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THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL III.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER



PHILADELPHIA:

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 14, 1807.

[No. 7.]

In the third number of The Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Burger. We understand from the criticks in the German language that the original is eminently beautiful. Its merit was once so highly appreciated in England that a host of translators started at once in the race for publick favour. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Walter Scott, Esqr. well deserves a place in this Journal.

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack from couples freed
Dash through the bush, the brier, the
brake,
While answering hound, and horn, and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still earl Walter onward rides,
Halloo, halloo and hark again,
When, spurring from opposing sides
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford."

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for Devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude, discordant noise.

"Today the ill-omen'd chase forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
Today the warning spirit hear,
Tomorrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and book, and mysteries."

Earl Walter spurr'd his ardent steed,
And launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priest-like reed
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"No! pious fool, I scorn thy lore;
Let him who ne'er the chase durst prove
Go join with thee the droning choir,
And leave me to the sport I love."

Fast, fast earl Walter onward rides,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,
And onward fast, on either side,
The stranger horsemen follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung earl Walter's horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still forward, forward! on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See prostrate at earl Walter's feet
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy, mercy! noble lord;
Spare the hard pittance of the poor,
Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
In scorching July's sultry hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey:
The impetuous earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound, so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done—a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along,
While joying o'er the wasted corn
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-rous'd, the tim'rous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestick herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace:
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill
Th' unwearied earl pursues the chase.

The anxious herdsman lowly falls;
"O spare! thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all,
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
Nor prayer nor pity Walter heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks the mangled herdsman near;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts new-nerv'd by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hut obscure.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With hark away, and holla, ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r,
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain,
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
The black wild whooping points the prey;
"Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
But frantick keeps the forward way,

"Holy or not, or wright or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyr's sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn."

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse and man, and hound and horn,
 And clamour of the chase was gone:
 For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
 A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted earl around;—
 He strove in vain to wake his horn,
 In vain to call; for not a sound
 Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
 No distant baying reach'd his ears;
 His courser rooted to the ground,
 The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker round it spreads,
 Dark as the darkness of the grave;
 And not a sound the still invades
 Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
 At length the awful silence broke;
 And from a cloud of swarthy red,
 The awful voice of thunder spoke.

“Oppressor of Creation fair!
 Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
 Scornor of God! scourge of the poor!
 The measure of thy cup is full.

“Go, hunt forever through the wood;
 Forever roam th' affrighted wild;
 And let thy fate instruct the proud
 God's meanest creature is his child.”

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
 With yellow ting'd the forests brown;
 Up rose earl Walter's bristling hair,
 And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
 A rising-wind began to sing;
 And louder, louder, louder still,
 Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

The earth is rock'd, it quakes, it rends;
 From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
 Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
 The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
 His eye like midnight lightning glows,
 His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

Earl Walter flies o'er bush and thorn,
 With many a shriek of helpless woe,
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
 And hark away, and holla, ho!

With wild Despair's averted eye,
 Close, close behind, he marks the throng;
 With bloody fangs and eager cry,
 In frantick fear he scours along.

Still shall the dreadful chase endure
 Till time itself shall have an end;
 By day earth's tortured womb they scour,
 At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
 That oft the lated peasant hears:
 Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
 When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When at his midnight mass he hears
 Th' infernal cry of holla, ho!