

THEKLA'S SONG; OR, THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

From the German of Schiller.

This song is said to have been composed by Schiller, in answer to the inquiries of his friends respecting the fate of *Thekla*, whose beautiful character is withdrawn from the tragedy of "Wallenstein's Death," after her resolution to visit the grave of her lover is made known.

"'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Are all too narrow."

Coleridge's Translation of Wallenstein.

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow pass'd?
Was not my work fulfill'd and closed below?
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze that witch'd thee in its tone?—
But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?—
Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound—
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt thou find us, there with us be blest,
If as our love thy love is pure and true!
There dwells my father,* sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dest
Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, ev'n as is our trust,
He that believes, is near the holy then.

There shall each feeling, beautiful and high,
Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

WILD HORSES—THE GAME AND SPORTS OF THE WEST.

Although the "blind goddess," in her capricious dispensations, has not deemed me worthy a high place among that spirited and jovial fraternity ye call "sportsmen of the turf," inherent fondness for the horse, and the interest awakened by a recital of his gallant achievements, have made me a regular reader to your excellent work.

Having recently visited the Grand Prairie, southwest of us, where the lovers of genuine field sports will find an inexhaustible source of amusement, among game of almost every variety, and of the noblest species, I have employed a leisure hour in embodying a brief relation of the tour, which is submitted to your discretion.

A detachment of infantry and rangers, amounting to about three hundred and eighty men, left this post on the 6th May last, charged with the duty of scouring the Indian country to the southwest, with the double object of preserving the friendly relations existing between the tribes in alliance with the United States, and of preventing the hostile incursions of their enemies, the Pawnees.

On the 7th of May we left the bank of the Arkansas, and advanced on our line of march, in a southwest direction, across the northern branches of the Canadian river.

* Wallenstein.

The season of the year was most propitious to the purposes of hunting, as well as of military operations. Nature had fairly unfolded her vernal beauties, and we were traversing a lovely region of undulating prairie, mantled with green, and diversified by "hill and dale, copse, grove and mound;" its deep solitudes occasionally enlivened by herds of deer, whose timid glance and airy bound, as the stirring notes of the bugle fell upon their ear, bespoke a fear and distrust of their civilized visitors.

It was not until we had advanced some ninety or one hundred miles from Fort Gibson that we fairly reached the game country. As we were now on a neutral ground, between the Pawnees and the tribes friendly, to the United States, and as the danger of hunting operates, in some measure, as a check on all parties, in resorting there, it results that game (particularly the deer) is more plentiful in that section than it otherwise would be. The buffalo was here first encountered—a striking proof of the rapidity with which this animal recedes before the advances of civilization. Ten years since they abounded in the vicinity of Fort Gibson; and in the summer of 1822, the writer of this, with Major Mason, of the army, and a party of keen sportsmen, killed a considerable number of them near Fort Smith, about forty miles east of us. They have receded, it would seem, one hundred miles westward in the last ten years; and it may be safely assumed, that in thirty or forty years hence, they will not be found nearer to us than the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, unless the numerous bands of hunters of the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee and Creek tribes, established in this country, should relinquish the chase for the arts of civilized life. On the 26th May we reached the main Canadian river, near the point where it enters the timber bordering the eastern verge of the Grand Prairie, in its flow from the west.

The Grand Prairie extends to the Rocky Mountains, and presents to the eye a boundless extent of rolling champaign country, occasionally intersected by small streams, thinly bordered by dwarfish timber. A formidable herd of about one hundred buffaloes were here discovered, and as the command needed fresh meat, a halt was ordered, and forty horsemen detached to attack them. They gaily moved off in a gallop, armed with rifles. As they neared the herd they quickened their pace to half speed, when they were discovered by the graceless buffaloes, who started off as fast as they could scamper, with their peculiar hobbling bouncing gait. The hunters now pressed them closely, and penetrated the moving mass at full speed; when each man selected his victim. The sharp quick report of the rifle was now heard in rapid succession; while the rush of the horses and buffaloes, the shouts of the party on the heights, and the flashes and smoke of the guns, presented altogether one of the most animated spectacles I had ever witnessed.

The whole chase was visible for a long distance to the command, halted on the eminence; and so great was the interest it excited, that numbers were unable to resist it, and dashed off at full speed, to join in the work of destruction. The pursuit terminated in the death of a large number of the buffaloes, whose huge unwieldy carcasses lay strewn over the plain, like heroes on the battle field.

The buffalo is, when wounded and excited, a very dangerous animal; and there are many instances related of hunters, who, relying too far on their seeming stupidity, and unwieldiness, have fallen victims to their ferocity. On one occasion during our trip, two rangers, in the impetuosity of pursuit, drove a buffalo into a narrow pass, where, finding himself closely pressed, he made battle, goring one of the horses in the thigh, and overturning him and his rider. The horse of the other ranger stumbled during the conflict, and threw his rider on the back of the buffalo, which, becoming alarmed at this new mode of attack, now set off at full speed, carrying the ranger with him about twenty yards, until the latter, finding the gait not very easy,