THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH .- PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1866.

LITERATURE.

TRE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. A Translation from the German of Baron Echendorff. By Charles Godtrey Leland. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Philadelphia Agents: Ashmead & Evans. We have seldom read a work which contains so little, yet which has pleased us so much. As a general rule, when we lay down a book with a sigh of regret, we can recall some of the inci. dents it narrated, and enjoy over again the pleasure which we felt when first we perused it. But now, as we try to think of what gave us satisfaction in "The Good-for-Nothing," as we try to find out the cause of our amusement, we have a general sensation of gratification, but there is not one particular portion to which we can refer it. The whole book is so extremely light and at the same time, extremely pleasing, that we have no taugible substance to seize upon and examine. It is an airy tale of a Good-for-Nothing, told in an airy style, as

"Swift Camilla, scours across the platn." A mill boy sets out from his father's house to see the world. Although he is not named or described in the whole course of the story, yet, at the same time, we feel confident that he is an Adonis in form and feature. He visits Vienna, and on the way, while singing and playing the violin, for his amusement, is taken up by some ladies, and allowed to ride behind not I they reach their castle. He is employed. as gardener, when the young countess falls in love with him; but he, not knowing her affection, in despair at her position, leaves the castle and starts, for Ita y. He reaches Rome, has numerous adventures, and finally returns to the countess, whom he discovers to be only an adopted daughter of the lady of the place. when they are married, "and all, all was good." To give a specimen of the light, pleasing style of the work, and also the exquisite taste with which little songs are introduced, we onote from its pages:-

It was in this state of mind tha' I lay one Sunday afternoon, in the garden and vexed myself, as I Afternoon, in the garden and vexed invessif, as i grazed into my blue near of tobacco smoke above, that I hadn't taken up with some other trade, and that I couldn't even indulge on the morrow in a blue Monday All the other roys had gon-, well provided with sweethcarts, to the cancing-, lace in the nearest village Everything and everybody were swarming back and torth, in Stunday strendor, in the warmair, between the houses in which lights were beginning to shine and amid wandering hand-ergans. But i sat like a mud-hen among the reeds of a lonely pond in our ground, rocking myself in a of a lonely pond in our ground, rocking myself in a solitary boat need to the shore, while the evening bells peaked from the distant city, and the swans salies solemnly around. I was melancholy enough 10 die.

second while, I heard from afar many m rry voices, rapidly mingled tais, and laughter, all the time drawing nearer and nearer. Then came the distant pleam of red and white inns and hats, and leathers, through green eaves; and all at once I was sur-rounded by a cr wd of young gentlemen and ladies from the castle, and among them were my two ladies "Ah! why, this is just as if we had wished for some-thing, and it came !" said the plump beauty. "Come, row us to the other side of the pond." The ladies elimbed in ; so oid the gentlemen i the former making a great disp ay of their timiday, and the laster of their courage. When I had all my passengers farly sented I pusked off. Of course there was, as usual, seated I pushed off. Of course there was, as usual, one wis youth on board -the gentleman who rocks the boat-and with him the ladies who giggle and scream; and these played their parts to perfection. But the ceaut ful young lady, who held a fily in her hand, sat close by the edge of the boat, and looked, calmiy smiling, into the suil waters, which she swept with her his; and it seemed to me that her reflec-tion, amid that of the c ouds and trees, was like that of an ausci sofily swe ping through the deep-blue

of an anyet softly sweeping through the deep-blue background of heaven. While I was looking at this picture, it suddenly occurred to the plump and blac.ceyed dame that I ought to sing sometning as we were geing over the water. At once a very elegant young gentle-man, with a quizzing-glass screwed into his eye, turned towards her in rapture, kissed her hand as if she had just saved his life, and cried, "Thank you for the inspired idea! A real popular sone, my dear lady—sung by one of the real people in the open air, you know—is an Alpine rose on an Alp itself. Frinced collections of such songs are mere books of driet specimens of roses; but a living song is the soul of the nationa soul." I was somewhat alarmed at hearing all this, hav-ing serious doubts as to whether I knew anything

war. In it we find those tunes which were so familiar to us but a few years, or even monthsago; and by a judicious system of foot notes, poe' tcrity will be able to recognize such as were the universal admiration of the populace. While we grant to Mr. White great credit for the evident industry employed, and admire the system of selecting not only such as are literary gems, but all those which are the expressions of the popular heart and popular feeling, yet, at the same time, he makes a boast in his preface which is not fulfilled in the work. He says, "No poem of conspicuous worth, evoked by the war, will be found lacking in these pages." A challenge is thus thrown down to all his readers to ransack their memories and find whether some old favorite occurring to them will not be found in the work of Mr. White. It takes no great thought to recall several, which, while not discussing their literary merits, were certainly of the class which Mr. White assures us he always selected; exponents of popular feeling over an important event and evidence of the beatings of the people's hearts. One of these, extremely popular in the earlier days of the war, told of a veteran of 1812, who tendered his ser-

vices to General Scott. Its opening line ran-"An old and worn veteran to the War Department came." It created great interest, was republished from Maine to Oregon, and struck a chord of the popular sympathy. Mr. Grant White will no doubt remember in bimself when we thus call it to his mind. It is not in his work, although eminently entitled to a place there. The new poem to which we refer is Colonel J. W. Forney's spirited lines on the attack on our troops in Baltimore. It is not only the work of a well-known public character, but it is also the only commemorative tribute to the Massachusetts martyrs which is famous. We know it is only natural that omissions should be made, but Mr. White is wrong to challenge all his readers by such a boast as that in his preface. The collection is a careful one, rich in poetic beauties, and forms an admirable reflex of the popular opinion during the war days now past.

It gives us extreme pleasure to speak of the typographical execution of the work. It is the most perfect specimen of excellence that we have almost ever seen. Printed on tinted creamlaid paper, bound with perfect taste, neatly gilded, it furnishes a specimen of American typographical beauty seldom excelled for exquisite judgment and taste.

BLACEWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR APRIL. The American reprint of this once living and bitter periodical lies before us. Either the extreme age of the Blackwood has affected its usually clear and pungent intellect, or else the writers at present on its staff are greatly inferior to those who formerly filled its pages with biting sarcasm and spirited wit. The result is the same. If you seek light British magazine literature, read the Edinburgh Quarterly, the Westminster, or the London, for their style is lively and sensational compared with that which now prevails in Blackwood, A literary narcotic, a magazine soporific, is what it should be termed. We have noticed the gradual vielding to the law of gravitation, but the April number really falls like lead upon the reader's spirits. Let us look at its contents. Miss Majoribanks, whose attenuated existence has been drawn out, without much linked sweetness, is given in another instalment, but not the last. That will not probably come until the June number. When it is remembered that the whole novel in a completed and neat form has been issued by Harper a week ago, the lively enterprise of Blackwood can be estimated. This is only another evidence of its dulness. "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," why so [called is not revealed to ordinary readers, is continued in the XI part, and is a little more complex and prolix than heretofore. As Harper has the whole work in press, it is probable that we will be able to read it entire some months before it ceases to fill the pages of the magazine. Thus both the space of "Fosbrooke" and Miss Majoribanks will he really filled with old and stale reading matter. "Memories of the Confederate War of Independence" also continued in the VIII stage of life, It is a mixture of falsity and Southern jargon, highly acceptable to Major Von Borch, and probably to such intelligent Englishmen as have faith in his Munchausen feats. "Cornelius O'Dowd, for the XXIII time, gives us an exhibition of malice and impudence, being confounded for wit. It will be thus seen that over half the magazine (four out of seven articles) is devoted to serials of really no interest to American readers. There yet remains "The Past and Present of Shrewsbury School," an article of undoubted interest to the faculty of the school and probably its former pupils. The best contribution in the number is "Demonology at Home and Abroad,' and if we could divest ourselves of the conviction that we had read it before, it would be a very interesting morsel. The number ends with the usual heavy review of the "Condition of the Government," which we have not yet had the courage to more than glance through. What possible need there is for the republication on this side of the water of such a work is best known to the firm who give us this preparation which "nor poppy nor mandragora" can excel.

digest of all the best poetical offspring of the | tion, he asserts, endeavors to convey the impression that Artemus Ward is its author, but the great showman indignantly denice having had anything to do with it.

-Mr. Darwin is reparing for publication a work entitled "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants; or the Principles of Variation, Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Interbreeding, and Selection under Domestication." It will be issued in London by Murray.

-It is reported that Omar Pacha is collecting materials for a "Lile of Alexander the Great," whom he considers a far greater character than Julius Cæsar. When ready, the work will be published in Paris in a style similar to the "History of Julius Cressr.'

-Le Canard International, Revue-cancan des Deux Mondes, is the title to a new rival to the Paris Cho. rivari. A comic tale is announced to appear in its pages under the title of "Les Travailleurs de la Mare, fantasie aquatique imitee de Victor Hugo."

-A French poet, Charles Bandelaire, has just died in a mad-house. He was an eccentric man, lived on onium, was an admirer of De Quincey's works, and adopted h's system of exciting the brain. He was a contributor to the Revue Contemporaine, but his most remarkable production was the "Fleurs du Mel.2

DICKENS' NEW READINGS IN LONDON, - The London Telegraph of April 11 has the following :-

"Last night Mr. Charles Dickens read for the first time in London that charming story of 'Doctor Marigoid,' which formed the introduction to the last Christmas number of All the Year Round. The breathless attention with which every incident in the breathlees attention with which every incident in the narrative was followed, the strong heling of reality which was produced, the vivid impression or each personage described in the printed page coming forth into positive existence, forcibly attested the marvellous dramatic power of the reciter. The form in which Mr. Dickens thus gives his works to the public is indeed that of a recitation rather than a reading, for the eye never refers to the book, and the constant charge in the expression of voice and feature comes in valuable aid of the effect produced by the comes in valuable aid of the effect produced by the keen humor and touching pathos of the story. The 'Cheap Jack' is actually seen in his cart as he tempts his russic auditors with wares of small price and high value, and the polnical Cheap Jack,' who makes as many promises with equal recklessness of fulfilment, stands forth substan-tially to view. The pathetic scene with 'little Sophy,' the struggle between the wish to conceal and the inability to repress the emotions as the child, death-smi'ten with fever, expires in the father's arms as he is uttering the laugh-creating lokes of his death shiften with lever, expires in the lather's arms as he is uttering the laugh-creating jokes of his craft, went thoroughly home to the hearts of the auditors, and might be cited as a marked proof of the real histrionic genus possessed by the gifted novelist. The gint with a great deal too much in him for his joints and his mind must have been visibly present to all within hearing of that voice, which we completely restart as how on this voice. which so completely realized a notion of his promi-nent peculiarities; and the poor deat and dumb sirl, bought by the warm hearted 'Doctor Marigoid' for a dozen pais of braces and educated by him with so much thoughtful care and tender aff ction as his adopted daughter, became a de ightful reality which no auditor would have dared to disprove whilst under the influence of such potent illusion. In his double capacity of author and interpreter, Mr. Charles Dickens exercised a triumphant sway over the fee which followen his departure from the platform might be traced an emphatic expression of warm might be threed an emphatic expression of warm gratitude, as we', as of sincere admiration. 'Mr Bob Sawyer', 'rarty,' from 'Pickwick,' was given as the troond portion of the readings, and formed & substantial addition to the enjoyment of the evening.'

-The Corinth Times, Mississippi, has suspended. One of its attaches, by the name of Haps, has left for parts unknown, with all the tunds of the establishment he could get hold of, leaving Mr. Weaver. a worthy and deserving gentleman, in the lurch. -The Ladies' Home Gazette is to be the title of a weekly literary paper, which will soon make its

appearance at Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. L. Virginia French, is to be the editor.

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ing serious doubts as to whether I knew anything sponding to such a description, and, therefore said that I could sing nothing fine enough for the gentlemen and ladies. At this, the lively waiting-maid, who sat behind, holding a basket tuli of glasses and wine bottles, exc aimed, "Oh, he knows a beau-tiful song about a 'lady fair!' " "Yes, that's it; sing it boldly !" cried the plump lady. I became red and redder; but I saw that all the time the beautiful young lady was looking at me; and, as her glances went through my very soul, I grew bold; and, tak-ug beaut same, as if unsured. ing heart, sang, as if inspired :-

Where'er I go, whate'er I view, In wood, and daic, and hill, From the mountain high in heaven blue, O lady far, I could to you A thousand greetings still. All in my garden oft I find Sweet flowers iresh a.d fair; Sweet garlanus with them all I wind. A thousand thoughts among them blnd, And greet'ngs mingled there.

I cannot offer her my flowers; Bhe is too h gh for me; They 'il wither in a few short hours. But I, through all lite's sun and showers. To her will constant be

I seem well p'eased with everything, And do what work I have; But, though my heart to pleces spring, I'll dig my garden still, and sing, Although I dig my grave.

We got out on land. Many of the young gentle men had, as I saw, been mocking me to the ladies and making fun of my little song. The gentleman with the quizzing-giass, however, caught me by the hand and said-i really don't know what ; while the plump lady looked at me from her black, halt-closed eyes more sweetly and languishingly than ever. Th beautiful young ady had stood, during my whole song, with her eyes cast down, and at the end went away saying nothing. But in mine, tears had risen even while I sang, and my heart swelled as if break-ing with sname and pain, for it seemed all at once plain to me how beautiful and great she was, and f so poor, and mocked, and miserable in this world. And, as they disappeared behind the trees. I could nollonger refrain ; and, casting myself into the boat, I wept bitter y.

The work abounds in these dainty morsels of song, and we must congratulate Mr. Leland on the freedom and ease with which he render them. We have reason to believe that the translation adds to the author's fame more than the original lines would. Mr. Leland is probably the best translator from the German we have, and if, by some means, his familiarity with the languages could only be diffused so as to extend to those who undertake to give us renditions from the French, what real delights would Dumas, George Sands, and Hugo afford !

The work is printed in a tasty form by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, who were formerly of our own city. Its execution has an aroma of blackletter and antiquity. The house have removed New York, where, we doubt not, they will continue to supply us with foreign works with all their former discretion and energy. The work is for sale by Messrs. Ashmead & Evans, who also have on their shelves a remarkably complete and extended collection of all the more recent publications. They are a thoroughly alive firm, and conduct their business with both ability and courtesy.

POETRY OF THE WAR. By Richard Grant White. American News Company, New York, Agent, T. B. Callender, Phila lephia,

Mr. Grant White is already well known to our readers as a careful commentator and editor of Shakespeare, and it is probable that his literary taste leads him rather in the path of the compiler than the author. We have another evidence of this preference in the beautifully printed

-J. B. Lippincott & Co. send us "The History of a Little Ragamufin," by Greenwood, which Harper & Brothers have just published

-We find on our table a pamphlet copy of a lecture by Dr. A. D. Liope on the "Cholera," delivered before the Homeopathic Medical College, in which the disease is treated of in a manner at once indicating a thorough study of the subject, and suggesting new and, doubtless, excellent ideas.

-The New York Herald is to be enlarged on the 1st of July. It will appear as a sixteen-paged papernearly as large as the London Times, and larger than any newspaper in the United States Mr. Hudson, late managing editor of the Herald, is now in Europe. arranging for mail and telegraphic correspondence from every capital or the Old World.

-Dr. R. J. Trall, retires from the editorship of No Herald of Health next month.

-The Charleston South Carolinian, for April 25, speaks of the "National Lyrics" of Whittier as "a series of most vigorous bursts of mind gone mad-a cold yet fanatic, fierce yet fooble and fantastic mind -utterly undone by political crotchets of which he knew nothing, and of social fancies in which he can only roar, not soar-splutter, not sing- harsh, crude fierce, fanatical fronzies, in which drunkenness of mind is mistaken tor its inspiration-in which the author exhibits only the intoxication of the priestess. with none of the divine infimations of the god."

-Charles F. Brown (Artemus Ward) has commenced legal proceedings for the purpose of putting an injunction upon the sale of a work recently issued in New York under the title of "Betsey Jane volume before us. It is, as its name imports, a | Ward, husband of Attemps." The book in quee-CELSION CLETNING MAL

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