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TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POETRY

IN

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AMERICAN MAGAZINES

1741-1810

TOGETHER WITH TRANSLATIONS OF OTHER TEUTONIC
POETRY AND ORIGINAL POEMS REFERRING
TO THE GERMAN COUNTRIES

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INTRODUCTION.

The important influence which German literature has exercised on American culture and literature extends from the early part of the nineteenth century. This influence was, in a measure, a continuation of the interest and activity that had existed in England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Prior to 1790, numerous translations from Gellert, Wieland, Klopstock, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller appeared from time to time, but it was not until William Taylor of Norwich began to write, that the movement, which culminated in the works of Coleridge, Carlyle and others, assumed definite form.¹

American literature at this time was still subservient to that of England and it is not surprising that the new literary impulse from Germany should have found reflection on this side of the Atlantic. This foreign influence was further aided by direct contact with Europe. By the second or third decade of the last century the studies of American scholars abroad became an important factor in our intellectual development. In 1819 Edward Everett returned from Europe to become professor of Greek at Harvard University. He had studied at the University of Göttingen, where he had become enthusiastic for the methods of German scholarship. While in Europe he secured for Harvard College a large number of German books, which soon proved to be a stimulus to the students of the institution. In 1823 W. E. Channing in his *Remarks on National Literature* advocated the study of French and German authors, so that our literature might attain a position of independence from that of England.² Two years later, in 1825, Karl Follen entered upon his duties at Harvard College as instructor in German.³

¹ John L. Haney, *German Literature in England before 1790*, in the *Americana Germanica*, IV, No. 2.

Cf. also, Dr. Haney's monograph, *The German Influence on Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, Philadelphia, 1902.

Georg Herzfeld, *William Taylor von Norwich*, Halle a. S. 1897.

² *The Works of William E. Channing*, Boston, 1849. Geo. D. Channing. Vol. I—277.

Cf. also, the remark of Francis Hopkinson, p. 194.

³ As early as 1754 William Creamer (or Cramer) was appointed Professor



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TO MY PARENTS

IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR INTEREST AND ENCOURAGEMENT

IN THE PRESENT WORK

PREFACE.

The present study is an extension of a thesis, presented to the Faculty of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Pennsylvania in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The object has been to treat the material in the early American magazines which gave readers information about Germany and other Teutonic countries. While the primary aim has been to discuss the translations of poetry and the original poems bearing on the subject, all relevant prose articles have also been listed. Since many of the magazines used are extremely rare and almost unique, the texts from them are here reprinted in order to make such information accessible. As some of the translations and poems, however, have been traced to Thomas Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, Thomas Gray and others, whose works are to be found in almost any library, reprinting was unnecessary in these cases. M. G. Lewis' *Tales of Terror and Wonder* has had, besides many early imprints, a recent edition by Henry Morley in 1887 and the poems from it that appeared in the American magazines are here mentioned by title only, the one exception being *The Erl-King*, which is included because of several variants. Long poems like *The Wanderer of Switzerland* (which itself would make a small book) are not reprinted.

Parts II to V are arranged chronologically, so as to show the gradual growth of the German influence. Translations and poems are therefore reprinted under the date of their first appearance; later publications of them in the magazines are here recorded simply by title, with a note giving the earliest date. The texts are reprinted exactly as they appeared in the early American periodicals, thus presenting the information about Germany in the same form in which readers of a century ago received it. Mistakes are often interesting as illustrative of an ignorance about German names and words. Only the most evident typographical errors have been corrected, such as "spweep" for "sweep," "bilssful" for "blissful," and

"fustain" for "sustain." Differences due to eighteenth century orthography are retained.

The subject has been investigated to the end of the year 1840, but this volume treats only the period ending with 1810. Often for the sake of complete lists, however, poems of a later date are mentioned. Throughout Parts II to V, notes by the present author, except mention of sources from which the reprints are made, are inclosed in brackets.

The courtesy and assistance rendered in obtaining the magazines make me indebted to the attendants in the various libraries visited, particularly to Mr. Allan B. Slauson, of the Library of Congress. I wish to thank Professor Daniel B. Shumway, of the University of Pennsylvania, for helpful criticism, and Professor John L. Haney, of the Philadelphia Central High School, for valuable information about the German literary influence in England during the period under discussion and for improvements suggested in the preparation of the Introduction.

I am especially indebted to Professor Marion D. Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, at whose suggestion and under whose inspiration the present investigation has been carried on.

EDWARD Z. DAVIS.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1905.

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INTRODUCTION.

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Before Edward Everett went abroad to study, however, American scholars had begun to seek wider cultural advantages at the centres of learning in Europe.¹ They were mostly theological students, or men more or less closely connected with the diplomatic service. The most prominent among the latter class was John Quincy Adams, who spent several years in Europe. His interest in German literature is shown by the fact that he translated Wieland's *Oberon*, which however was not published, because Sotheby's translation had just appeared in London.²

of the French and German Languages, at the University of Pennsylvania, which position he held for twenty-one years. In 1780 a German Professorship of Philology was established in the same institution. J. C. Kunze, the first appointee, lectured in German on Latin and Greek. After 1784, his successor, J. H. C. Helmuth, carried out the same policy.

Cf. M. D. Learned, *Address at the Opening of the Bechstein Library*, University of Pennsylvania, March 21, 1896.

¹ Benjamin Franklin's visit to the University of Göttingen is described in the *Göttingische Anzeigen* for Sept. 13, 1766, which states that the session of the Royal Society of Sciences held on the 19th of the preceding July was more impressive than usual. "The two famous English scholars, the royal physician, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Benjamin Franklin, from Pennsylvania, who happened to be at that time in Göttingen on a trip through Germany; took their seats as members of the society."

Cf. the account by Dr. E. J. James (*The Nation*, Apr. 18, 1895, p. 296), reprinted in B. A. Hinsdale's article *Foreign Influence upon Education in the United States*, published in the *Report of the Commissioner of Education*, 1897-98. Vol. I, pp. 604-607.

Cf. also, L. Viereck, *German Instruction in American Schools*, *ibid.*, 1900-1901. Vol. I, p. 543.

² Adams wrote also an account of his journey to Silesia in July, 1800. This was in the form of twenty-nine letters to his brother, written during the trip, and thirteen more added after his return to Berlin. Although they were private communications, the editor of the *Port Folio* secured them for his magazine and printed them anonymously, without suppressing personal references, as the author would have done, had he known of the publication.

"Whether these passages ever came under the observation of the persons affected is not certain. So long as they remained confined to the columns of an American publication of that day, the probabilities would favor the negative. But they were not so confined. Again, without the knowledge or consent of the author, an individual, unknown to him, but fully aware of the facts in the case nevertheless took the collection from the *Portfolio* to London, and there had them printed for his own benefit, in an octavo volume, in the year 1804. From this copy they were rendered into German, and published at Breslau the next year, with notes, by Frederick Albert Zimmerman;

A little later, in 1809, Alexander Hill Everett went to Russia as secretary to the legation and spent several years in different cities on the continent.¹ George Ticknor visited Germany in 1815 to prepare for his duties as professor of modern languages at Harvard; and George Bancroft, after graduating from college in 1817, studied for five years at Göttingen, Heidelberg and Berlin. Henry E. Dwight was at Göttingen from 1824-1828 and in the next year published in New York *Travels in the North of Germany, 1825-6*. It was about this time that James Fenimore Cooper began his European travels, which lasted from 1826 to 1833.² Thus, American scholars had been acquiring German thought and culture at first hand, before Longfellow or Emerson went abroad for the first time. With these two the German influence in America reached its height—Longfellow in literature, and Emerson in his transcendental philosophy.

This was the second channel by which German literature became known in this country. The first, as has already been indicated, came indirectly through England. There, considerable activity in this line had been manifest since 1790. Books of translations were published and the magazines contained many fugitive pieces from

and in 1807 a translation made into French, by J. Dupuy, was published in Paris by Dentu.

"Thus it happened that these letters, originally intended as purely familiar correspondence, obtained a free circulation over a large part of Europe without the smallest agency on the part of the author, or any opportunity to correct and modify them as he certainly would have done had he ever possessed the power."

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, Edited by Charles Francis Adams. 12 vols., Philadelphia, 1874. Vol. I, 240-241.

The American publication began in the *Port Folio*, I-1, Jan. 3, 1801, Phila. For a review of the English edition, cf. *The Monthly Review or Literary Journal*, XLV-350, December, 1804, London.

¹"He [A. H. Everett] had probably studied German while he was associated with John Quincy Adams in St. Petersburg, where German influence was strong and the study of the language and literature could be pursued under the most favorable conditions. The *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, New York, Vol. X (N. S.) 1842-p. 461, states that he studied at St. Petersburg, among other things, the modern languages."

Frederick H. Wilkens, *Early Influence of German Literature in America in the Americana Germanica*, III, No. 2, p. 155.

²M. D. Learned, *German as a Culture Element in American Education*, Milwaukee, 1898.

the German. It is chiefly a reflex of this interest that we find in American periodicals to the end of 1810.

In America, likewise, German literature was made known to English readers by means of translations either in book form or in the magazines. The subject of translations in book form has been treated in the recent article by Wilkens already mentioned. He discusses German drama, fiction, poetry, philosophy, theology and pedagogy, and gives in an appendix "A List of the Translations of German Literature that were printed in the United States before 1826." These books, however, were not the first means of introducing German authors to American readers. The first mention of this foreign literature we find, as a rule, in the magazines. Here are numerous accounts of the lives of German writers, criticism of their books, notices of editions (English or American) and besides these, many translations of poetry and the shorter prose works. These articles or translations do not, of course, antedate the earliest appearance of the same works in England, but it is safe to say that whatever information on German literature was offered in the American magazines reached the American public sooner than the copies of an English book sent over here to be sold. Many readers learned to know foreign literature through the medium of the periodicals who would not think of purchasing all the books, of which they had read reviews or selections. This was especially true of the poetry. The prose works were usually too long for republication in the magazines and could be announced only through critiques or abstracts. Even here, however, some of the longer pieces appeared, such as *The Apparitionist* (Schiller's *Geisterscher*) in the *N. Y. Weekly Mag.*, I-16, etc., 1795, N. Y., and in the same magazine II-4, etc., Tschink's *Victim of Magical Delusion*, while *The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor*, I, 1810, contains *Emilia Galotti*, translated by Miss Fanny Holcroft. These prose pieces, being long, were continued from number to number, but for the poetry this was not necessary. Poems of the size of Klopstock's *Messiah* or Gessner's *Death of Abel* appeared in the magazines only in selections or extracts, while on the other hand most of the lyric poems, being short, could very easily be reprinted entire in translation. With hardly an exception, the short poems of German authors appeared in America in the periodicals some time before they were issued in book form; for example, the earliest publication of Gessner's *Idyls* mentioned

by Wilkens was in 1802,¹ whereas single idyls had been translated for the magazines in 1774, 1775, 1792, 1795, 1798, 1799, two in 1793, three in 1796 and five in 1801. Similarly, the first American imprint of M. G. Lewis' *Tales of Wonder* was issued in New York in 1801, while five selections in it had already appeared in the *Weekly Mag.*, 1798-9, Phila.² In addition to these there were found in the American magazines before 1811, ten translations from Bürger, eight from Gellert, five from Lessing, four from Haller, three from Goethe, two each from Jacobi, Klopstock, Matthisson and Schickaneder, and one each from "Adelio," Bürde, Kotzebue, Patzke, "Sheller," and "Van Vander Hordercloeth," together with several translations, for which the name of the original author was not given. None of these were printed in book form before 1826.³

The first translations of German poetry printed in America are to be sought, therefore, in the magazines and it was here also that the public received its first information about the lives of the German literati. It is the object of the present study to consider the German influence in the early American periodicals, treating especially the translations of German poetry published in them.⁴ Together with these are to be found in Part III translations from the other Teutonic literatures more or less closely connected with the German, namely, translations of Dutch, Danish, Norwegian and Icelandic poetry, and also original poems on German literature, history, biography, etc.,—for example, *Ode on the late Victory obtained by the King of Prussia*, *Charlotte's Soliloquy—to the Manes of Werter*, and *Burlesque on the Style, in which most of the German romantic Ballads are written*. To this has been added a list of translations of

¹ *New Idyls*, by S. Gessner. Philadelphia, 1802.

² Bürger, *Leonora* [Wm. Taylor—some variants], Vol. I—221.

Bürger, *The Chase* [Sir Walter Scott], Vol. II—413.

—, *The Water King* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III—92.

Goethe, *The Erl-King* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III—93.

—, *The Erl-King's Daughter* [M. G. Lewis], Vol. III—94.

The last three, however, were also in Lewis' *Ambrosio or the Monk*, Philadelphia, 1798.

³ Wilkens' *List*. Two selections from Bürger and two from Goethe appeared in Lewis' collections, but no editions of their poems exclusively were issued. Klopstock's *Messiah* was published three times before 1811, but not his shorter poems.

⁴ Wilkens mentions about a dozen magazines incidentally but no attempt has been made to investigate this field.

German prose, and a list of original articles on Germany, etc., so that a complete estimate of the German influence in these magazines can thus be obtained.

The scope of the present work comprises the American magazines published before 1811. By the term "American magazines" is meant all magazines published in English, whether in the United States or Canada. Periodicals in German, Spanish, French or other foreign languages have been excluded. In as much as the study is primarily concerned with literature it has been necessary, on account of the great scope of the subject, to omit publications of a non-literary type, e. g., newspapers, gazettes, periodicals dealing solely with history, religious magazines, almanacs, etc. This method of exclusion is not an easy one, for during the period under discussion the magazine and the newspaper approached each other, the former printed news and the latter gave specimens of literature, usually short poems. It happened sometimes that a translation which appeared in a magazine had been printed first in a newspaper. For example, *The Name Unknown*, "Imitated from Klopstock's ode to his future mistress. By Thomas Campbell," is to be found in the *Newport Mercury*, 1803, Newport, just three years before it was printed in *The Evening Fireside*, II-165, Phila. This illustrates the importance of the newspaper in this connection, especially since the latter contained also numerous paragraphs on things German, but it is a field for separate investigation and in this connection must take second place as compared with the literary periodicals.

Similarly the religious magazines often contain poems relative to our subject, so that it has been necessary to include some of these publications. Thus, the *Boston Observer and Religious Intelligencer*, I-152, 1835, Boston, contains the poem *Trust in God*, "Translated from the German," whereas others indicate on their title page their dual character, e. g., *The Literary and Theological Review*, 1834-39, N. Y., *The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters*, 1839, etc., Boston, and *The Monthly Mag. of Religion and Literature*, 1840, Gettysburg. Most of the religious magazines, however, belong to the period after 1810.

Lastly, even some of the almanacs come almost within the range of the present discussion, for the earlier ones have poems¹ and inter-

¹ *Universal American Almanack, or Yearly Mag.*, 1764, Phila., contains a poem entitled *Golden Verse of Pythagoras*.

esting information, and were carefully read by the general public. Most of these had their vogue before the literary magazine became prominent and therefore represent a period before the German literary influence had made itself felt. Of those that were examined, none contained material to warrant their inclusion in the list given in Part V.

Whenever periodicals were found to be of the types just mentioned, they were omitted from further consideration. There are two other kinds of publications, however, that have been included in the present investigation. The first is the English magazine reprinted in this country. Since it is impossible to exclude all translations in American magazines made by Englishmen—as will be shown later on—it has been found practical to take, as the basis of selection, all periodicals actually published on this side of the Atlantic. The only examples of this class that fall within our period are *The Mirror*, I–II, 1803, Phila.—a reprint of a magazine of the same name, that appeared in Edinburgh, 1779–1780, *The Connoisseur*, I–IV, 1803, Phila. (London, 1755) and *The Quarterly Review*, I–IV, printed in London and reprinted in New York, 1810. In some instances the material in the American edition differs from that of the English, so that it is quite necessary to include this class of periodicals.

The other type of publications, alluded to, is the miscellany. It contained poems, prose selections and articles on a wide range of subjects. It differed from the magazine simply in one respect, namely, that it was issued with less regularity. It offers, however, valuable additions to the present collection.¹ Thus, even by omitting all irrelevant publications, the field is a broad one and rich in important material.

In any investigation of the early American magazines the difficulty of locating copies is apparent. The editions of many of these periodicals were small, especially if issued from the less important literary centers; so that now, after the lapse of a hundred years, their

¹ *Curiosities of Literature*, 1793, Philadelphia.

Miscellanies, 1796, Burlington.

A Book, a periodical work, 1807, New York.

The Thistle, 1807, Boston.

Charms of Literature, 1808, Trenton.

The Hive, 1810, Hartford.

volumes are extremely hard to trace. Another fact that aided in the disappearance of these publications was their short existence. If a periodical, like the *American Museum* or the *Port Folio*, ran for a number of years, it became well known and its volumes were carefully preserved. The libraries attempted to get complete sets and thus the magazine was made accessible for future generations. A large number of these magazines, however, had a precarious existence for a year or more, and then were discontinued for lack of support. Indeed, the many failures among these literary ventures cause one to wonder why others were undertaken, and yet year after year new magazines were launched on the market with full anticipation of success. This certainly indicates a widespread demand for this class of literature and if the kind offered did not happen to suit the taste, the fickle public was constantly deserting the old for the new.

The investigator is moreover impeded in his progress by lack of definite and trustworthy information about these publications. There is no complete list of the American magazines during the years under discussion, although work has been done on the period to the end of 1800. Paul Leicester Ford published a *Check-list of American magazines printed in the eighteenth century* (1889, Brooklyn, N. Y.). This was an attempt to list all publications referred to by any writer, whether accessible or not. The present investigation, however, has brought to light thirty-five or forty volumes of magazines (including twenty new titles), evidently unknown to Ford, not to speak of several newspapers of more or less literary value; but the latter seem to have been omitted intentionally from the *Check-list*.

Even the magazines of Philadelphia, the literary center of the country during the eighteenth century, have not been listed. "A complete list of the Philadelphia magazines is impossible. Many of them have disappeared and left not a rack behind. The special student of Pennsylvania history will detect some omissions in these pages, for all that has here been done has been done at first hand, and where a magazine was inaccessible to me, I have not attempted to see it through the eyes of a more fortunate investigator."¹ What is here said of Philadelphia is equally true of Boston, New York, Baltimore and the other centers of literary activity of a century ago.

¹ Albert H. Smyth, *The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors, 1741-1850*. Philadelphia, Robert M. Lindsay, 1892. Preface, p. 5.

In spite of the difficulties just mentioned it has been possible, after an extended search, to find enough volumes of the magazines to form an almost complete list for the period in question. What omissions there may be are, for the most part, obscure and unimportant publications, which failed to attract enough attention to be included in the large collections of this class of literature. One condition favored the preservation of the American magazines; there were a few institutions, like the Philadelphia Library Company, the American Philosophical Society, and others, which were in existence during the period when most of these publications were issued. It has been possible for them to amass a fairly representative collection of contemporaneous literature. On the other hand, more recent institutions, like the Boston Public Library or the Library of Congress, have displayed such industry in collecting, that they now have splendid lists of these early periodicals.

The plan of the present investigation has been, therefore, to visit those libraries where large numbers of the books needed are located and thus, by combining the material secured in the different places, to approach as near as possible to completeness. One library fills out the gaps of another and it often happens that, in order to see the entire set of a magazine, it is necessary to visit three or four libraries. A record has been kept as to where the individual volumes are, but as useful as this information might be for those working in the same or in a kindred field it has been found too complex to be indicated in the list of magazines given in Part V.¹ The material here included is based on a personal examination of about three hundred volumes representing one hundred and twenty-eight different magazines.

In treating the German influence in the American magazines, it is important to consider the position which the magazine held during this early period. Difference in conditions enabled the periodical to play quite a different rôle from that which it now plays. In the eighteenth century, as compared with the present day, free libraries were scarce and readers had to depend largely on the books they could buy or borrow. Then, too, books were expensive, because many had to be imported from abroad, and those printed here could not be sold as cheaply as now. These conditions favored the magazines, which were inexpensive and furnished to their readers, besides

¹ A list of the libraries consulted is given at the beginning of Part V.

original matter, republications of the best literature of Europe. They kept the public abreast with the times and supplied the place now occupied by the numerous libraries and books which can be purchased at a moderate cost.

Another element which the magazine of a century ago did not have to contend with so vigorously was the newspaper. The modern newspaper is becoming larger and larger, and is making increased demand every day on the time and interest of the public. In the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth this was not the case. To be sure, there were many newspapers, gazettes and advertisers, but they were comparatively small in size, consisting usually of only four or six pages. "At the period of the American Revolution, journalism had nowhere reached [an] advanced stage of effectiveness. In America, especially, the newspapers were petty, dingy, languid, inadequate affairs; and the department of the newspaper now devoted to editorial writing, then scarcely existed at all."¹ Many editors considered the news available to be sufficient merely for a weekly instead of a daily issue. This is not surprising. With the absence of the modern telegraph, telephone, ocean cable and steam railroad the facility for getting news from a distance was greatly diminished. Then, too, as the population of the country was much smaller than now, the most important domestic news could be told in a few columns. All this tended to keep the newspapers within moderate proportions, and although they were numerous, it is safe to say that they did not make such a demand on the reader's time as to divert his attention from a more serious kind of literature. People had, therefore, plenty of leisure for careful perusal of the magazines, and these, by giving in many cases a summary of the news, decreased the necessity for the newspaper. For advertisements and business announcements the gazettes and advertisers were the main source, but for general information and current literature persons did not have to devote so much attention to the newspaper.

As far as can be learned, the magazine in this early period was regarded in a more serious light than to-day. It was not a means to while away an idle hour—something to be glanced at hastily and then thrown aside. The editors attempted, on the contrary, to give the best literature at their disposal, whether original or reprint, and

¹ M. C. Tyler, *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, I, 1763-1776, New York, 1897, p. 18.

endeavored to improve the public taste by selecting matter that would be acceptable to a scholarly audience. "A striking difference between the older magazine and the recent ones is the conspicuous absence from the journal of a century ago of what is commonly called 'light literature.'"¹

Tyler mentions the same conditions. "Our colonial journalism soon became, in itself, a really important literary force. It could not remain forever a mere disseminator of public gossip, or a placard for the display of advertisements. The instinct of critical and brave debate was strong even among those puny editors, and it kept struggling for expression. Moreover, each editor was surrounded by a coterie of friends, with active brains and a propensity to utterance; and these constituted a sort of unpaid staff of editorial contributors, who, in various forms,—in letters, essays, anecdotes, epigrams, poems, lampoons,—helped to give vivacity and even literary value to the paper."²

Considering these facts, it is seen that the magazines of the period under discussion played a more important rôle in the cultural development of the people than they do now. They were not as numerous, nor were so many copies of each number issued then as now, but the population was also much smaller, and consequently a smaller number of periodicals sufficed, although relatively they may have been as numerous. One thing seems certain,—in the absence of so much other reading matter, the magazine went into the home and was perused with care by the different members of the household. We have only to refer to the attention given to the almanacs during a period slightly earlier, and these did not attempt to present as much entertaining literature as the magazines. The prominence of these literary periodicals in the development of American thought and culture is usually overlooked, but should certainly be recognized in the history of literature in America.

All this is very pertinent to the subject. The importance of the translations and poems, here reprinted, in bringing things German before the American public depends naturally upon the importance of the channel by which they were introduced. From what has just been said, it is evident that the magazine not only had a wider and freer scope then than now, but also attempted to preserve as high

¹ Smyth, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

² M. C. Tyler, *A History of American Literature*, II, 1676-1765, New York, 1878, pp. 304, 305.

a literary and scholarly standard as was possible for that day. What was admitted to its pages had therefore considerable weight and influence, and became known at once as far as the magazine circulated. It is for this reason that the appearance of so many poems and prose articles relating to the German countries becomes so important, and the interest here aroused was to increase many fold in the decades immediately following.

The publication of translations of German poetry in the American magazines indicates a twofold activity. In the first place it shows active interest and enthusiasm on the part of a few individuals who read and appreciated German literature and who had the ability not only to understand the foreign poetry but also to translate it for their fellow countrymen. How many there were who could read the original, it is impossible to say, but these translators were certainly only a small part of the Americans who understood German. In the second place the appearance of German poems in the magazines indicates a growing acquaintance with German literature, on the part of the public at large. From the fact that the number of translations increased from year to year we may infer that they found favor in the eyes of the readers. Even if the circulation of the individual magazines was small, the combined effect of so many must have been considerable.

It may seem at first thought that relatively few poems have been collected in proportion to the ground covered.¹ There is a limitation, however, that must not be overlooked. Only a small part of each magazine was devoted to poetry and, after the original productions and the republications of English verse (which naturally received first consideration), German could only hope for its share along with the other foreign literatures. It is remarkable how many foreign literatures are represented in the sections of these magazines devoted to poetry. There are translations from the Latin, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, Norse (Icelandic), Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Irish, Welsh, Greek, Laplandish, Persian and Turkish. In all this mass of translations, German ranks perhaps third as regards quantity; it is exceeded only by the Latin and

¹ There are in the magazines of the period, 71 translations of German poetry and 10 duplicates; 68 original poems and translations of other Teutonic poetry, and 24 duplicates.

French.¹ This is true, however, only for the period to the end of 1810. The situation in the three succeeding decades is very different, but will be discussed at a later time.

There is another reason why these magazines did not contain more translations from the German. The period under consideration coincides very closely with the classical epoch of German literature and many of the masterpieces were not issued until near the end. *Hermann und Dorothea* appeared in 1797 and *Wallenstein* three years later, while *Wilhelm Tell* was not finished until 1804 and the completed *Faust* (first and second parts) was published twenty-three years after the period closes. The dates of much of the classical German literature precluded the possibility of its being translated until two thirds of the period had passed. However valuable these works are, it is not remarkable that they should not have become known immediately on this side of the Atlantic. For the Germans here, the originals were all that were needed, and it naturally took some time for the English part of the population to realize the worth of the books and to demand translations. These causes, then, prevented the German influence in the magazines from assuming larger proportions.

The period treated in the present study is from 1741 to 1810 inclusive. The year 1741 is chosen as marking the beginning of the American periodicals of a literary type. The publications of an earlier date that were examined were devoted almost entirely to news, or were almanacs that contained no literary material, for example, the *New England Kalendar*, I, 1706, Boston, or the *New Weekly Journal*, 1728, Boston. These have been omitted from the list. It is therefore not until 1741 that our period really begins. The two magazines which were to be the pioneers of this extensive class of American literature had been announced in the previous year. The *Phila. Weekly Mercury* (Oct. 30, 1740) gives the prospectus of a magazine to be edited by John Webbe and printed by Andrew Bradford; while in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* (Nov. 13, 1740) Franklin announced *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America*. A bitter controversy soon arose, —Franklin claiming that Webbe had stolen his plans, and Webbe

¹ No list of the translations from the Latin and French in these magazines has been made, so that a numerical comparison with those from the German is at present impossible.

accusing Franklin of using his position as Postmaster to exclude the *Mercury* from the mail. Both magazines were issued in January, 1741; Webbe's journal, *The American Magazine; or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies*, ran for three months and Franklin's for six months.¹ With these, then, the investigation for the present subject begins. As has been indicated, the work has been extended to the end of the year 1840. After that, German literature was established as a well known factor in our intellectual development, as is shown by the numerous books of translations and imitations, and the magazines were, henceforth, less important in this particular. The period here treated extends only to the end of 1810. These years witnessed the beginning of the movement and the first period of considerable activity in this field. During the years immediately following 1810 there was a decline in the German literary influence in the American magazines.²

To estimate definitively the amount of literary activity in America with respect to things German, as illustrated by these translations and poems, would require considerable information concerning the translators. If the translator lived in England and his work was simply reprinted in an American magazine, the literary activity belongs more to England than to this country; but the fact that the poem was reprinted shows a desire to acquaint readers here with foreign poetry, the only difference being that the influence came through England and not from Germany direct. Where the works printed are from the pen of an American, they represent not only the ability of the writer to appreciate German, but also the active interest to reproduce it for the American public; the translation is then entirely an American product. As to Englishmen here doing this kind of work, it would be of advantage to know whether they were merely travelers or sojourners, or had been here long enough to be considered an integral part of our civilization. However useful this information would be, it is, in a majority of cases, unobtainable. Most of the translations appeared without any indication as to authorship. One thing that may partly account for this was the tendency of the early magazines to copy and plagiarize. Scores of

¹ John Bach McMaster, *Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters*, Boston, 1887, p. 129 seq.

² A similar decline in the German literary influence was noticed also in England after 1810.

poems were found which had previously been printed in other periodicals (American or English), but for the source of which no credit was given. Even the author's name was suppressed. In one instance an editor inserted a poem that had appeared in the very same magazine one or two years earlier, and yet the readers were to receive it as something new.¹ The only possible means of identification in these cases is by comparison with published collections of translations. Several translations have thus been traced to Sir Walter Scott, M. G. Lewis, William Taylor of Norwich and others. Many are reprints from English magazines, concerning which it is impossible at present to give more accurate information. The subject has not been investigated with respect to the English periodicals, and since their number is far greater than the American, it would require a separate study to prepare a list of translations from the German published in them. It is, therefore, impracticable to exclude from the present discussion translations and poems by Englishmen, for it is only where the author's name is mentioned, or a note given, stating that the translation was made for such and such a magazine, that we can be sure whether it was an American product or not. The important fact is that the translation appeared in America and helped to make known to American readers certain specimens of German literature.

In the selection of material certain limitations were necessary. In the list of prose translations and articles dealing with the German countries, everything has been mentioned which refers directly or indirectly to Germany. This is important in giving a complete estimate of the interest shown, for there was a desire to know something about German prose works, German biography and history as well as German poetry. From the list of translations reprinted here, however, have been excluded all translations of dramas except certain selections, such as songs or short scenes approaching the lyrical mood. In most of the portions of dramas reproduced the passages are too long for republication or the interest is wholly dramatic and not lyric. The subject of the present study is, then, specifically—the German lyric poetry which appeared in English in the magazines of America.

The term "poetry" is here taken in a liberal sense and includes

¹ *The Moss Rose*, From the German [of Krummacher]. *The Minerva*, I-40, May 4, 1822 and II-296, Dec. 20, 1823, N. Y.

more than the translations of German verse alone. Some translations were found whose originals, though prosaic in form, are poetic in content. This was readily recognized by the translators, who have accordingly given metrical renderings. For example, we have *Letter LXI of the Sorrows of Werter Versified*; four of Gessner's prose idyls have been rendered into verse, and in the later period Krummacker's prose fable, *The Moss Rose*, appears five times in verse (1819, 1822, 1823, 1829, 1831) and twice in prose (1827, 1833). Similarly, prose translations of German verse have been included, e. g., two fables from Gellert (1796), *Morning*, from Haller (1793), and the Swiss song, *Ranz des Vaches* (1805).¹ On the other hand, prose translations of Gessner's prose idyls are recorded by title only. Another poem of a different class must be mentioned. In the volumes examined only one German poem written in America was found. This was *Hoffnung* by "Adelio" and a note stated that it was written "For the Philadelphia Repository" (Feb. 18, 1804, Phila.). At the end were the words: "A poetical translation is requested." The following number (Feb. 25) contained a translation.

Another group of poems calling for some attention includes those translated from the French. These are of two kinds. In the first place there are poems written in French by Germans or Swiss, such as the poems of Frederick the Great, and also the *Ranz des Vaches*. As to the latter, the French verses are given in two instances together with the translation,² so that it is certain what the original was. In other instances no mention is made of the source. Since part of the population of Switzerland has always been German, a German form of the song very likely existed. It is difficult, therefore, to say whether this or the French version was used by the translator. The title is French but this might have been retained for the German stanzas.

The second class of translations from the French comprehends those from authors who usually wrote in German; thus, *Navigation*,

¹ The *Ranz des Vaches* has also four metrical versions:

1833—*The Lady's Book*, VI-164.

1833—*The Juvenile Rambler*, II-84.

1835—*Amer. Mo. Mag.*, V-424.

1809—*The Visitor*, I-72 (entitled *Cow Boy's Chant*).

² *Boston Weekly Mag.*, III-60, Feb. 2, 1805, Boston.

The Visitor, I-72, June 3, 1809, Richmond.

"From the French of Gessner" (1803), and *The Usurer*, "From the French of Gellert" (*Port Folio*, XVI-245, 1823). Either these may have been taken from French translations of the German,¹ or the word "French" may be a mistake.² This second group has been classed with the translations of German poetry (Part II); while the first group from the French belongs to Part III.

No attempt is here made to discuss the critical estimate that the Americans of this period placed upon German literature. This would require a consideration of all the prose articles, whereas the present study has been devoted entirely to the poetry. It is hoped that, from the list given in Part IV, such information may be obtained. Besides the several paragraphs on German literati, the individual poems are often preceded by an introductory note praising the original of the translation. Even back in the eighteenth century, people were considering the utility of the modern languages as opposed to the classics. The *American Museum*, for example, published a *Speech on the learned languages*, by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, which concludes with the remark that the "languages most in use are, in truth, the most useful to be known."³

On the other hand there were unsympathetic writers who ridiculed the Germans and their literature. The *Monthly Magazine* published a letter entitled *Literary Industry of the Germans*, which decried their pedantic scholarship in unprofitable directions.⁴ This attack is

¹The British Museum catalogue mentions "*Fables et Contes* [trans. principally from the German of C. F. Gellert, etc.], 1754."

²Cf. *The Earth's Division*, "Trans. from Goethe [sic], by L. E. L." *Waldie's Port Folio*, Part I-123, Apr. 11, 1835, Phila.

Also, *Benevolence*, "A Fable from the German of Galleret" [sic], 1802.

³*Amer. Mus.*, III, Jan.-June, 1788, p. 539. Cf. Part IV, p. 194; also the remark of W. E. Channing, Part I, p. 1.

⁴"A German writer, L. W. Bruggeman, has published, at Stettin, in Pomerania, a Prussian province, a work, in English, on which he has laboured twenty-five years. It contains a *view of all the English editions, translations and illustrations of the ancient Greek and Latin authors*. In the execution of this work, he has been at great expense, being obliged to purchase and import a great number of English books. This is a very curious specimen of learned perseverance and labour. That a man should spend his life in recounting the translations of ancient authors into a language foreign to his own! It is one of the most difficult, tiresome, unpopular, and unprofitable branches of the trade. Germany, however, affords innumerable instances of this kind of literary diligence. There is a press at Leipsic abundantly supplied

also expressed in the form of parodies, of which the following were found: *The Wolf King*, a satire on *The Water King*, *The Fire King*, etc. (1802), *The Paint King*, a burlesque on *The Cloud King*, *The Fire King* and others (1809, 1833), *Against Faustus* (1804), *The Squeaking Ghost*, "a tale imitated from the German, according to the true and genuine principles of the horrick" (1808, 1809, 1810), *Parody on Bürger's Earl Walter* (1807), *Ode to the German Drama*, "Parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity" (1806), and *Burlesque on the style in which most of the German romantic ballads are written* (1799, 1801). In some of these instances the parodies may denote no real hostility but merely a rhymester's attempt to be clever.

It is worthy of note that several of the poems in these magazines may be grouped together, thus indicating particular interest in certain subjects. Each group forms, as it were, a cycle, though the individual poems were usually written by different persons. One of these groups attests the popularity of Frederick the Great, even before the American Revolution. The translations from his poetry are: *Relaxation of War* (1758, 1795, 1798), *The King of Prussia's Ode imitated in rhyme* (1758), *A literal translation of the King of Prussia's Ode* (1758), *Translation of an Epistle from the King of Prussia to Monsieur Voltaire* (1759), *Ode to Death* (1786, 1806), *Prayer of Frederick II in Behalf of Poets* (1805), and *A Song* (1811). The original poems about Frederick are: *Winter*, a poem, containing a reference to "great Frederick's noble feats" (1758), *On the compleat Victory . . .* (1758), *Ode on the late Victory obtained by the King of Prussia* (1758), *On the glorious Victory . . .* (1758), *The Third Psalm paraphrased*, "Alluding to his Prussian Majesty" (1758), *On reading in the publick Papers . . .* (1758), *The Royal Comet*, referring to "Prussia's great Frederick" (1758), and *Mr. Voltaire's letter to his Prussian Majesty, Translated* (1758).

Another group treats the kings of the natural elements, so common in German literature: *The Erl King* (1798, July 1833, Sept. 1833, 1835, 1836, 1838, 1839), *The Erl King's Daughter* (1798), *The Water King*, a Danish Ballad (1798), *The Wolf King*, a parody on *The Water King*, *The Fire King*, etc. (1802), *Hrim Thor, or the Winter King* (1802), *Grim, King of the Ghosts* (1802) and *The*

with editions and interpretations of Chinese, Abyssinian, Coptic and Syriac productions."

Mo. Mag. and Amer. Rev., II-8, 1800, N. Y.

Paint King, a burlesque on *The Cloud King*, *The Fire King*, etc. (1809, 1810, 1833). This interest in the weird element explains the popularity of Bürger's *Lenore*, which appears in translation in 1798, 1801, 1804, 1823, 1836, 1839, 1840.

Switzerland is described in a variety of poems, treating all phases of the life and scenery. The most prominent among them is the Swiss song, which is variously translated as the *Ranz des Vaches*, the *Cow Boy's Chant*, and *The Song of the Swiss in a Strange Land* (1805, Oct. 15, Oct. 29, Nov. 1, Nov. 8, Dec. 17, 1808, June, June 3, 1809, twice in 1833 and once in 1835). In addition to the translations, there are four imitations of the same poem: *The Swiss Exiles' Song* (1835), *The Switzer's Return* [from America] (1836), *The Switzer's Song of Home* (1837, 1838), and *The Swiss Emigrant's Dream of Home* (1840).¹

The last group of poems to be mentioned refers to Goethe's novel, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers*. This was evidently popular in America, though by no means causing the widespread delirium and sentimentality that had been rife in Germany. During our period the book was published here six times in translation, and an English imitation, *The Letters of Charlotte, during her Connexion with Werter*, had three American reprints.² These, together with translations imported from England, must have made Werter well known in this country. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in the magazines eight poems on the subject: *Narcissa*, containing a reference to Werter in the third stanza (1787), *Charlotte's Soliloquy—to the Manes of Werter* (1787), *Death of Werter* (1787), *Werter's Epitaph* (1787, 1791, 1805), *On Reading the Sorrows of Werter* (1790), *Letter LXI of the Sorrows of Werter, Versified* (1791), *Werter's Farewell to Charlotte* (1798) and *Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter* (1809).

The early American magazines, then, were instrumental in making German literature and especially German poetry known in America. It was possible for them to print translations of individual poems of an author long before there was a demand for them in book form. Gessner, Bürger, Gellert, Lessing and others have already been mentioned in this connection. It is interesting to note just what poets

¹ A translation of Schiller's *Ranz des Vaches* in "*William Tell*" is given in *The Constellation*, III-266, July 7, 1832, N. Y.

² Wilkens, *op. cit.*, p. 164 seq.

were introduced to the American public by means of the magazines. Gessner and Bürger were the most popular, the former appearing twenty-five times and the latter ten times before 1811. Gessner was perhaps the German poet best known in America. During this period his *Death of Abel* had no less than sixteen American imprints and four imitations, while translations of his *Idyls* appeared in book form twice in 1802 and once in 1807.¹ Bürger, on the other hand, was known only through these poems in the magazines, or perhaps through imported books. No volume of translations of his poems belongs to this period of American printing.

After these, Gellert, Lessing and Haller had some share of recognition both by translation and criticism. Goethe, as has been shown, was known as the author of *Werter*. As for his lyrical productions, only two appeared, *The Erl-King* (1798) and *Frederick and Alice*, "Imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *Claudine von Villa Bella*" (1807). Other poets, like Jacobi, Klopstock, Matthisson Kotzebue, Patzke or Bürde, found an occasional admirer, but not enough was done to bring their characteristics plainly before the public. In addition to these, there were numerous parodies and original poems, which helped to emphasize the importance of things German. This influence, moreover, was aided by the translations of prose works and by articles on German literature, history and biography, which are scattered through the pages of these periodicals. The American magazines accomplished considerable for German in this country. The movement here treated grew until it assumed a widespread importance a few decades later, but the period to the end of 1810 is interesting as marking the beginning. It was the first epoch of this type of literary activity in America.

¹ Wilkens, *op. cit.*, p. 108 seq. and 164 seq.

In England, likewise, the *Idyls* were constantly on the book-market and *The Death of Abel* had 20 editions before 1800. Cf. Herzfeld, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

II.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN POETRY.

THE OLD MAN.

From Gesner.

From the London Magazine, Oct. 1773.

[Prose translation.]

Royal Amer. Mag., p. 14, Jan. 1774, Boston.

[Reprint from the *London Mag.*, p. 437, Sept. 1773, London. Preceding the title: "For the London Magazine."

Salomon Gessner, *Palemon*. Idyllen, Erste Folge. Concerning the prose translations from Gessner, cf. p. 16.]

For the Pennsylvania Magazine.

MIRTIL AND THIRSIS.

A PASTORAL.

From the German.

[Prose translation.]

Penna. Mag., I-359, Aug. 1775, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Myrtil. Thyrsis*. Idyllen, Erste Folge.]

Description (with an elegant Engraving) of the celebrated Tomb of Madame Langhans, executed by Mr. John Augustus Nahl, late Sculptor to the King of Prussia, and which is to be seen in the choir of the parish church of Hindlebanck, two leagues from Berne.

As the inscription and verses of the Tombstone, which were written by the celebrated M. de Haller, could not with propriety be introduced in the engraving, we insert them here, in a free translation from the original German.

Hark! the majestic sound! the trumpet hear!

See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey!

Oh God! my Savior! 'tis thy voice I hear!
 And with my child, I come t'eternal day,
 Awake my infant; open now thine eyes,
 Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth,
 Arise my child, to thy Redeemer rise,
 And taste at length the joy denied on earth,
 Before his face death must yield to life;
 Hope to real joy . . . there, purged from sins,
 Serenity succeeds to grief and strife, Time flies . . .
 Eternity begins.

In this blessed hope
 Sure that her Saviour will fulfill his promise,
 Reposes in this Tomb,
 Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,
 Mary Magdalen Waber,
 Born 8th August, 1723;
 And who departed this life on Easter-Eve 1751,
 The wife of
 George Langhans,
 Preacher of the gospel at Hindelbanck.

Boston Mag., I-56, Dec. 1783, Boston.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

(Translated from the German.)

The thunder rolls dreadfully through the dark sky,
 To the cellar I quickly retire;
 Think not that I wish from the thunder to fly;
 No—'tis for the best wine to enquire.

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag., IV-253, Apr. 1790, Phila.

LETTER LXI. OF THE SORROWS OF
WERTER, VERSIFIED.

Though Homer fired my youthful breast,
My tender fancy deep imprest,
Ere grief had made me smart :
Yet of him Ossian has ta'en place ;
His woe-fraught strains, with solemn grace,
Now occupy my heart.

To what a world of direful kind,
The Bard illustrious leads my mind,
'Midst heaths and wilds to stray ;
Where the fierce whirlwinds sweep the plain ;
Where the moon feebly holds her reign ;
And ghosts elude the day.

To hear from off the mountains steep,
The plaintive sounds, from caverns deep,
Of water's dismal roar :
To hear the maiden's doleful cries,
That on her warrior's tomb-stone dies,
Who her did much adore.

I meet this bard of silver hair,
He wanders in the valley drear,
Whilst grief his mind consumes :
His father's footsteps tries to trace
In vain, for time does them efface ;
He only finds their tombs.

The pale moon sinks, amid the waves,
He contemplates her as she laves
Her tresses in the sea :
Reflects on time for ever gone,
When danger pleased and spurred him on,
Till every foe did flee.

When he returned on evening grey,
The moon shone on his Bark of prey,
His trophies won, displayed :
When by his countenance, I find
Deep-rooted sorrow fill his mind,
That youth so soon decayed.

When I perceive that glory bright
To fade so soon, to sink in night,
And tottering to the grave :
And when around he casts an eye
On the cold earth, where he must die,
The fate of e'en the brave.—

The traveller will come, he cries,
He'll come who saw my beauty rise,
And anxiously enquire ;
Where is the bard and warrior gone,
Where is Fingal's illustrious son,
Whither does he retire.

Then searching o'er the field and mead,
He lightly on my tomb shall tread,
But me he ne'er shall find :
Then I, my friend, like a true knight,
My sword shall draw, my prince to right,
And ease his troubled mind.

And this atchieved, with grief opprest,
Could plunge it deep in my own breast,
And eager for him bleed :
To follow him now half divine,
Hero of the Fingalian line,
Who by my hand was freed.

Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag., VI—50, Jan. 1791, Phila.

[Goethe, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers*. Letter dated Oct. 12, 1772.]

AMYNTAS. [a].

A Pastoral Fragment.

[Prose translation.]

Mass. Mag., IV-351, June 1792, Boston.[S. Gessner, *Amyntas*. "Bei frühem Morgen kam der arme Amyntas. . ."
Idyllen, Erste Folge.]

PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

THYRSIS AND CHLOE.

[Prose translation.]

Mass. Mag., V-195, Apr. 1793, Boston.[S. Gessner, *Thyrsis*.*New Idylles By Gessner*. Trans. by W. Hooper, M.D., 1776, London. P.
25, *Thyrsis*.]

AMYNTAS.

A Pastoral Fragment from Gessner.

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., IV-584, Oct. 1793, N. Y.[Also in *Mass. Mag.*, IV-351, June 1792, Boston.]

THE MORNING.

BY HALLER.

The moon retires—Nature's dark veil no more obscures the air and earth—the twinkling stars disappear and the reviving warmth of the sun awakens all creatures.

Already are the heavens adorned with its purple hues and its sparkling sapphires. Aurora, fair harbinger of the day, graciously dispenses smiles; and brightness of the roses which wreath her forehead dissipates the mists of night.

The flaming of the world advances from the eastern gate, triumphantly treading on the shining splendours of the milky way;

clouds covered with Heaven's rubies, oppose him with their lightning, and a flame of gold spreads itself around the horizon.

The roses open to salute the sun with genial dews; and the lilies exhale delicious odours from their satten'd leaves.

The vigilant hind flies to the labour-giving field; he guides with careful pleasure the earth-piercing plough; in the meantime his ears are delighted by the lightsome band of minstrels, which sweeten the air and the woods with their melodious notes. Thus doth benignant Heaven lighten the heavy pressure of toilsome industry! O Creator! all that I see are the effects of thy power! thou art the soul of nature and doth actuate every part! the stated periods and glittering appearance of yon orbs, and the unquenched fires of the revolving sun, proceed from thy hands, and boast thy impression!

Thou illumest the solemn moon to guide us amid darkness; thou dost lend wings to the unseen wind, and by night thou dost enrich the earth with fruitful dews.

From the dust thou hast formed yon proud-topt mountain; from sand hast thou produced metals; thou hast spread yon firmament, and thou hast clothed it with clouds, that it may remain unpolluted by the exploring eye of man.

Thou hast wonderfully formed the veins of that fish which causes rivers to overflow, and which makes whirlpools, and spreads devastation with the flappings of his tail. Thou hast built the elephant, and thou hast animated its enormous bulk, that it resembles a moving mountain. Thou supportest yon splendid arches of the heavens upon the vast void; and with thy word thou hast produced from chaos this wondrous universe, filling it with order, and giving it no other limit than its grandeur.

Great God! created spirits are too insignificant to raise the glory of thy works! We lose ourselves in their immensity. To tell them one must resemble thyself on infinity. Humbly contented, I remain in my own prescribed circle. Incomprehensible Being! thy resplendent glories blind the presuming eye of man! and He from whom the earth receives its being, needs not the praises of a worm!

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., IV-720, Dec. 1793, N. Y.

[Albrecht von Haller, *Morgen-Gedanken*, Den. 25, Merz, 1725.]

MORNING.

From Haller.

Phila. Minerva, I, May 30, 1795, Phila.

[Also in *N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos.*, IV-720, Dec. 1793, N. Y.]

TRANSLATED POETRY.

For the New-York Magazine.

THE ZEPHYRS, AN IDYL. [a].

(Translated from the German of Gesner, by W. Dunlap.)

[Prose translation.]

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., VI-760, Dec. 1795, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Die Zephyre*.]

TRANSLATED POETRY.

For the New-York Magazine.

FIRST IDYL OF GESNER.

(Translated from the German by Wm. Dunlap.)

DAPHNE—CHLOE.

[Prose translation.]

N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repos., n. s., p. 49, Jan. 1796, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Daphne. Chloe*. "Sieh, schon steigt der Mond hinter dem schwarzen Berg. . . ." First idyl—Zweite Folge, 1772.]

THE OLD MAN.

Translated from the German of Gessner.

Phila. Minerva, I, Jan. 16, 1796, Phila.

[Also in *The Royal Amer. Mag.*, p. 14, Jan. 1774, Boston.]

FABLE

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

While a nightingale chanted in the midst of a forest, the neighbouring hills and vallies were delighted with her exquisite melody.

Every wild bird forgot to sing, listening with fond admiration. Aurora tarried behind the hill, attending to her musical cadences; and Philomel, in honor of the goddess, warbled with unusual sweetness. At that she paused, and the lark took the opportunity of thus addressing her; 'Your music meets with just approbation; the variety, the clearness, and tenderness of the notes are inimitable; nevertheless, in one circumstance I am entitled to a preference. My melody is uninterrupted; and every morning is ushered with my gratulations. Your song on the contrary, is heard but seldom; and, except during a few weeks in the Summer, you have no claim to peculiar attention.' 'You have mentioned,' replied the Nightingale, 'the very cause of my superior excellence. I attend to, and obey, the dictates of Nature. I never sing but by her incitements; nor even yield to importunate, but uninspired inclination.'

Phila. Minerva, II, Apr. 23, 1796, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Nachtigall und die Lerche*.

Free translation of the first stanza; the second, containing the application of the fable, omitted.]

A FABLE

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

Clarine loved her husband with sincere affection—for he was a husband to her mind. Their desires and aversions were the same. It was Clarine's study to be agreeable, and by unwearied attention, to anticipate her husband's wishes. "Such a wife," says my male reader, who has thoughts of matrimony, "such a wife would I desire."—And such a wife mayst thou obtain.—Clarine's husband fell sick—a dangerous illness.—"No hope" said the physician, and shook his awful whig. Bitterly wept Clarine. "O death!" she cried, "O death! might I prefer a petition? Spare my husband; let me be the victim in his stead." Death heard, appeared, and "What," said the grim spectre, "is thy request?" "There," said Clarine sore dismayed, "There he lies; overcome with agony he implores thy speedy relief."

The Nightingale, I—199, June 16, 1796, Boston.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die zärtliche Frau*. The introductory stanza not translated.]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Bürger.

Phila. Minerva, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain*.

W. Taylor of Norwich, *The Lass of Fair Wone* in the *Monthly Magazine*, I-223, Apr. 1796, London. Also in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, 3 vols., 1830, London. II-32, under the title *The Parson's Daughter*.]

VIRTUE REWARDED:

A PASTORAL TALE.

(From the German of Gesner).

[Prose translation.]

Phila. Minerva, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Daphne*.

W. Hooper, *New Idylles by Gessner*, p. 33, *Glicera*.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

By FERDINAND WALLHIME.

THE WISH

(in imitation of Matthison).

Once more could I wish, ere yet my blest spirit
 Sunk in Elysium, peaceful mansion of shades!
 That spot t' revisit, where Infancy
 In dreams aerial, play'd 'round my brows.

The shrub of my country, whose branches o'erspread
 The cool nest of the patridge, waves gentler my friend,
 Than all the gay forests of laurel
 O'er the dust of the world's mighty conq'rors.

The streamlet of that mead, where in childhood
 I cull'd early violets, more musically murmurs
 'Midst the alders once rear'd by my sire,
 Than the silver Blandusian fountain.

The hill, on which swains, in bands youthful and gay
 Danc'd 'round the trunk of the sweet blossom'd poplar,
 With greater rapture inspir'd my heart,
 Than Alps dazzling heights in roset glimm'ring.

Therefore could I wish, ere yet my blest spirit
 Sunk in Elysium, peaceful mansion of shades
 That spot t' revisit, where infancy
 In dreams aerial, play'd 'round my brows.

Then may death's smirking genius, of a sudden,
 Extinguish life's taper, well pleas'd I'll hasten
 To Xenophon and Plato's musing shade
 And to Anacreon's myrtle tufted bow'r.

Lit. Museum, or Mo. Mag., p. 47, Jan. 1797, West-Chester.

[F. Matthisson, *Wunsch an Salis*. "Noch einmal möcht' ich, eh in die Schattenwelt. . ."]

BENEVOLENCE.

A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

O'er Howard's tomb soft Pity weeps,
 Bewailing still her favourite's fate;
 And thence the Muse invokes her aid
 Of kindred merit to relate.

Like him to sympathize with woe,
 Like him to heal the broken mind;
 And rear Affliction's drooping head,
 Belinda's generous soul inclin'd.

But want of fortune oft, too oft,
 Her charitable views withstood;
 For what, alas! avails the will,
 Without the power of doing good?

Her uncle dies and leaves his niece
 A clear two thousand pounds per ann.
 "Ah! now," she cries, "I'm blest indeed,
 "I'll help the poor where'er I can."

Scarce had she spoke, when, at her door
 An old decrepid wretch appears ;
 Bent on his crutch he begs an alms,
 And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distress,
 She heav'd a sigh and shook her head ;
 Then to this aged son of woe
 Stretch'd forth a—crust of mouldy bread.

Amer. Universal Mag., I-28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Gutthat*.]

PRO PATRIA MORI

From the German of Bürger.

For virtue, freedom, human rights, to fall,
 Beseems the brave: it is a Saviour's death.
 Of heroes only the most pure of all,
 Thus with their heart's blood tinge the battle-heath.

And this proud death is seemliest in the man
 Who for a kindred race, a country bleeds:
 Three hundred Spartans from the shining van
 Of those, whom fame in this high triumph leads.

Great is the death for a good prince incurr'd ;
 Who wields the sceptre with benignant hand:
 Well may for him the noble bare his sword,
 Falling he earns the blessings of a land.

Death for a friend, parent, child, or her we love,
 If not so great, is beauteous to behold:
 This the fine tumults of the hearts approve;
 It is the walk to death unbought of gold.

But for mere majesty to meet a wound—
 Who holds that great or glorious, he mistakes:
 That is the fury of the pamper'd hound,
 Which envy, anger, or the whip, awakes.

And for a tyrant's sake to seek a jaunt
 To hell——'s a death which only hell enjoys;
 Where such a hero falls—the gibbet plant,
 A murderer's trophy, and a plunderer's prize.

Amer. Universal Mag., I-141, Jan. 23, 1797, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Die Tode*.]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Bürger.

Amer. Universal Mag., I-211, Feb. 6, 1797, Phila.

[Also in *Phila. Minerva*, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.]

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

From the German of Gesner.

[Prose translation.]

The Key, I-69, Mar. 10, 1798, Frederick Town.

[S. Gessner, *Der zerbrochene Krug*.]

LEONORA. [a].

A Ballad from Bürger.

The following translation (made some years since) of a celebrated piece, of which other versions have appeared, and are now on the point of appearing, possesses so much peculiar charm and intrinsic merit, that we are happy in being permitted to present it to our readers.

[The translation follows.]

Weekly Mag., I-221, Mar. 17, 1798, Phila.

[G. A. Bürger, *Lenore*.

Wm. Taylor of Norwich, *Lenora*.

Mo. Mag. and British Register, I-135, Mar. 1769, London.

M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, London.

The translation appeared anonymously in the above mentioned, but was afterwards printed with several changes under the title *Ellenore* in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, II-40.

Also in *Tales of Terror and Wonder*, collected by M. G. Lewis. With an introduction by Henry Morley, 1887, London. Cf. Preface.]

TO A LITTLE CHARMER.

From the German of Lessing.

Come kiss me, little Charmer,
 Nor suppose a kiss can harm you;
 Kisses given, kisses taken,
 Cannot now your fears awaken;
 Give me then a hundred kisses
 Number well those sweetest blisses,
 And, on my life, I tell you true,
 Tenfold I'll repay what's due,
 When to snatch a kiss is bolder
 And my fair one's ten years older.

Weekly Mag., II-30, May 5, 1798, Phila.

[G. E. Lessing, *An eine kleine Schöne.*]

For the Weekly Magazine.

THE SWALLOW. A FABLE.

(From the German of Lessing.)

Believe me, my friend, the great world is not suited to philosophers or poets. We are insensible to their real worth; and they, alas! are often weak enough to exchange it for a mere nothing.

In early ages the swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the nightingale; but she soon became weary of residing in solitary groves to excite the admiration of none but the industrious peasant and the innocent shepherdess. She left her humble friends, and removed into town. What was the consequence? As the inhabitants of the city had not leisure to attend to her divine song, she gradually forgot it, and in its stead learned to—build.

Weekly Mag., II-82, May 12, 1798, Phila.

[G. E. Lessing, *Die Schwalbe.*]

THE CHASE.

By Gottfried Augustus Bürger.

Weekly Mag., II-413, July 28, 1798, Phila.[G. A. Bürger, *Der wilde Jäger*.Sir Walter Scott, *The Wild Huntsman*. Published with *William and Helen* in 1796 and entitled *The Chase*.M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*. Entitled *The Wild Huntsmen*. By Walter Scott.Cf. note to *Leonora*, in the *Weekly Mag.*, I-221, Mar. 17, 1798.]

THE ERL-KING.

(The Original is by Goëthe, Author of Werter.)

Who is it that rides through the forest so fast,
 While night frowns around him, while chill roars the blast?
 The father, who holds his young son in his arm,
 And close in his mantle has wrapped him up warm.

—"Why trembles my darling? Why shrinks he with fear?"

"Oh father! my father! the Erl-king is near!

The Erl-king, with his crown and his beard long and white!"

—"Oh! thine eyes are deceived by the vapours of night."

—"If you will, dear baby, with me go away,

I will give you fine clothes; we will play a fine play;

Fine flowers are growing, white, scarlet and blue,

On the banks of yon river, and all are for you."

—"Oh father! my father! and dost thou not hear

What words the Erl-king whispers low in mine ear?"—

—"Now hush thee, my darling, thy terrors appease:

Thou hear'st 'midst the branches when murmurs the breeze."

—"If you will, dear baby, with me go away,

My daughter shall tend you so fair and so gay;

My daughter, in purple and gold who is drest,

Shall nurse you, and kiss you, and sing you to rest."

- “ Oh father! my father! and dost thou not see?
The Erl-king and his daughter are waiting for me? ”
- “ Now shame thee, my dearest! 'tis fear makes thee blind:
Thou seest the dark willows which wave in the wind.”—
- “ I love you! I dote on that face so divine!
I must and will have you, and force makes you mine! ”
- “ My father! my father! Oh hold me now fast!
He pulls me! he hurts, and will have me at last! ”—

The father, he trembled; he doubled his speed:
O'er hills and through forests he spurred his black steed:
But when he arrived at his own castle-door,
Life throbb'd in the sweet baby's bosom no more.

Weekly Mag., III-93, Aug. 18, 1798, Phila.

[Goethe, *Erkönig*.

M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*, 1801, London.

The above text, however, is taken from Lewis' *Ambrosio, or the Monk* (1795), which has several variants. The first Amer. reprint of *The Monk* was taken from the fourth British edition, 1798, Phila. Cf. Preface.]

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(The Original is Danish; but I read it in a German Translation.)

Weekly Mag., III-94, Aug. 18, 1798, Phila.

[J. G. Herder, *Erkönigs Tochter* in the Fourth Book (*Nordische Lieder*) of *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*. Trans. from the Danish.

M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder* and *The Monk*.

Cf. note to *The Erl-King*.

The original is in the *Kiæmpe Viiser*.]

AMYNTAS, A PASTORAL TALE. [β].

(From the German of the celebrated Gessner.)

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Mag., III, 347, 358, Mar. 23, 30, 1799, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Mycon*. In the French version, entitled *Amyntas*. W. Hooper, *New Idylles*, p. 18.]

FRIENDSHIP

Translated from the German.

Set to music by Russ.

Sure not to life's short span confin'd,
 Shall sacred friendship glow;
 Beyond the grave the ardent mind,
 Its best delights shall know.

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
 Where heav'n the flame approves;
 Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
 And ever lives and loves.

There friendship's matchless love shall shine,
 (To hearts like ours so dear!)
 There angels own its pow'r divine;
 Its native home is there!

For here below, tho' friendship's charm
 Its soft delights display;
 Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
 Still pant for brighter day!

Phila. Repos., I, Appendix (Nov. 15, 1800—Nov. 7, 1801), *Phila.*

[The above appeared in the Musical Appendix.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LYCAS; OR THE INVENTIONS OF GARDENS.

Attempted from the Idyls of Gessner.

The stormy winter drives us from the green,
 Nor leaves a flower to decorate the scene;
 The winds arise—with sweep impetuous blow,
 And whirl around the flakes of fleecy snow;
 Yet shall imagination fondly rise
 And gather fair ideas as she flies:

The images that blooming spring pourtrays,
The sweets that bask in summer's sultry rays,
The rich and varied fruits of autumn's reign
Shall ope their treasures, in a bounteous train;
Of these the best, with choicest care display'd,
Shall form a wreath, for thee, my lovely maid!
So the fond shepherd, for his darling fair,
Culls beauteous flowers to deck her flowing hair.
The garden's rise shall grace my humble strains;
If Daphne smiles 'twill well repay my pains!
'Twas, in the morn of youth, a shepherd found
This happy art to decorate the ground;
This is the spot, the enamour'd Lycas cries,
Lycas the young, the gentle and the wise;
Under this elm, fair Adelaide first gave
The kiss of love to her devoted slave!
Whilst he, in am'rous accents told his flame,
With beating heart and agitated frame!
Here faint and weak my charmer sank to rest,
On the warm pillow of my panting breast!
"Lycas," with interrupting sobs, she said,
"Take the soft secret of an am'rous maid:
Of all the swains that strive this heart to move,
'Tis Lycas only Adelaide can love!
Ye peaceful groves—ye solitary springs—
To you I oft confess'd my secret stings!
And ye, sweet flowers bear witness to the truth
Of the soft flame that prey'd upon my youth;
Oft have your leaves that round me clust'ring grew,
Drank my warm tears as drops of morning dew."
My heart is full—what transport is my own!
For, in my bosom, love has fixed his throne.
Sacred to love this spot shall ever stand
Deck'd with luxuriant beauties by my hands.
Under this elm, the shadiest of the trees,
The rose shall pour its odours on the breeze;
Around its trunk the woodbine too shall rear

Its white and purple flowers aloft in air.
 The treasures of the spring shall hither flow;
 The piony by the lily here shall blow.
 Over the hills, and through the meads I'll roam,
 And bring the blooming spoils in rapture home:
 The purple violet, the pink shall join,
 The od'rous shrubs shall all their sweets combine,
 Of these a grove of balmy sort shall rise,
 And, with its fragrant blossoms, scent the skies!
 Then round this little favour'd isle, I'll bring,
 With gentle windings, yonder silver spring;
 While eglantine and thorn shall interpose
 Their hedge, a rampart 'gainst invading foes—
 Lest sheep and rambling goats the place annoy,
 And spoil the promise of our future joy.
 Oh then approach, ye favour'd of the loves!
 Come and dwell here ye gentle turtle doves!
 On yonder spreading branches, perch'd on high,
 With coos repeated greet the lover's sigh!
 Then sportive sparrows round the roses play,
 And sing, delighted, from the bending spray!
 Ye butterflies, arrayed in coats of gold,
 On beds of roses fluttering revels hold!
 Here rest, upon the lily's waving stalk,
 And add new beauty to the evening walk.
 Then shall the shepherd passing, free from care,
 When zephyr spreads the perfumes thro' the air,
 Inhale the fragrance, and with transport cry,
 What hallow'd place is this? what goddess nigh?
 Does Venus own this gay, enchanted place?
 Or has Diana, wearied in the chace,
 Chosen a spot where choicest sweets abound,
 To slumber on the consecrated ground?

P. D.

Port Folio, I-54, Feb. 14, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Lycas, oder die Erfindung der Gärten.*]

MYRTILLO.

An idyl, attempted from the German of Gessner.

At peaceful eve, Myrtillo sought the lake,
Whilst the moon's beams upon its bosom played;
The silent tract, illumin'd by its rays,
The nightingale's enchanting tender note,
Had held him bound in rapture's soothing trance.
At length, arous'd, he homeward took his steps,
And in the verdant bower, where clust'ring vines
Before his lonely dwelling formed a porch
Of simple structure, deeply slumbering found
His venerable parent—his grey head
Supported by his arm, while through the leaves
The moon-beams pour'd their lustre on his face.
With arms enfolded, and with swelling heart,
He stood before his father—long he stood,
His pious eyes fix'd fondly on the sage,
Then rais'd them, swimming with his filial tears,
And thro' the illumin'd leaves look'd up to heaven,
Whilst grateful drops roll'd down his moisten'd cheek.
Oh thou! at length he cried, whom, next the gods,
I reverence, my father—ah, how soft
Thy peaceful slumbers! Of the just and good
How placid is the sleep! Thy tottering steps
Were, doubtless, hither bent, in silent prayer
To spend the hour of eve; but, at thy task
Of duty, slumber seiz'd thee, whilst, for me,
Thy prayer of love was wing'd into the skies,
How happy is my lot! the fav'ring gods
Must hear thy fond petition; else, why stands
Our cot secure, amid the branches, bent
With ripening fruit? why, else, such blessings shower'd
Upon our healthy, fast increasing herd?
Upon the golden produce of our fields?
When oft the tear of joy bedew'd thy cheek,
To see me, anxious, cherish and support
Thy feeble age; when, towards the vault of heaven,

You turn'd your swimming eyes, and blest your son;
Ah! then, what words his blessings could express!
My bosom swell'd with transport, and the tears
O'erflow'd my glowing cheeks—
When yester morn, reclining on my arm,
You left our cot to feel the quickening beams
Of the warm sun, and saw about thee sport
The frolic herd, the trees, with fruit o'ercharg'd,
And all the fertile country blooming round,
“ My hairs grow grey in peace,” were then thy words;
“ Fields of my youth, be ever, ever blest!
“ My eyes, grow dim, shall not much longer view
“ Your heart-delighting scenes, for happier plains
“ Must I exchange you—plains beyond the skies.”
Ah, father, best belov'd, must I so soon
Lose thee! my nearest friend!—distressing thought!
Close to thy tomb, with filial love, I'll raise
A modest altar, and with ardour seek
Each blest occasion to relieve the woes
Of the oppressed and wretched; on each day,
That gives the happy chance of doing good,
I'll pour sweet milk upon a parent's grave,
And strew with flowers the ever sacred spot—
He paus'd but kept his eyes, suffus'd with tears,
Fix'd on the good old man; then, sighing; said,
How still he lies, and smiles amidst his slumbers!
Some of his virtuous deeds must hover o'er,
In peaceful dreams, and fill his cheerful soul;
Whilst the moon pours her rays upon his bare
And shining temples, and his silver beard;
Oh may the breeze, and dewy damps of eve—
Do thee no harm. Then gently did he kiss
His aged forehead, gently wak'd him up,
And led him to his cot, in lighter sleep,
On softest furs, to slumber out the night.
—P. D.

Port Folio, I-70, Feb. 28, 1801, Phila.

For the Port Folio.

MYRTIL AND DAPHNE

An Idyl.

Attempted from Gessner.

MYRTIL.

Whither so early sister, ere the sun,
Has, from behind yon hill, his course begun?
Scarce has the swallow to the morning ray,
Ventur'd to modulate his twittering lay.
The early cock, whom richest plumes adorn
Has yet but faintly hail'd the golden morn;
Whilst thou, to some unknown attraction true,
With hasty footsteps brush the silv'ry dew!
What festival to-day, do you prepare,
For fill'd with flowers, your basket scents the air.

DAPHNE.

Welcome dear brother, whither points thy way,
Amidst the chilly damps of early day?
On what fair purpose from yon new form'd bower,
Hast thou come forth at twilight's silent hour?
For me—I've pluck'd the violet and the rose,
And sought each flower that round our cottage grows.
Whilst o'er our parents gentle slumbers spread
Their wings, I'll strew them on their peaceful bed;
Then when the sunbeams gild the glowing skies
Midst fragrant scents, they'll ope their aged eyes;
Their hearts shall then with pious joy rebound,
To find the blooming flowers, clust'ring round.

MYRTIL.

My best belov'd, not life itself can prove,
Pleasing to me without a sister's love.
For me, dear girl, when yester eve we met,
Just as the sun had made a golden set,
Our parent, resting on our fav'rite hill,

Whilst we with fond attention watch'd his will;
 "How sweet (he cried) on yonder spot to rear,
 A shady bower to rest in, free from care!"
 I heard his wish as though I heard it not,
 Yet kept my thoughts fix'd firmly on the spot,
 And ere her early beams Aurora sent,
 My hasty steps toward the hill I bent,
 And rear'd the bower and to its verdant side,
 The waving, hazle branches, closely tied;
 See, sister, see, the work at length is done;
 Betray me not till I've his blessing won,
 Till he himself shall thither bend his way;
 Ah, then, with joy we'll celebrate the day.

DAPHNE.

How grateful, brother, will be his surprize,
 When first the distant bower shall greet his eyes!
 But let me haste and gently o'er their bed,
 My morning offering of fragrance spread.

MYRTIL.

When they shall wake amid the fragrant pile,
 They'll greet each other with a tender smile;
 And say, this is our Daphne's work, sweet child;
 Thus has our love the morning hours beguil'd.
 For our delight, how tender 'tis to keep
 A studious care whilst we were lock'd in sleep.

DAPHNE.

Yes, brother, when at his accustomed hour,
 Opening his casement he shall view thy bower,
 "Sure (he'll exclaim) I do not see aright,
 Or on yon hill an arbor greets my sight;
 Yes, that is Myrtil's work,—for this bereft
 Of his sweet sleep, his nightly couch he left:
 Such are the plans, his filial thoughts engage,
 And thus he soothes our fast declining age."

And when with joy we'll greet the morning ray,

With joy we'll celebrate the happy day,
 Each work to-day commenc'd shall prosper well,
 And peace and joy in every grove shall dwell.

P. D.

Port Folio, I-80, Mar. 7, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Mirtil und Daphne*.]

TRANSLATION FROM THE IDYLS OF GESSNER.

Delia! when in your lover's eyes,
 At your approach soft lustre rise,
 When with charm'd ear, from thy sweet tongue,
 He listens to the thrilling song,
 O'er saddest scenes delights you fling,
 And winter wears the smile of spring.

When o'er the mead with you I stray,
 More fragrant is the new-mown hay,
 When gath'ring flow'rets at your side,
 The buds more vivid swell with pride,
 And bend, your snowy hand to meet,
 Or am'rous twine beneath your feet.

But when within your arms you press me,
 When with a long, long kiss you bless me,
 Ah! then in vain, the fairest flow'rs
 Exert their balmy-breathing pow'rs;
 In vain her sweets does Nature bring,
 In vain she wears the smile of spring.

Then Delia! nought on earth but thee,
 My ravish'd senses feel or see,
 With Love's wild frenzy then possessed,
 My trembling heart beats 'gainst thy breast,
 Then fondly sink, o'erpower'd with bliss,
 Only alive to Delia's kiss.

Q. V.

Port Folio, I-87, Mar. 14, 1801, Phila.

LEONORA. [β].

A Tale, from the German.

"Ah, William! art thou false or dead?"
Cried Leonora from her bed.

"I dreamt thou'dst ne'er return."
William had fought in Frederick's host
At Prague—and what his fate—if lost
Or false, she could not learn.

Hungaria's queen and Prussia's king,
Wearied, at length with bickering,
Resolv'd to end the strife;
And homewards, then, their separate routs
The armies took, with songs and shouts,
With cymbals, drum and fife.

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,
From every door, the old and young
Rush'd forth the troops to greet.
"Thank God," each child and parent cry'd,
And "welcome, welcome," many a bride,
As friends long parted meet.

They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd:
No kiss she gave, no kiss receiv'd;
Of William none could tell;
She rung her hands, and tore her hair;
Till left alone in deep despair,
Bereft of sense, she fell.

Swift to her aid her mother came,
"Ah! say," cried she, "in mercy's name,
"What means this frantic grief?"
"Mother 'tis past—all hopes are fled,
"God hath no mercy, William's dead,
"My woe is past relief."

"Pardon, O pardon, Lord above!
"My child, with pray'rs invoke his love,

- “ The Almighty never errs?”
“ O, mother! mother! idle prate,
“ Can he be anxious for my fate,
“ Who never heard my prayers?”
- “ Be patient child, in God believe,
“ The good he can, and will relieve,
“ To trust his power endeavour.”
“ O, mother! mother! all is vain,
“ What trust can bring to life again?
“ The past, is past for ever.”
- “ Who knows, but that he yet survives;
“ Perchance, far off from hence he lives,
“ And thinks no more of you.
“ Forget, forget, the faithless youth,
“ Away with grief, your sorrow soothe,
“ Since William proves untrue.”
- “ Mother, all hope has fled my mind,
“ The past, is past, our God’s unkind;
“ Why did he give me breath?
“ Oh that this hated loathsome light
“ Would fade for ever from my sight,
“ Come, death, come, welcome death!”
- “ Indulgent Father, spare my child,
“ Her agony hath made her wild,
“ She knows not what she does.
“ Daughter, forget thy earthly love,
“ Look up to him who reigns above,
“ Where joys succeed to woes.”
- “ Mother what now are joys to me?
“ With William, Hell a Heaven could be,
“ Without him, Heaven a Hell.
“ Fade, fade away, thou hated light,
“ Death bear me hence to endless night,
“ With love all hope farewell.”

Thus rashly, Leonora strove
To doubt the truth of heavenly love.
She wept, and beat her breast;
She pray'd for death, until the moon
With all the stars with silence shone,
And sooth'd the world to rest.

When, hark! without, what sudden sound!
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,
Some horseman must be near!
He stops, he rings, Hark! as the noise
Dies soft away, a well-known voice
Thus greets her list'ning ear.

"Wake, Leonora;—dost thou sleep,
"Or thoughtless laugh, or constant weep,
"Is William welcome home?"
"Dear William, you!—return'd, and well!
"I've wak'd and wept—but why, ah! tell,
"So late—at night you come?"

"At midnight only dare we roam,
"For thee from Prague, though late, I come."
"For me!—stay here and rest;
"The wild winds whistle o'er the waste,
"Ah, dear William! why such haste?
"First warm thee in my breast."

"Let the winds whistle o'er the waste,
"My duty bids me be in haste;
"Quick, mount upon my steed:
"Let the winds whistle far and wide,
"Ere morn, two hundred leagues we'll ride,
"To reach our marriage bed."

"What, William! for a bridal room,
"Travel to night so far from home?"
"Leonora, 'tis decreed.
"Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,
"The dead ride swiftly; never fear,
"We'll reach our marriage bed."

" Ah, William ! whither would'st thou speed,

" What ! where ! this distant marriage bed ?"

" Leonora, no delay.

" 'Tis far from hence ; still—cold—and small :

" Six planks, no more, compose it all ;

" Our guests await, away !"

She lightly on the courser sprung,

And her white arms round William flung,

Like to a lily wreath.

In swiftest gallop off they go,

The stones and sparks around them throw,

And pant the way for breath.

The objects fly on every side,

The bridges thunder as they ride ;

" Art thou my love afraid ?

" Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,

" The dead doth Leonora fear ?"

" Ah, no ! why name the dead ?"

Hark ! as their rapid course they urge,

A passing bell, a solemn dirge ;

Hoarse ravens join the strain.

They see a coffin on a bier,

A priest and mourners too appear,

Slow moving o'er the plain.

And sad was heard the funeral lay ;

" What the Lord gives, he takes away ;

" Life's but a fleeting shade.

" A tale that's told,—a flower that falls ;

" Death, when the least expected, calls,

" And bears us to his bed."

" Forbear ;"—imperious William cry'd

" I carry home, a beauteous bride,

" Come, to our marriage feast ;

" Mourners, away, we want your song ;

" And as we swiftly haste along,

" Give us your blessing, priest.

" Sing on, that life is like a shade ;
" A tale that's told, or flowers which fade :
 " Such strains will yield delight.
" And, when we to our chamber go,
" Bury your dead, with wail and woe ;
 " The service suits the night."

While William speaks, they silent stand,
Then run obedient to command,
 But, on with furious bound,
The foaming courser forward flew,
Fire and stones his heels pursue,
 Like whirlwinds dash'd around.

On right and left, on left and right,
Trees, hills, and towns flew past their sight,
 As on they breathless prest ;
" With the bright moon, like death we speed,
" Doth Leonora fear the dead ?"
 " Ah ! leave the dead at rest."

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,
 Join'd hand in hand, a crowd
Of imps and spectres hover nigh,
Or round a wasted wretch they fly,
 When William calls aloud :

" Hither, ye airy rabble, come,
" And follow till I reach my home ;
 " We want a marriage dance."
As when the leaves on wither'd trees,
Are rustled by an edying breeze,
 The muttering sprites advance.

But, soon with hurried steps, the crew
Rush'd prattling on, for William flew,
 Clasp'd by the frightened fair :
Swifter than shafts, or than the wind,
While struck from earth fire flash'd behind,
 Like lightnings through the air.

Not only flew the landscape by,
The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.
 " Thus over hills and heath
" We ride like death ; say, lovely maid,
" By moon-light dost thou fear the dead ?"
 " Ah ! speak no more of death."

" The cock hath crow'd—Away ! away !
" The sand ebbs out : I scent the day.
 " On ! on ! away from here !
" Soon must our destin'd course be run,
" The dead ride swift,—hurrah ! 'tis done,
 " The marriage bed is near."

High grated iron doors, in vain
Barr'd their way.—With loosened rein
 Whil'st William urg'd the steed,
He struck the bolts ;—they open flew,
A churchyard drear appear'd in view ;
 Their path was o'er the dead.

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon
With feebler ray, o'er objects shone,
 Where tombstones faint appear,
A grave new dug arrests the pair,
Cry'd William, and embrac'd the fair,
 " Our marriage bed is here."

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,
His flesh like touchwood from him fell,
 His eyes forsook his head.
A skull, and naked bones alone,
Supply the place of William gone,
 'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,
As wrapp'd in smoke he disappear'd,
 Poor Leonora fell ;
The hideous spectres hover round,
Deep groans she hears from under ground,
 And fiends ascend from hell.

They dance, and say, in dreadful howl,

"She asks no mercy for her soul;

"Her earthly course is done.

"When mortals, rash and impious! dare

"Contend with God, and court despair,

"We claim them as our own."

"Yet," thus was heard, in milder strains,

"Call on the Lord, while life remains,

"Unite your heart to his;

"When man repents and is resign'd,

"God loves to soothe his suff'ring mind,

"And grant him future bliss."

"We claim as ours, who impious dare

"Contend with God, and court despair;"

Again the spectres cry'd.

"Fate threatens in vain, when man's resign'd,

"God loves to soothe the suff'ring mind,"

The gentler voice reply'd.

Leonora, e'er her sense was gone,

Thus faint exclaim'd,—"thy Will be done,

"Lord, let thy anger cease."

Soft on the wind was borne the pray'r;

The spectres vanish'd into air,

And all was hush'd in peace.

Now redd'ning tints the skies adorn,

And streaks of gold, proclaim the morn;

The night is chas'd away.

The sun ascends, new warmth he gives,

New hope, new joy; all nature lives,

And hails the glorious day.

No more are dreadful fantoms near;

Love and his smiling train, appear;

They cull each sweetest flow'r,

To scatter o'er the path of youth,

To deck the bridal bed, when Truth

And Beauty own their pow'r.

Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blast
Which threatens Bliss!—could passion last!
Ye dear enchanters tell;
What purer joy could Heaven bestow,
Than when with shar'd affection's glow
Our panting bosoms swell?

Sweet spirits wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand;
Lo! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns;
With hope, his breast impatient burns;
Hope is not always vain.

“Wake, Leonora!—wake to Love!
For thee, his choicest wreath he wove;”
Death vainly aim'd his Dart.
The Past was all a dream; she woke—
He lives;—'twas William's self who spoke,
And clasp'd her to his Heart.

Balto. Weekly Mag., I—280, Apr. 29, 1801, Balto.

[G. A. Bürger, *Lenore*. The last eight stanzas are an invention of the translator.]

For the Portfolio.

Mr. Old School,

If you permit a truant to peep into your literary seminary, he will venture to present you with the inclosed hastily written lines, as a peace offering; but shall not be irritated beyond measure, should you choose to convert it into a *burnt offering*, as a just punishment for time mispent.

At any rate, the sentence you shall pass, shall not be appealed from.

Your sincere well-wisher,

The Author.

DAMON AND DAPHNE, AN IDYLL,

(Matrimonial,)

Attempted from Gessner.

DAMON.

The gloomy tempest, Daphne, has blown o'er,
The thunder's awful voice is heard no more;



Tremble not then, my girl, the lightning's blaze
 Through the dark cloud, no longer darts its rays.
 Let us this arbour leave, the blue sky greet,
 For, see, the sheep that sought this safe retreat,
 Now from their fleeces shake the drops of rain,
 And spread them o'er the bright'ning mead again,
 Let us then leave this fav'rite shelt'ring bower,
 To taste the beauties of this balmy hour;
 To view the sunbeams gild the moisten'd ground,
 And throw their rich and radiant glory round.
 As from the grotto, hand in hand they past,
 The gentle Daphne on her partner cast
 Her swimming eyes, pressing his honest hand.

DAPHNE.

How lovely looks the gay, the smiling land,
 She said; while through the scattering cloud appears
 The blue sky, dissipating all our fears.
 The clouds, as through the air they quickly pass,
 Hurry their shadows o'er the glist'ning grass.
 See, Damon, now, o'er yonder hill they throw
 Their shade o'er herds and cottages, and lo!
 They're flown, and while o'er flowery meads they run,
 The hill's again illumin'd by the sun.

DAMON.

The rainbow view, from hill to hill expand,
 Its radiant arches o'er the laughing land;
 'Midst the grey cloud, a happy omen shows;
 With peace and safety every colour glows:
 The quiet valley smiles beneath its beams,
 And owns its beauties in her gliding streams.
 Daphne with gentle arm embrac'd her swain;
 And cried;

DAPHNE.

See balmy zephyrs breathe again;
 More cheerful with the flowers they sport and play,
 Dress'd by the drops of rain and light of day.
 The butterflies, in richest coats array'd,

And fluttering insects joy to leave the shade,
Their velvet wings in quick vibrations shake,
While on the surface of the neighbouring lake,
Of shrubs and willows, wash'd from every stain,
The trembling branches glitter once again;
Again the peasant in its bosom sees
The heaven's blue concave and the spreading trees.

DAMON.

Daphne, embrace me with thy circling arms,
What sacred joy my swelling bosom warms,
Where'er we turn what glories meet our eyes,
What unexhausted springs of rapture rise.
From the least plant to the bright star of day,
That kindles nature with its quickening ray,
All, all, our admiration ought to raise,
And tune our voices to the notes of praise!
How my heart swells, when from yon mountain's brow,
I view the spreading country stretch'd below.
Or, when amid the grass, in rural ease,
Laying my limbs beneath the branching trees,
I contemplate the various flowers and plants,
And their minutely fine inhabitants.
Or when amid the solemn hours of night,
I view the stars adorn the heavens with light;
The grateful changes of the seasons trace,
The progress of the vegetable race.
When all these wonders thro' my senses roll,
They fill with purest awe my swelling soul;
Thoughts urge on thoughts in quick successive birth,
Weeping, I kneel to him who made the earth;
To him, my admiration I confess,
Father of light, of life, of every bliss:
Nought then my soul with equal joy can move,
Save the delight to know my Daphne's love.

DAPHNE.

Damon, around me also wonders rise,
And fill my bosom with a sweet surprize.

Oh let us then, lock'd in a soft embrace,
 When Morn approaching lifts her ruddy face,
 When gentle Eve her milder beauties shows,
 Or moonlight through the air its radiance throws,
 Thus let our thoughts upon such objects rest,
 Whilst to each others beating bosoms prest,
 In broken accents we our wonder own,
 And turn our minds tow'rd's heaven's eternal throne.
 How inexpressible is the delight,
 When transports such as these, with tend'rest love unite.
P. D.

Port Folio, I—171, May 30, 1801, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Damon. Daphne.*]

For the *Port Folio*.

THE FLY, A FABLE.

From the German of Gellert.

That insects think, as well as speak,
 Needs, at this day, small eloquence to show;
 Esop, whom even children prize in Greek,
 Affirm'd as much, some thousand years ago.
 Fontaine, in French, asserted just the same;
 Who then shall dare deny the reptile claim
 To faculties, the world esteems so low,
 As scarce to notice, if you think or no?

Within a temple, where the builder's art,
 Grandeur and elegance at once had join'd;
 While due proportion, reign'd in every part,
 And simple grace, with solid strength combin'd.
 In such a temple's wall, sat perch'd on high,
 A solemn, thoughtful, philosophic fly.
 For flies, an air so grave, of wisdom take,
 And on one leg, the head will often hold,
 And into wrinkles, oft the forehead fold,
 Only because they deep reflection's make;
 And to the bottom dive to know,
 The source of all things here below.

Thus then, involv'd in contemplation deep,
 With half a dozen wrinkles on his brow,
 This fly began, around himself to peep,
 And question whence the building rose, and how?
 No *maker* of this work can I perceive,
 Quoth he—and that there is one, scarce believe;
 For who should such a maker be?

“Art,” said a spider sage. “Art built the work you see,
 For, wheresoever turns your eye,
 Fix'd laws, and order you descry;
 And hence, a fair conclusion grows,
 That from the hand of Art, the building rose.”

At this the fly, in his conceptions proud,
 Laugh'd out aloud,
 And with a sneer of scorn, replied—

“Most learned sir, I oft have tried,
 At this same Art to get a sight,
 But never on him yet could light;
 And now, the more I think, the more I find,
 Your Art is but a fiction of the mind.

Now learn from me how this same temple grew:
 Once on a time, it so by chance befel
 That pebbles numberless together flew,
 And settling, form'd this hollow shell,
 Where you, and I, friend spider, dwell;
 Say, what can be more evidently true?”

A fly, for such a system, we forgive;
 But if great geniuses should live,
 Who deem this world's well-order'd frame,
 Sprung from blind accident alone,
 And chance, as author of their lives proclaim,
 Rather than bow to God's eternal throne,
 The sole excuse a creed, like this admits,
 Is, that its votaries have lost their wits.

L.

Port Folio, I-192, June 13, 1801, Phila.

[C. F. Gellert, *Die Fliege*.]

For the Port Folio.

THE SUICIDE.

From the German of Gellert.

Oh, youth, from what I now relate,
 While gentle tears bedew your eyes,
 Lament the lover's hapless fate,
 And learn, what woes from love arise.

A youth of exemplary worth,
 The comfort of his aged sire,
 Whose virtues, early bursting forth,
 The fairest hopes might well inspire.

By beauty's potent charms subdued,
 For Chloe felt a tender pain;
 Her equal love with ardour sued,
 But found his fond entreaties vain.

While at her feet he pleads his flame,
 The cruel Chloe bids him fly;
 Yes! cried he, yes! insulting dame,
 You never more shall hear me sigh.

Then, on his sword, his hand he lays,
 While wild despair his gestures breathe;
 Draws it—the deadly point surveys,
 And thrusts it—*back into its sheath.*

U.

Port Folio, I-192, June 13, 1801, Phila.[C. F. Gellert, *Der Selbstmord*.]

FROM THE GERMAN.

While yon enlivening orb of day
 To William yields its light,
 He to no other lass will stray
 Nor faithful Anna slight.

Thus Will to Nance, with ardour, said;
 And kept his word, I ween,
 Nor, till the sun had gone to bed,
 Met Sophy on the green.

Port Folio, I-280, Aug. 29, 1801, Phila.

For the *Port Folio*.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

THE DANCING BEAR

A Fable.

A bear, who long had danced for bread,
 One morning from his keeper fled;
 Back to his native woods retreated,
 And, by his brother brutes, was kindly greeted:
 Their joy to see him made the forest roar,
 They lick'd his chaps, they stroak'd him with the paw;
 And when each bear his neighbour saw,
 Their news was, So!—Our Bruin's here once more.

Straightway the travell'd youth went on
 All his adventures to relate,
 And whatsoever he had seen, or done,
 Or heard, in foreign parts to state.
 And when it came the turn to tell
 His dancing deeds, to capering he fell,
 As though his former master's chain
 Were fasten'd round his neck again.

Bears of the woods are seldom trained to dance;
 Yet, seeing Bruin throw his limbs about,
 The fancy seiz'd them all, themselves to prance,
 And strive, with clumsy aim, his motions to make out.

Scarce one of all the brood but quickly trip'd,
 And stumbling, staggering, fell his whole length down;
 The more they fail'd, the brisker Bruin skip'd,
 To show their skill at fault and prove his own.
 But now, their fury kindles at his play;

Away! Begone, you tumbling fool! they bawl;
 Must you, forsooth, be wiser than us all?
 And straight, with one accord, they hooted him away.

Your neighbour's hatred would you shun?
 His talents to surpass beware!
 And still the higher your attainments run,
 Conceal them still with greater care.
 For though, at first, the voice of fame
 Shall sound your praises to the sky:
 Anon shall Envy blast your name,
 And turn your fairest arts to crimes of deepest dye.

L.

27 November 1801.

Port Folio, I-400, Dec. 12, 1801, Phila.[C. F. Gellert, *Der Tanzbär*.]

BENEVOLENCE. A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Galleret.

Balance and Columbian Repos., I-132, Apr. 27, 1802, Hudson (N. Y.).[Gellert, *Die Gutthat*. Also in *Amer. Universal Mag.*, I-28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.]

AMINTA.

An Idyl,—By Gessner.

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Visitor or Ladies' Misc., I-20, Oct. 23, 1802, N. Y.[S. Gessner, *Daphne*.Mary Collyer, *Gessner's Idyls*, 1802, Liverpool. II-121, *Aminta*.]

INVITATION TO JOY.

From the German.

Say, who could mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene,
And scorn the profer'd gay delight,
With thankless heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows,
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;
And still the lonely ev'ning bow'r
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale;
Creation's scene expanded lies:—
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

Weekly Visitor or Ladies' Misc., I-64, Nov. 27, 1802, N. Y.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

By SAMUEL SAUNTER, Esq.

No. XLIII.

Et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te proxima myrtus,
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

—*Virgil.*

To SAMUEL SAUNTER, Esq.

Sir,

As I perceive your plan, like that of Coleman and Thornton, in the "Connoisseur," and like that of your relation, *Solomon* Saunter, in "Literary Leisure," admits Poetry as well as Prose, which one may feed upon alternately, as we eat bread and cheese, I send you a translation, from the German of Lessing, and some fugitive originals.

I am, yours

HARLEY.

I ask'd my fair, one happy day,
What should I call her in my lay,
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece?

Ah, replied my gentle fair,
Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whatever suits the line,
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris—
But don't forget to call me—*thine*.

Port Folio, III-25, Jan. 1803, Phila.[Lessing, *Die Namen*.]

THE NAVIGATION

Translated from the French of Gessner.

It flies! the vessel flies, that bears away
To distant shores my Daphne, fair as May.
Guard her, ye loves! be lull'd each ruder gale;
Let Zephyrs only fill the swelling sail;
Ye waves flow gently by the vessel's side,
While pensive she surveys you idly glide;
Ah! softly glide, prolong her reverie,
For then, ye Gods! 'tis then she thinks of me.
When near the nodding groves that shade the shore,
To her, ye birds, your sweetest warbling pour;
No sounds be heard, but such as gently sooth,
And be, O sea, thy azure surface smooth.
Ne'er since thy daughters sought their liquid caves,
A lovelier charge, was trusted to thy waves.
Her clear, her bright unsullied beauty shews
The lilly's white, and freshness of the rose.
Not Venus had more charms, more beauteous bloom,
When, rising from the sea's resplendent foam,
She smiling mounted first her silver car,
And shone effulgent as the morning star.
The enchanted Tritons left their noisy sport,
And nymphs cerulian in their crystal court;
Regardless of their frowns, or jealous smiles,
While beauty's queen each eager eye beguiles.
They gaze, and held in most delightful trance,
Pursue her moving o'er the smooth expanse.

H *** T.

Boston Weekly Mag., I-72, Feb. 19, 1803, Boston.[S. Gessner, *La Navigation*.French translation of *Die Schifffahrt*.]

Mr. HOGAN;

The subjoined Pieces under the signature of Oscar, are the production of a gentleman residing in a distant part of the state. They were written solely with a view to amuse his leisure hours. If you think them worthy of publication, you are at liberty to insert them in the Repository.

—A SUBSCRIBER.

MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

From the German of Patzke.

“Labt den Herrn! Die morgensonne.”

O praise the Lord! the morning sun,
From sleep awakes the cheerful swain;
And all creation's joys again,
To us, in streams renewed, run.

O praise the Lord! ye sweetest flow'rs,
To him your earliest fragrance yield;
Ye birds exert your tuneful pow'rs;
Praise him in meadow and in field.

O praise the Lord!—Ev'n from his den
The desert's savage roars his praise;
And, oh! my soul! how much more then,
Should'st thou thy voice in Paeans raise?

—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III-152, May 7, 1803, Phila.

ODE TO SPRING

From the German.

“Freude wirbelt in den Lüften.”

Joy comes laughing with the breeze;
Gladness spreads itself around;
Songsters warble in the trees;
Nature gaily decks the ground.

Heav'n unfolds its richest vesture,
Sparkling stars—ethereal blue;

Fairies dance with antic gesture;
Or sip, delighted, morning dew.

Gentle, smiling, Zephyrs, wander,
Thro' the groves of verdant green;
Toying with the lilac yonder—
Here, with the rose of blooming mien.

Humming bees, on wafer pinions,
Careful, thro' the blossoms roam:
Searching all their flow'r dominions,
The nectar tribute gather home.

In th'embroider'd violet vale,
Love, attended by the Graces,
Tells his soft bewitching tale,
While blushing fair ones hide their faces.

How beautiful is the creation,
In this time of mirth and joy?
All is life—all animation:
Nought our pleasures to annoy.

—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III-152, May 7, 1803, *Phila.*

[For introductory note, cf. the preceding.]

UNIVERSAL SONG OF PRAISE.

A Sapphic Ode.

From the German of Bürde.

"Alles was odem hat, lobe den Herrn!"

All ye that live and breathe, O praise the Lord!
With holy streams of joy, and exultation,
Our souls are penetrated.

O taste and see, how great, how good He is!
His love and mercy, his truth and grace alone,
Leads us to joys eternal.

O ye enwaptur'd souls that serve the Lord
 Cherubim! Seraphim! Angels and Spirits!
 Love is your felicity.

Thirst on, our souls—thirst for the living streams;
 Bless'd and holy! and for ever love Him!
 Who us, in love, created.

Yes, we'll love and adore Him! yes, the dust
 Loves its Redeemer; and all our anxious tears
 Himself shall wipe away.

—Oscar.

Phila. Repos., III-152, May 7, 1803, Phila.

[For introductory note, cf. *Morning Song of Praise*, preceding.]

THE SHOE PINCHES.

A Song of Shoe-maker, William.

From Kotzebue.

Though idlers riot, eat and drink,
 And on soft downy pillows sink,
 They are not free from woe:
 For every man must have his share
 Of trouble, and must know best where
The shoe does pinch his toe.

When rainy, wise men boots will wear,
 But shoes put on when all is fair,
 And take times as they go;
 No man that ever wore a shoe
 Will say if he be fair and true,
It never pinch'd his toe.

Balance and Columbian Repos., II-288, Sept. 6, 1803, Hudson, (N. Y.).

BENEVOLENCE.—A FABLE.

Imitated from the German of Gellert.

Port Folio, III-352, Oct. 29, 1803, Phila.

[Also in *Amer. Universal Mag.*, I-28, Jan. 2, 1797, Phila.]

THE NOSEGAY.

[Prose translation.]

Phila. Repos., IV-4, Jan. 7, 1804, Phila.

[S. Gessner, *Der Blumenstrauss*.

W. Hooper, *New Idylles*, p. 37.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

HOFFNUNG.

Wie des morgens helle licht
Die dunkeln 'nachts durchbricht,
Und die ganze welt erfrouet
Mit des tages herlichkeit

So wann grosse traurigkeit—
Laest den menschen keine freud,
Wann verzweiflung angst und schmerz
Fuelet das arme, banges hertze.

Geht die sonne *Hoffnungs* auf,
Und im traur'gem brust sein lauf
Beginnt; dann flichtet traurigkeit,
Und die brust ist voller freud.

Von verzweiflung, angst und schmerz
Ist befreyt das bange hertze,
O! es bringt die *Hoffnungs* sonne,
Seeligkeit, und grosse wonne.

—ADELIO.

∴ A poetical translation is requested.

Phila. Repos., IV-56, Feb. 18, 1804, Phila.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TRANSLATION

Of Adelio's German Lines in last Repository.

HOPE.

As does the morn's resplendent light
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 And the whole universe delight,
 With the day's illustrious sight—

So when the adverse fates decree
 Nothing to man but misery,
 When they despair and pain impart
 To the keen agonized heart—

Then does his course, *Hope's* sun from rest
 Take thro' the troubled heaving breast;
 Then disappears adversity,
 And leaves behind felicity.

Exempt from horror is the breast,
 Despair and pain sink into rest;
 The sun of *Hope* affords delight,
 And happiness supremely bright.

Translator.

Phila. Repos., IV-64, Feb. 25, 1804, Phila.

PASSAGE FROM KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

So at the midnight hour draws nigh to the slumbering city
 Pestilence. Couch'd on his broad spread wings lurks under the
 rampart
 Death, bale-breathing. As yet unalarmed are the peaceable dwellers;
 Close to his nightly-lamp the sage yet watches; and high friends
 Over wine not unhallow'd, in shelter of odorous bowers,
 Talk of the soul and of friendship, and weigh their immortal duration.

But too soon shall frightful Death, in a day of affliction
Pouncing over them, over them spread; in a day of moaning and
anguish. . . .

When with wringing of hands the bride for the bridegroom loud
wails;

When, now of all her children bereft, the desperate mother

Furious curses the day on which she bore, and was born . . . when

Weary with hollower eye, amid the carcases totter

Even the buriers . . . till the sent Death-angel, descending,

Thoughtful on thunder-clouds, beholds all lonesome and silent,

Gazes the wide desolation, and long broods over the graves, fixt.

"Perhaps some other writer will throw this fine picture into blank verse so well, as to convince the public, that the beauties of Klopstock can be naturalized without strangeness, and his peculiarities retained without affectation; that quaintness, the unavoidable companion of neologism, is as needless to genius, as hostile to grace; the hexameter, until it is familiar, must repel, and, when it is familiar, may annoy; that it wants a musical orderliness of sound; and that its cantering capricious movement opposes the grave march of solemn majesty, and better suits the ordinary scenery of Theocritus than the empyreal visions of Klopstock."

From "Criticism on Klopstock's Messiah."

Lit. Mag. and Amer. Reg., I-468, Mar. 1804, Phila.

[F. G. Klopstock, *Messias*.]

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

From the German of Matthison.

Whene'er day-light's parting gleam

A smiling form salutes my love,

And loiters near the murm'ring stream,

And glides beneath the conscious grove:

Ah! then my Henry's spirit see:

Soft joy and peace it brings to thee.

And when at moon-light's sober ray

Thou dream'st perchance of love and me,

As thro' the pines the breezes play,

And whisper dying melody—
 When tender bodings prompt the sigh—
 Thy Henry's spirit hovers nigh.

When o'er the mind soft musings steal,
 As thou the pleasing past hast scann'd;
 Should'st thou a gentle pressure feel,
 Like zephyr's kiss o'er lip and hand;—
 And should the glimmering taper fade—
 Then near thee 'bides thy lover's shade.

And when at midnights' solemn tide,
 As soft the rolling planets shine—
 Like Aeol's harp, thy couch beside,
 Thou hear'st the words—'forever thine!
 Then slumber sweet, my spirit's there,
 And peace and joy it brings my fair.

Phila. Repos., IV-160, May 19, 1804, Phila.

[Friedrich Matthisson, *Lied aus der Ferne*.]

BÜRGER'S LEONORA. [γ].

[In an article on Bürger's *Lenore*, three eight-lined stanzas of Spencer's translation, and two six-lined stanzas of Stanley's translation are given.

W. R. Spencer, *Leonora*. Trans. from the German of G. A. Bürger. London, 1796.

J. T. Stanley, *Leonora*. Trans. freely from the German; 2nd ed., London, 1796.]

Port Folio, IV-167, May 26, 1804, Phila.

A SONNET

Translated from Jacobi.

Tell me where's the vi'let fled
 Late so gaily blowing;
 Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,

Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swains the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more.

Say where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid the summer's fled
And the hopeless Rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing;
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing—
Sun and wind exhaust its store:
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chanting—
Hail and storm with fury show'rs,
Leafless mourn with rifled bow'rs!

Say where hides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning?
Swain how short is beauty's bloom,
Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain
Who of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the Poet's eyes.

Companion and Weekly Misc., I-104, Jan. 26, 1805, Balto.

[J. G. Jacobi, *Vergünglichkeit*.

W. Taylor of Norwich, *op. cit.* II-106, *Elegy*. (Variants in stanza V).]

The following is a German drinking song, popular in the Rhingau, and probably the inspiration of the *old Hock*, which it celebrates.

Bekranzt mit laub den liebe vollen becher,
Und trinkt ihn frölich leer;
In ganz Europa, ihr herren recher,
Ist solch ein wein nicht mehr.

Ihn bringt das vatterland aus seiner fülle,
Wie war er sonst so gut?
Wie war er sonst so edel stille,
Und doch voll kraft und muth?

Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsre reben;
Gesegnet sey der Rhein!
Da wachsen sie am ufer hin, und geben
Uns diesen lieben wein.

So trinkt hin dann, and last uns alle wege
Uns freun und frölich seyn;
Und, wisten wir wo jemand traurig läge,
Wir gäben ihm den wein.

TRANSLATION.

The brimful goblet crown with wines,
And drink the cordial juice,
Europe itself can't boast such vines
As these bless'd hills produce.

Yes, Germany's the copious source
Of wines that all excel;
So mild, so generous, full of force,
None cheer the heart so well.

Rhingau alone such grapes can boast,
Huzza! here's to the Rhine!
And may the wretch, who slights the toast,
Forget the taste of wine.

Come, drink about, and let's be gay,
With nectar so divine,

Is any man to grief a prey?
We'll comfort him with wine.

Port Folio, V-110, Apr. 13, 1805, Phila.

EPIGRAMS.

From the German of G. E. Lessing.

Adam awhile in Paradise
Enjoy'd his novel life:
He was caught napping; in a thrice
His rib was made a wife.

Poor father Adam, what a guest!
This most unlucky dose
Made the first minute of thy rest
The last of thy repose.

But one bad woman at a time
On earth arises.
That every one should think he has her,
I own—surprises.

A long way off—Lucinda strikes the men.
As she draws near,
And one see clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

Phila. Repos., V-128, Apr. 20, 1805, Phila.

In Dr. Cogan's amusing and *Shandean* Travels on the Rhine, he has preserved a *German* Ode to Evening. They, who are curious to behold the *Teutonic* Muse, in the character of a pensive minstrel, may here be gratified.

Komm, stillet abend, neider,
Auf unsre kleine flur;
Dir tönen unsre lieder,
Wie schön bist du, natur!

Schon steigt die abendröthe
 Herab ins kühle thal;
 Bald glantz in sanfter röthe
 Der sonne letzter strahl.

All umberal herrscht schweigen
 Nur schwingt der vogel chor
 Hoch aus den dunkeln zweigen
 Den nacht gesang empor.

Komm, lieber abend, neider
 Auf unsre kleine flur;
 Dir tönen unsre lieder,
 Wie schön bist du natur.

TRANSLATION.

Come, silent Eve, return again,
 Our homely cottage view,
 And hear us sing a cheerful strain,
 To thee, and nature due.

The sun retires yon hills behind,
 And sinks into the sea,
 Glancing his rays both mild and kind,
 Oh, blushing maid, on thee.

To thee he yields the soothing sway,
 Inviting all to rest;
 The birds conclude the happy day
 With singing on thy breast.

Come, silent Eve, return again,
 Our homely cottage view,
 And hear us sing a cheerful strain,
 To thee and nature due.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

Ah! why am I so transient, ask'd of Jupiter, Beauty?
 Only the transient is fair, smiling answer'd the God!
 Love, and Youth, and the Spring, and the Flow'rs, and the Dew,
 they all heard it;
 Slowly they turn'd away, weeping from Jupiter's throne!

Port Folio, I-40, Jan. 25, 1806, Phila.

THE WOODEN LEG. [a].

An Helvetic Tale.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

[Prose translation.]

Polyanthos, I-192, Feb., 1806, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Das hölzerne Bein*.

W. Hooper, *New Idylles*, p. 78.]

It is but seldom that the Muses of the North sing more sweetly than in the following strain:

SONG—FROM THE GERMAN.

Scarce sixteen summers had I seen,
 And rov'd my native bow'rs;
 Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
 Bedew'd with shrubs and flow'rs.

When late a stranger youth appear'd;
 I neither wish'd nor sought him;
 He came, but whence I never heard,
 And spake what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
 All eyes are charm'd that view them,

And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
Where wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing,
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His look soft sorrows speaking;
Sweet maid! he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his grief explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now,
And now 'twas unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downward bending.

Nor aught I spoke, my looks he read,
As if with anger burning;
No—not one word—away he sped,
Ah! would he were returning.

Port Folio, I-189, Mar. 29, 1806, Phila.

PASTORAL POETRY.

From Gessner's "New Idyls."

THE ZEPHYRS. [β].

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Visitant, I-158, May 17, 1806, Salem.[S. Gessner, *Die Zephyre*.W. Hooper, *New Idylles*, p. 16.]

From Gessner's "New Idylles."

THE CARNATION.

[Prose translation.]

Weekly Visitant, I-159, May 17, 1806, Salem.[S. Gessner, *Die Nelke*.W. Hooper, *New Idylles*, p. 7.]

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

Imitated from Klopstock's ode to his future mistress. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of *Pleasures of Hope*.*Evening Fire-Side or Lit. Misc.*, II-165, May 24, 1806, Phila.[F. G. Klopstock, *Die künftige Geliebte*.The above imitation appeared first in a newspaper, *Newport Mercury*, No. 2160, Aug. 30, 1803, Newport.]

THE FOWLER—A SONG.

Altered from a German air, in the opera of "Die Zauberlölte."

A CARELESS whistling lad am I,
 On sky-lark wings my moments fly;
 There's not a *Fowler* more renown'd
 In all the world—for ten miles round!
 Ah! who like me can spread the net?
 Or tune the merry flageolet?

Then why—O why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bulfinch, wren, and wood-lark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In *Cupid's* filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine—among the rest,
I'd choose the Lass I lik'd the best;
And should my charming mate be kind;
And smile, and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make *Hymen's* cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife!

Mo. Anthology and Boston Rev., III-591, Nov. 1806, Boston.

[E. Schickaneder, *Die Zauberflöte*. Oper in zwei Aufzügen von Mozart. Dichtung nach Ludwig Giesecke von E. Schickaneder.

James Montgomery, *The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems*, London, 1806. First Amer. ed. from second London ed., N. Y., 1807. P. 93.]

THE CHASE.

In the third number* of the Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Bürger. 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 public favor. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Sir Walter Scott, Esqr., well deserves a place in this journal.

[The translation by Scott follows.]

Port Folio, III-100, Feb. 14, 1807, Phila.

[Also in *Weekly Mag.*, II-413, July 28, 1798, Phila.

*Parody on Bürger's *Earl Walter* in *Port Folio*, III-44, Jan. 17, 1807. Cf. p. 165.]

The following charming

SONG

is translated from the German by Mr. Herbert.

“ Hail, orient sun, auspicious light !
Hail, new-born orb of day !
Lo, from behind the wood-crown'd height,
Breaks forth thy glittering ray.
Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dew drop shine !
O, may sweet joy's enlivening beam
Mix his pure rays with thine !
The Zephyrs now, with frolic wing,
Their rosy beds forsake ;
And, shedding round the sweets of spring,
Their drowsy comrades wake.
Soft sleep and all his airy forms
Fly from the dawning day :
Like little loves O may their swarms
On Chloe's bosom play !
Ye Zephyrs haste ; from every flower
The sweetest perfumes take ;
And bear them hence to Chloe's bower ;
For soon the maid must wake !
And, hovering round her fragrant bed,
In breezes call my fair ;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her golden hair !
Then gently whisper in her ear,
That ere the sun gan rise,
By the soft murmuring fountain here
I breath'd her name in sighs.”

Observer, I-352, May 30, 1807, Balto.

THE POEM OF HALLER VERSIFIED.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq., P.L.

Ah! woods forever dear! whose branches spread
 Their verdant arch o'er Hasel's breezy head,
 When shall I once again, supinely laid,
 Hear Philomela charm your list'ning shade?
 When shall I stretch my careless limbs again,
 Where, gently rising from the velvet plain,
 O'er the green hills, in easy curve that bend,
 The mossy carpet Nature's hands extend?
 Where all is silent! save the gales that move
 The leafy umbrage of the whisp'ring grove;
 Or the soft murmurs of the rivulet's wave,
 Whose chearing streams the lonely meadows lave.

O Heav'n! when shall once more these eyes be cast
 On scenes where all my spring of life was pass'd;
 Where, oft responsive to the falling rill,
 Sylvia and love my artless lays would fill?
 While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, soft breathing, stole
 A pleasing sadness o'er my pensive soul:
 Care, and her ghastly train, were far away;
 While calm, beneath the sheltering woods I lay
 Mid shades, impervious to the beams of day. }

Here—sad reverse!—from scenes of pleasure far,
 I wage with sorrow unrelenting war:
 Oppress'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
 Nor aught of joy, or aught of quiet, know.
 Far from the scenes that gave my being birth,
 From parents far, an outcast of the earth!
 In youth's warm hours, from each restriction free,
 Left to myself in dangerous liberty.

Ah! scenes of earthly joy! ah, much-lov'd shades!
 Soon may my footsteps tread your vernal glades.
 Ah! should kind Heav'n permit me to explore
 Your seats of still tranquillity once more!

E'en now to Fancy's visionary eye,
Hope shews the flattering hour of transport nigh,
Blue shines the aether, when the storm is past ;
And calm repose succeeds to sorrow's blast.
Flourished, ye scenes of every new delight !
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd sight !
While, ne'er to roam again, my wearied feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

Now pale disease shoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wisdom and for fame.
Now droops fond hope, by Disappointment cross'd ;
Chill'd by neglect, each sanguine wish is lost.
O'er the weak mound stern Ocean's billows ride,
And waft destruction in with every tide ;
While Mars, descending from his crimson car,
Fans with fierce hands the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Consolation lend ;
All human evils hasten to their end.
The storm abates at every gust it blows ;
Past ills enhance the comforts of repose.
He who ne'er felt the pressure of distress,
Ne'er felt returning pleasure's keen excess.
Time who Affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happiness may bring ;
I, on my native hills, may yet inhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

Observer, II-95, Aug. 8, 1807, Balto.

[Albrecht von Haller, *Sehnsucht nach dem Vaterlande*.]

Walter Scott, Esq., whose honoured name is now perfectly familiar to every lover of poetical description, has lately published a ballad which we are solicitous to preserve in this paper. The gayety of the beginning, contrasted with the solemnity of the conclusion of this terrific ballad cannot fail to strike all who relish *The Castle of Otranto*, or *The Romance of the Forest*.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "*Claudina von Villa Bella*," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvement, published it in his "*Tales of Wonder*."

[The poem follows.]

Port Folio, IV—134, Aug. 29, 1807, Phila.

[Goethe, *Claudine von Villa Bella*, Act II. Song by "Rugantino" (Karlos von Castellvecchio).

M. G. Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*.]

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

From the German of Buerger.

Charms of Lit., p. 103, 1808, Trenton.

[Also in *Phila. Minerva*, II, Dec. 17, 1796, Phila.]

THE WOODEN LEG. [β].

A Swiss Idyll.

By GESSNER.

[Prose translation.]

Charms of Lit., p. 401, 1808, Trenton.

[S. Gessner, *Das hölzerne Bein*.]

FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.

Hail, Morning, to thy rising beam
 That gilds with light the mountain's brow,
 And shines and glitters in the stream
 That winds along the vale below!

Joy, and health, and glad delight
 Await thy steps, thy march pursue;
 The Zephyr now that slept the night
 In flowers that weep beneath the dew,

His plumes with new-born vigour tries,
 And lifts him from his balmy bed;
 And dreams that round the wearied eyes
 Of mortals hover'd, now are fled.

Haste, ye Gales, and thro' the air
 Waft the sweets from every flower,
 And wave your wings around my Fair,
 What slumbers in yon rosy bower;

Paint o'er her lips and cheek's bright hues,
 And heave upon her heaving breast,
 And when yo've chas'd Sleep's balmy dews,
 And gently burst the bonds of rest,

Oh whisper to her list'ning ear,
 That e'er bright Morn had deck'd the sky,
 These streams beheld me shed the tear,
 And heard me pour for her the sigh!

Lady's Weekly Misc., VII-112, June 11, 1808, N. Y.

[S. Gessner, *Morgenlied*.]

MORNING SONG.

(*Morgenlied*) from the German of Gesner.

Welcome, early orb of morn!
 Welcome, infant day!
 O'er the wood-top'd mountain borne,
 Mark its coming ray!

Now o'er babbling brooks it beams;
 Sips from each flower its *dew*;
 Now with glorious gladdening gleams
 Wakes the world anew.
 Zephyrs first, o'er flowers that slumber'd,
 Quit their couch, and play;
 Breathe o'er flowers in sighs unnumber'd,
 Breathe the scent of day.
 Fancy now her reign gives o'er,
 Every vision flies;
 Chloe's cheek is wan no more,
 Cupids round it rise.
 Hasten, Zephyr, waft from roses
 All their loveliest bloom!
 ♦ Haste where Chloe now reposes,
 Wake her from her tomb!
 To the fairest's couch repair,
 Wanton round her pillow;
 O'er her lip and bosom fair
 Bathe thy blandest billow!
 She wakes the whispers to the gale,
 Wakes from her morning dream;
 Whilst so the stream, and thro' the vale,
 I er'st have breathed her name.

Emerald, n. s., I-562, Sept. 10, 1808, Boston.

[S. Gessner, *Morgenlied*.]

TRANSLATION OF SELLER'S "FORGET ME NOT."

(From the German.)

Belov'd of my bosom, alas my fond heart
 Does weep for the fate of my heart-rending lot;
 To range the wide world, now from me you depart,
 Yet remember me ever, "forget me not."

If moving in circles of beauty and love,
 Perchance to adore some sweet maid, be your lot,
 O! then may my spirit thy wav'rings reprove,
 And whisper thee gently, "forget me not."

If hap'ly hard fate should you e'er from me sever,
 How drearily mournful would be my sad lot,
 In sorrow's dark path I would wander forever,
 Nor smile more with joy, then "forget me not."

If in the fresh bloom of my life's early blossom,
 To leave you my dear, and this world, be my lot,
 Thine be the last sigh that escapes from my bosom,
 Then think how I love you; "O! forget me not."

Yet tho' we now part, in the bless'd realms above,
 We will meet soon again, free from life's woeful lot;
 We will meet to dear joy, we will meet to sweet love,
 Then no more need I say "O! forget me not."

Z.

Gleaner, I-325, Mar. 1809, Lancaster (Penn.).

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

Whoever has perused the prophetick metrical compositions of Van Vander Hordercloeth must surely remember the poem on the 3697 fol. of which the following is a translation; it commences thus—

Vrom Grouter gruder grout gropstock, Zordur zoop, &c.

All gloomy and sorrowful Beelzebub sat,
 With his imps and his devils around,
 When the thundering knocker of Hell's outer grate
 Rang a peal so terrifick and loud on the gate,
 That all Erebus echoed the sound.

Full swift to the portal the young devils flew,
 And the long gloomy passage unbarr'd;
 When a lanthorn-jaw'd monster stood forth to their view,
 So meagre his figure, so pale was his hue,
 That the devils all trembled and star'd.

All green were his eyes in their sockets decay'd,
His nose was projecting and wide,
In a dusty frock-coat was his carcase array'd,
On his skull he a three-corner'd scraper display'd,
And two volumes* he bore at his side.

So foul were his breath and the words that he said,
That his teeth had long rotted away —
And now to the devils a signal he made,
To show him their master, the devils obey'd,
And brought him where Beelzebub lay.

Old Beelzebub rose, as the monster came in,
And stood for a moment in dread,
For they look'd like each other enough to be kin,
Save that one had whole feet and a light-colour'd skin,
And the other had horns on his head.

'Whence art thou?' said Beelzebub; 'stranger, proclaim,
For if Satan can rightly divine,
Thou art surely some hero of throat-cutting fame,
For ne'er to these regions a spirit there came,
With figure so hellish as thine.'

'No throats have I cut,' the lank goblin replied,
With voice that was hollow and shrill;
'I have cheated, and bullied, and swindled, and lied,
Sedition and falsehood I've spread far and wide,
And in mischief I never was still.

'My name is ————;' no sooner said he,
Than Beelzebub rose with a grin;
He embrac'd the foul monster, who also display'd
His joy at the meeting; and both of them made
All Hell echo round with their din.

Ordeal, I-157, Mar. 11, 1809, Boston.

* I have not been able to discover what these volumes were. There is a short note in the German, which implies that they were entitled *Dulder South*.

THE FOWLER.

A Song. Altered from a German air, in the opera of "Dizauberlote."
Gleaner, I-374, Apr. 1809, Lancaster (Penn.).

[Also in *Mo. Anthology and Boston Rev.*, III-591, Nov. 1806, Boston.]

TO CHLOE.

From the German of Gesner.

[Prose translation.]

Visitor, I-154, Nov. 4, 1809, Richmond.

[S. Gessner, *An Chloen.*]

SONG.

From the German of Jacobi.

Boston Mirror, II-88, Dec. 30, 1809, Boston.

[Same as, *A Sonnet*, by Jacobi, in *Companion and Weekly Misc.*, I-104, Jan. 26, 1805, Balto.]

I publish the following new translation of "The Wild Hunter," first on account of its superiority over every other, and secondly because it is my intention in a future number to notice particularly this *chef d'oeuvre* of the German poet.

THE WILD HUNTER.

Loud, loud the baron winds his horn ;

And, see, a lordly train

On horse, on foot, with deafening din,

Comes scouring o'er the plain.

O'er heath, o'er field, the yelping pack

Dash swift, from couples freed ;

O'er heath, o'er field, close on their track,

Loud neighs the fiery steed.

And now the Sabbath's holy dawn
Beam'd high with purple ray,
And bright each hallowed temple's dome
Reflected back the day.

Now deep and clear the pealing bells
Struck on the list'ning ear,
And heaven-ward rose from many a voice
The hymn of praise and prayer.

Swift, swift along the crossway, still
They speed with eager cry :
See! right and left, two horsemen strange
Their rapid coursers ply.

Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I guess full well :
Who were the horsemen right and left?
That may I never tell.

The right, of fair and beauteous mien,
A milk-white steed bestrode ;
Mild as the vernal skies, his face
With heavenly radiance glow'd.

The left spurr'd fast his fiery barb,
Red as the furnace flame ;
Sullen he loured, and from his eyes
The death-like lightning came.

' Right welcome to our noble sport ;'
The baron greets them fair ;
' For well I wot ye hold it good
To banish moping care.

' No pleasure equal to the chase,
Or earth, or heaven can yield ;'
He spoke,—he waved his cap in air,
And foremost rushed afield.

‘ Turn thee !’ the milder horseman cries ;
‘ Turn thee from horns and hounds !
Hear’st not the bells, hear’st not the quire,
Mingle their sacred sounds ?

‘ They drown the clamor of the chase ;
Oh ! hunt not then to-day,
Nor let a fiend’s advice destroy
Thy better angel’s sway.’

‘ Hunt on, hunt on,’ his comrade cries,
‘ Nor heed yon dotard’s spell ;
What is the bawling quire to us ?
Or what the jangling bell ?

‘ Well may the chase delight thee more ;
And well may’st learn from me,
How brave, how princely is our sport,
From bigot terrors free.’

‘ Well said ! well said ! in thee I own
A hero’s kindled fire ;
These pious fool’ries move not us,
We reck nor priest, nor quire.

‘ And thou, believe me, saintlike dolt,
Thy bigot rage is vain ;
From prayers and beadrolls, what delight
Can sportsmen hope to gain ?’

Still hurry, hurry, on they speed
O’er valley, hill and plain ;
And ever at the baron’s side
Attend the horsemen twain.

See, panting, see, a milk-white hart
Up-springs from yonder thorn :
‘ Now swiftly ply both horse and foot ;
Now louder wind the horn !’

See, falls a huntsman ! see, his limbs
The pangs of death distort !
' Lay there and rot : no caitiff's death
Shall mar our princely sport.'

Light bounds with deftest speed the hart,
Wide o'er the country borne ;
Now closer prest a refuge seeks
Where waves the ripening corn.

See, the poor owner of the field
Approach with tearful eyes ;
' O pity, pity, good my lords !'
Alas ! in vain he cries.

' O spare what little store the poor
By bitter sweat can earn !'
Now soft the milder horseman warns
The baron to return.

Not so persuades his stern compeer,
Best pleas'd with darkest deeds ;
Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

' Away !' the imperious noble cries ;
' Away, and leave us free !
Off ! or by all the powers of hell,
Thou too shalt hunted be !

' Here, fellows ! let this villain prove
My threats were not in vain :
Loud lash around his piteous face
The whips of all my train.'

Tis said, tis done : swift o'er the fence
The baron foremost springs ;
Swift follow hound, and horse, and man,
And loud the welkin rings.



Loud rings the welkin with their shouts,
While man, and horse, and hound,
Ruthless tread down each ripening ear,
Wide o'er the smoking ground.

O'er heath and field, o'er hill and dale,
Scared by the approaching cries,
Still close pursued, yet still unreach'd,
Their destin'd victim flies.

Now mid the lowing herds that graze
Along yon verdant plain,
He hopes, concealed from every eye,
A safe retreat to gain.

In vain, for now the savage train
Press ravening on his heels:
See, prostrate at the baron's feet
The affrighted herdsman kneels.

Fear for the safety of his charge
Inspires his faltering tongue;
'O spare,' he cries, 'these harmless beasts,
Nor work an orphan's wrong.

'Think, here thy fury would destroy
A friendless widow's all!
He spoke:—the gentle stranger strove
To enforce soft pity's call.

Not so persuades his sullen frere,
But pleas'd with darkest deeds;
Tis his to sway the baron's heart,
Reckless what mercy pleads.

'Away, audacious hound!' he cries;
'Twould do my heart's-blood good,
Might I but see thee transform'd to beasts
Thee and thy beggar brood.

'Then, to the very gates of heaven,
Who dare to say me nay!
With joy I'd hunt the losel fry;
Come fellows, no delay!'

See, far and wide the murderous throng
Deal many a deadly wound;
Mid slaughter'd numbers, see, the hart
Sinks bleeding on the ground.

Yet still he summons all his strength
For one poor effort more,
Staggering he flies; his silver sides
Drop mingled sweat and gore.

And now he seeks a last retreat
Deep in the darkling dell,
Where stands, amidst embowering oaks,
A hermit's holy cell.

E'en here the madly eager train
Rush swift with impious rage,
When, lo! persuasion on his tongue,
Steps forth the reverend sage.

'O cease thy chase! nor thus invade
Religion's free abode;
For know, the tortur'd creature's groans
E'en now have reach'd his god.

'They cry at heaven's high mercy seat,
For vengeance on thy head;
O turn, repentant turn, ere yet
The avenging bolt is sped.'

Once more religion's cause in vain
The gentle stranger pleads;
Once more, alas! his sullen frere
A willing victim leads.

‘Dash on!’ the harden’d sinner cries;
‘Shalt thou disturb our sport?
No! boldly would I urge the chase
In heaven’s own inmost court.

‘What reck I then thy pious rage?
No mortal man I fear:
Not god in all his terrors arm’d
Should stay my fix’d career.’

He cracks his whip, he winds his horn,
He calls his vassal-crew;
Lo! horse and hound, and sage and cell,
All vanish from his view.

All, all, are gone!—no single rack
His eager eye can trace;
And silence, still as death, has hush’d
The clamors of the chase.

In vain he spurs his courser’s sides,
Nor back nor forward borne;
He winds his horn, he calls aloud,
But hears no sound return.

And now inclos’d in deepest night,
Dark as the silent grave,
He hears the sullen tempest roar,
As roars the distant wave.

Loud and louder still the storm
Howls through the troubled air;
Ten thousand thunders from on high
The voice of judgment bear.

Accurs’d before god and man,
Unmoved by threat or prayer;
Creator, nor created, aught
Thy frantic rage would spare.

‘Think not in vain creation’s lord
Has heard his creature’s groan;
E’en now the torch of vengeance flames
High by his awful throne.

‘Now, hear thy doom! to aftertimes
A dread example given,
For ever urge thy wild career,
By fiendish hell-hounds driven.’

The voice had ceased; the sulphurous flash
Shot swift from either pole;
Sore shook the grove; cold horror seized
The trembling miscreant’s soul.

Again the rising tempest roars,
Again the lightnings play;
And every limb, and every nerve
Is frozen with dismay.

He sees a giant’s swarthy arm
Start from the yawning ground;
He feels a demon grasp his head,
And rudely wrench it round.

In torrents now from every side,
Pours fast a fiery flood;
On each o’erwhelming wave upborne,
Loud howls the hellish brood.

Sullen and grisly gleams the light,
Now red, now green, now blue;
Whilst o’er the gulf the fiendish train
Their destined prey pursue.

In vain he shrieks with wild despair,
In vain he strives to fly;
Still at his back the hell-born crew
Their cursed business ply.

By day, full many a fathom deep
Below earth's smiling face;
By night, high through the troubled air,
They speed their endless chase.

In vain to turn his eyes aside
He strives with wild affright;
So never may those maddening scenes
Escape his tortured sight.

Still must he see those dogs of hell
Close hovering on his track;
Still must he see the avenging scourge
Uplighted at his back.

Now this is the wild baron's hunt;
And many a village youth,
And many a sportsman (dare they speak)
Could vouch the awful truth.

For oft benighted midst the wilds
The fiendish troop they hear,
Now shrieking shrill, now cursing loud,
Come thundering through the air.

No hand shall stay those dogs of hell
Or quench that sea of fire,
Till god's own dreadful day of doom
Shall bid the world expire!

Rambler's Mag., I-137, [1809], N. Y.

[G. A. Bürger, *Der wilde Jäger*.]

V.

LIST OF MAGAZINES EXAMINED.

The principal libraries where the work for the present study has been done are: in Philadelphia—The Philadelphia Library (including the Ridgway Branch), the Mercantile Library, the libraries of the University of Pennsylvania, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and of the American Philosophical Society; in Boston—the Boston Public Library, the Athenæum Library and the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society; in Cambridge—the library of Harvard University; in New York City—the New York Public Library (including the Lenox Branch), the libraries of the New York Historical Society, of the New York Society, and of Columbia University; in Baltimore—the libraries of the Peabody Institute, of the Maryland Historical Society and of Johns Hopkins University, and the Pratt Library; in Washington—the Library of Congress, and in London—the library of the British Museum. Some of the smaller libraries visited, which contain only duplicates of periodicals accessible elsewhere, have been omitted from the above list.

The American Mag., or a Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies.—Phila.

Nos. 1-3. Jan., Feb., Mar. 1741.

[Edited by John Webbe and printed by Andrew Bradford.]

The General Mag. and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America.—Phila.

I, Jan.-June 1741.

[Edited and printed by Benjamin Franklin.]

The Boston Weekly Mag.—Boston.

Nos. 1-3, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 1743.

Amer. Mag. and Historical Chronicle.—Boston.

I-III, Sept. 1743-Dec. 1746.

The Independent Reflector, or Weekly Essays on Sundry Important Subjects.—N. Y.

Nos. 1-52, Nov. 30, 1752-Nov. 22, 1753.

The Occasional Reverberator.—N. Y.

Nos. 1-4, Sept. 7-Oct. 5, 1753.

The Amer. Mag. and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies in America.
By a Society of Gentlemen.—Phila.

I, Oct. 1757—Oct. 1758.

The New Amer. Mag.—Woodbridge in New Jersey.

Nos. I—XXVII, Jan. 1758—Mar. 1760.

The New England Mag.—Boston.

Nos. 1—2, Aug. 1758.

Universal Amer. Almanack, or Yearly Mag.—Phila.

I, 1764.

The Penny-post.—Phila.

Jan. 9—27, 1769.

[A literary periodical.]

The Amer. Mag.; to which are added the transactions of the American Philosophical Society.—Phila.

Jan.—Sept. 1769.

[Nine numbers only were published. Cf. Sabin, *Dictionary of Books relating to America*, I—142.]

The Censor.—Boston.

I, Nos. 1—17; II, Nos. 1—7; Nov. 23, 1771—May 2, 1772.

[Replies to attacks upon Tory officers by the Whigs.]

The Royal Amer. Mag.—Boston.

Jan.—Dec. 1774; Jan.—Feb. 1775.

Penna. Mag.—Phila.

I, 1775; II, Jan.—June 1776.

U. S. Mag.—Phila.

A Repository of History, Politics and Literature.

I, Jan.—July; Sept.—Oct. 1779.

The Boston Mag., containing a collection of instructive and entertaining essays.—Boston.

I—III, Oct. 1783—Dec. 1786.

The Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country Mag., or Repository of Instruction and Entertainment.—Boston.

May—Dec. 1784.

The Gentlemen and Ladies' Town and Country Mag.—Boston.

I, Feb. 1789—Jan. 1790; II, Feb., Apr.—Aug. 1790.

The Arminian Mag.—Phila.

I—II, 1789—1790.

[Chiefly religious, "consisting of extracts and original treatises on general redemption."]

- The N. J. Mag. and Monthly Advertiser.**—New Brunswick. 1786.
- The New Haven Gazette and Connecticut Mag.**—New Haven.
 I, Feb. 16, 1786—Feb. 15, 1787.
 III, Nos. 1–50, Jan. 10–Dec. 18, 1788. [No. 1, imperfect.]
 [II, Nos. 1–45, Feb. 22–Dec. 27, 1787 { newspaper.]
 I (imperfect), Nov. 11, 1784–Apr. 7, 1785 }
- The Worcester Mag.**—Worcester, Mass.
 I–IV, First Week in Apr. 1786—Fourth Week in Mar. 1788.
- Columbian Mag. or Monthly Miscellany.**—Phila.
 I–V, Sept. 1786–Dec. 1790.
 Continued as
- Universal Asylum and Columbian Mag.**—Phila.
 I–II, 1791; I–II, 1792.
 Continued as
- Columbian Museum or Universal Asylum.**—Phila.
 Part I, Jan.–June 1793.
- The Amer. Museum or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces,**
 Prose and Poetical.—Phila.
 I–XII, 1787–1792; XIII, 1798.
- The Amer. Mag.,** containing a miscellaneous collection of original and other
 valuable essays, in prose and verse, and calculated both for instruction
 and amusement.—N. Y.
 Dec. 1787–Nov. 1788.
- Mass. Mag. or Monthly Museum.**—Boston.
 I–VI, 1789–1794; VII, Nos. 4, 7, 1795; VIII, Nos. 1, 3–12, 1796.
- The Christian's, Scholar's and Farmer's Mag.**—Elizabeth-Town, N. J.
 I–II, Apr. 1789–Mar. 1791.
- The N. Y. Mag. or Lit. Repository.**—N. Y.
 [II, Nos. 1–45, Feb. 22–Dec. 27, 1787]
- The Amer. Apollo.**—Boston.
 I, Jan. 6–Sept. 28, 1792.
 [II–III, Oct. 5, 1792–Dec. 25, 1794. A newspaper.]
- The Prompter; or a Commentary on Common Sayings and Subjects,** which
 are full of Common Sense, the best Sense in the World.—Boston.
 Nos. 1–28, 1792.
- The Lady's Mag. and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge.**—Phila.
 I, June 1792–May 1793.
- Curiosities of Literature** consisting of anecdotes, characters and observations,
 literary, critical and historical.
 London printed; Phila. reprinted and sold. 1793. [A miscellany.]

U. S. Mag. or General Repository of Useful Instruction and Rational Amusement.—Newark, N. J.

I, Apr.—Aug. 1794.

The Monthly Miscellany, or Vermont Mag.—Benington.

I, Apr.—Sept. 1794.

The Rural Mag. or Vermont Repository.—Rutland.

I—II, 1795—1796.

The Amer. Monthly Review, or Lit. Journal.—Phila.

I—III, 1795.

The Weekly Museum.—N. Y.

VII—IX, Jan. 3, 1795—Dec. 31, 1796.

Phila. Minerva.—Phila.

I—IV, Feb. 7, 1795—July 7, 1798.

The Tablet.—Boston.

I, Nos. 1—13, May 19—Aug. 11, 1795.

The N. Y. Weekly Mag., or Miscellaneous Repository.—N. Y.

I—II, July 1, 1795—June 28, 1797.

The Monthly Military Repository.—N. Y.

I—II, 1796—1797.

Miscellanies.—Moral and Instructive in Prose and Verse, collected from Various Authors for the Use of Schools . . . Second Burlington Edition. 1796.

The Nightingale, or, A Melange de Litterature. A Periodical Publication.—Boston.

I, May—Aug. 1796.

The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Mag. of Literary and Polite Amusement.—N. Y.

I, Aug.—Nov. 1796.

The Lit. Museum, or Monthly Mag.—West Chester.

Jan.—June 1797.

The Amer. Universal Mag.—Phila.

I—IV, Jan. 2, 1797—Mar. 7, 1798.

The Amer. Moral and Sentimental Mag.—N. Y.

I, July 3, 1797—May 21, 1798.

The Phila. Monthly Mag. or Universal Repository of Knowledge and Entertainment.—Phila.

I—II, Jan.—Sept. 1798.

Amer. Museum or Annual Register.—Phila. 1798.

The Key.—Frederick Town.

Nos. 1-27, Jan. 13-July 7, 1798.

[Sabin: "The earliest periodical issued in Maryland. Twenty-seven numbers were published. Cf. *Hist. Mag.*, I-317."]

The Gleaner, a miscellaneous production in three volumes. By Constantia [Mrs. Judith Sargent Murray].—Boston.

I-III, all dated Feb. 1798.

The Weekly Mag. of Original Essays, Fugitive Pieces, and Interesting Intelligence.—Phila.

I-IV, Feb. 3, 1798-May 25, 1799.

The Rural Mag.—Newark.

I, Feb. 17, 1798-Feb. 9, 1799.

The Dessert to the True American.—[Phila.]

I, July 14, 1798-July 3, 1799.

[Title of first number: *The Desert.*]

The Phila. Mag. or Monthly Review.—Phila.

I, Jan.—June 1799.

National Mag., or a political, historical, biographical and literary repository.

I, Nos. 1-4, 23rd year of American Independence. 1799—[Richmond.]

II, No. 5, 24th year of Amer. Independence; no place of publ.

Nos. 6-7, 25th year [sic] of Amer. Independence. 1800.

No. 6, Richmond, Va.; No. 7, District of Columbia.

No. 8, no place of publ., and no date.

The Monthly Mag. and Amer. Review.—N. Y.

I-III, Apr. 1799-Dec. 1800.

Child of Pallas. Devoted mostly to Belles Lettres.—Balto.

I, Nos. 1-8, 1800.

The Columbian Phenix and Boston Review.—Boston.

I, Jan.—July 1800.

[Title page reads: "Vol. I for 1800."]

The Ladies' Museum.—Phila.

I, Nos. 1-14 (except Nos. 7, 11, 13), Mar. 8-June 7, 1800.

Feb. 25, 1800—Proposals for printing the Ladies' Museum.

The Baltimore Weekly Mag.—Balto.

Apr. 26, 1800-May 27, 1801.

The Phila. Repository and Weekly Register.—Phila.

I-V, Nov. 15, 1800-June 29, 1805.

The Port Folio.—Phila.

I-V, 1801-1805. I-VI, 1806-1808. I-IV, 1809-1810.

The Lady's Mag. and Musical Repository.—N. Y.

I—III, Jan. 1801—June 1802.

The Amer. Review and Lit. Journal.—N. Y.

I—II, 1801—1802.

The Repository of Knowledge, Historical, Literary, Miscellaneous, and Theological.—Phila.

I, Nos. 1—2. Apr., May [?] 1801.

Holcombe's Georgia Analytical Repository.—Savannah.

II, 1802.

The Juvenile Mag. or Miscellaneous Repository of Useful Information.—Phila.

II, 1802; III, 1803; IV, 1802 [1804 ?].

The Balance and Columbian Repository.—Hudson (New York).

I—VII, 1802—1808.

The New England Quarterly Mag., comprehending literature, morals, and amusement.—Boston.

Nos. 1—3, Apr.—Dec. 1802.

The Weekly Visitor, or Ladies' Miscellany.—N. Y.

I, Oct. 9, 1802—Apr. 2, 1803.

The Boston Weekly Mag. devoted to Morality, Literature, Biography, History, the Fine Arts, Agriculture, etc.—Boston.

I—III, Oct. 30, 1802—Oct. 19, 1805.

The Mirror.—Phila.

I—II, 1803.

[*The Mirror*, Nos. 1—110, Jan. 23, 1779—May 27, 1780, Edinburgh.]

The Connoisseur.—Phila.

I—IV, 1803.

[Reprint of *Select English Classics*, XXVII—XXX, London 1775, etc.]

The Mass. Missionary Mag.—Salem.

I—V, May 1803—May 1808.

The Lit. Mag. and Amer. Register.—Phila.

I—VIII, Oct. 1803—Dec. 1807.

The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review.—Boston.

I—IX, 1804—1810.

The Corrector. By Toby Tickler.—N. Y.

Nos. 1—10, Mar. 28—Apr. 26, 1804.

[Classed as a newspaper, but more like a magazine.]

The Lit. Tablet.—Hanover (N. H.).

II, Nos. 1, 6—10, 13. Sept. 19, 1804—Mar. 6, 1805.

III, Sept. 25, 1805—Aug. 13, 1806.

Weekly Monitor.—Phila.

I, Nos. 17, 21, 23. Oct. 6—Nov. 17, 1804.

The Companion Weekly Miscellany.—Balto.

I—II, Nov. 3, 1804—Oct. 25, 1806.

The Evening Fireside; or Weekly Intelligence in Civil, Natural, Moral, Literary and Religious Worlds.—Phila.

I—II, Dec. 7, 1804—Dec. 27, 1806.

[Title of Vol. II: *The Evening Fireside or Literary Miscellany.*]

The Lit. Miscellany, including dissertations and essays on subjects of literature, science, and morals . . . with occasional reviews.—Cambridge.

I—II, 1805—1806.

The Monthly Register and Review of the U. S.—Charleston, S. C. and N. Y.

I—IV, Jan. 1805—Dec. 1807.

The Apollo, or Weekly Lit. Mag.—Wilmington, D.

I, Nos. 2—11, 17, 19, Feb. 23—June 22, 1805.

The Norfolk Repository, devoted to News, Politics, Morals and Polite Literature.—Dedham, Mass.

I—III, May 14, 1805—Nov. 29, 1808.

The Panoplist, or the Christian's Armory.—Boston.

I—III, June 1805—May 1808.

IV—VI, June 1808—May 1811. [Entitled: *The Panoplist and Missionary Mag. United.*]

The Miscellany.—Trenton.

I, June 24—Nov. 25, 1805 [imperfect].

The Boston Mag.—Boston.

I, Oct. 26, 1805—Apr. 26, 1806.

[A continuation of *The Boston Weekly Mag.*]

The Polyanthos.—Boston.

I—V, Dec. 1805—July 1807.

The Theatrical Censor. By an American.—Phila.

Nos. 1—17, Dec. 9, 1805—Mar. 3, 1806.

The Weekly Visitant.—Salem.

I, 1806.

The Thespian Mirror.—N. Y.

I, Nos. 2, 3—Jan. 4, 11, 1806.

The Emerald.—Boston.

I—II, n. s. I, May 3, 1806—Oct. 15, 1808.

The Weekly Inspector.—N. Y.

I—II (imperfect), Sept. 6, 1806—Aug. 3, 1807.

- The Theatrical Censor and Critical Miscellany.**—Phila.
Nos. I—XIII, Sept. 27—Dec. 13, 1806.
- The Lancaster Repository.**—Lancaster.
I, Nos. 15—19, Nov. 15—Dec. 13, 1806.
- The Observer**, and Repertory of Original and Selected Essays, in Verse and Prose, on Topics of Polite Literature, &c.—Balto.
I—II, Nov. 29, 1806—Dec. 26, 1807.
- The Amer. Register** or General Repository of History, Politics and Science.—Phila.
I—VII, for 1806—1810. Printed 1807—1811.
- A Book.** A Periodical Work.—N. Y.
[pp. 1—20], 1807.
- Salmagundi.**—N. Y.
I—II, Feb. 4, 1807—Jan. 25, 1808.
- The Pastime.**—Schenectady.
I, Nos. 1—18, Feb. 21—Aug. 1, 1807.
II, Nos. 1—2, May 14, 21, 1808.
- Spectacles.**—Balto.
I, Nos. 6, 7, 25, 28—June 13, 20, Oct. 31, Nov. 21, 1807.
- The Thistle.** An Original Work.—Boston.
I, No. 1, Aug. 4, 1807.
- The Lady's Weekly Miscellany.**—N. Y.
V, Nos. 44—46, 49, Aug. 29—Oct. 3, 1807.
VII—VIII (imperfect), Apr. 30, 1808—Apr. 8, 1809.
- The Wonderful Mag. and Extraordinary Museum.**—Carlisle, Pa.
I, 1808.
- Charms of Literature**, consisting of an assemblage of curious, and interesting Pieces in Prose and Verse.—Trenton.
1808.
- The Washington Expositor.**—Washington City.
I, 1808.
- The Eye:** By Obadiah Optic.—Phila.
I, Jan. 7—June 30, 1808.
- The Lit. Mirror.**—Portsmouth, N. H.
I (imperfect), Feb. 20, 1808—Feb. 11, 1809.
- The Argus of Western America.**—Frankfort (Ken.).
I, Nos. 9, 11, 13—Mar. 24, Apr. 7, 21, 1808.
- The Gleaner, or Monthly Mag.**—Lancaster (Penn.).
I—II, Nos. 1—3, Sept. 1808—Nov. 1809.

Boston Mirror.—Boston.

I-II, Nos. 1, 2, 4-40. Oct. 22, 1808-July 21, 1810.

The Amer. Mag. of Wonders.—N. Y.

I-II, 1809.

The Thespian Monitor and Dramatick Miscellany.—Phila.

I, No. 1, 1809.

Select Reviews and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines.—Phila.

I-IV, 1809-1810.

The Adviser or Vermont Evangelical Mag.—Middlebury.

I-II, 1809-1810.

The Ordeal.—A Critical Journal of Politics and Literature.—Boston.

I, Jan.-June 1809.

The Visitor.—Richmond.

I-II, Feb. 11, 1809-Aug. 4, 1810.

Omnium Gatherum.—Boston.

I, Nov. 1809-Oct. 1810.

Something. Ed. by Nemo Nobody, Esq.—Boston.

I, Nov. 18, 1809-May 12, 1810.

The Rambler's Mag. and N. Y. Theatrical Register for the Season 1809-1810.
—N. Y.

I, Nos. 1-3; II, No. 4. [Sabin: "(1809)."]

The Quarterly Review.—London printed; N. Y. reprinted.

I-IV (Feb. 1809-Nov. 1810).—N. Y. 1810.

The Hive, or a Collection of Thoughts on Civil, Moral, Sentimental and Religious Subjects, Intended as a Repository of Sententious, Ingenious and Pertinent Sayings in Verse and Prose.—Hartford. 1810.

The Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor.—Phila.

I-II, 1810.

The Phila. Repertory, devoted to Literature and useful Intelligence.—Phila.

I, May 5, 1810-Apr. 27, 1811.

The Harvard Lyceum.—Cambridge.

I, July 14, 1810-Mar. 9, 1811.

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