history of civilized and barbarous nations; to conquer and to slay has been too long the glory of Christian people; he who has been most successful in subjugating and oppressing, in mowing down human beings, has too long worn the laurel crown—been too long an object for the admiration of men and love of woman.'

'In the pictures which I shall give, I shall confine myself principally to the Iroquois, or Six Nations, a people who no more deserve the term savage than we do that of heathen, because we have still lingering about us heathen superstitions, and many opinions and practices which deserve no better name. The cannibals of some of the West-India islands, and the islands of the Pacific, may with justice be termed savages, but a people like the Iroquois, who had a government, established officers, a system of religion eminently pure and spiritual, a code of honor and laws, of hospitality excelling those of all other nations, should be considered something better than savage, or utterly barbarous.

'The terrible tortures they inflicted upon their enemies have made their name a terror, and yet there were not so many burnt and hung and starved by them as perish among Christian nations by these means. The miseries they inflicted were light in comparison with those they suffered, and when individuals from them came among us