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THE ROUND TABLE.

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LITERARIANA.

MR. R. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE furnishes an excellent introduction to the edition of "Munchausen" lately published with Doré's illustrations, which contains a few facts concerning that singular book. Originally published in English in a connected form, the "Adventures" were written by a German named Raspé, who was a runaway from justice in Germany, and in England a storekeeper of Dalcoath Mine, Cornwall. The first portion of the "Adventures" was published as early as 1785. It was dedicated to Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler, and contained only the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of the work as we have it now. Between its first appearance and 1819 it had increased fourfold in bulk. Bürger, the author of "Leonora," seems to have published the first German edition in 1787, while G. Kearsley, of Fleet Street, London, published in the preceding year a set of copperplate illustrations of it. The materials of the book have been traced as far back as the mediæval period. The "Deliciæ Academicæ" of J. P. Lange, published in 1663, contains, it is said, some of its fables; and Rabelais shows at least one of the legends in his fourth book. Mr. Shore has imported some additions from M. Theophile Gautier. Such, in brief, is all that is known about this curious chronicle of monstrous lying.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1866.

IN a recent communication I mentioned, *apropos* of a new translation of Bürger's "Leonora" by Dr. Osmun, of this city, that Mr. Charles J. Lukens, also of Philadelphia, had collected over twenty translations into English verse and was about publishing them in one volume. I have since learned that Mr. Lukens purposes to bring out this book about next Christmas, and that he possesses the means of making it interesting, satisfactory, and curious. He now possesses, or can immediately obtain, twenty-eight translations of "Leonora," including the German text, and a literal prose version of his own, concerning which I have had a good outside report—for Mr. Lukens does not like to speak about his own performances. He believes that the whole number ranges from thirty-five to forty, which shows the popularity of the poem. He originally intended to confine his collection to English renderings, but the acquisition of a particularly fine rendition in the Russian language has induced him to extend his plan, and include at least one good translation, if found, into other modern European languages. He is aware of an Italian translation, but has not met with it. I have a dim memory of having seen at least two French versions, and am all but certain that there are Danish and Swedish translations also. What a pity it is that "Father Prout" and "Morgan O'Doherty" are dead! Frank Mahony would have put "Leonora" into an Irish dress "in less than no time," and Dr. Maginn would have introduced her, in their own language, to the Greeks and Romans.

(Allow me a parenthesis here to say that I did not give the very exact way of pronouncing the proper name, Mahony. Ordinarily, in this country, it is mispronounced, as that of General T. F. Meagher is. The word is not *Meagre* (ger) but *Mah'-her*; and the other name is not *Ma'-honey*, but *Mah'-onny*. As you have borne this digression so well, let me reward you with a new Father Prout anecdote. Before the Rev. Francis Mahony quarreled downright with Rome, at Rome, and after he had published his magnificent defense of the Jesuits, he was sent for by a high dignitary of the Vatican, who assured him that if he would contrive to be a little less secular, and mainly devote his talents to the Church, it was more than probable that he would be the recipient of a miter, which, on account of his great literary merit, would soon be superseded by a cardinal's hat. Mahony answered that his literary performances chiefly consisted of translations of popular poetry into various languages. "I have heard," he said, "of men winning their way to the highest positions in the church, through learning, piety, or politics, but this is certainly the first time that any one had an offer to go into the cardinalate through 'The Groves of Blarney.'" Mahony's polyglot versions of which, as you may recollect, first made him famous.)

Coming back to Bürger's "Leonora," let me enumerate the known English translations in Mr. Lukens's list. First, was a version by William Taylor, of Norwich, first published in the "Monthly Magazine" in 1796. It laid the foundation of William Taylor's reputation—very different from that of Thomas Taylor, the translator of Plato (hence he was called "The Platonist"), and who is supposed to have been the very last man, in our day, who believed, or affected to believe, in the heathen mythology, and was known at various times to have sacrificed a cock to Jupiter, after the manner of the ancients! The Platonist died in 1835, and the other, who was Robert Southey's warmest friend, made his exit in 1836.

Walter Scott was twenty-four years old, in 1795, when Taylor's translation (then unpublished, but written in 1790) was read to him, and immediately after he struck off, in a heat, that translation now to be found in his works, which may be considered his first burst into poetry. It was written between one night and morning, and was printed immediately after. Next year appeared a version by the Hon. W. R. Spencer, son of Lord Charles Spencer, who wrote the best *vêrs de société* of his time. This was very beautifully illustrated by Lady Diana Beauclerc, and had a success in high life, of course—for the bard was a duke's grandson and the artist was another duke's daughter. Other translations of "Leonora" appeared in 1796, viz., one by Henry James Pye, poet laureate and police magistrate, who died in 1813. Another by J. T. Stanley, whom I take to have been a baronet, of Alderley Hall, Cheshire, whose eldest son was created Baron Stanley in 1839, and whose youngest son was made Bishop of Norwich in 1837. There were two

editions of this last, one very closely following Bürger's text, and the second reversing the catastrophe, and changing tragedy into comedy. In Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica" mention is made of a quarto, also published in 1796, containing translations of "Leonora" by five or six different English poets. Mr. Lukens does not possess and has not seen this collection, but as there *must* be a copy of it in the British Museum, copies of its contents are procurable.

In 1801, the late Frederic Stroberl, who was editor, from its commencement to its close, of Ackermann's "Forget Me Not," commonly called the father of the English annuals, produced various translations of German poems, among which was "Leonora." It was published in Berlin, and as lately as 1840 this English version was used in London to accompany Moritz Retzsch's "Outline Illustrations of Bürger."

There was a long interval between 1801, when Stroberl translated "Leonora," and September, 1836, when a version by James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, was published in the *New York Mirror*. In the *Knickerbocker* for March, 1839, appeared another metrical version of "Leonora," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, an excellent German scholar, whose own original poetry contains not a few gems. In 1845, Miss E. Smedley tried her hand at "Leonora," and was followed by Julia M. Cameron in 1847, the Rev. William Peter, A.M., of Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1851, and much about the same time by Dr. J. O. Noyes in the "Waverley Magazine," Boston. In 1854, was published in New York a 12mo volume called "The Poetry of Germany" (second edition by John Weik, Philadelphia, in 1856), containing seventy poems by eminent Germans, translated into English verse, with the original text on the opposite page, by Alfred Baskerville—a writer of, whom Dr. T. A. Allibone makes no mention. It is dedicated "To the memory of Ferdinanda, his wife, of whose valuable assistance during its progress he was deprived by death." Mr. Baskerville's preface is dated "Marienburg, near Cologne, December 26, 1853," and as he speaks in it of "his scholastic duties," it is probable that he was a teacher of languages. He boasts of the literalness of his translations and of very closely adhering to the original metre of the original in all cases. He does so in his translation of "Leonora," but it cannot be said that he has produced a very good version.

In 1858 two verse translations of "Leonora" were published at Cambridge (England) in the same pamphlet; in 1860, Albert Smith tried his hand at the poem, and so did the Rev. Mr. Lowell. In 1863, in "German Lyric Poetry," published by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia, the Rev. Charles T. Brooks gave another version. There was one in Funck's "Guide to German Literature," and another in Russian by B. Zukovsky.

James Clarence Mangam, the young Irish poet, whose genius and final end so sadly reminds us of Poe, published a translation of "Leonora" in the "Dublin University Magazine," in 1834, and again in the same periodical, in 1846, what he called the "Independent" version, with the double rhymes of the original. In "The German Lyrist," published in 1856, is a poetical translation by William Nind. The three latest translations are two just published in London, and Dr. Osborne's, not yet in print. One of these is by Lady Georgina Fullerton, daughter of the first Earl Granville, and author of several popular novels; the other, forming part of a small pamphlet, by J. W. Grant, "teacher of classical and modern languages," has been advertised in, but not yet noticed, by the *Athenæum*, and a few other London papers. Of all these translations seven were written by Americans. It is singular that Charles G. Leland, the translator of Heine, and one of the best German scholars—to speak, write, or poetize the language—has never attempted "Leonora." I need scarcely add that if any person knows of any translation of "Leonora" not mentioned in the "catalogue raisonné" here given, he will do a kindness by communicating with Mr. Lukens, in Philadelphia.

Coming back to this gentleman, let me say that I lately found him engaged in a labor of love—cataloguing the fine library of Mr. Samuel R. Phillips, of this city. But for the World's Fair of 1851 that library would scarcely have been in existence. I shall mention the facts because they are abundantly curious. In 1850, the firm of Lacy & Phillips, in Philadelphia, did a fair business as saddle and harness manufacturers. Tempted by the invitation to exhibit, as competitors, in the first Crystal Palace, they prepared one set of carriage harnesses, the first cost of which was \$4,300. The solid silver of the mountings and the chasing cost \$2,200 of that sum. The harness was duly forwarded to London, it being understood that, like other articles so exhibited, it should be duty free.

In due time the jury sat to decide on the respective merits of the various competing articles. When the decision was arrived at, one of the jury, hastily leaving London, wrote a note to Mr. Lacy, who had journeyed thither, that their set of harness had been awarded the first prize—though his great rivals in the trade in England, Belgium, France, and other places had sent in specimens of their best workmanship. Mr. Lacy, as might have been expected, communicated by next mail packet with his partner, Mr. Phillips, in Philadelphia, who, fully aware of the importance of having "beaten all the world" at the World's Fair, communicated the fact to the local papers. Being the first award made public, almost every United States newspaper copied the announcement, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the American papers were seen in England, when Prince Albert, losing his temper, declared that the disclosure of the award was utterly out of order. However, it was made and it must stand. But, the Queen of Spain having purchased the prize harness at very little more than prime cost, the American manufacturers were not allowed to remove it for transfer to her Majesty's agent until they had paid \$1,900 duty. This was considered hard, the understanding being that no duty would be exacted; but Prince Albert's anger took that mode of revenge.

In the first six months after the award was made there was an increase of \$100,000 in Lacy & Phillips's receipts, and the business went on rapidly increasing while it was continued by the same firm. Some years ago Mr. Phillips became sole proprietor, and has been additionally so successful that he is counted now among our millionaires. Three or four years ago, having scarcely reached middle age, he resolved to collect a library, which he has done in a liberal spirit and on a very judicious plan. At present it consists of about nine thousand volumes, most of them well bound and all of them the best editions. The cost has been about \$50,000. Within the next eighteen months the number and cost will be doubled. I have seen few libraries which so little required weeding. Mr. Lukens is preparing the catalogue on a new and excellent plan, and one hundred copies of this will be printed (for Mr. Phillips, for his own use and circulation among his literary friends who have freely given and will give him the benefit of their advice and experience) by Mr. Ashmead, of this city. Mention of Mr. Ashmead reminds us that one of your correspondents lately seemed to think that I had conveyed the impression of good printing being rare in Philadelphia. On the contrary, I have referred in detail, on various occasions, to fine specimens of superior typography, not alone by Mr. Ashmead (whom I have not seen to my knowledge), but by Sherman & Son, King & Baird, and others. I have always said, and believe, that there would be as good printing in this city as in Boston and New York if a paying price was given for it.

R. S. M.