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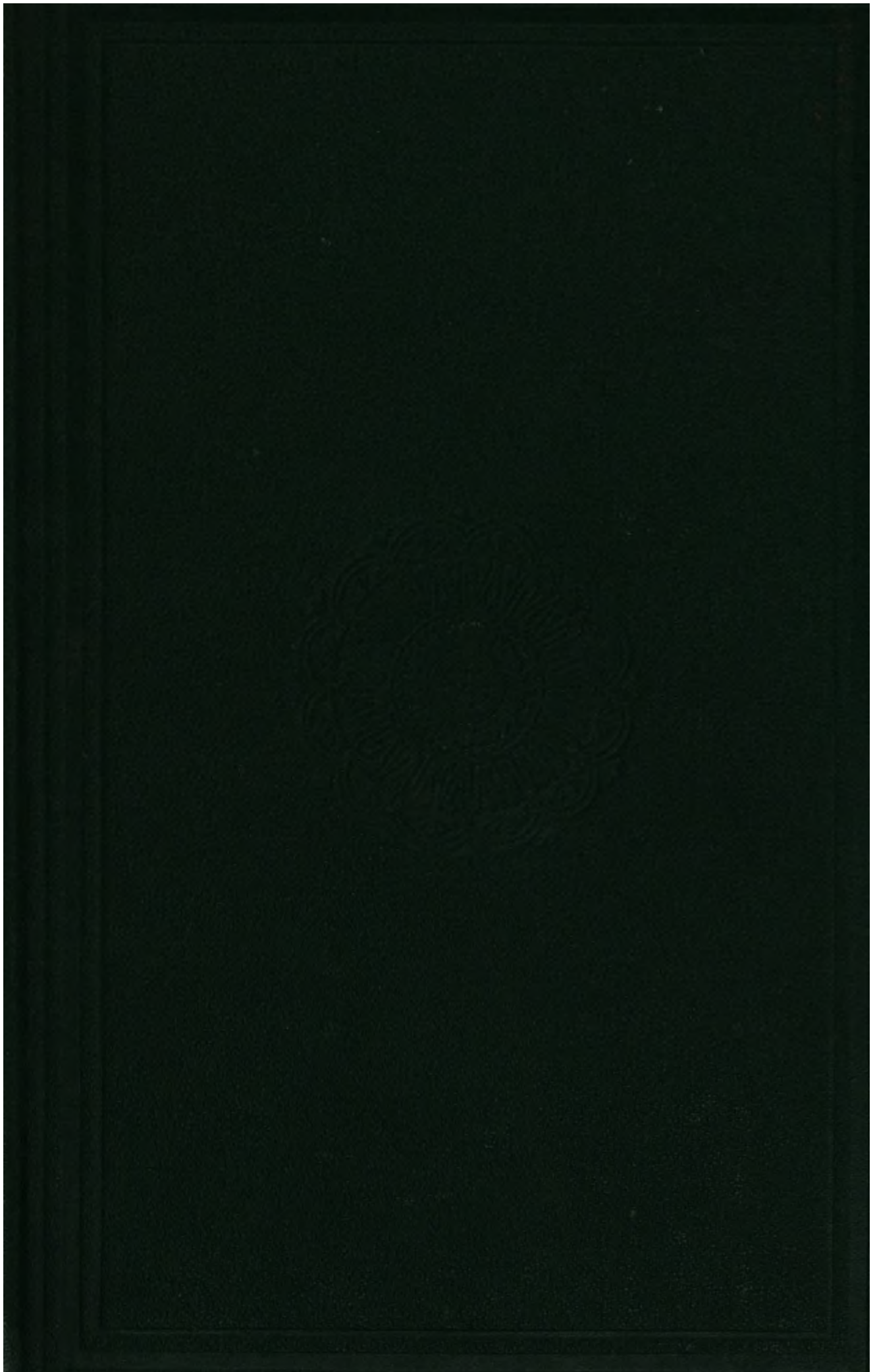
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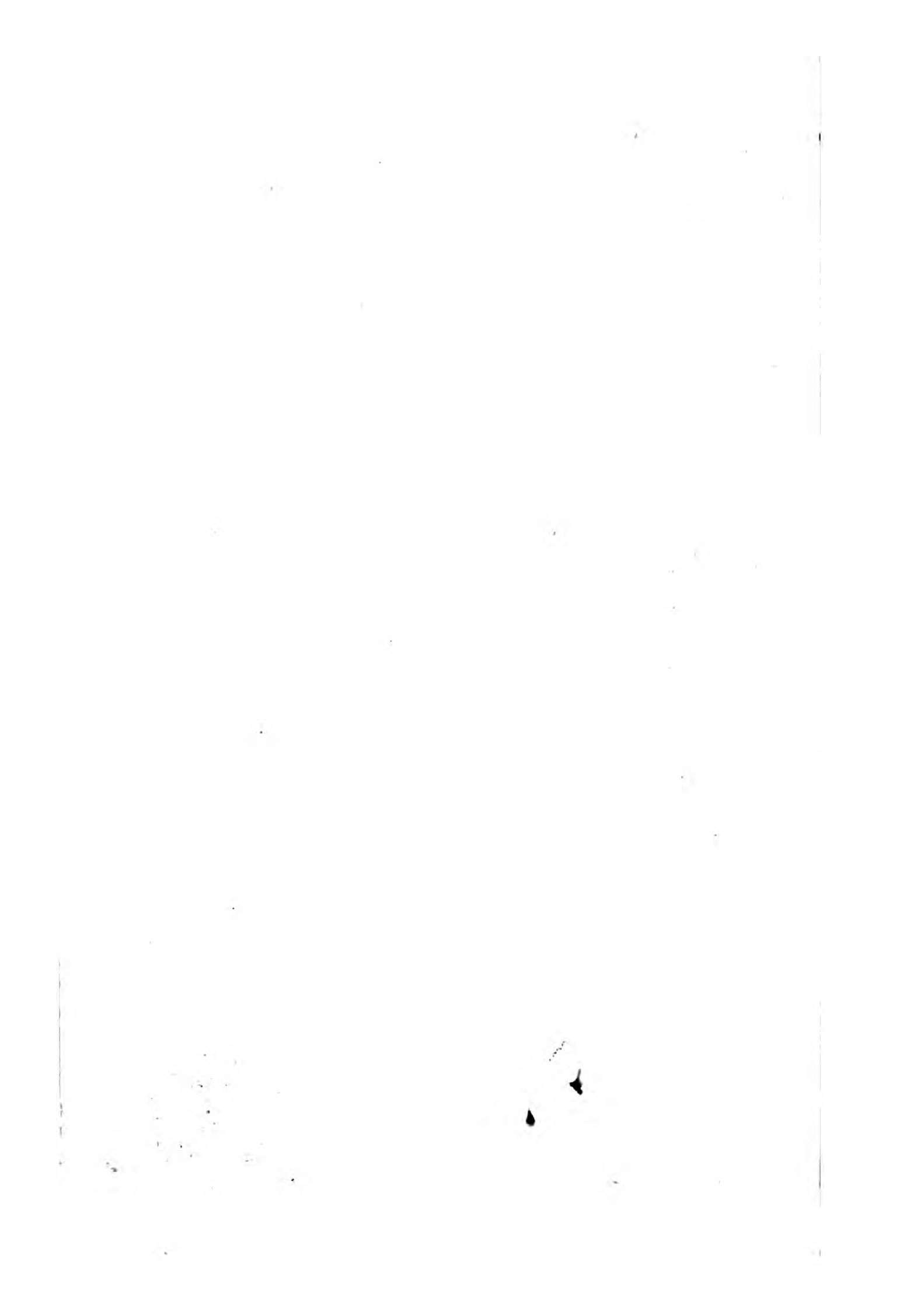
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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

ALEXANDER PETÖFI.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

ALEXANDER PETÖFI,

THE MAGYAR POET.

BY

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CORRESPONDENT OF THE HUNGARIAN ACADEMY, ETC., ETC.

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ALEXANDER PETÖFI,

Whose Hungarian name was Petrovich Sándor, was born at Little Körös, in the county of Pesth, at the midnight hour which ushered in the year 1823. His father was a butcher and small landowner, who changed his abode more than once, in Little Kumania, but fixed himself at Szabadssállás, to which the poet frequently refers as the home of his childhood. The boy, in addition to the ordinary teachings of an evangelical school, gave himself up to music and drawing, but is not reported to have shown any evidence of precocious talent. In 1838, the overflowing of the Danube destroyed the little property possessed by his family, and reduced them all to poverty. He was sent to the Lyceum of the mountain town of Schemnitz. There he began to write verses, neglected his studies, was visited by severe paternal reproof, and having been captivated by a theatrical exhibition, joined a German band of travelling actors, in which he held the lowest offices alike on the stage and in the streets. His father found him out, brought him home,

and committed him to the care of a relation in Stuhlweissenburg, who soon transferred him to another relative, from whom a promise was obtained that he would provide for the youth's education. The youth, however, was more remarked for his devotion to Horace than to any other subject, and having lost the confidence of his protector, was sent as a boarder to Eidenburg, whence he fled from the Museum to the barracks, and enlisted as a common soldier. He covered the walls with the records, and filled the room with the recitals, of his poetry. He had hoped that the destination of his regiment would be the Tyrol, and projected a flight from thence into Switzerland, his reading of ancient history having created in his mind an earnest love of republican institutions. But Croatia was the field of service, where he remained for nearly two years,—so sad and spiritless that a friendly physician obtained his discharge as invalided. He went to Papá, intending to perfect his education, but was more distinguished by his poetical recitations among the young students than by any progress in his own studies. Again the passion for the stage possessed him, and in 1842 he joined another troop of comedians. His stage attempts were utter failures, and he was reduced to so ragged a condition that he scarcely ventured to show himself in the public streets. He made his way to Presburg, and sought the means of existence as a reporter—the Diet being then sitting—and found a friend who gave him some literary recommendations to Pesth. He obtained some small remuneration for

translations from English and French, but again his romantic love for the theatre took him to Debreczin, where he was even less successful than before, and is said to have been put to open shame upon the boards; but he joined a more humble strolling band, who played in the surrounding villages. Returning to Debreczin he met with a former schoolfellow, Pákh, known as one of Kossuth's friends, who found for him a domicile in the cottage of a widow outside the town. He there received an invitation to be a contributor to a Pesth newspaper. He welcomed the event. Pákh shared with him the whole of his fortune—it was two florins. With these he started for the capital, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. He was twenty years old. He had hidden a volume of manuscript poetry between his shirt and his breast; he wore shoes padded with straw, and, carrying a staff in his hand, started for the capital, full of dreams for the future.

Up to this time he had borne the family name of Petrovich. When an actor he took the ambitious title of Borostyán (Laurel). He had published his first poem under the anonyme of "Paul Kis of Pénöge;" he now adopted the name of Petöfi, which his family accepted, and it is a name not likely to die.

It was in the spring of 1844 that he reached Pesth, compelled by the overflowing of the Theiss and the desolation of the Puszta plains to go round by way of Erlau. On his arrival he found a home in the house of a tailor, and he introduced himself to Vörösmarty, the then most renowned

of Magyar poets. He was at first coldly received, and probably deemed a rude, intrusive lad; but having consented unwillingly to listen to some of his poetry, Vörösmarty's admiration burst out in the exclamation, "Hungary never had such lyrics; you must be cared for!" From that moment his literary fortune was established—his merits recognized. He became the son of his patron's adoption,—was received into the literary national circle (Nemzeti Kör); carried off the prizes of poetry; and the Society paid the expense of publishing his "Versek" (Ofen, 1844). Volume succeeded volume from his unwearied pen. He hankered still for an actor's reputation, determined to make another appeal to the public on the National Theatre,—that appeal was final and fatal; and so abandoning the stage he delivered himself over to song.

His position in Hungary resembled that of Robert Burns in Scotland. As the kirk called the Ayrshire bard "profane," the diletanti of Pesth insisted that Petöfi was "vulgar." The popular voice, awarded him however, more renown than dainty critics* were able sensibly to diminish. "He never went to bed at night, he never arose in the morning," says a contemporary, "without hearing his songs from the multitudinous passengers in the public streets." In the very theatre where his mimic powers had been put to shame, the whole audience afterwards rose at his entrance, and

* "At last criticism began to notice me," he says in one of his private letters, "as a fat ox with his nose in the grass, looks amazed on a lark, which trips about and twitters near him."

the *Eljén* (Hail!) was repeatedly reiterated until he took his seat. Once in an obscure village in Transylvania, his presence was suddenly announced to a regiment of peasant soldiers. "Is it the poet?" was the inquiry, and to the affirmative reply every voice re-echoed "All hail!"

The political storm which burst out in Central Europe in 1848 roused the Magyar spirit, and Petöfi was one of its most influential and most eloquent representatives. Many an harangue he delivered at public assemblies, and launched the first newspaper which was emancipated from the censorship. In October of that year he joined the patriot army, and was made a captain in the *Honvéd* battalion. In the beginning of 1849 he joined Bem, whose adjutant he became, and whose correspondence he conducted. He was present at the fearful slaughter in Segesvár, on the following 31st of July. What part he took, if any, in that disastrous day, is not certain, but it is believed he was trampled to death in the flight and confusion which followed the retreat of the Magyar army. The body was never discovered, but was thrown undistinguished, and, probably, undistinguishable, into an enormous trench, which received the corpses of many hundreds of men who thus perished. More than one false Petöfi presented himself to the Hungarians, and much spurious poetry was published under his name. As the Portuguese believe that King Sebastian will re-appear, and lead them forth to victory, so Petöfi is said by his countrymen, to be "not dead, but sleeping."

He left a widow—the translator of Andersen's tales—since married to Professor Arpád Horvath, a son, and a brother (Stephen), who has shown some talent as a popular poet. Reményi, well known to the English court, has collected ten thousand florins for the erection of a monument to Petöfi's memory, and the house in which he was born, having been discovered in Little Körös, has been purchased, and will be kept sacred to his name.

The longest of his many poetical narratives is "János, the Hero." "Istók, the Fool," is more natural, but, perhaps, less inventive. "The Curse of Love," and "The Dream of Enchantment," are full of youthful passion. The earliest of his productions was "The Village Hammer," which appeared in 1843; the last in 1849, a fragment—"The Assessor of the Judgment Seat." One of them, "The Apostle," was suppressed by Austrian authority.

The titles of his two dramas are, "Tiger and Hyena," historical; "The Robber Zöld Marczy," a popular play.

His lyrics are "Cypress Leaves on Etelka's Grave" (40); "Pearls of Love" (35); "Starless Nights;" "Clouds" (60 aphorisms). A first collection, with his portrait, consists of 458 poems; a second collection of 630 poems. Altogether they make ten volumes, with 1,775 separate poems.

He published a prose romance entitled "The Hangman's Rope;" three volumes of rural tales, "The Departed," "The Grandpapa," and "The Pale Youth and the Blushing

Maiden ;" two volumes of travels, "Journey Notes," and "Travelling Letters to Kerényi;" "Leaves from my Day Book;" a collection of critical notices, of which that on Shakespeare is most remarkable ; correspondence with several of his contemporaries from 1843 to 1848. Prose fragments, are "Conversations with Bem," and "Biography of my son, aged seven months."

From German he translated Matthison's "Elegy," and Schiller's "Ideal;" from French, Dumas' "Masked Ball," Bernard's "Lovely Woman," Paul de Koch's "Jenny," and several of Beranger's Chansons. From the English, James' "Robin Hood;" "Fugitives," from Shelley; Ossian's "Oithona;" "Coriolanus" and a portion of "Romeo and Juliet," from Shakspeare; and Seneca's Third Letter, from the Latin.

The list is a marvellous one, representing the literary labours of less than six years.

Boswell's devotion to, and prostration before, Dr. Johnson, led to the production of the most amusing and the most instructive of biographies. To the promotion of the fame by the circulation of the writings of Petöfi an Hungarian friend and admirer has dedicated his life. With the name of Petöfi, that of Kertbeny is associated in an ever-during alliance. He had heard some strains from the "Versek," and became a worshipper in the temple where Petöfi had found a shrine. Of his past intercourse with Petöfi he gives a lively picture. The poet had not been previously personally known to his admirer, who de-

fended him from his own self-accusations and criticisms. Three years afterwards they met again, when Petöfi had become a central orb, with many a satellite around. They formed the League of the Decemvirs, representing young Hungary, who recognized Petöfi as their chief, and had for their organ the most popular of the Magyar newspapers, the *Pesti Hirlap*. It was established by Kossuth, and is now the receptacle of the contributions of some of the most distinguished of living Hungarians. Kertbeny gives many details of Petöfi's mode of life and conversation. Of Göthe he said that "his style was cold, marble-like, not pictorial." Petöfi's habits remind one of the wilder freaks of John Wilson. Many ambrosian nights—sleepless, discursive, eloquent, impassioned, the youthful spirits of Hungary passed together. In the calm days when well-established freedom has subsided into a stiff reality, we do not easily realise such a whirlwind enthusiasm; as when among the Jacobins in France, the *Comuneros* in Spain, the *Carbonari* in Italy, the long suppressed spirit of liberty broke out in its wild outpourings.

Of himself Petöfi said—"I am but in good and evil an essence of the national character. For a drop of otto of roses a thousand flowers are crushed,—precious it is and fragrant; but it would be far more so, if you could concentrate the odour and the beauty of every scattered leaf, such as you may pluck when fresh and fair, and fling about to the wind." He said of his mother—"She was full of poetry. I drank it in the milk of her bosom; I

learnt it from her smiles and her tears." It is noteworthy that although Petöfi passed many years of his life as a wandering vagabond, no impurity ever soiled his songs, and in his more than three thousand poetical compositions—unrestrained and passionate as many of them are—there is not a scandal-giving line, not an expression which would cause a blush to the modesty of a woman, and which might not be entrusted to the innocence of a child. When Kertbeny was projecting a visit to the ends of the earth, Déak, the leading man of Hungary, recommended him to stay at home, telling him that to popularise a single song of Petöfi, was to render a better service to his country than to trace the origin of his countrymen to the noblest oriental stem.

The work of translation has been everywhere done, everywhere well done, except in England. Dux took the lead in Germany in 1845. Henry Heine wrote rapturously about the Magyar poet, "whose rustic song was sweeter than that of the nightingale;" and Bettina von Arnim proclaimed him "the most original of lyric poets in the whole world's literature. With him will I talk and revel, admiring his loving wisdom, his philanthropy, his affection for his home, for his father and his mother, and, above all, for his patient pride in poverty." In the German album of "A Hundred Hungarian Poets," Petöfi occupies the highest place. Bodenstedt wrote a laudatory preface to Kertbeny's version of his writings; and Alexander Humboldt expressed his admiration, that "after many wanderings he

had discovered in his own neighbourhood, a flower so rich in beauty, so enduring, so certain to be valued."

"He," says Varnhagen von Ense, "is the noblest exemplification of Göthe's fine thought, 'Youth is drunkenness without wine;'" and Uhland avowed that old age alone had prevented his study of the Magyar language, for the sole purpose of enjoying Petöfi in his native dress. Grimm declares that "Petöfi will rank among the very greatest poets of all times and tongues." "He first taught what it was really to feel the mingling of love and admiration," writes Freiligrath. "His political power is as marvellous as his personal history," to use the words of Taillandier; and again, "So natural is he, that if every Hungarian were a poet he would sing as Petöfi sings,—but none with so wild and fiery an enthusiasm." Bernard introduced him into the field of French literature, and Beranger expressed a delight that his name should be associated with a name so great as that of Petöfi. Of the Berlin edition of "Lyrics" 6000 copies were sold, and were welcomed by laudatory criticisms from some of the most trustworthy of German writers. The articles in the *Revue des deux mondes*, on the Hungarian poetry of the 19th century, in which Petöfi is the salient figure, were collected in a volume. Hiel published translations in Flemish; Dmochowski, Sabowski, and Madme Prussakawa in Polish; Andersen in Danish; Palluci in Italian; while, in Brussels, Chassin edited a volume, entitled "Petöfi, the Poet of the Hungarian Revolution." A collection of sixteen

of the most remarkable of his narrative poems has lately appeared in Prague, dedicated to the present writer. An edition of ten thousand copies is now announced of his works by the press of Germany and the United States. Bem, dying in Aleppo, requested that his poems should be read to him ere he departed ; and the exiles in Hungary write from almost all parts of the civilized world that they have everywhere found, or everywhere founded, the fame of their illustrious countrymen.

He spoke prophetically when he thus addressed his Lyre :—

Lyre ! let passion shake thy strings !
For the songs thy minstrel sings
Are his last—repeat them !
That the eternal mountain's height,—
That the ages in their flight,—
Never may forget them.



P E T Ö F I .

THE splendid sun awaking from the east,
And to the west descending in its fall ;
From its benignant rising to its rest,
Looks down with equal light and love on all.

So genius glory-circled at its birth,
And gliding like a lamp of heaven on high,
Bathes with celestial radiance all the earth,
Which mirrors back that radiance to the sky.

Is not the sun a mind—the mind a sun—
Whose course no arm can stay, no fetters bind ?
Do not high thoughts like fiery lightnings run,
Brighten and blaze and beam from mind to mind ?

So when thy Magyar-star, o'er Magyar-land,
Petöfi! rose to its supernal throne,
As from a fire-cross lifted by God's hand,
The rays shone forth and shine as first they shone.

It was no meteor, for a meteor writes
No golden lines of glory—read from far—
But an eternal light amidst heaven's lights,
And grouped with central stars a central star.

CLAREMONT,
EXETER.

J. B.

If the world were a hat, my Hungaria should be
The wreath that surrounds and adorns it for me.

PETÖFI.

INTRODUCTION.

Off my wandering thoughts, without a mark or vestige,
 Ramble through the world, a mystery and a dream,
 Though they seem enchained by home and country's
 prestige,
 'Tis an idle thought—they are not—they but seem.
 No my songs are nought but rays of moonlight
 streaming
 Through a world of mist, in melancholy's dreaming.

Better 'twere to dwell, instead of dreams, in sorrow,
 That is something real,—something worth a thought;
 Why perplex the soul with visions for to-morrow,
 When to-day its councils and its cares has brought?
 No! the songs my spirit, overwrought, is uttering,
 Seem like butterflies among the flowerets fluttering.

Would a maiden wreath for me a loving garland,
 I would fling my woes into a deep abyss,
 Find a beam of radiance in the starry far land,
 From that maiden's heart extract a dawn of bliss.
 And the songs I sing, should be like buds which June
 time,
 Opens to the sun in nature's light and tune time.

Have I then her love? O pour the wine, O pour it!
Fill it to the brim! O fill it to the brim!
Let the sparkles dance in gay rejoicing o'er it;
Gladness light the eyes and music tune the hymn!
For the song I sing shall all earth's circle brighten,
As the rainbow's beams the arch of heaven enlighten.

Oh! but while I drink, I hear the chains of slavery;
Hear the plaints of slaves—and the unemptied glass
Dash upon the ground—but this is idle bravery;
These are worthless wailings—wasted words. Alas!
All the songs I sing—are but the utterings clouded,
Of a sorrowing soul in darkest darkness shrouded.

So they suffer—millions! million slaves! they suffer—
And they bear the chain—the intolerable chain—
Has not heaven a hope—a dream of hope to offer?
Shall they pray and plead, and pray and plead in
vain,—
No! my songs shall wake, while nations shout and
wonder,
Liberty and light, in storms of living thunder.

ISTÓK, THE FOOL.

One of the great charms of Petöfi's poetry is his truthful and vivid picturing of the peculiarities of Hungarian life. The wide, wild Puszta, in the hands of most of those who have described them, have been associated with gloomy, dreary thoughts of solitude and weariness—vast, interminable wastes,—over which here and there are scattered a few wretched, ruined hovels, inhabited by a gloomy, ill-clad peasantry; while the Puszta, as by him delineated, becomes a living, breathing, beautiful, and varied object, connected with colourings of grandeur, immensity and freedom. As the Arabs careering in the desert, to whom the streets of a city look like prison walls, he revelled in the free air and the rude liberty of the Puszta, which was to him the ideal of his emancipated country, and furnished him some of the richest materials to feed the imaginings and strugglings of his spirit for an anticipated liberty. His "Istók, the Fool," is a remarkable exhibition of his passion and his power, which gathered its elements out of the Puszta life; and in the dreaminess of a pretended folly, displaying all the heavings of patriotic emotion.

HE comes! he comes! he hurries through
 In most bewildered fashion;
 And how he storms! who ever knew
 A man in such a passion?

He whips his courser fiercely, wild;
 He drives his spur-points bloody;
 He pulls the reins—he sweeps the field,—
 His cheeks with fury ruddy.

Heydà! nought stops him in his way,
No hindrance can restrain him;
No barrier there, no toll to pay,—
Hell's gate would not detain him.

“Across, across the Puszta wide,—
None its expanse can measure,—
There's liberty on every side,
To right, to left, at pleasure.

“I'll toss my *shako* in the air,
As on my courser dashes;
Out of the way! beware! beware!
Of mud and mire and splashes.”

And while he spoke, the rattling rain
Came down in cataract-currents,
And drenched him,—while he curs'd again,—
With its o'erwhelming torrents.

What did the youngster there, but stand
As to the spot close fettered;
Like Cæsar, when in Brutus' hand,
He saw the glaive that glittered.

Like Cæsar in his mantle clad,
Which proudly he wrapped round him :
But fate for our poor pelted lad,
No covering mantle found him.

While he who has a thick, warm fur,
And is well wrapped within it,
May scorn the storm,—he need not stir,
But patient wait—a minute.

“ And thou ! who lingerest thus, I would
The thunderbolt should smite thee !
Fool, as thou art, begone ! no good
Is waiting to invite thee.

“ But I,—I am a privileged man,
Baptized in Christian font, I
Demand a thousand honours, can—
A thousand prizes count I.

“ I have been drenched enough in rain
To whiten any Moorman ;
Yet was I born, and must remain,
A very, very poor man.

“ Let that rain drench my garments thro’,
Torn by the storm I’ll wear them ;
Yet this, Philosophy will do—
'Twill teach me how to bear them.

“ My vest an honest tailor made,
In his serene enjoyment ;
But though the bill was never paid,
The work gave him employment.”

And here the lad laughed out aloud,
In laughter queer and curious :
Down fell the waters from the cloud,
More furious and more furious.

And calm and patient was the lad,
Not angry nor offended ;
It makes the saddest mood more sad
To mourn what can’t be mended.

And soon the storm-clouds disappeared,
The floods away were driven ;
And a bright vision Istók cheered,—
A rainbow in the heaven.

“Thou lovely bond!” the wanderer cried,
“Life’s many hues displaying :
A peacock stalking in his pride,
A promised dawn surveying.

“An arch triumphal, mirroring back
The sun’s victorious glances,
Scattering the storm-clouds in his track,
With glorious golden lances.

“But thou art far,—tho’ farther yet
My home—and I am weary ;
And soon in night the sun will set,
And earth be damp and dreary.

“I am no prophet—yet I dare
Foretell that pretty maidens
Will hardly give a listening ear
This day to my upbraidings.

“They bear with me, for such a lad
Would neither harm nor wrong them ;
I wish that I a stork’s wings had
To carry me among them.

“ What can I do? How shall I fare?
And who shall me deliver,
When the dark night shall leave me here,
In damp and cold to shiver?

“ They call me fool—no fool am I,
If, in my helter-skelter,
I see a cottage where to fly,
And in it find a shelter.

“ If it should prove a robber’s nest,
Which welcome kind afforded,
It need not break a miser’s rest,
Whose gold is safely hoarded.

“ The chimney smokes—the hearth looks bright;
Smoke—light—there must be fire then,
And I shall warm me—O delight!
Find food—what more desire then!

“ And this is logic—sound and good—
Which mine own wits have brought me;
And if they bring me fire and food,
How well my school has taught me.”



The Tanya, then, the youngster found,
And bent his footsteps tow'rd it ;
'Tis in the Puszta's farthest ground,
And shade and silence guard it.

The walls, the windows tottering stood,
A tale of ruin telling—
Is it a grave mound's solitude ?
Or a deserted dwelling ?

As orphan-children by the tomb,
Of their dead mother weeping,
There stood some scathed trees in the gloom,
Their mournful vigils keeping.

Nought showed that dwelling wild and wide
Of master-mason's doings ;
But time's hard foot on every side
Had trampled on the ruins.

The mortar with the rubbish lay,
The windows all were broken,
The shutters swung and creaked—the play
Of rain and storm a token.

Before the door, upon the ground,
A lazy hound was growling,
And friend or foe, the ugly hound
Saluted with his howling.

There stood an old man by the sill
Of the remoter dwelling,
Who, moving slow or standing still,
Was equally repelling.

'Twas all so damp, so dark and dull,
So dreary, dismal, dying,
As if a ban of curses full
Upon the place were lying.

And Istók, as he looked around,
Uttered an exclamation :
“ There must the Tartars still be found
Amidst the desolation.

This is the seat of Tamerlane,
Of the vile Tartar races,
And here I see of Genghis Khan,
The indisputable traces.”

So, spite of all the dangers, he
 Advancing as a Roman
Bold,—and his foremost enemy
 Was an old ugly woman.

She held a poker in her hand,
 The dying ashes moving ;
He gently spoke as if he plann'd
 To win her heart by loving.

“Good evening, worthy Dame!—round you
 The light of morning gathers—
A rose of spring-time, wet with dew ;—
 We had the same forefathers.”

But soon the beldam stopped the talk,
 So rash and so provoking—
“Begone! the sooner off you walk
 The better—with your joking.

“No doubt you think a welcome here
 Would be extremely pleasant—
You'd like good wine and costly cheer,
 And honeycomb and pheasant !”

“ Yes ! better than a cabbage-mess,
If to such fare invited :
You had not seen me here, I guess,
Had I not been benighted.

“ But as 'tis night, I would implore ”—
And then he stopped—forbidden
To pass the witch-protected door,
And enter such an Eden,

Yet asked—“ Where is the landlord, Ma'am,
For if the landlord knew me,
And I could tell him who I am,
Perhaps he'd listen to me.”

“ I am the landlord,” said a voice,
As if a growling motion
Had brought from ocean's deep a noise
To move that troubled ocean.

An ancient man, with snowy beard,
Ploughed forehead, stately stature,
And solemn, heavy gait appeared—
But gaunt in form and feature.

He stood as stands a grave-cross stark—
 Unbending and unchanging,
When whitening snow, or cloud-storms dark
 Are wildly, fiercely ranging.

He looked—as looks a church-yard—dull,
 With ghouls and spirits flurried ;
Where tombs are thick, and graves are full,
 In which all joys are buried.

Up rose the youngster's spirit, moved
 By one so stern and surly ;
And thus courageously reprov'd
 The landlord bluff and burly.

“ Be calm ! be calm ! my worthy host,
 And hold thy bursting ire in ;
I am not suffering from the frost,
 Nor from the heat perspiring.

“ But truly to the skin am wet,
 And drenched my garments rather ;
So in thy tender mercy let
 Me dry my clothes, good father !

“ And if there be a plank where I
Can fling a weary man down,
There will I as contented lie
As on the softest swan-down.”

“ Well !” said the host—it was enough,
Though growled in seeming rudeness ;
The youngster thanked the old man rough,
“ I’m grateful for your goodness.”

He sat the chimney-hearth within,
And soon he fell a-dozing,
More happy than was Ermelin
Upon his throne reposing.

“ What want I more ?—The world is mine,
I heed not saint or sinner ;
Except that I should like to dine,
If I could find a dinner.”

Such were his dreams ; and in such strait,
If seeking an adviser,
Altho’ a fool, you long might wait
Before you found a wiser.

What was and is, and could not be—
What might or might not happen,
Had he but worn a night-cap he
Had crowded his night-cap in.

And crowded were his brains by this,
And other such reflections ;
The old people heard his reveries,
His sighs, his interjections !

Three wagons could not carry all
The burdens of his spirit ;
And while they heard him cry and call,
They only laughed to hear it.

Their tongues were silent as a key
Within a lock that's rusted ;
But hunger comes, do what you may,
And chance cannot be trusted.

At last—at last the old man cried—
For hunger got the upper
Hand, as the fool had prophesied—
“ We must sit down to supper.”

He listened anxiously to them,
And heard the grey-beard tell her,
The wife of old Methusalem—
Of plundered safe and cellar.

“ We’ll get a royal supper then ! ”
He to himself suggested ?
“ And who shall be the serving men ?
Even I, were I requested.

“ O sweet ! most sweet ! my reverend sir,
Will be the supper’s flavour ;
There’s only one thing wanting here—
A little salt for savour.

“ Not common salt—that is not it—
That’s every where abundant,
We want the attic salt of wit,
With quips and jokes redundant.

“ Why even the fish, in silence bred,
Despise our solemn silence,
And wish that they themselves were led
To exile many a mile hence.

“ Silence no better is than death,
And more than death I dread it ;
O lend to me your stock of breath,
More value I than bread, it.

“ Science, and art, and history,
Political economy,
Are all familiarised to me,
As earth’s and heaven’s astronomy.

“ I’ve lived in north, south, east, and west,
In cottage and in palace,
Will talk of what may please you best,
Without a word of malice.

“ But speak, good man ! and I’ll reply ”—
A touching melancholy
Gave forth an answer from his eye—
“ To me ’tis all, all folly.”

“ No, that is but a calumny,
Reproachful to high heaven ;
The world cannot all evil be,
There’s good in evil even.”

“ Good! good! where’s good ?” The old man shook
His head in grave dejection ;

“ I know not where to find, or look,
For favor or affection.

“ I bear the weight of sixty years,
With all their bitternesses,
For time has turned all smiles to tears,
And curses follow kisses.

“ The tree of life has lost its fruits,
The winds its branches flinging,
Wasted its trunk, and torn its roots,
Its birds have ceased their singing.

“ The very hopes that linger last
Are faded and departed ;
And nought is left of all the past
But memories, broken-hearted.

“ My very youth was sour and sad,
And winter-wrapt and weary :
How can old age be gay or glad
When youth was dark and dreary ?

“ I loved an angel, heavenly born,
Pure as the snow I thought her ;
But she became a thing of scorn
And shame—pollution’s daughter.

“ So my spring flower was scathed, I cursed
My destiny ill-fated ;
I waited for the summer’s burst,
For autumn fruits I waited.

“ They came, they passed, they fled, they brought
Of better days no token ;
Brought nought but woes and wailings, nought
But wrecks and ruins broken.

“ Short gleam of day,—long darkness gloomed,
I lost two lovely children ;
One lives,—to foul dishonour doomed,
O misery bewildering !

“ Ten years have past,—I stand bereft
Of all, a vile weed, rotten,
Down-trodden—one sole longing left,
To die, and be forgotten.

“ This sad account I fain would close,
 This bitter, bitter being ;
Mandate of death ! come ! from his woes
 The wretched prisoner freeing.

“ O what a bliss it were to sleep
 Beyond the reach of sorrow ;
When eye-balls doomed to-day to weep
 Shall drop no tears to-morrow.”

Such was the old man's evidence,
 Which sad experience taught him ;
Where Istók found both truth and sense,
 And suddenly bethought him :

“ Why was I wanton with his woe ?
 An old man's woes count double :
Father ! I would not wound thee ! No !
 Nor trifle with thy trouble.

“ Yes, father ! I have sinned, and bear
 The burthen of confession ;
Yet you transgress,—Old Man ! despair—
 Despair is your transgression.

- “ But of all sins, the very worst
Is stubborn *Pessimismus* !
And of all crimes the most accursed
Is stupid *Atheismus* !
- “ Despair is but hell’s fearful cry,
Proclaiming in its madness,
That heaven is godless vacancy,
And earth a void of sadness.
- “ And they who doubt the grace of God,
The great, the good preceptor,
Shall feel the smittings of His rod,
When they renounce His sceptre.
- “ For all One Father have—for all
That Father cares, out-pouring
The sun-beams glance, the rain drops fall
On th’ heedless as th’ adoring.
- “ But patience ! since for all his sons
That Father spreads a table
With bounties, blisses, benisons,
And gifts incalculable.

“ In patience wait ! as sun and star
Break though heaven’s azure curtain ;
So constant all His mercies are,
But still more bright and certain.

“ Yes ! even in this world’s midnight, He
Some streaks of light hath given ;
And midst our dark mortality,
Hung up a star in heaven.

“ And from that star a ray falls down,
As radiance fell on Eden,
Bright, all the hills with light to crown ;
Sweet, ocean’s depths to sweeten.”

So spake the youth, the old man prest
His hand, and when he stopt there,
Sweet as the milk from mother’s breast,
Those gracious words had dropt there.

The old man’s heart at nature’s touch
Was melted—“ I implore thee
Tell me where thou hast learnt so much ?
What land,—what mother bore thee ?”

That land, that mother's honoured name,
Flittered like ghosts before him ;
And many thoughts of sadness came
In gloomy vision o'er him.

Yet spake he calmly, as in glee :
" I heard the owlets screeching,
Out of the gloomy ivy-tree,
And listened to their teaching.

" A no-where born, unowned am I,
The cloud-land my dominion ;
My ancestors were nobody,
My soul a petrel's pinion.

" I wander forth, my pilgrim's staff
A fit companion makes me ;
I doff or don my hat,—I laugh
Or weep,—as fancy takes me.

" I care for hunger not, nor cold,
To me even pain is pleasant ;
The dawning future makes me bold,
Because I hate the present.

“ You ask my birth-place, and my school,
My history, name, and nation,—
Enough—Istók, Istók, the Fool :—
That is my appellation.”

And the next morning, firm and tight
His knapsack having fastened,
To the old man, at morning's light,
The grateful Istók hastened ;

And gave a kind farewell, and said—
“ If luck should come,—a prophet
Once visited this humble shed,
And parting, told thee of it.”

The old man grasps the youngster's hand,
He trembles as he hails him ;
Tears starting in his eye-balls stand,
His power of utterance fails him.

At last, words, broken words, and weak,
Broke from his lips,—“ God guide thee,
I would—I would—I cannot speak ;
But let all good betide thee.

“God guide thee ! No ! that cannot be—
The word, Farewell ! I never
Can utter a farewell to thee,
So stay with me for ever.

“I’m poor, I’m old, but here, yes, here,
You shall find more of loving,
Of kindness, peace, than other where,—
O dream not then of moving.

“Speak,—speak as you spoke yesterday,
It was so wisely spoken ;
It brought such healing that it may
Even heal a heart that’s broken.

“And wilt thou not, dear friend, remain !”
The young man answered, “ Even,
Even as you will ; the parting’s pain
Be spared to both by heaven.

“If babbling such as mine can give
An old man peace or pleasure,
In pleasure and in peace we’ll live,
And babble without measure.

“ But there’s a rumbling noise at hand,
I hear men’s voices humming ;
A waggon on the Puszta sand,
And company is coming.”

“ They must not enter here,” cried he ;
“ Here is there room for no man.”
“ What ! not my grandfather to see ?”
Answered a sweet-voiced woman.

The door flung ope, which stood ajar,
In leaped a smiling maiden ;
She was as lovely as a star,
With light and love o’erladen.

She clung her to the old man’s breast,
With smiles, and tears, and kisses ;
O never was a mortal blest,
With such excess of blisses.

“ Thy grandchild, I, to thee I cling,
O welcome and protect me ;
I comfort ask, and comfort bring,
And thou will not reject me.

“ And I am lost, unless in thee
I find a sire’s protection ;
My father has abandoned me,—
I trust to thine affection.

“ For he insists that I shall wed
(And for the gift be grateful)
A man whose home, and heart, and head,
Are most intensely hateful.

“ He stood, a cold stone petrified,
I wept,—I raved,—I pleaded ;
O turn not thou, as he, aside,
But give the shelter needed.

“ I see in thy reproachful eye,
A menace to exile me ;
O give me not to infamy,
To doom that would defile me !

“ Long, long I dreamed that thou—that thou,—
And yet I dared not try thee ;
O hear me, help me, save me now,
Compel me not to fly thee.

“ Do what thou wilt, thou canst not be
So steely, stony-breasted ;
No ! thou wilt not surrender me,
To wed with the detested.”

What could he say ?—the poor old man—
When hearts are flowing over,
No fettering power of language can
Thought’s hidden depths discover.

But sighs and sobs and tears,—instead
Of words—unchecked, out-breaking ;
The tender look, the bending head,
Were eloquently speaking.

The present and the past were blent
In one confused emotion,
As mingling rivers, when intent
On flowing towards the ocean.

That ocean whelmed him in th’ abyss
Of storm-tossed waves confusing—
Life, death, weal, woe, light, darkness, bliss,
In wild bewildered musing.

After long silence—as the rocks,
Heaven-smitten, pour their streaming,—
“A friend?—and do my snowy locks
Grow dark, or am I dreaming?”

“A dream!—What dream? Can this be she,
And was it I who taught her
To dance, sweet child! upon my knee—
Young man, 'tis my grand-daughter.

“Stretch out thy hand—come near to me,
All—all shall be forgiven,
For o'er our dark mortality,
There shines a star in heaven.

“So come to me, and stay and trust,
With me thou shalt abide, dear!
I will thy guardian be—thou must
Be ever at my side, dear!”

And many a loving word he said,
More than I can repeat now,
In gentleness engendered,
All sleek and soft and sweet, now!

But hark ! without—a thundering voice—
A father claims his daughter ;
“ Begone ! Begone ! ” the old man cries,
“ What misery hast thou brought her ?

“ Cross not my threshold—but begone !
Thou vainly hast pursued her,
Or I will be the banished one,
And God shall curse the intruder.

“ Thy child ? O mention not the name !
Thou wert the vile invader,
Who to disgrace, and sin, and shame,
Wretch ! did'st conspire to lead her.

“ Yes ! thro' thy child, just heaven shall mete
What thou to me hast meted,
And my dark history's curse repeat,
In thine more dark repeated.

“ Again begone ! No more intrude,
Off—need I further press thee ?
I would not curse thee if I could,
And yet I cannot bless thee.”

The old man spoke—more sad than stern,
His darkened glance alighted
Upon his son—he saw him turn,
And flee away affrighted.

The old man stood—a statue grand—
Cold—silent—without motion ;
Standing, as broken icebergs stand
Upon a frozen ocean.

But when the graceless son had fled,
The old man's eyes o'er-swelling,
A shower of heavy tear-drops shed,
And then he sought his dwelling.

And there sat down, depressed and dumb,
Unnerved—unmoved—while, coldly,
He saw the young man towards him come,
Who thus addressed him boldly.

“ I am no longer wanted here,
For thou hast found a treasure,
Beyond all other treasures dear,
Whose worth no words can measure.

“ Give me thy blessing, I am gone ;
My destiny is pressing ;
Thou honored sire ! Thou smiling one !
Give—give me both your blessing.”

And then he moved, as if to go ;
The old man's eye-balls glistened—
He uttered a pathetic “ No ! ”
And while the young man listened,

He said—“ I order thee to stay,
No difficulty make now,
And as my griefs are past away,
My joys thou shalt partake now.”

“ Well ! I remain !—So be it then ;
Instal me the protector,
Proclaim me both of beast and men,
The ruler and director.

“ You have a trusty maiden now,
For all the household's guiding ;
O'er all above and all below,
Becomingly presiding.

“ And I, a world-experienced man,
 Called by the doom of fate here,
Out of these ancient bear-holes can
 A noble house create here.”

Great was the change; he gathered round
 The servants, fast and faster ;
And soon the very meanest found
 The influence of the master.

And soap and sand and brush and broom,
 And three days' thorough labour,
Had metamorphosed roof and room,
 So that no passing neighbour

Had known the place, from dirt and dust,
 Clean as a soldier's jacket ;
Keys, locks, bolts, handles free from rust,
 All brightening in the racket

By Istók made—the fool—who can
 Make wiser mortals follow ;
There was a spirit in the man,
 Not a mere tinkling hollow.

He could command, and was obeyed,
A firm, but gentle power ;
He knew the value of the maid,
The influence of a flower.

He rises with the rising morn,
And to the Puszta going,
Paces the furrows, binds the corn,
Or watches o'er the sowing.

And when the maiden, busied still,
With household care is toiling,
She sees him o'er the window sill,
And cheers him with her smiling.

And here,—there,—everywhere he moved,
With labour's riches laden ;
His industry the old man loved,
His heart the youthful maiden.

And so hours fled, and so fled days,
Such are too swiftly fleeing,
While those who saw their happy ways,
Felt happier in the seeing.

How was the wonder brought about?

It seemed a marvellous history,
And many a guess and many a doubt
Were mingled in the mystery.

But day to day improvement brought,
Some ever new invention ;
Strange is the magic power of thought,
When led by good intention !

When all was ordered—ordered well,
He strapped his pack for starting ;
He sought the old man. sought the belle,
To say, “I am departing.”

But no ! The words he never spoke,
For misery to his eye lent
The tears that drowned his tongue, and broke
His heart, and he was silent.

The old man guessed—the maiden felt
The meanings yet unuttered ;
Upon his trembling lips they dwelt,
Which broken accents stuttered.

Then all fell weeping—maid and man
And youth—their hot cheeks glitter
With the thick stream of tears that ran,
So bursting and so bitter.

And so they sobbed and wept—each breast
With varied passions throbbing ;
The old man left his seat of rest,
His weeping and his sobbing—

Rushed on the youth, and soon untied
The straps the pack enfolding ;
The maiden swiftly cast aside
The staff that he was holding.

And sack and staff are there anon,
Upon a peg suspended ;
Istók, the Fool, has never gone
From thence, as he intended.

Was he a fool ? Perchance there's less
Of folly than is seeming,
When for substantial happiness
We give up idle dreaming.

What flowers were on the Puszta seen,
What music and what dances !
A happy wedding is, I ween,
The best of life's romances.

And when they left the altar, blest
With pastoral benediction,
Tears fell upon the old man's breast,
Of joy, and not affliction.

“ My children ! From my inmost heart
I bring congratulation,
And now I may in peace depart,
For I have seen—salvation.”

“ Depart ! O not till thou hast seen—
(We know what comes of courting)
Thy great grandchildren on the green,
And blessed them in their sporting.”

Years pass, and children in their play,
Round happy parents gather ;
The only question is, who may
Most please that dear grandfather.

And now the wild winds drive the clouds,
'Tis winter's sharpest weather,
The cold mists wrap the earth in shrouds,
The white snows drape the heather.

Yet thro' the darkness of the night,
When all around seems mourning,
There burns in one sweet cot a light,
That is for ever burning.

Where by the chimney sit—a clan,
Their evening beverage quaffing—
A husband, wife and ancient man,
And children round them laughing.

The storms to them no terrors bring,
No fears to them are coming—
Go! listen to the songs they sing,
And hear the spindle humming.

NOTES.

ISTÓK—Pronounced Ishtok, the Magyar name for Stephen, or Steeny.

PUSZTA—The waste, the heath, the wide expanse of land—as the Pampas of South America.

TANYA—The cottage, often the Inn or pot-house of the Pusztas.

JANÓS, THE HERO.

“Janós, the Hero,” is one of the most popular of Petöfi’s Poems. Janós is a peasant of the Plains, who, being separated from his love, Iluska, passes through a series of marvellous adventures, returns to his native village to learn that the object of his affections, who had been faithful to him through much suffering, was numbered with the dead. From her grave, which he visits, he plucks a rose that is his companion through scenes and struggles more terrible than any of his early encounters, and at last penetrates into Fairyland, where—contrasting his own loneliness and misery with the felicity that surrounds him—he flings his rose into an adjacent lake, intending to follow it, when suddenly his Iluska rises radiant from the waters,—they were the waters of immortality,—and flings herself into his arms. They become the King and Queen of Fairyland, where they still are supposed to reign.

THE poem consists of 27 parts, every one of which is characterized by originality, variety, and power. “The Hero,” a Magyar shepherd, is introduced near one of the rude huts (Juhássbojtar) which are found on the wild, wide plains of Hungary. Hot and

weary, the burning rays of the mid-day sun fall like streams of fire upon him—added to which—

In his youthful heart the flames of love were blazing,
And he watched the herd amidst the heather¹ grazing;
Where they grazed he lay upon the broom² reclining,
While the fervid sun was on his Shuba³ shining :

Round him fields of flowers waved, like the waves of
ocean ;

Beautiful they were,—but wakened no emotion,
For his eyes were fixed, as with a charmed persistence,
On a crystal stream, about a stone-throw's distance ;
Not the ripples gay that musically danced,

But a maiden fair the shepherd's soul entranced,—
Standing in the stream — a bright-eyed beauteous
creature,

Long tressed—breasts of snow—of perfect form and
feature—

Naked to the knees—love's very loveliest daughter—
Bathed her rosy face in the refreshing water.

The maiden was Iluska—his pearl casket—his soul's
fascination. He addresses her in the most passionate
language, implores her to leave the stream, and to

¹ Puszta. ² Ginestra. ³ Outer garment of sheep-skin.

listen to him. She answers that she must be gone—she is summoned by her cruel step-mother. He flies towards her ;—

Then with honied words he threw his cloak around
her,
And in passionate love he to his bosom bound her—
Kissed and kissed again, a hundred times, if any ;
He who all things knows, he only knows how many.

The second part begins—

II.

Swiftly flew the hours, as hours are ever flying ;
On the flowing stream the eve's red tints were lying.

The step-mother inquires why Iluska has not returned, and determines to seek her. She finds her—sees the youth depart—and breaks out into the most bitter and calumnious vituperations. The youth comes forward—denounces her slanders—menaces her with fearful visitations if she wrong the orphan girl—from whom he says he will exact an account of what may happen. He takes up his *Shuba*—thinks of the flock of sheep that he had neglected,—

and when he reaches the place, finds they are dispersed; and the next part thus commences—

III.

When the morning sun above the earth had mounted,
And the shepherd youth his scattered sheep had
counted;

Half were wanting there—what fate has them befallen?
Have they been by wolves—or else by robbers stolen?
Wolf, or thief,—why ask? Enough that half are
wanting,—

Sore perplexed swain, with shame and sorrow pant-
ing;

What to do—what say? How useless all complaining!
Silent he drove home the sheep that were remaining.

Full of trepidation he reaches the house of his master,
whom he finds at the door, and who begins, as he
was wont, to count over the sheep. Janós tells him
that many are missing; that it is no use for him to
deny it by a lie. His master seizes him by the mous-
tache, tells him he can tolerate none of his jokes,
curses him, and grasping an iron-pronged fork,
threatens to “save him from the gallows,” by dis-

posing of him then and there. It ended by a "Be off!" Janós is sorely perplexed; feels he has wronged his master, is not willing to abandon the old man, by whom he had been brought up; he flies—he hesitates—he returns—his brain utterly bewildered. The fourth act opens—

IV.

Many thousand stars were glittering on the surface of the water, and Janós stood, he scarcely knew how, close to Iluska's garden. He was singing a most melancholy song; and as the dew fell upon the trees and upon the grass, he asked "Are these the tears of the pitying stars?" Iluska was asleep, but the well-known voice awakened her. She came to welcome him, but struck with his wild and wan appearance, exclaims—

Tell me why so sad? dear love! ah, thou appearest,
Pale as is the moon—and why? thou fondest, dearest!

He answers, he may well be sad and pale, as he sees her for the last time. She replies, that if his looks alarmed her, his words alarm her more. And he responds—

Spring-tide of my spirit!—thee I quit for ever,
Never wilt thou hear my voice again—O never;
Yet once more I bless thee—yet once more I kiss thee,
Then, O wretched doom, then evermore to miss thee.
Scarcely could he speak for weeping and for sobbing,
And his throbbing bosom prest her bosom throbbing,
Bent himself to earth, to hide the tear-floods stealing
Down his white, wet cheeks, his agony revealing;—

He bids his “sweet rose” remember him, the wanderer,
when she sees the dry leaves scattered by the storm.
She answers—

Go! if go thou must, and may God’s holy blessing
Smile on every sod thy weary feet are pressing;
Gather every flower—and its fair leaves, while fading,
Shall remind thee oft of thy dear absent maiden.

So they parted like riven branches—both hearts, wintry wastes.
Once more their tears mingled—he wiped them with his shirt-sleeve.

And he went—he saw not, and he cared not whither;
Darkness came—what recked he, wandering hither,
thither?

The peasant children laughed at him as he passed—
the oxen lowed: he noticed neither. The village

lay behind him—he saw not the hearth fires; but the church-steeple seemed to look upon him mournfully. Any one near might have heard his sighs; but no one was there. A flock of herons flew by, but they noticed nothing. He wandered thro' the night—no sound except the rustling of his Shuba—it was heavy—he flung it down; but the heaviness he could not get rid of was the greater heaviness of his heart.

v.

Chased away by the sun the full moon departed; the Puszta surrounded him, boundless as the ocean. From its east the sun rose, to its west the sun descended; but from its rising to its setting saw neither flower nor tree, nor shrub; some dew-drops hung upon the short grass. To the left of the sun red vapours rose from a lake which was surrounded by lentils green as emeralds:—

Midst the lentil plants there stood—the lake shore
near on,
Seeking for his food—a solitary heron:
Fluttering o'er the lake, ascending and descending,
Flocks of water-birds their wayward course were
wending.

Janós, surrounded by dark shadows, and filled with darker thoughts, again—

Saw upon the Puszta the sun's radiance sparkling,
While within his heart a night of nights was darkling.

Hunger came with the coming day ; he found a scrap of bacon in his pocket ; looking around him he saw the blue heaven, the bright sun, and beneath, the shifting many-coloured *Delibab*.¹ Then came thirst ; he dipped his hat in the lake, and drank the water from its brim. He sank down, wearied, and made a mole-hill his pillow while he slept. He dreamt that Iluska was in his arms, and when about to kiss her was wakened by a thunder clap. There was a frightful storm — black and gloomy as his own destiny :

All the earth was clad in darkest robes funereal,
Whirlwinds'-voices spoke in menaces imperial ;
Every cloud above had all its sluices riven,
While the lakes below flung cataracts up to heaven.

Janós seized his staff—covered his face with his

¹ The Fata Morgana (Mirage), the deceitful, many-hued picture, commonly seen in the hot summer in the Magyar plains, exists in the Asiatic and African deserts, and less frequently in the Crimea and in Sicily.

hat—turned his Shuba inside out, and facing the storm, again bestrode the plain. The sky began to brighten—the winds dispersed the clouds—a rainbow appeared in the east. The rain had refreshed him; he sturdily pursued his way till the sun sank in its bed. He had then reached a thick forest, and heard the croak of a raven breaking the silence of death.

Still he forward prest, for Janós was no craven—
Feared not dismal forest—feared not croaking raven;
Half in twilight, half in darkness, on he sped him,
And the moon burst forth, and like a herald led him.

VI.

At last he sees a solitary light thro' the thickest part of the forest; he fancies it must be from a hut (Csarda), which might give him shelter—it was no Csarda, but the gathering place of a dozen banditti. "Midnight and robbers, battle axes and pistols," are not pleasant objects to look at; but Janós musters up courage, advances and accosts them boldly. The leader asks him how he dared intrude: unhappy man! hast thou parents or wife, and hast thou bidden them farewell? He answers—

“ He who nothing has—he is to fear a stranger ;
Rich men, not the poor, may shrink from threatened
danger ;
Life is nought to me—to hold it, or to lose it—
Give me shelter then—or if you will, refuse it ;
I am in your hands—to live or die—I care not ;
Shelter me, your friend,—strike me, your foe, and
spare not.”

The chief admires his courageous bravery—tells him
he is fit to be invested with a bandit’s privileges :—

“ He who laughs at death, and looks on life as zero,
He was born for us, and born to be a hero.”

So he is invited to join the bandit band, who sport
with robbery, sacrilege, and murder—drink out of
silver cups, and decorate themselves with jewels of
gold. He gives his hand, and avers it is the happiest
moment of his life ; they sit down to revel over
wine stolen from the cellars of the priests. The
robbers drink to excess, and lie intoxicated on the
floor. Janós preserves his senses, and determines to
“ put out the lights of those who had delivered over
so many to darkness.” He will fill his pocket with
the spoils—seek his Iluska—marry her—build a
beautiful house :—

Live a blessed life, with that beloved maiden,
Happier, happier far than Adam was in Eden.

But he hesitates ; he must not enrich himself with the fruits of robbery. The gold would be spotted with blood—it would bring an entail of misery—his conscience must not be seared to the sense of wrong. But he seizes a light—sets the hovel on fire—sees the red tongues of the flames reporting his deeds to heaven. A mantle of darkness enwraps the blue sky, and the moon looks out enquiringly on the disturbance :

Janós smiled, and saw the owls with fluttered feather,
Saw the frightened bats, which flapped their wings of
leather,
Heard the crashing beams, and watched the sudden
flashes,
Watched the sinking roof, piled up on heaps of ashes.
And when the sun rose it looked upon nothing but
ruins.

VII.

Janós travelled through seven kingdoms, and one day, in the distance, bright weapons were glancing in the sun-shine. It was a corps of Hussars :

Many a noble steed was neighing, foaming, prancing,
Tossing his proud head, and haughtily advancing.

His heart beat high, and he said a soldier's life must be a proud one ; and as he looked on the troop, the Captain exclaimed, "Who is that miserable fellow ?" and Janós answered, "A wanderer on the earth—a night-walker ; but your grace may bring sunshine." "Join us if you will ; but we are bent on murderous work. The Turks have fallen on the Franks—we go with the Franks." "Be it so ! I am a good horseman, and am ready for the fight. True I have had charge of asses, and kept sheep ; but I am a Magyar. God created us on horseback, Centaurs. He created us for warlike weapons, and for war." His eye spoke more than his tongue—he is enlisted :

Great was his delight—in tactics well instructed,
When into the line, with scarlet vest inducted ;
In the sun-beam's glance he drew his polished sabre,
Shining bright, as shone the weapon of his neighbour.

His horse was proud of his rider, planted upon him
as firm as a post—an earthquake would not have shaken him in his seat. His companions admired his agility and his grace :

When the corps turned out, to seek for other
quarters,
All the maidens came and wept like weeping
martyrs ;
Many maidens they, and their attractions many,
His Iluska's charms were not approached by any ;
Wandering through the world, its good and evil
sharing,
Much he saw—but nought with hers to bear comparing.

VIII.

Step by step they went forward till they reached
the Tartar land, where many perils awaited them
from the dog-headed races, and their chief thus
greeted the Magyars :—

Wherefore come ye here, to meet death's direst
dangers ?

We eat human flesh—preferring that of strangers.

The few Magyars were perplexed, when looking on
the many Tartars. But there was a Moorish king,
who had formerly travelled in Hungary, where he
had received much hospitality, which he gratefully
remembered, and he interceded with the Tartar chief,
assuring him that the Magyars were a good, kind

people, well known to him, and that he might safely allow them to pass through the country. "Grant this," said he, "out of thy princely favour, for the love of me:"

"For the love of thee, is thy petition granted;"
Nothing more they asked, for nothing more they
 wanted;
So they travelled safe, thanks to the Moor's affection,
All the Tartar tribes afforded them protection.

But spite of all they rejoiced when they had crossed
the Tartar frontier:—

And they reached a land, all desolate and lonely—
All its fruits were figs, its food was bear's flesh only.

IX.

Having passed the Tartar vales and hills, which looked like a boundary wall behind them, they made their way to the dark shadows of the Italian rosemary forests; but they had terrible struggles

 with the Alpine cold so trying,
Snow beneath them lay; ice was about them lying;

Tho' the cold was strong, the Magyar heart is stronger,
Bears its burthens calmer—holds its patience longer ;
When their horses failed exhausted in their forces,
On their rider's backs they carried off the horses.

x.

They go to Poland, to India—the frontier mountains reach to the clouds ; the heat is intolerable—the sun not a mile off :

Nothing but the clouds for sustenance they found
there,
Clouds they were, so thick, they cut in slices round
there ;
Other clouds there were, which, after long exploring,
Gave them streams to drink, their fountain-depths
outpouring ;
But the heat became insufferably horrid,
Only in the night they scaled the mountain's forehead ;
Many were the plagues impeding their advancing,
While among the stars their frisky steeds were prancing ;
But the stars to Janós brought some dreams delightful,
For of fairy fancies is a starry night full :

"I have heard to stars, when looking down from
 heaven,
 A celestial influence marvellously is given.
 If 'tis so, Iluska! I for thee the brightest
 Will select: I know belov'd one! thou delightest
 In the smiles of night, and O sweet maid! I'll fling
 thee
 Heaven's divinest star, all blessedness to bring thee."

After much toil they descend from the mountains;
 the heat moderates, and they reach the land of the
 Franks.

XI.

O that land! that land! it is a lovely Eden!
 Canaan's fairer self! but, oh, that land was bleeding
 From the Turkish hordes, whose terrible invasion
 Covered all the land with waste and desolation.

Pitilessly they had robbed the churches, emptied the
 wine cellars, set fire to the cities. The king had
 taken flight, separated from his only child, a lovely
 daughter. The Magyars sought him—found him,—
 and even the stern soldiers wept over his misery:

"Misery sad is mine! my riches were unbounded:
 I am beggared now, by woe and want surrounded."

He is told not to despair—redemption is at hand:

Ease thy heavy heart—dispel thy gloomy sorrow,
Here thy saviours are—thou shall be saved to-morrow.
“Who shall save my child; O tell me who shall
save her?

He who saves my child, he shall in dowry have her.”

The prize was inviting; it moved every heart with
courageous longings. Janós listened; but said to
himself—

“I that maid will rescue; but Iluska! never
Shall that rescue thee from my true heart dissever.”

XII.

The sun rose as he is wont to rise; but seldom
rises to see and to hear what he saw and heard on
that eventful day. Loud blasts of trumpets—an
army kneeling in prayer—the sharpening of sabres—
the prancing of horses. The king appeared anxious
to take part in the coming fight, but the Hussar chief
respectfully requested “His Majesty” to abstain.
“Courage of heart is not wanting to thee, but
strength of arm; leave us to do the work. Before
nightfall thy foes shall be scattered and thy king-

dom be restored." The Hungarians sprang upon their steeds, sent a herald announcing war, and on his return, with tremendous shouts, and clashing of swords, they rushed on the enemy; the hoofs of the spurred horses shook the earth's centre, whose surface re-echoed the shock. Seven horse-tails bore the heathen Pacha, who had a seven-bottle paunch; his nose was red with wine; his ugly cheeks looked like ripe calabashes. The resistance was fierce—the battle terrible:

All the emerald plain with lakes of gore was ruddy,
And the flowery fields became an ocean bloody;
Soon the heathen host were from the combat driven,
Save the slaughtered, piled in mountains up to heaven.

The fat-paunched Vizier encountered Janós, who lifted his heavy sword, and exclaimed—

“Plague of Christian men; I'll tell thee what I'll
do, sir!

Thou'rt too big for one, I'll cut thee into two, sir!”

And so he did—

Right and left the body fell, it fell, divided:—
And so died the Turk, who Christians had derided.

The fragments of the Ottomans fled, and would have been flying to this moment had the Magyars pursued them—

But it little mattered—

Those who could, escaped, shattered and scared and scattered.

The battle-field was like a scarlet poppy bed. Janós saw something white in the arms of a flying Turk : it was the Pasha's son, and he was bearing away the young daughter of the king of the Franks, who had fainted and was senseless. Janós followed him, "with hurried hoofs," and called out—

"Stop! or else I'll make in thy vile corpse a passage;
Speed thy soul to hell, to bear thy master's message."

But he stops his horse, kneels, implores pardon on account of his youth. He is pardoned; ordered to take the message home to the pagan lands, and inform the infidels of the fate of their bandit-brethren. Janós descends,

The frightened maiden nearing,
Sees her weeping eyes so blue, so beauty-wearing.

She speaks, "I ask not who is my deliverer; I am his, if he will accept this offering of my gratitude." For a moment he felt as if his blood had turned to water. A terrible struggle agitated his soul; but Iluska was there, and he answered courteously—

" Rather,
Rose of sweetness! I'll conduct thee to thy father,
There we'll talk;"—but mount, and on the horse
that bore him,
Deftly did she spring, and smiling sat before him.

XIII.

Janós lingered with the princess for some time in the shadow of the linden-trees, with sad eyes, contemplating the battle-field:

'Twas a mass of blood—courageous ones and cravens;
Hovering o'er them all were groups of hungry ravens:
Sad it was to see the limbs, the garments shattered—
Arms and hair and hides, with grime and gore be-
spattered;

Near it was a lake, it had been clear as crystal,
There the Magyar troop had washed their hands and
wrists all,

And its colour now, from such unholy uses,
Was as red as wine from the grape's purple juices.

They leave the melancholy sight, and hasten to the place where

The king had found a shelter :

O what crowds were there, assembled helter-skelter :
Janós led the maid—what shouts ! what songs ! what
screaming—

She looked like a rainbow from the heaven-clouds
beaming.

They reach the king—he sinks speechless on the bosom of his child ; but is revived by the burning kisses she impresses on his lips. Rejoicings and festivities are proclaimed. The fat calf, the flowing wine ; the tables are spread—the Magyars around—the king in the midst. No wonder that brave and hungry men enjoyed the repast. The king asks for silence, he has something of importance to say :

“ Hero of the heroes ! dearest of the dearest !

Let me know the name, the honoured name thou
bearest : ”

“ *Kukoricza Jancsi*¹ is my name unsightly,
Ne'er dishonoured yet by any deed unknighly.”

¹ The Hungarian for *Jack, the Maize-boy*. It is not uncommon for the peasants to attach nicknames to their companions. The meaning here is that the boy was found in a field where Indian corn was heaped.

The king interrupted him, exclaiming—

“Henceforth shall he bear a name more proud and
knightly,
John, the hero! he, and he will bear it rightly :
John, the hero! list!” the startled youth addressing ;
“He who saved a child should have a father’s blessing,
And the child once saved by thy courageous bearing,
Offers thee a crown to honor with thy wearing ;
She shall be thy bride, and when thou dost accept her,
For her dowry she shall bring a throne and sceptre ;
Kingly toils and cares have bent my old age double,
Let thy youth and hers relieve me of my trouble ;
Well thy noble brow a monarch’s crown is fitting,
Bright will shine its gems upon thy forehead sitting ;
I shall cease to drink of sorrow’s bitter chalice,
Grant me but a room within thy honoured palace.”

The Magyars listened with delight and wonder to the king’s speech. Janós, addressing the monarch, reverently refused the tempting offer. He was unworthy of so great a gift ; but he implored permission to tell his own history, which might explain the reasons for his refusal. The king promises him a patient hearing, but doubts whether he will find a becoming justification.

XIV.

Janós began by relating how the name of Kukoricza was given him. He was found when a babe, hidden under a heap of maize (Kukuruz). A good woman, a farmer's wife, who went into the field in search of straw, saw a something moving amidst the corn :

Heard an infant cry, and pitying its crying,
Took me from the corn-heap, where I had been lying,
Where a heartless mother cruelly had dropt me,
Brought me to her home, and promised to adopt me ;
She was childless—but she had a husband brutal—
When she urged her suit, he negatived her suit-all ;
On my head he hurl'd a heavy imprecation,
Spoke of her with scorn and rage and indignation.

But at last he is soothed by her gentle remonstrances.
“How could I leave the babe to perish ; would not God
abandon me, for my hard-heartedness, in the hour of
death had I abandoned the baby ;

“He will help your work, will please you with his
prattle ;
You are growing old, have horses, sheep, and cattle ;
He was sent by heaven, to comfort, to assist you,
As his patron now, dear man ! I would enlist you.”

But tho' he tolerated me, he did not love me. He went sullenly to his work, and often looked on me with reproachful and malignant eye ;

Made me labour hard, and punished me severely,
Frown'd upon me oft, and smiled upon me rarely ;
Yet one joy I had—a joy of joys, the greatest,
Of all maidens sweet, I loved the very sweetest :
'Twas an orphan girl—

Her mother was dead ; her father married a second wife, and dying himself left the girl to the care of a cruel step-mother. She was the object of all my thoughts. She was the rose of my thorny life. O how I loved her ! She and I were called the village orphans. To see her, to talk to her, was the bliss of my boyhood. In her looks I revelled as in the sunshine ; and to play with her on Sabbath days was my delight and my devotion. My very being was transformed in her presence :

And when blushing, a sweet, sweet kiss she granted,
'Twas a wildering bliss, and nothing more I wanted.

But the step-mother was the torment of her life. May God never forgive the evil-hearted woman ! I checked some of her malevolence ; still my beloved one had but a wretched existence :

I had sorrows too, the kind, the loving mother,
Who had found me, died—I never found another ;
Though my heart is hard, how oft my hot tears steep-
ing
On her tomb the grass, have wearied me with weep-
ing ;
Could those tears have told the depth of my emotion,
O they would have filled the immeasurable ocean !

The beautiful Iluska also wept—but not despond-
ingly. She thought time would bring about our
union :

Often did she say: “ Bear up with hopeful spirit ! ”
Disappointment comes, but bravely learn to bear it ;
Disappointment’s reign will speedily be ended,
When sweet patience waits, by smiling hope attended.”

And so we waited patiently and hopefully—

And her soothing words dispersed my melancholy—
Every word of hers seemed truth-inspired and holy.

But days and days passed, and the fountain of hope
failed to freshen the languishings of love. Then it
was that I neglected the flock of sheep that was con-
fided to my keeping, and I was driven forth by the
master whose business I had too little cared for :

From Iluska torn so mournfully asunder,
Crushed the heavy weight of woes and wailings under ;
Wandering through the world, o'er good and evil
pondering,
Where shall I find rest from all this weary wandering ?
For I asked no pledge—when from Iluska parted—
Asked no vow from her, from her the faithful-hearted ;
What were words to those, whose echoing thoughts
responded,
When the deepest depths of silent souls were sounded.
Maid of royal race ! if faithlessness be hateful,
Blame me not I pray, and deem me not ungrateful ;
For Iluska I have stamped my oath in heaven,
“ Could I treacherous be, and hope to be forgiven ? ”

XV.

There was a general outbreak of approval when Janós had ended his narrative. Tears of disappointment and sorrow filled the eyes of the princess. But the king said he would not enforce the marriage, but would offer a gift, not to be refused ; so he beckoned to one of the attendants, who delivered to Janós a large sack full of gold—

Being

Such a heap as he had never dreamt of seeing.

And he said, "This is for the saviour of my child"—

Take it, then, my son—to thine Iluska take it,
For thy faithful love, a worthy offering make it;
I would keep thee here, but know that thou art sighing
For that mourning one, who for thy love is dying.
Go!—where'er thou art, may every blessing find thee;
Leave us here, as guests, thy Magyar troop behind thee."

And so it was, and Janós took his departure for Iluska's home; and the princess greeted him with a tender farewell, while he, with overflowing heart, entered a galley, provided with every comfort, to which the king and the hussars escorted him; and till the galley was lost in the distant mists he saw their friendly gestures, and heard their voices bidding him God-speed!

XVI.

Prosperous winds filled the sails of the galley, and drove them swiftly over the water; but swifter was the succession of thoughts that passed through his mind. "How little does my soul's angel dream of the bliss that awaits her; not only do I return to her, but return to her loaded with treasures:

Richer none than I among Hungarian agnates,
Prouder none than I of all the Magyar magnates."

For a moment he thinks of the delight of being revenged on those who had wronged him; but why? Their unkindness had been the cause of his good fortune—better forgive them!—better be grateful to them. Such reflections, and many more, occurred to him. They were still very far from the beautiful Magyar-ország—the Hungarian land:

Janós walked the deck—it was the fall of even,
Gathering darkness spread its mantle over heaven;
Janós heard a voice—'twas from the galley's master—
"We are sailing fast, but storms are coming faster."
Janós turned away—he turned as if not hearing,
When he saw above a flight of storks careering;
They were hastening south, for ere the wintry season
Storks will seek a home, with most instinctive reason.
They were flying away from the storm—it was a
gloomy prognostic. He, too, thought of Iluska—of
home. Should he, like the storks, ever find a home?

XVII.

The sky fulfilled its own prophecy—the sea that was yesterday smooth and calm was violently agitated.

The waves responded to the howling of the winds.
Terror seized the crew, who betook themselves to
boats ; discipline was lost, and with it all confidence
and courage :

Clouds with darker clouds seemed like black troops
embattled,

To the rattling thunders louder thunders rattled ;
To the lightning flash yet fiercer lightnings flashing,
'Gainst the helpless ship o'erpowering waves were
dashing :

There she lay, a wreck, and round the wreck was
floating

Many a surge-driven corpse, for useless was the boat-
ing.

How was Janós saved ? for in that tempest no man
Help or safety found, from either friend or foeman.

Strange, the arm of heaven was stretched out to help
the hero :

For a mighty wave up to the heavens had flung him,
And he seized a cloud, and on its mantle hung him ;
Firmly did he hold, both of his hands applying,
So was Janós saved, and lived instead of dying.

Clouds rolled past the sea and travelled towards the
high land,

Janós loos'd his hold, and landed on the dry land.

Resting on the sand, he pour'd his adoration
To that God, whose strength had wrought his strange
salvation :

Seeking not his gold, he cared not for his crosses,

Having saved his life, he thought not of his losses.

Janós wandered round—he scarcely had a rag on—

Till he pounced upon the nest of a fierce dragon ;

Feeding his young brood, the dragon was so busy,

That a thought occurred—it almost made him
dizzy—

“ Shall I slay the brood ? ” He crept into the nest, he

On the dragon sprung, and as he did his best, he

Spurred the monstrous beast, and said, “ You shall
not tarry,

But o'er hills and plains your master safely carry.”

How the charm was wrought I know not : he obeyed
him,

And o'er many a region rapidly conveyed him ;

Hero, all command, and dragon all obedience,

Bowed his head and neck in reverent allegiance :

Janós looked beneath on many a king's dominions,

Till he bade the dragon moderate his pinions ;

“For I see,” he said, “mine own beloved people,
Perch thee, dragon, now! upon the village steeple,”
O what joy was his to feel, as they descended,
All his hopes renewed, and all his sorrows ended;
He dismissed his steed, and calmly said, “Return ye
Many and many thanks, for this successful journey.”

But what shall he say to Iluska? “I bring no gold,
no treasures, no wonders from foreign lands; but I
do bring thee a pure heart; and wilt thou receive
that heart as worthy of thee?”

Then, and thinking thus, he reached the well-known
village—

Met the herds and hinds proceeding to the tillage—
Heard the rustic songs from the far-east and far-west,
’Twas the vintage time, it was the time of harvest.
None observed him—none—nor passenger nor peasant,
Not a soul there dreamt of such a hero present;
But he wandered forward to the village centre,
Saw Iluska’s cot, and dared he, dared he enter?
When his doubting hand was on the latch it trembled;
O! the hero there, a hero ill resembled:
Entering at last, he met unwonted noises—
Saw that all was changed—heard nought but strangers’
voices.

“I am mistaken—mistaken,” he said, and was lifting the latch, when a pretty and graceful girl asked very courteously, “Whom is your honour seeking?” “Iluska!” “Heart of mine! so changed—so sun-burnt—I hardly knew you;” and she laughed with joy; “Come, come in; with thee let heaven’s best blessings come now—

I have much to tell—so welcome, welcome home now.” She leads him into the house—places him in a chair, and asks—

“What! not know me, John? Thine early recollections, Are they swept away, and all thine old affections Dost forget the child, oft by Iluska seated?”

“Where? O where’s Iluska? Tell me,” he repeated. Asked again—again—his anxious heart was throbbing,—

Saw the maiden weep, he heard the maiden sobbing. “Must I answer? why? Alas! but thou hast bidden; Poor, poor Janós! She in the dark grave is hidden.” Had he not been seated, he had fallen lifeless— Dreadful, dreadful doom—the widowed and the wifeless!

Would his heart not burst, with all the woes within it? Then he hung his head—was silent for a minute,—

Spoke, as if from some bewildered dream emerging,
“Tell me, tell me this—and did she die a virgin?
Did she wed? Perhaps, my child, thou didst deceive
me.”

“No! alas! O no! And wilt thou not believe me?”
Then he saw her face, and said in accents broken,
“Too true, too true, poor girl! the sad words thou
hast spoken.”

XVIII.

He threw himself on the table; his tears, his sighs,
his groans, made him for a long time speechless; at
last his grief found words:

“Why was I not slaughtered in that fearful slaughter?
Why not overwhelm'd in that o'erwhelming water?
Why have I been spared from miseries dark and
many?

Why preserved for this, most terrible of any?”

As the violence of his grief became somewhat soothed,
he desired that all particulars of Iluska's fate should be
given to him:

“O her fate was sad—her step-mother, so cruel,
Fed the fire of grief with fuel upon fuel;

But to misery brought decrepit, aged, hoary,
On a beggar's crutch she told her doleful story :
Dear Iluska oft, her secret love confessing,
Asked from heaven for thee, the best of heavenly
 blessing ;

Prayed that, as on earth from thee she had been riven,
She might claim thy love, and live with thee in heaven.
Thus she said farewell ! to happier regions flying.
Near us is the grave where she is calmly lying ;
Hadst thou seen the crowds that to her funeral moved,
Then thou wouldst have felt how much she was be-
 loved ! ”

So the maiden Janós to the green grave leading,
Left him to his grief—his wounded heart was bleeding :
Loudly called he on Iluska ; wildly threw him
On her grave, as if she heard and saw and knew him.
Then recalled the scenes, the tender recollection—
Youth's most early dreams, and gushings of affec-
 tion ;
Smiles from cheeks now cold, and light from eyes
 now faded
Life and love from her, now in death's darkness
 shaded.

There he remained till the last red ray of the sun had
disappeared, and till the pale moon shone mournfully

through the mists. The melancholy moon sympathised with his melancholy thoughts, and under her influence he walked away from the grave—

Only to return there: where his love reposes
Friendly hands had planted tributary roses;
One was blooming still, and from its stem he tore it,
And his soul broke forth in mournful musings o'er it:
“From her dust up-sprung, thou feeble, fragrant flower,
Ever be with me, my dear delight, my dower,
I till death will hold thee, thee surrender never,
And when death shall come, sleep on my breast for
ever!”

XIX.

Two companions never, never Janós quitted—
One was the deep grief, with all his feelings knitted;
And his sword the other, in the scabbard rusted
With the blood of Turks, of conquered Turks en-
crusted,—
Ready, tho' in rust, while Janós wandered over
Many a dreary desert, solitary rover!
Waxing, waning moons, as silver pale, shone o'er
him,
And another spring its offerings spread before him.

Moons and springs they brought not peace, but perturbation,

All was darkness still—darkness and desolation.

“O would death but come! but death had other doings—

Nothing for it left, midst wastes and wrecks and ruins :

Here its work is done, so elsewhere I'll wend me—

Come with me my woe, my wretchedness attend me!

Can I be unwelcome, when with my afflictions

I shall help to fill the cup of maledictions.”

But sharp sorrow wears itself out; or it goes, and comes and goes; and when its bitterness is moderated, unrest and vacancy take possession of the mind. The fount of tears is not inexhaustible—the eye may be saddened, but will not be constantly wet :

So with heart less sore than when its grief was sorest, Janós wandered thro' a melancholy forest ;

There in the deep mud he saw a peasant's waggon,

Which nor horse nor helper thro' the slough could drag on :

'Twas a potter's waggon, sunk beneath the middle

Of th'arrested wheels—to move it was a riddle ;

Much the potter whipped, but whipped in vain, the
horses,

Then he crossed his arms—exhausted his resources.

“Good day! honest man!” said Janós to the potter;
If his rage was hot, the greeting made him hotter.

“Good day! honest man!” he said, the words repeat-
ing;

“Bad day! stupid fool! the devil take your greeting.”

“That is scarcely courteous!” said the hero smiling;

“Friendly words to meet, with rancour and reviling!”

“Don’t you see the waggon in the quagmire sinking;
Can you think that I of courteous words am think-
ing?”

“Those alone we aid, who’re willing to be aided—
Only tell me now, where leads that pathway shaded.”

And he pointed out an opening, where the paces,
Few and far between, had left some feeble traces.

“Ah! you ask me there a secret well worth knowing,
If my words prevent your up that pathway going;
For that pathway leads to strong-holds of the giants—
Better not go there, for they are ugly clients.”

“You may trust me man!” and waxing bold and
bolder;

’Gainst the mud-stuck waggon pressed his vigorous
shoulder;

On the firm, fast road the rescued prize he grounded,
While the potter stared, all silent, but astounded.
Opening wide his eyes, no wonderful behaviour,
When such feat he saw, he bowed before his saviour ;
Muttered out his thanks, while Janós, little caring
Whether thanked or not, was wholly out of hearing.

And Janós boldly pressed forward, being very anxious
to make himself acquainted with the giant land, and
he reached the border-stream ; it was called a brook,
but it was as wide as a river :

By the river stood a sentinel gigantic,
Never saw romance a monster more romantic ;
Janós stretched his neck, he stretched with all his
power,

Looking on the man as on a lofty tower :

And the sentinel asked in growling voice of thunder,
“Do I hear a step? And who comes here I wonder?
Who’s that little creature creeping thro’ the rushes?
Better he take care of crossings and of crushes.”

Janós drew his sword, and o’er his head he held it,
Giant stamped his foot, and Janós deftly fell’d it:
How he shrieked aloud — “Invasion! Treachery!
Slaughter!”

Bleeding, helpless, lame, he fell into the water.

“ Well,” said Janós, “ now I think I may make progress,

I’ve dispatched the ogre, let me see the ogress : ”
On the corpse he trod, it served him for a bridge there,
Happy augury was such a privilège there.
But he was not dead, the death was only seeming,
Up the giant rose, as waking from a dreaming ;
Janós raised his sword, and of his life bereft him,
Saw him breathe his last, and on the ground he left him.

There was no longer a sentinel to guard the frontier
—no longer a watchman to denounce the intruder. A
stream of blood from his body reddened the river,
while Janós thro’ the frontier forest advanced into the
interior.

XX.

Deep and deeper Janós, in the forest mazes,
Entering sees more marvels, as he wandering gazes ;
Where the giants rule, and keep their subjects under,
All appears like witchery, miracle and wonder :
There were trees so tall, that any mortal eyesight
Could not reach the boundary of that clouded high
sight ;
They bore leaves so large that, without seams or
stitches,
One would make a cloak, or line a pair of breeches ;

Gnats there were so big, so very noisy growing,
That they seemed like herds of ugly oxen lowing.
Janós hewed his way, it was a heavy labour,
By the vigorous use of his beloved sabre.
And a crow—a crow was than a vulture bigger :
One upon a tree, was such a monstrous figure,
Janós looked and said, “A cloud must there be sit-
ting !”
Till he heard “Caw ! Caw !” and saw the crow was
flitting.

One monstrous object after another met his view,
till he perceived in the distance a black walled city,
in which was the fortified palace of the giants :

Janós thither walked, the mighty mass beholding,
Saw gigantic gates, the gates were double-folding ;
If you deem that giants build as common men, sir !
Open your blind eyes, and look, and look again, sir !
Janós looked again, upon the walls infernal,
“As I’ve seen the shell, I vow I’ll see the kernel.”
So he onward prest, courageously he ventured,
Forced the palace gates, into the palace entered ;
Strange the sight he saw, his wonder was unbounded,
There the giant king was by his sons surrounded ;

They were all at meal, it was the dinner meeting,
Eating what? By Jove! of sliced-rocks they were
eating!

‘Sit, sit down, young man! no ceremony make here,
Of a slice of rock we beg you to partake here.’”

Janós said not Yes! and it is not surprising;

He was not inclined for such strange gourmandising;

“If you are our guest, ’tis surely reasonable

That you should partake of what you find at table.

Won’t you eat with us? why then you must be eaten!

And your blood will serve our stone-repast to
sweeten.”

Janós thought and felt that this was serious joking—

Such an “Eat with us!”—not appetite provoking;

And he then replied, with exquisite good breeding,

“Sir! I’m quite unused to such delicious feeding!

But if it must be, then gracious sir! so be it!

I’ll partake your meal—and grateful—only free it

From one strange dislike that I’ve acquired in travel,

Let your rocks, kind sir! be pounded into gravel.”

“Pound five pounds of stone,” the giant then com-
manded,

And five pounds of stone he to the pounder handed:

On his palm he made a reasonable figure—

“Pound them of this size, not smaller and not bigger.”

One the king took up, and shouted out, delighted,
“This is rather hard, I doubt if you can bite it.”
Janós grasped it fast, and held it as if weighing ;
Not a word he said, nor thought a word of saying :
Suddenly his hand, all powerful and pliant,
Hurl'd the stone — it cracked the forehead of the
giant.

“Ha!” laughed Janós, “Ha! This is a just atoning,
He who lives on stones, he can't complain of stoning.”
All the giants looked bewildered and affrighted—
All their plans perplexed, and all their thoughts be-
nighted ;

One said this, one that,—there was a dreadful quarrel,
And they dropped big tears, one tear would fill a
barrel.

Then a giant old, repairing the disaster,
Said, “We hail thee king! We hail thee king and
master!

Surely thou hast been by heaven itself appointed—
We'll obey thy rule, and serve the Lord's anointed.”
Then loud cries arose, “Live, live good king, for
ever!

O forgive the past, we will desert thee never!
Never! never! never! Listen while we swear it ;”
And the walls all shook in ecstasy to hear it.

“Thank you, thank you all!” he said, “I know how
hateful

Is ingratitude—I’m really not ungrateful :
I have other cares, yet to your wish obedient,
As I cannot rule, I will appoint a regent.”

But before parting he would impose one condition—
that if they were visited by any perplexities, there
should be a public meeting, and they would apply to
him for assistance, which he would be prompt in
giving. And they, in return, said, “If ever you want
help, we will all fly to you at your call,” and they
presented to him a fife, which he was to sound when-
ever he desired their presence. He accepted the fife,
and never looked at but it brought back the re-
membrance of this triumphant portion of his history ;
so with mutual good wishes, and affectionate saluta-
tions, Janós left the giant-land.

XXI.

Nowhere are we told where Janós roved or rested ;
But we know with grief and cares and woes molested,
Thro’ the world he roamed ; in solitude we found him,
Darkness gathering o’er him, ’neath him and around
him.

“Is it night?” he asked; “Or am I blind—no moon-
light—

Starlight is not here—nor glimmering of the sunlight;
Sure beyond the boundaries of the earth I’ve ventured.’

Yes! he had the realms of outer darkness entered.

Neither star nor moon nor sun was ever known there,
Blasts and clouds and storms and terrors reigned
alone there;

Dreadful screams he heard, and most unnatural noises,
All discordant sounds, and melancholy voices:

Riding on their brooms, the witches flitted o’er him,
Imps the darkness shook, and flapped the wind before
him:

All was shrouded in a black and braky curtain—

“’Tis the land,” he said, “of Erebus, I’m certain!”

Soon he heard a trumpet making proclamation—

“Come, ye witches all! come all to convocation!”

’Twas the session time, there was a great debate there,
They were settling all the business of the state there.

In a cavern deep and dark they were assembled,

Neath a cauldron foul a flickering fire-flame trembled.

Janós slyly entered—he was strangely curious,

“Witches talk will be exciting, fast and furious!”

Janós held his breath, with a persistent tether—

Saw the witches gathered in a heap together;

Round the cauldron standing, where the ugly witches
Threw the filthy skins of mangy cats and bitches ;
Heads of rats and tails of snakes, and muddy mallows,
Gathered at the foot of thieves' and murderers' gallows,
Bones of men, and skins of toads and evvets stinking :
Janós was perplexed, was much perplexed in thinking
What the mess could mean, for what was it intended ?
Could he mend the matter ? Was it to be mended ?
Thought upon his fife, and asked his conscience whether
He should wake its sound, and call his friends together ?
So he stretched his hand, to draw it from his pocket,
Something stopped him there, as suddenly to block it ;
'Twas a heap of brooms, which the infernal witches
Flung upon the ground, all bound with impish stitches.
Yet he reached his fife, and whistled—soon the giants
Came in crowds, all armed, confirming their alliance ;
Cordially he welcomed, cordially he thanked them,
And in war's array with strategy he ranked them :
Terrible the fright, the wildered witches scattered,
Were by their own brooms entangled, captured,
 fettered ;
Had no wings to fly, if they had dreamt of flying,
So they fell to earth, all desolate and dying ;
And the giants seized the besoms of the witches,
Swept them into holes, and cavities and ditches ;

On their festering bones shall ruin and decay light :
Then the realms of darkness saw the dawn of day-
light.

Yet one witch there was, the ugliest of the ugly,
For a moment she had hid herself so snugly ;
But at last found out, she was, she was no other
Than Iluska's wicked, insolent step-mother.

"Ah!" did Janós shout, "And I at last have caught
thee,

To this wretched doom thy wickedness has brought
thee!"

Off she scampered then, but by her terrors hampered,
'Twas not very far the evil woman scampered,
For a giant seized her, and to stop compelled her,
Seized her by the throat, and violently held her.
Janós spoke—"Thou wretch! I turn thee to a raven,
But before thou reachest thine infernal haven,
Hie thee to our village, tell them all the story
Of thy sin and shame, and Kukoriczi's glory."

Gaily rose the sun upon those realms benighted,
Clouds and darkness fled, and then the heroes lighted
A grand bonfire there, from mid-day's brightest flashes,
Where they burnt the witches' besoms all to ashes.
Then the giant-friends with courtesy dismissing,
There was much saluting, blessing and hand kissing ;

Janós he felt proud of subjects so obedient,
And he sent a friendly message to the regent.

XXII.

Driven forth again to wander in his sadness,
From Iluska's rose he caught a gleam of gladness ;
Yet that rose so dear brought recollections gloomy ;
It recalled the hour, when from Iluska's tomb he
That sweet flower had plucked, and when his eye was
fixed

On its leaves, as oft—how many thoughts were mixed
In bewilderings strange.

One day it happened, while he lingered long, looking
at the setting sun, that the darkness came on and
reminded him it was time to rest ; he walked till
the moon arose—walked till it had disappeared ; but
at last, absolutely overwhelmed with weariness,
he sank down and fell asleep :

Little recked he then, exhausted, and so very
Worn—his resting place was an old cemetery ;
Ruined were the tombs—coarse grass the grave heaps
covered—

O'er the accursed spot destroying angels hovered.

Graves gave up their dead, and spectres left their
cerements,

Pale, pale ghosts came forth, they came in snowy
garments,—

Formed a ring, they sang, they danced,—the earth
beneath them

Shook ; they kissed ; they held up cypress wreaths
to wreath them.

Janós slept so sound, in slumber's arms entranced,
Heard not that they sang, and saw not that they
danced.

Soon a wandering ghost the sleeping man had noted :
“What! intruders here!” she cried, and swiftly floated
To her sister ghosts, and told them of the intrusion,
In the ghostly choir there was a sad confusion ;
Round the sleeper gathered, gathered without number,
When one ghost screamed out, “Awake him from
his slumber.”

Then a loud cock-crow! and ghosts and spirits flying ;
Janós lay asleep, where Janós had been lying :
But the cock's loud crow aroused him, he awakened,
Then he hurried forth, nor once his foot-pace slackened ;
Frost wind swept the grass, the storm winds roughed
the ocean,

Janós thought it best to put his limbs in motion.

XXIII.

Janós to a mountain's highest summit mounted,
One by one the dawn's developed charms he counted,
Till their numbers passed the growing powers of
numbers,
Wondering there he stood, as one in dreams who
slumbers :

Sweet it was to see the star of morning paling,
Lamp on lamp extinguished with the sun's prevailing ;
And when he appeared, so grandly, proudly towering,
Riding high and higher, all heaven's host over-
powering ;
As he rose with slow, and scarcely noticed motion,
Showers of brightness bathed plain, hill and vale and
ocean—
Showers whose golden drops scattered on fields and
flowers,
Hung like jewelled offerings falling from the showers.
Not a wave was seen on Ocean's face so even,
While it mirrored back the canopy of heaven ;
And the singing rills and streams and cataracts
dancing,
Flung around them gems, like pearls and diamonds
glancing.

By the lake there stood a man of humble order,
An old fisherman, who drew towards the border
Nets that he had laid—his beard was long and hoary—
Garb and looks all told a melancholy story.

Janós kindly asked him, “Would you be so good,
man,

O’er the lake to row me, for I wish you would, man?
Money I have none; no, not a single penny,
Having none to give, I will not offer any.”

“Money I desire not, and as I desire not,
For my friendly service money I require not.
Wishes I have few, but every honest wishing
Heaven has well fulfilled out of my daily fishing.”

The old fisherman is desirous to know what misfortune brought Janós to the spot. Does he know that it is the Operenzer Lake he seeks to cross—a lake without beginning and without end. The fisherman declines to help him across.

“Operenzer Lake?” and Janós was delighted
When he heard the name—“Now all will soon be
righted;”

Sought his fife within his pocket, and he found it,
Put it to his lips, and shrillingly it sounded;

Hardly was it heard, when lo! a giant's pacing
Echoed from the stones,—he came and swiftly placing
On his breast his hand, he bowed—"Hope no mis-
take, sir!"

"No! I wanted you to bear me o'er the lake, sir!"
"Bear you o'er the lake? 'Tis well, sir! I am ready!
Jump upon my shoulders, and be still and steady;
Hold me by the hair, at nothing be affrighted:"
Very long it was before the land they sighted.

XXIV.

'Twas no wonder, though the seven-leagued booted
giant

Had his lungs of steel,—his limbs and legs were pliant,
Every step seven leagues, and yet three weeks had
ended

Ere they neared the shore to which the giant wended;
In the distant blue they saw a bird that fluttered—

"Land! a vulture! land!" the words that Janós
uttered—

"There's the shore; I'm sure I see the clearing high-
land."

"No," the giant said, "You only see an island."

"What's the island's name," asked Janós, somewhat
weary.

"'Tis the happy kingdom, kingdom of the fairy;

There you reach the world's end; can no farther enter;
We had better stop and risk no more adventure."

"Dearest of my subjects! Bear me on I pray thee;
Say not, Stop! good friend! for I cannot obey thee."

"Well then, be it so! but know that every stranger
Visiting that land will find it full of danger;

And I give you warning, ere we part asunder,
Every house you enter shows some dreadful wonder!"

"What reck I of wonders? Place me midst the direst."

"If it must be so; I'll do as thou desirest!"

So it was; the giant had been tutored duly
To obey his lord, and he obeyed him truly;
Asked to be dismissed, and after long farewelling,
Crossed the lake alone, returning to his dwelling.

XXV.

At the nearest gate—half waking and half sleeping—
Three tremendous bears their wonted watch were
keeping;

Janós drew his sword, and mercilessly slew them,
Forced the yielding doors, and quietly passed thro'
them.

"This is one day's work, enough for one day's bother,
And a little rest will help me for another;

I have forced the first, and now must force the second,"
Thus our Hercules his seven-fold labours reckoned.
On a bank he threw him, and refreshed in vigour,
Wakened with the sun, a renovated figure ;
Never harder task was entered on by mortal,
For three lions fierce guarded the second portal :
Loudly though they roared, he cared not for their
 roaring,
At his feet they lay, all drenched and drown'd their
 gore in ;
For the trusty sword that bade the bears defiance,
Summarily served the subjugated lions.
Thus encouraged, Janós, valiantly advancing,
Found for dangers new his courage old enhancing.
When the third day dawned, the third gate, which
 looked stronger,
Threatened to detain the venturous hero longer ;
Help us, gracious heavens ! a griffin stood before him,
'Twould not have been strange had shudderings come
 o'er him ;
Grim the griffin's claws, his howlings loud, though
 hollow,
And he could, at once, a herd of oxen swallow.
Silent Janós stood, in undefined intention,
Yet among his wants, he wanted not invention ;

Looking on his sword-blade, which he prest with
kisses,
“Canst thou help me now in such a work as this is.”
Janós looked into his open cavern maw there,
Saw the sharpened fangs that garrisoned his jaw there;
Then without delay, no how-ing and no if-ing,
Sprang into the throat of the astonished griffin;
Safe beyond the fangs, he shouted as he entered,
“I must find the place where thy foul heart is centred;”
And he carved his way with his good sword and
found it,
Tore it from its throne, and laughing danced around
it;
And he cut a passage thro’ the dragon’s side then,
All his work was done, his wishes satisfied then;
Looking round he saw, and joyfully said, “There is
Bidding me come in! the lovely land of fairies!”

XXVI.

Winter comes not there, the fruits and flowerets
blasting;
But there reigns a spring of beauty everlasting:
There no suns are seen ascending and descending,
But a gentle light—a dawn-time never ending;

There they fly about on never wearied pinions,
Death was never known in those divine dominions ;
There no thoughts are found of idle earthly blisses,
But they live a life of loves and joys and kisses ;
Grief has there no tears, if tears are ever falling,
They are only tears, hope, happiness recalling ;
And when tears are dropped, in marvellous trans-
formations,

All the tears are turned to diamond constellations ;
And the fairy children, midst their songs and dances,
Heavenly rainbows spin of the gay light that glances
From those radiant eyes, and warp them in the
fringes

Of the evening clouds, like those which sunset tinges.
There are beds of flowers—sweet violets, scarlet roses—
Where they lay them down, and when the eyelid
closes,

Odorour zephyrs fan the senses, and romances
Other than their own awake their playful fancies ;
Ours are dreams—all dreams from fairy land ideal,
Shadowing things, at best, all worthless, all unreal ;
But the love that binds the virtuous and the youthful,
That indeed is bliss, the truest of the truthful.

XXVII.

Emerald fields were spread, which from the morn to
even,
Washed by fragrant dews, refreshing dews from
heaven,
Never lost their leaves and never dropped their
flowers,
Withered not by cold, nor crushed by tropic showers.
When the stranger came, how did the fairies meet
him ?
O with smiles of love they hurried forth to greet him ;
Stretched their friendly hands, they smoothed his
locks, and bore him
To the lovely isle they pointed out before him :
One enchanting scene, to scenes still more enchanting
Led him ; he was sad—one blessedness was wanting ;
What was all to him ? Iluska ! that dear being
Absent—all he saw was scarcely worth the seeing.
“ In these realms of love, where all is sweet com-
munion ;
Why am I alone ? The only hallowed union
Which my soul desires is broken and is blasted—
Why is all this bliss with my sad woe contrasted ? ”

Then in his despair he sought a neighbouring river—
“Here will I inter my misery for ever.”

From his breast he tore the rose that he had taken
From Iluska's grave, and cried, with agony shaken,
“Thou my only treasure, nourished from the ashes
Of Iluska, go!” Into the stream he dashes
That dear flower—“I follow”—when, O wond'rous
wonder!

Up there rose a form, where Janós' rose sunk under;
'Twas Iluska! yes! it was Iluska,—never
Had she seemed so lovely. Plunging in the river
Janós seized his love—O heavenly visitation!
Heart sufficing bliss—O more than soul's salvation!
Soon he found the stream,—the stream was the reality
Poets dreamed of once—its name was “Immor-
tality,”

Whence Iluska's dust, which in the rose was blended,
To immortal life, out of her tomb ascended.

Many a tale I've told, and yet should fail in telling
Such a tale as this, all other tales excelling:
How he grasped the maid, and passionately prest her
To his beating heart, and smiled and kissed and blest
her!

Even the fairies felt, and recognized her beauty,
To admire and love was a delighted duty;

And they hailed her Queen of all the fairy regions,
And made Janós king, and swore them both allegiance.
There they reigned, and there they reign, in bliss
 supernal,
Love's eternal power brings happiness eternal ;
Would you fully learn love's mighty, marvellous
 mystery,
Go to fairyland and study Janós' history.

PERPLEXITY.

A virágnak megtiltani nem lehet.

WHAT modest flower will hesitate to bloom,
 When the Spring's sweet voiced welcoming bids it
 "Come!"

Woman is Spring, and when she speaks, "O list!"
 Can love that's bedded in man's heart resist?

Heaven-blue campanula! within thy bell
 I felt as if my spirit loved to dwell;
 Danced gaily with thy dancing gaily, while
 My smile was magic-mirrored in thy smile.

Solve thou the question that perplexes me—
 Am I the loved one? Is another he?
 As in the autumn, sun and storm contest
 For victory, doubts are struggling in my breast.

O tell me! tell me! for my bane or bliss,
 Whom wilt thou rapture with thy rose-lip kiss?
 Will thy soft cheek, a cheek more favoured press,
 While I seek death in the wild wilderness?

O star of beauty! Bless me with thy light,
 Condemn me not to hopeless, rayless night!
 Pearl of my heart! accept that heart of mine,
 And blessings, boundless blessings, shall be thine.

 DREAMING.
Almodom-e?

Is it a dream that shows me
 Yonder vision airy?
 Is she a mortal maiden?
 Is she a spirit fairy?

Whether maiden or fairy,
 Little indeed I care,
 Would she only love me,
 Smiling sweetly there.

 BRIGHT EYES.
Nem nézek én, minek néznék az égre?

I LOOK not upwards to the azure skies,
 Faint is their blue contrasted with thine eyes;
 Thine eyes shall be my heaven—the heavens above
 Are far less lovely than thine eyes of love.

The world would not be worth or hopes or sighs,
Were it not brightened by thy deep blue eyes ;
Without those eyes, all darkness, all despair,
A world of dying joy and cankering care !

Seek not my image in those starry eyes,
For there that image undiscovered lies ;
I hide my treasures in my grief, and thence
Flow forth some rays of hope and confidence.

NIGHT.

Boldog éjjel.

O HOLY night !
I wander with my love
Thro' garden and thro' grove,
In love's delight.
Around, all still,
But sharp and shrill
The bells are heard from far ;
On heaven's blue floor,
Are shining o'er,
One moon and many a star.

'Tis not my lot
 To be a star in heaven, nor would I be
 Removed from thee,
 For life would not be life where thou wert not.
 The light of Eden,
 Thou absent, maiden !
 Would soon in darkness close ;
 And I should fly,
 Down from the sky,
 To dwell with thee, sweet mundane rose.

 TO MY HORSE.

Gyere lovam, hadd tegyem rád nyergem.

COME, and be saddled, steed ! I must be hieing
 To my sweet love, for whom my soul is sighing ;
 My foot is stirruped,—all thy strength is needed
 To o'ertake my soul, which hath my steps preceded.

Lo ! that wild bird, whose rapid flight is winging
 Towards his dear mate, that waits him, sweetly singing ;
 On, on my steed ! outstrip that bird, swift-moving,—
 His loving is no stronger than my loving.

THE TIRED STEED.

Rövidre fogtam a kantárszárát.

TIGHTER the reins of my poor steed I drew,
 For he was weary, and I weary too ;
 His mouth was white with foam, his sides with blood
 Were red—and I was breathless as I rode.

One thought possessed my spirit, only one—
 “And is my dovelet mine and mine alone ?”
 It haunted me like piercing thorns, when prest
 By unseen influence on the songster’s breast.

Tired must thy limbs be, and thy paces slow,
 If sympathising with such thoughts of woe ;
 Well may the blood run down thy sides, if torn
 With such a sharp and agonizing thorn.

Time was I revelled in bright purple eyes,
 They scorned me, inaccessible the prize ;
 Black eyes have now entranced me—Gracious heaven !
 O let me not to black despair be driven !

WINE AND SONG.

Semmi vágyam, semmi kedvem.

No laurel garlands would I claim,
Oak-crowns of wisdom, bays of fame ;
But let some dear Hungarian maid,
For me a purple grape-bunch braid !
I for the poet and the grape,
A sweet similitude can shape,—
Each to the world benignant gives
The spirit that within it lives :
The grape its generous, joyous wine,
The poet songs and hymns divine ;
Each pouring a spontaneous flood
Of light and love, of grace and good ;
Each the deep wounds of sorrow healing,
Each some unbudded joy revealing,
Each to heaven's treasury belongs,
And blesses earth with sweets and songs.

FAITHFULNESS.

Rózsabokor a domb oldalon.

THERE on the mountain a rose-blossom blows,
 Bend o'er my bosom thy forehead which glows;
 Whisper, O whisper sweet words in mine ear,
 Say that thou lovest me,—what rapture to hear!

Down on the Danube the evening sun sinks,
 Gilding the wavelets that dance on its brinks;
 As the sweet river has cradled the sun,
 Cradled I rest upon thee, lovely one!

I have been slandered, the slanderers declare—
 Let God forgive them,—I utter no prayer;
 Now let them listen, while prayerful I pour
 All my heart's offerings on her I adore.

NOON DAY.

Meleg dél van itt kinn a mezöben.

FIERCELY pours the noon-day sun its streams
 Unexhausted, while its burning beams
 Drive to shadowy grounds the birds for air,
 And the wearied hounds lie panting there.

Two tired girls turn o'er the hay-falls sweet,
 Two tired swains are binding sheaves of wheat,—
 Listless all,—for on a day like this
 Toil the heaviest of oppressions is.

Here a king may rest on sofas nappy,
 There the Gulya's peasant youth be happy :
 Golden thrones may give to princes rest,
 Let the swain sleep on his maiden's breast !

THE BETYAR.

A csaplárné a betyárt szerette.

THE landlady smiled on the Betyar—but he
No charm in the landlady's smiling could see,
For the landlady's pretty young daughter had given
A smile that was sweeter, a sunbeam of heaven.

The landlady riled with this scorn of her love,
From her threshold the maid, in her jealousy, drove ;
In a cold biting winter compelled her to roam,
And wandering she found neither shelter nor home.

She wandered, thro' storm and thro' snow, on the heath,
And, wearied and wasted, was frozen to death ;
The Betyar he found her cold corpse, and he flew
To the inn, in his wrath, and the landlady slew.

He heard from the judge the death-dealing sentence,—
No word of regret, no thought of repentance ;
He had lost all he cared for, and listened unmoved
To the mandate which sent him to her he had loved.

TO AN UNJUST JUDGE.

Biró, biró, hisatalod.

Gibes and jests are little meet
For the solemn judgment seat!
He should speak with bated breath,
Who deals out the doom of death.

Hush! he heareth. Break the plate
Into potsherds—death his fate;
Lead the youth to meet his doom—
To the headsman—to the tomb.

At the uprising of the sun
Falls the head to earth—'tis done—
And a purple stream of gore
Spouts upon th' ensanguined floor.

Moonlight came—the victim stood
Stately in the solitude—
He, who 'neath the gallows tree
Was that morning buried—he !

And the head—his right-hand there
Held by the entangled hair ;
In the darkness, through the street,
Stalked—the unjust judge to meet.

“ Instrument of perjury !
Guiltless thou did'st sentence me ! ”
So in shrieks the spectre spoke,
And the unjust judge awoke.

Conscience—never felt before—
Drove him trembling to the door ;
There the ghastly spectre stood,
Holding up the head of blood.

All bewildered, back he fled,
Hid him in his restless bed ;
But the voice he nightly hears,
And the bloody head appears.

DRINK.

A kinek nincs szeretője.

HAST thou no fair maiden ? Drink !
Soon thy raptured soul will think
All fair maidens—all their charms
Are encircled in thine arms.

Art thou penniless ? Then drink !
Thy delighted soul will think
Piles of riches fill thy door,
Thou wilt be no longer poor.

Do dull cares corrode thee ? Drink !
Soon thy buoyant heart shall think
Thousand sprites are come to bear
All thy sorrows elsewhere.

Maiden ! money ! I have none,
Mine is misery alone ;
And for these three griefs of mine,
I must thank thee—dangerous wine !

ERLAU-ECHOES.

Földön hó, felhő az égen.

On earth the snow, the clouds on heaven,
 And what upon the ice ?
 What to expect when winter enters,
 But what is winterwise ?
 I looked within—of winter's presence
 I well may doubt ;
 But doubt not if beyond the window
 I look without.

Here, warm and cosy, I am sitting,
 Where laughing friends abound,
 And the red wine from Erlau's mountain
 Is passing gaily round :
 Good wine, good friends, when met together,
 Bring peace and joy,
 And in the bosom's warmth enkindled
 Bliss rises high.

And could that bliss its seeds be bearing,
I'd sow them on the snow,
And, blossoming there, a grove of roses
Amidst the ice would grow ;
And if my glowing heart in transport
To heaven were hurled,
Instead of the uncertain sunshine,
'Twould warm the world,

These are the rocks where Dobó printed
His name in Moslem gore,
On pages where his courage graven
Shall perish never more.
He was a man of men, unequalled
The fame shall be,
Till in its course the Danube hurries
Back from the sea.

The early deeds of Magyar glory
Are faded, and our home
Is palsied, and the Magyar people
Weak, stupefied, and dumb.
Will then spring-dawn return awakened
Some future day ;
And our dark hearths again be brightened,
Oh ! who can say ?

But for a day be all forgotten—
 Forgotten till to-morrow—
The passing hour we will not darken
 With such a dismal sorrow.
And shall our plaints reflect for ever
 A bootless smart?
The breaking lyre's last death-vibration
 May break man's heart.

Away then all this anguish wasted!
 Flung far from you and me,
Let emptied glasses be the coffins
 For burying memory!
Another glass, and yet another—
 Another glass—
Fill—drink—re-fill—and drink, and empty
 The earlier mass!

Well! now a dream my soul possesses,
 Each glass a century be,
The present gone, the future beaming,
 Beaming with liberty.
O joy! O joy! the land's redemption
 Is now at hand;
I see arrayed in freedom's glory
 The Fatherland.

AFTER A REVEL.

Ez volt aztán az éjszaka.

That was indeed a glorious night,
 When all inspired with Magyar wine,
 We saw the hallowed past return—
 That was, indeed, a night divine !

There was a second Mohác's fight—
 The sabre-wielding Turks were there ;
 We saw them in the wine-cup's light—
 And we the brave Hungarians were !

'Tis true as truth—as valiant men
 We fought—not one, nor two, but all ;
 And dropping from his saddle then,
 We saw the wounded monarch fall.

And every heavy blow that fell
 From every lifted Magyar hand,
 Appeared prophetic to foretell
 Salvation for the Magyar land.

MUSINGS.

Rem ugy van, a mint volt. A földön.

Things are not as they were—one year another's
 History obscures ; my present and my past,
 Tho' linked in my life's annals like twin brothers,
 In separate moulds by destiny were cast.

With a free hand, in ardent friendship glowing,
 I gave my open heart, 'twas full and free ;
 I gave it willingly—not caring, knowing
 How very little it was prized to be.

And now they ask my heart—I don't retain it,
 I can't bestow it ; answer I have none !
 And if I might, I would not now regain it ;
 I have no heart, intruder ! so be gone.

No more my spirit can with love be laden,
 Heartless, I can no longer dream of love,
 Now every sweet and fascinating maiden
 Is a pure angel smiling from above.

That was my thought, but now a new impression
Has taught me there are angels, not of light ;
And losing one, I can obtain possession
Of other angels as attractive quite.

A homely love was once the sun which lighted
My inmost soul ; and now I but behold
A dull blank moon that leaves me half benighted,
And glimmers coldly on my forehead cold.

Once on the grave I looked, and calmly sighing,
After life's labours, welcomed its repose ;
Now will I dare my doom, and death defying,
Be careless of life's cradle, course, or close.

I was as moulder's clay, smooth, soft and plastic,
But now am marble ; and repelling all,
As a hard wall repels, with bound elastic,
The ball flung violently 'gainst the wall.

Time was when a sweet maid, and white wine sim-
mering,
And the bright blaze of noon-tide suns were mine,
Now but the dregs—a reckless wife—no glimmering
Of light, for me no single star shall shine !

MASTER PAUL.

Pál mester illyformán okoskodott.

MASTER Paul was angry,—in his ire
 Threw his hat,
 Like a log, into the blazing fire,—
 What of that?
 Talked about his wife till he was hoarse:
 “Curse her—I’ll apply for a divorce!
 No! I’ll chase her out of doors instead”—
 And he did exactly what he said.

Master Paul got cooler after that—
 Very cool!
 “What a fool to throw away my hat—
 What a fool!
 What a fool to drive her from the door,
 Now I shall be poorer than before;
 For she kept the house, and earned her bread,”—
 And it was exactly as he said.

Master Paul got angrier, angrier yet,—
Took his hat—
Flung it from him in his passionate pet—
What of that?
“Toil and trouble is man’s wretched lot,
And one more misfortune matters not—
Let it go—unsheltered be my head”—
And he did exactly as he said.

Freed from all this world’s anxieties—
Master Paul
Pulled his hat indignant o’er his eyes—
“All, yes! all:
All is gone, my partner and my pelf,
Nought is left me but to hang myself,
So of all my troubling cares get rid”—
And exactly as he said he did.

THE GOOD TEACHER.

Van biz ott a sok roszt között.

AMIDST the preachings of our many preachers,
 Only a very few
 Are worthy of our self-created teachers,
 As good or true.

But once I learnt in youth, what yet abideth
 On memory's page ;
 It was an old man's lesson, and it glideth
 From youth to age.

Bald was his head and grey, and bore serenely
 The weight of years ;
 Youth's spring flowers he had gathered, nor felt keenly,
 Time's lost arrears.

There was one flower immortal, for it ever
 Bloomed on its bed—
 That bed, the old man's nose, where faded never—
 The poppy red.

And every day it glowed more brightly, when
 The fostering wine
Nourished its roots, and bade the flower again
 Richly to shine.

It was a marvellous plant, that night and morning
 More brilliant grew,—
Not needing dews of heaven, and even scorning
 The cellar dew.

Under the nose roof, a moustachio hairy
 Looked gravely round ;
One end was pointed upward, light and airy,
 One to the ground.

'Neath the moustachio was an open mouth,
 Where a pipe hung,
The mouth was like a cavern's depth, uncouth,
 Which caged a tongue.

He wore a coat called Zrinyi, made of yore,
 'Neath Arpads race,
Of the old colours it no colour bore—
 No ! not a trace.

The buttons on the coat that covered *those* limbs
Were ancient jobs,
That had been used for shooting at the Moslems,
Old, rough, round knobs.

There were such zig-zag laces, bobs and tags,
In strange array,
That midst them even the lightning's wild zig-zags
Soon lost their way.

With him, for many a month and year, I had
Much intercourse ;
A noble fellow was the ancient lad,
Worth just—his horse.

He taught me much, experience much he brought me ;
'Tis useful yet—
And all the cunning lessons that he taught me
I'll not forget.

And I was grateful then, and I repaid him
In grateful glee ;
Treasured his precious counsels, and obeyed him
Most reverently.

I gave him sausages and ham and bacon,
All of the best ;
Which from mine host's own knapsack I had taken—
I was his guest.

CYPRESS LEAVES.

Láttam két hosszú nap !

Two long days thy body
On its bier reposed,
And thy lips were speechless,
And thine eyelids closed.

And I kissed thy forehead—
Tablet of my bliss—
Then I felt the anguish
Of the unwelcomed kiss.

O thou broken altar !
Kissing thy cold brow,
In that kiss my spirit
Froze to chilling snow.

Then I kissed the cerements,
Then I kissed the bier,
Heard the knell of exile,
Dropt the farewell tear,

Saw the torches flaming
O'er the coffin there,
Heard the chant funereal,
My response—despair !

There I stood—mute statue !
On the senseless sod—
Heard upon the coffin
Fall the earthly clod.

Heard it, yet perceived not
All the weight of woe :
Dreamed—and yet believed not
Such an overthrow.

To the world I turned me,
From its wild confusion—
Asked for my lost treasure,
In my soul's delusion.

Idly, vainly sought it,
Then I hastened home,
And shall mourn for ever
O'er my hopeless doom.

Ha éltében nem szerettem volna.

HAD I not loved that blonde-haired, beauteous child,
Moving on earth, and breathing living breath,
I should have worshipped it upon my knees,
When sleeping it was sanctified by death.

How blest, how beautiful that sleep ! I saw
A white swan rising thro' the red-dawn eaves ;
While the pure snow, among the winter roses,
Dissolved by death was melted on their leaves.

Játszik öreg földünk—

How the ancient earth
The young sun, her brother,
Welcomes,—in their mirth,
Kissing one another.

See! the sunny beams
 Temple, steeple, shrine,
 Mountains, valleys, streams,
 Kissing as they shine.

Calmly wakes the sun,
 Calmly wends him home—
 Has the careless one
 Seen Etelka's tomb?

Mi bürösbájos hang.

O WITH what fascinating bursts and swells
 Breaks out the music of the village bells,
 Upon the ear of the roused peasant falling,
 And to the church devotions gently calling!
 What sweet remembrances that music brings
 Of early thoughts, and half-forgotten things;
 Things half forgotten, yet on these past dreams
 Distinct, as living life, one figure beams
 In brightness and in youthful beauty—she
 Sleeps her long sleep beneath the willow tree;
 There I my never-wearied vigils keep,
 And there I weep, and cannot cease to weep.

MORE LOVE.

Szeretnék már szeretni újlag.

I LONG for more of love—without the flower
 Of what avail the garden? what, in truth,
 Without youth's fairest rose—life's sweetest dower—
 Love, holy love, O what were life or youth?

I loved, but sadness came with love, and stilled
 My spirit into silence; yet I deemed
 That silent sadness which my spirit filled
 The sweetest dream that fancy ever dreamed.

O heaven! if sad and silent love like this,
 Had in it such delight, such extasy?
 What must the brightness be, and what the bliss
 Of love, from silence and from sadness free?

My heart is like a bird, that here and there
 Homelessly wandering, fain would build a nest;
 O could I find some maiden's bosom, where
 My wandering spirit might find love and rest!

Were this my blessed, blessed destiny,
 Should I forget the dear departed—No!
 Flowers opening at the mountain's foot may lie,
 Whose head is covered with th' unmelted snow!

 MAY-NIGHT.

Éj van, csend és nyugalomnak éje.

NIGHT of May! thou night of peace and silence,
 When the moonlight silvers the starr'd vault;
 Tell me then blonde-maiden! blue-eyed floweret,
 Shining pearl! what thoughts thy heart assault.

Mine are misty dreamings, passing shadows;
 But they keep me sleepless—crowning me
 Like the monarch of a mighty kingdom,
 And the crown is held, dear maid! is held by thee.

What a theft it were, and what a contrast
 With the trashy purse that thieves purloin,
 Could I steal these dreams, and then convert them
 Into solid and substantial coin.

IGNORANCE OF LOVE.

Sohasem volt az szerelmes, a ki.

LITTLE knows he of love's sweet fascinations,
 Who calls them fetters, fit for slavery ;
 For love gives wings to soar, not chains to humble,
 And on his pinions to the stars I fly.

No eagle, tho' above the clouds ascending,
 Has pinions half so strong as those of love—
 They take me where the earth is but an atom,
 Seen from the infinite heights of heaven above.

They open to me those celestial gardens
 Where bloom the odorous flowers that know no
 death ;
 They wreath the stars into immortal garlands,
 And my proud brow encircle with the wreath.

Bright glances of the noon, then midnight darkness,
 In wild succession swiftly come and go ;
 The sudden shiftings of creative fancies—
 Deities, devils—blessedness and woe !

I fly thro' hell, I fly thro' heaven,—the tortures
 That hell is cursed with,—all, yes, all are mine ;
 Then in an instant is my soul enraptured
 With all that heaven can hold of joy divine.

A VOW.

Fa leszek, ha fának vagy virága.

I'LL be a tree, if thou wilt be its blossom ;
 I'll be a flower, if thou wilt be its dew ;
 I'll be the dew, if thou wilt be the sunbeam ;
 Where'er thou art, let me be near thee too.
 Wert thou the heaven of blue—beloved maiden,—
 I a fixed star in that blue heaven would be ;
 And wert thou doomed to hell itself, dear woman,
 I'd seek perdition to be near to thee.

STARLESS NIGHTS.

SORROW AND JOY.

A bánat? egy nagy oczeán.

AND what is sorrow? 'Tis a boundless sea.
 And what is joy?—
 A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;
 I sought it—found it—held it o'er my head,
 And, to my soul's annoy,
 It fell into the ocean's depth again,
 And now I look and long for it in vain.

 FRIENDSHIP.
Derék fiúk, mont hagyogatnak el!

FRIENDS came—false friends—and left me as they came,
 As they came, let them go, in God's own name!
 As leaves they fell from the abandoned tree,
 That leafless tree, my heart—so let it be!
 But though the cold winds blow those leaves away,
 A future spring will herald a bright day;
 And heaven be gladdened when the earth is glad;
 But, when the old branches with new leaves are clad,
 Of the fallen leaves—ye false ones! be it known—
 None shall grow green again, not even one.

THE GRAVE.

Ha a sirban megszáradt.

IF from the abysses of the grave,
 We could tear up the hearts there mouldering,
 And kindle them in a gigantic fire,
 Then watch them burning, blazing, smouldering,
 O who could name
 The many colours of the flame,
 Which would burst forth from the funereal pyre?

INDIFFERENCE.

Viseld egyformán jó s bal sorsodat!

“ WITH calm indifference good and evil bear : ”
 So saith the sage, and so the world replies ;
 But not too wisely—’tis not my device ;
 Pleasures and pains,—my comfort and my care—
 Must leave their impress, both of ill and good ;
 My soul is not a flood,
 Equally moved, when a sweet infant throws
 O’er me a scattered rose,
 As when the whirlwind brings
 Down from the forest a torn trunk, and flings
 It furiously upon my wanderings.

THE WORLD'S SLAVERY.

Millyen vig a világ! folyvást miként vigad!

WHAT gaieties, what sports, what pleasures throng
 The world, so full of music and of song!
 But ask the noisiest in the deadening noise,
 "Are these substantial joys?"
 I doubt, I doubt: in the confusion there,
 I hear the loud explosions of despair;
 While the chains clank, the half-demented spirit
 Seeks in the turbulent clamour not to hear it;
 The world is but a jailer—holds our whole
 Body and limbs in fetters; would retain
 Our very soul in slavery's cursed chain;
 But that—we have no soul!

 SPRING.

Mi kék az ég!

How blue the heaven serene!
 The blooming earth how green!
 O'er emerald fields, the heavenly concave blue,
 The sweet tones of the lark are pouring through;
 The sun seems looking down, and listens with delight,
 Midst scenes so sweet and strains so exquisite.

How blue the heaven serene !
 The blossoming earth how green !
 Green is the earth and blue the heaven : the spring
 Is come, and I, to my lone chamber bound,
 Look not on heaven above, nor earth around,
 But sing my gloomy songs—wearied, my songs I sing.

 HUNGARIAN PLAINS.

Mit nekem te zordon kárpátoknak.

WHENCE the influence strange, O ye Carpathian moun-
 tains,

Wild romantic forests, where the fir trees, moving,
 Bring to me the sense of beauty and of grandeur,
 But no thoughts nor dreams of longing or of loving ?

But the broad, flat plains, extended in the distance,
 Wide in their expanse, and level as the ocean ;
 When on these I look, like an enfranchised eagle,
 All my soul is moved with magical emotion.

Bear me upwards then—high, high above earth's bosom,
To the realms where roll the clouds in their careering,
Let me at my feet behold the mighty Danube,
Towards the laughing Theiss with steps majestic
steering.

'Neath the Delibab,¹ see the outstretched Kumania,
Covered with its herds under the roof of heaven ;
How they track their course onward in steady silence,
Towards the running stream to slack their thirsts
at even.

Now I hear the rush, the galloping of the horses ;
Rattling of the hoofs I hear, and nostrils snorting ;
Cracking of the whips, and shouting of the Csikós ;
Laughs and merry song, and echoes of the sporting.

In the cottage meadows, rocked by gentle zephyrs,
Roll the golden corn-waves o'er their crests ascend-
ing ;
Forests tower aloft, while hang on trees prolific
Fruits like rubies red, with leaves of emerald
blending.

¹ Mirage.

Hither come the flocks of wild geese from the marshes,
When the dying light portends the evening's gloaming;
Midst the reeds they hear the startled breezes rustling,
And, alarmed, take flight towards the high heaven
roaming.

On the Puszta's waste, close to a ruined cottage,
With fallen chimney, stands the Csárda—lonely
dwelling.
There the Betyárs meet, from many markets gathered,
There their songs are singing, there their tales are
telling.

In the Linden wood, adjacent to the Csárda,
Built upon the sands of melon tinge, is nested
The tower-falcon, screaming shrill, but never
In his deep recess by truant lads molested.

Orphan-maiden-hair in those retreats is growing,
And the thistles blue their spiky heads are waving,
Sheltered at whose foot repose the scattered acorns,
Which the dews of morn and dews of night are
laving.

Far away where heaven the fettered earth has girded,
 Fruit trees, with their wealth, the distant landscape
 cover ;

While we dimly trace a pale and misty column—
 'Tis the village spire the green fields towering over.

All is charming—all—at least, to me 'tis charming ;
 On the flat land born and bred—I well may love it ;
 'Neath its sod let me repose in peace and silence,
 When my corpse is wrapt in funeral shroud above it.

THE WOODS.

Sötétzöld sátoros.

ROUND the dark-green circle of the woods I wander,
 Looking on the flowers the high oaks blooming under ;
 Birds among the branches, bees among the flowers,
 Music all around us bursting from the bowers ;
 Flowers and trees are still, yet seem alive and wary,
 Listening to the hymns of nature's sanctuary.
 Is all sleeping here? the forest, flowers, and furrows,
 Let me stand and muse forgetful of my sorrows.

Careless, senseless rolls the river on the pebbles—
What has thought to do with these impetuous rip-
ples!

See! the stream outruns the flying cloudy shadows,
As they darkly pass over the mirroring meadows;
O they image well my fancy's foolish doing,
When youth's giddy dreams of happiness pursuing;
Memory fades—'tis well it fades—there's no regretting,
Wherefore came I here? 'Twas only for forgetting.

THE CLOUDS.

Ha madár volnek.

WERE I a bird my throne I'd build
Among the clouds supernal,
And all those flying shadows gild
With beams of light eternal.

Should we not love the heavenly host
That grandly rolls above us?
They pass, and each in each is lost,
Yet lingeringly love us.

On me at least they seem to shine,
 Their tender glances bringing ;
These wanderers thro' the light divine,
 They listen to my singing.

I've listened to the harmonies
 Of those serene evangels,
Whose sounds of music filled the skies
 Like anthems of the angels,

Or children's voices—children bound
 To heaven—in clouds I saw them ;
Shadows of life and death around,
 And earth far, far below them.

And then I watched the pale moon's face,
 Whose melancholy beauty,
Soft clouds—the ministers of grace,
 Watched in attendant duty.

And every fashion, every form
 Was graceful and attractive,
And seemed my inmost soul to warm
 With inspirations active.

With sympathies, which echoing fill
 That soul with their own blisses,
 And new emotions throb and thrill
 Thro' all its deep abysses.

O how those clouds resemble well
 Life's darkening and life's brightening,
 To me of gushing tears they tell,
 They tell of passion's lightning.

THE STORK.

Sokféle a madár, s egyik azt, másik azt.

MANY birds there are ; their manifold admirers
 Can't agree together—
 Some preferred for fascinating song, and others
 For resplendent feather.

I will choose a bird that has no voice for music,
 Wears no garment bright ;
 Simple like myself, and clothed in simple vestments,
 Only black and white.

Yes! of all the birds the stork is my beloved,
 He, the son of home ;
From his mother-country, from his favourite flat-land,
 Seldom will he roam.

He and I are trained in sympathy together ;
 Oft he hovered nigh,
When I was a child, and crying in my cradle,
 Heard my childish cry.

And with him I passed the early years of childhood,
 Smilingly they fled ;
Well do I remember when my young companions
 Home the oxen led !

Recollection sweet of those dear days departed,
 Faithful memory brings,
When I saw the storklets on the chimneys, fanning
 Their unfeathered wings.

Many thoughts disturbed me, many wayward fancies
 Flitted strangely by ;
Why did heaven to man, with all his upward longings,
 Give no wings to fly ?

Why were mortal footsteps to earth's limits bounded ?
 To heaven upward never ;
But these earthly limits cannot hold my spirit,
 Soaring upwards ever.

Yes ! I must soar heavenward, passionately longing
 For the sunny land ;
O'er earth's highest heights, on which the golden
 temples,
 Midst the sunbeams stand.

But the sun goes down, I see the evening shadow
 Bring the veil of night ;
Saddened with the thought—how frail, how transitory
 All that lives in light.

Then I long for autumn, like a tender mother,
 Bringing baskets piled
With the sweetest fruits, to pour into the apron
 Of her smiling child.

Fruits for me it brings not—autumn after autumn
 Ripens nought for me ;
Leaves me lost and lonely, and my stork hath sped him
 O'er the distant sea.

Many grieved hearts saw I when the storks departed
On their exile-flight ;
'Twas like youth's sad passing, and I followed grieving
Till my wearied sight

Lost their trace ; I sorrowing sought, upon the house-
tops,
Their abandoned nest,
Scattered—mournful augury of the mournful future—
For my thoughts opprest.

And when winter's hand shall fling the snowy mantle
O'er the face of earth—
Whitening the green meadows, veiling flowers and
forests
For another birth,

I will clothe my soul in purity's own garment,
Waiting thy return ;
Homebound stork ! I'll scour the fields, the plains to
meet thee,
Leaping beck and bourne.

From the sparks the flame ascends, and so the infant
 Grows up to the child,
While the heather burns beneath, my good steed bears
 me
 Over the waste wild.

Loosen then the bridle, press the spur,—on! onward!
 Leaving all behind;
Even the rushing wind tries vainly to o’ertake me,
 Fleeter than the wind.

O I love that wild, for there I live in freedom,
 As no otherwhere;
There my eyes embrace a limitless horizon—
 Not imprisoned there.

No dark mountains bound creation’s grand arena;
 Dancing o’er the plains
There no streams run down, whose ringing might
 remind me
 Of the tyrant’s chains.

Beautiful the Puszta, with her fascinations
 Manifest—concealed—
Like a modest maiden, rich in charms unnumbered,
 Yet so sweetly veiled.

But that veil is lifted for the dear, the loved one,
 By her graceful hands ;
And in all the glory of her bright-eyed beauty
 There the charmer stands.

Beautiful the Puszta ! on my neighing courser
 How I sweep the heath,
Where no track of gold attracts the thirsty worldling ;
 But a calm like death

To much musing calls me, bids me hear the voices
 Breaking from the breeze ;
And mine own dear stork, above the lake rejoicing,
 My blest vision sees.

Welcome, dear companion ! we'll explore together
 Wastes, and heaths, and hedges ;
I will watch the winds that play upon the waters,—
 Thou amidst the sedges.

So it was of old—I loved thee in my childhood !
 Why—I scarcely knew ;
For thou hast no song, and wear'st no gaudy plumage,
 Yet my love was true.

And I love thee still, when thought and time find
reason

For the love ; it seems
Like a ray of truth, which midst the dark oblivion
Of past memories beams.

Thou wilt not forget the time of thy returning—
Hither wilt thou wend ;
And when autumn comes, I'll bless thee at departing,
As my oldest friend.

THE PUSZTA IN WINTER.

Hejh, mostan puszta ám igazán a puszta.

O'ER the widening Puszta's plains, in plains still
widening lost,
See autumn's heralds round—a melancholy host !
The flowers that spring unfolded,
The fruits that summer moulded—
All—all the thriftless autumn flings away,
And leaves to winter darkness and decay.

No longer heard from far the sheep-bells tinkling
sound,

No longer shepherds' pipes fling their sweet music
round ;

 No more the birds are filling,

 With their melodious thrilling,

Heaven's arch ! Still'd is the genet's whispering,

And even the grasshopper has ceased to sing.

The outstretched wilderness is like a frozen sea,

And as a weary bird the sun sinks wearily ;

 Perhaps some hoary clown

 May watch his going down,

And silently salute the setting sun—

But the world heeds not that his race is run.

Empty the fisher's hut—no voice, no living sign,

And from the village stalls no lowing of the kine ;

 And if the steeds are driven,

 Before day dawns in heaven,

To the filled water-troughs—the careless steers

Look listless on, and shake their shaggy ears.

The herdsman gathers up the green tobacco leaves,

Then piles them in a heap, then binds them into
sheaves :

And from his boots he takes
The pipe—the ashes shakes ;
Fills it—enkindles it—and, half asleep,
Looks on the lazy oxen and the sheep.

All—all is silent—all within the Csárda door,
There the good host and hostess sleep and snore ;
What tho' the cellar's key
Be careless thrown away :
Is the good wine in any danger ?—No !
No man can find his way across the snow.

The north wind and the east in rage contesting blow,
This storms the heavens above, that shakes the earth
below ;
Scatters the snowy flakes,
As when the bellows makes
The sparks mount upward from the glowing fire—
Tempests of hail and rain rave in discordant choir.

At last they rest exhausted,—o'er the Puszta's bed,
Like a grey coverlet, a misty shroud is spread ;
And like a shapeless mass
I see the Betyar pass ;
And hear his horse dull-neighing in the wind,—
The raven o'er him, and the wolf behind.

And as a monarch rules a subjugated land,
 Wearing a golden crown, waving a sceptral wand ;
 So the uprisen sun,
 A more majestic one,
 Surveys his sovereignty, and then sinks down
 To his night's rest, wearing the golden crown.

 WINTER-WORLD.

Hová lett a tarka szivárvány az égről ?

How came from heaven the prisms rainbow hither ?
 Whither are fled the lovely field-flowers, whither ?
 Where the streams music, where the birds' sweet
 singing ?
 Where are the spring and summer's glance and
 glory ?
 All—all departed,—but their memory ringing
 Like a funeral bell—records their story :
 Shades of the tomb—the snows—the clouds are left,
 Winter has beggared earth—the earth of all bereft.

Yes ! earth is but a beggar—a white garment
Half covering its frame—a mortal cerement !
 With icicles down-hanging, but so jagged,
 That through the crevices the corpse is peeping,
 With chattering teeth—limbs frozen—girdle ragged,
 A shivering coldness o'er the body creeping :
Why should man midst the desolation roam,
If he find warmth and welcome in his home ?

Blessed be God then ! blessed be kind Heaven !
Who a bright fire—a family hearth has given ;
 A family hearth, to warm in winter's chilling,
 And many friends around ; and wood not wanting
 To feed the fire—'tis like a palace thrilling
 With joy and music—fairy-like, enchanting ;
Where all the friendly words outspoken enter
The opening hearts, and make those hearts their centre.

Sweetest of all at eve—then most rejoices
The listening soul to hear affection's voices ;
 At the large table head, the father hoary
 Presides—the pipes are smoking—from the cellar
 The best old wine goes round, and many a story
 Is told, while loud laughs hail the story-teller :
New tales, new laughter, greet the circling cup
Filled up and emptied and again filled up.

And the good housewife everywhere is busy,
Somewhat o'ercumbered, and a little dizzy ;
 Fearful of this or that to be forgetful ;
 Somewhat too anxious for her house's honour ;
 Yet all her fidgets will not make her fretful,
 Tho' a neglect might bring a shame upon her.
For every guest she has a smile—a greeting—
And a kind word of welcome to the meeting.

Then comes the news—more laughter, and more
 joking ;
Cleansing the pipes, or stopping them, or smoking ;
 And as the smoke in cloudy wreaths is mounting,
 Memory brings back the tales of days departed ;
 And while the old stories of their youth recounting,
 Youth dawns again, and buoyant and light-
 hearted ;
Spring seems renewed in all its early truth,
For age rejoices in the thoughts of youth.

Look at that youth and maiden on the settle,
All the old babblings interest them little ;
 Little care they for all the tales and tattle,
 Life is before them—with its dear illusions ;
 Sweeter their whisperings than the rout and rattle,
 Why should misgivings come with their intrusions ?

Let them be blest—enjoy their stolen kisses ;
Love has its blisses—and these are love's blisses.

There round the stove the little ones are humming,
Leaping and laughing, whistling, shouting, drumming ;
 Small children and great children there are piling
 Or blowing down card houses—far from sorrow ;
 Like butterflies they hail the present smiling,
 For yesterday they care not, nor to-morrow.
How so much room can such small space allow,
The Future and the Past, how crowd into a Now ?

'Tis baking-day to-morrow, the maiden singing brightly,
The yielding dough she kneads, so gaily and so
 lightly ;
 Within the yard the bucket chain above the well is
 grating,
 The horses gathered round the trough the spark-
 ling water drinking ;
 The gypsies, offering dance and song, are for the
 answer waiting—
 While from the distance feebly-heard the sheep-
 fold bells are clinking ;
But every sound and every sight ascending or descend-
 ing,
From earth to heaven, or heaven to earth, in harmony
 is blending.

The snow is falling fast, the earth is mantled over,
 Mists darken—and 'tis hard the house-path to discover:
 There's work to do—there's hardly time for greet-
 ings and farewellings,—
 Away! away! for long ere now the homely
 lamps are lighted,—
 We must be gone—'tis late, 'tis late—how shall we
 find our dwellings?
 The lamps are all gone out, the guests are all
 benighted,
 And still they counsel, still they talk, their purpose
 scarcely knowing,
 And many ask, “Who's going?”—none will answer,
 “I am going.”

 THE SPRING OF 1849.

Ifju lánya a vén télnek.

YOUTHFUL spring—thou ancient winter's
 Beautiful and hopeful son!
 Wherefore tarry? come! establish
 O'er the earth thy rightful throne.

Come! O come! thy friends await thee,
 Looking for thine advent round;
Come and gird the azure heaven,
 Come and deck the emerald ground.

Strengthen thou the feeble twilight,
 Lead it forth to meet the day,
For it sits upon the mountains,
 Languishing and pale and gray.

O'er the meadows scatter blessings,
 Flowers of scarlet, gold and blue,
Water them with tears of heaven—
 Joyful tears—in drops of dew.

Call the larks, and they shall teach me
 How to welcome thee with song,
Such as when I think of childhood,
 On my wakened memory throng.

Need I ask for wreaths and garlands—
 These thou spreadest o'er the land;
These are but thy wonted offering,
 These thou bring'st in either hand.

Yet one thought of melancholy
Even thou wilt bring with thee ;
When I see within the churchyard
The death-gatherings of the free.

Free at last ! O let them slumber,
O'er them spread a funeral pall,
Pile thy flowers upon their grave-heaps,
Cover them with garlands all.

PLANT FLOWERS UPON MY GRAVE.

Ki a mezöre ballagok.

OFT, oft I wander o'er the meadows,
Where, midst the grass, the wild flowers blow
Ye sweet wild flowers I love to linger
Amidst your many-coloured glow.
You bring dear thoughts of my beloved,
And move my heart and swell my breast ;
Let flowers be culled when I am dying,
And scattered on my place of rest.

I bend me o'er the flowers—sweet converse
 I hold with them—soft, silent, true ;
Tell them I love them—love them dearly,
 And ask them if they love me too ?
They answer not, but in their smiling
 A gentle answer is exprest ;
Let flowers be culled when I am dying,
 And scattered on my place of rest.

Sweet flowers ! sweet flowers ! your very fragrance
 Is eloquent,—the spirit's ear—
In your vibrations,—heavenly music
 Falling like sunny dews may hear.
But, in the world's tumultuous uproar,
 The voice is still, of all most blest ;
O cull me flowers when I am dying,
 And fling them on my place of rest.

Yes ! breath is language, and the breathing
 Of wakened flowers is sacred song ;
The mysteries of life surround me,
 Round me death's revelations throng.
O strains of harmony—O incense,
 The sweetest and the holiest !
Then gather flowers when I am dying,
 And fling them on my place of rest.

Yes! breath of flowers, your soft outpourings
 Shall be my lingering lullaby,
 And with a heavenly hymn support me,
 When on my dying bed I lie.
 The flower-awakening spring shall find me
 A slumberer on my mother's breast;
 So gather flowers when I am dying,
 And fling them on my place of rest.

 POWER OF LOVE.

Az én képzeletem nem a por magzatja.

THINK not that my fancy comes from stubble under,
 No! 'twas born in lightning—no! 'tis heard in
 thunder;
 When a babe I drank the hot milk of the dragon,
 When a youth the blood of lions filled my flagon.
 Wild and high its flight—that flight there's no re-
 straining,
 Conquering land and land, and revelling and reigning;
 Now upon the sea in wildest exultation,
 Now twixt earth and heaven in comet-like vibration.

With a whirlwind's speed, the wilderness embracing,
 Glancing thro' the fields, among the forests racing;
 Rattling round the oak trees, pouring out the
 fountains,
 Raising up the valleys, bringing down the mountains.

Where is the wild horse so frenziedly that bore me?
 See, there stands a flower, a smiling flower before me;
 Like the exhausted gale, with evening's odour laden,
 So I stand subdued before that smiling maiden.

 HOPE.

Nem csoda ha újra élek.

WONDER not that I am happy,
 I again have seen her face,
 And my wildered, wandering spirit
 Flutters round a resting place.

Hope and anguish are enkindling
 Torches in my burning breast,
 And the struggle fiercely rages
 Between restlessness and rest.

Would some friendly spirit tell me,
 Was the smiling meant for me :
Was it chance, or was it purpose ?
 Solve, O solve the mystery !

For the maiden is a riddle,
 Thoughts half veiled and half exprest ;
Sharp as is my eye I see not
 If 'tis truth or but a jest.

Yes ! thou art a riddle, maiden !
 Who its hidden sense shall tell—
If a curse, or if a blessing ?
 One it is, I know too well.

Which ? The riddle, like a fetter,
 Pitilessly binds me round,
Every struggle for my freedom,
 Makes me feel more tightly bound.

Doff the veil that shades thy forehead,
 And thy spirit's movement hides ;
Never can I leave thee, maiden !
 While that veil by thee abides.

Tho' it break my heart, I tear me
 From this dark uncertainty ;
Not a subject, but a master
 Is our mortal destiny.

Be it so, but not for ever,
 When the spring's soft breezes sigh,
And its flowers thy brow encircle—
 Who shall be thy poet—I ?

He will be the earliest swallow
 Hastening to thy window-sill ;
Ever circling round thy portals,
 Hailing thee with welcomes shrill.

In the gardens, in the meadows,
 Shall we not together walk ;
See the young earth smiling, blushing,
 Hear the streamlet's babbling talk.

See the flowers their petals open
 To the dew-drops from above ;
So do thou thy heart, dear maiden,
 Open to the dews of love.

BLISS.

Szerctsz tehát, kedves szép angyalom?

THOU lovest me angel ! bright as heaven's own beam ;
 Thou lovest me angel ! and I do not dream !
 O tell me why thy lovely countenance
 Veiled my blest fate until the parting glance ?

Why did that glance so eloquently tell
 Of a bright welcome and a sad farewell ?
 I felt as one, who a bright temple planned,
 And built and beautified, and then—'twas banned !

Thee can I not in these fond arms entwine,
 And press thee to my heart and call thee mine ;
 Thy fragrant lips deny a rosy kiss—
 I bear away no flowery wreath of bliss.

My life will be a misery, far from thee,
 And yet one thought of joy shall comfort me ;
 I shall return to bathe in that deep sea,
 Rich in the white pearls of felicity.

H E A R T - F L O W E R S .

Búsulnak a virágok.

WHEN the flowers are mourning
 Autumn's misty weather,
 Whose cold blasts returning,
 Sweeps them o'er the heather.

As the hair is riven,
 When old age is sorest ;
 As the leaves are driven
 From the unmantled forest.

Everywhere existence
 Seems by darkness shaded ;
 Clouds invade the distance—
 All by clouds invaded.

Yet, my living spirit
 Has from love's own far-land
 Gathered—and I wear it—
 An undying garland.

What care I for sorrow,
 It shall perish never—
 Careless of the morrow,
 It is green for ever.

MARRIAGE-DAY.

Itt a gyüsü, itt a gyüsü.

ON thy finger, on thy finger
 I have placed the wedding ring ;
 Now, my wife ! thy kisses bring me—
 Floods of hallowed kisses bring !

Kisses warm as are the sunbeams,
 Heaven has sanctified the kiss !
 Earth among its many blisses—
 Bliss has none so sweet as this.

Our's be heartfelt, joyful dalliance ;
 Press thy rosy lips to mine !
 What care we for world, or worldlings ?
 Mine thou art, and I am thine !

I will kiss thy lips, thy forehead,—
 Red as light, and white as snow !
Shadowing kisses shall protect thee,
 As the mists the mountain brow.

But I faint, dear maid ! support me
 In those circling arms of thine ;
Has the kiss o'erwhelmed my reason,
 Like intoxicating wine ?

'Tis a wine intoxicating,
 Like the nectar of the gods ;
I have drunk it, love hath brought it
 Down from heaven to man's abodes.

Yes ! my head with bliss is drunken !
 Wondrous drunkenness is this,
For from earth I am transported
 Into heaven's own paradise.

O'er the clouds, amidst the planets ;
 Star to star, and as I sail
Everywhere sweet voices hail me,
 Sweet as songs of nightingale.

But with a diviner singing ;
 Never such blest sounds I heard :
 Lightning circles, seas of glory,
 My celestial pathway gird.

And my heart—O how it flutters
 On that gently-heaving breast ;
 Let it not with joy be bursting
 In an extasy so blest !

 ERDÖD.

Elpusztuló kert ott a vár alatt.

UNDER that city lies a garden waste,
 Over that garden mourns a widow'd city ;
 Both by the grey mists of the autumn braced,
 On both sad memory pours her plaints of pity.

And both remind me what the fatherland
 Was in old time—the beautiful, the brave ;
 Yet still the garden cradles beauty's band,
 And still the city holds the heroes' grave.

In this old garden I have kissed my love,
 Locked her within my arms—O memory sore!
 Then the proud eagle held his throne above,
 Where now the bayonets flash, the cannons roar.

Yet welcome garden! tho' beneath thy trees
 No lovers smile, or sweep thy sacred sward;
 Welcome old city walls, whose memories
 Now waken neither reverence nor regard!

UNDYING CERTAINTIES.

Szép napkeletrek.

In the oriental fields
 Spring's approach my spirit gilds
 With the brightness of the day;
 Gladness waking all around,
 My full heart a garden ground,
 Where midst flowers soft breezes play.

Yet I know that heart is panting
For an unknown something wanting,
 Not to be by earth supplied :
Something which must find its root
In thy love,—and blossoming shoot
 From that love—mine own dear bride !

Worldlings in their pride and folly
Miss the blessing, miss it wholly—
 Vainly in its search they rove ;
While from thee as naturally,
As from lily of the valley,
 Breathes the fragrant breath of love.

Fragrant breath of glowing light !
It can cheer the darkest night,
 Even of death, thro' whose dim portal
It bursts forth, as if foretelling,
From my future, final dwelling,
 A far brighter light immortal.

Why should death an image bring
Mouldering and perishing ?
 Death, which is the charioteer,
Our freed spirits to convey
Over an ascending way,
 To the heavens all bright and clear.

When I look upon the sky,
 In its blue immensity,
 Fancy fashions out a road,
 Fading in the distance far,
 Where, from smiling star to star,
 We are welcomed up to God.

Give thy hand! On soaring wing,
 The sweet birds of midnight sing,
 “Higher! higher!” join their flight,
 Till we reach that ocean’s brim,
 Where the swans of Eden swim
 In the Paradise of light.

 A LONGING.

Még nyilnak a völgyben a kerti virágok.

The lindens are scattering their fragrance like clover,
 While the gay flowers bloom in the garden below;
 A fawn-coloured mist spreads its canopy over
 The earth, and the mountains are covered with snow.

On the bosom of youth summer’s brightness is glowing,
 And the buds and the blossoms abundantly spread;
 But the dews and the darkness my path are o’erflowing,
 And the dead leaves of autumn are dropt on my head.

For so our lives fade, like the bud and the blossom ;
But come to me sweet one ! in gentleness come !
And lay thy dear head on my welcoming bosom,
That head which to-morrow may bend o'er my tomb.

Dost answer ? " Not so ! be my fate to precede thee,
Come thou to my cerements and bathe them with
tears ;
But let not some young laughing maiden mislead thee,
And say that my love was less tender than hers."

The veil of the widow—O take it and bind it,
A banner of victory, over the cross
On my breast—I shall rise from the death-world and
find it,
A kerchief to dry up the tears which my loss

Has drawn from my eyelids—but never ! O never
One thought of oblivion my spirit shall grieve ;
My love will be with thee for ever and ever,
And live while eternity's cycles shall live.

DOUBLE FEELINGS.

Nem ért engem a világ.

LITTLE am I understood
 By the world and worldlings in it ;
 If, in ever-varying mood,
 I can vibrate in a minute
 From the dirge which moves the heart
 Into passion, pain, or pity—
 To the laughing songs which start
 Fancies strange, enigmas witty.

What am I?—a man midst men—
 All their faults and frailties sharing ;
 What am I?—a citizen,
 All my country's sorrows bearing.
 For my love, joy-tears to shed
 When my visions glance upon her—
 Grief-tears, on my country's head,
 To pour out for her dishonour.

Love for me a garland bright,
 Of the sweetest flowers has braided ;
Home, with thorns and aconite,
 Has my forehead sadly shaded ;
When I touch my lyre I see
 Shadowy hands the gore-drops flinging
On the strings, while from the tree
 Falling leaves disturb my singing.

RHAPSODIES.

I cannot chain my fancy,
 'Tis stronger than my will,
'Twould wreath my brow with star-light,
 Struggling and soaring still.
Could it but reach the limits
 Which bind this earthly sphere,
'Twould launch a new creation
 Of suns and planets there.

THE MANIAC.

Mit háborgattok ?

WHAT wilt thou now—why trouble me ?
 Away ! away ! away with thee ;
 I'm busy ! I'm busy ! so leave me alone—
 I'm twisting a whip—a fire-whip of my own—
 I'm twisting it out of the rays of the sun,
 And will scourge all the world when my labour is done ;
 It will howl—I shall laugh—ha ! ha ! hear !—ha !
 ha ! hear !
 It laughed, when I howl'd : “The avenger is near ;”
 I know what it means—this world's screaming and
 scowling—
 'Tis howling and laughter—'tis laughter and howling ;
 And then comes death's messenger, whispering “Be
 still !”
 Did I not die ? Am I not dead ?
 Death—was it death—or death's phantom instead ?
 They drenched my wine with poison, then
 Forced me to drink that wine again ;
 Death's angels shrieking round with voices shrill.

My murderers! Tell me what they did to hide
Their foul—foul crime?
They poured their death-shrieks out on every side,
Looked pale and wept aloud—
I could have started from my cerement shroud,
Bitten the nose from each false face to show
The fraudulent mark—but no!
I bide my time.
Let them preserve their noses and their smell,
And in their nostrils stinking let me dwell
Till I am buried—buried where? Ha! ha!
In Africa!
In Africa! there would I rest, for there
Shall a hyena shield me in his lair;
And be my benefactor—he will say—
“I will devour thee.”—“Well! you may—you may,”
I’ll answer, and my heart I’ll fling him; he
Shall spring upon it—’twill so bitter be,
That he shall, poisoned, die in agony.
Look!—ha! ha! ha!—this is the fit reward,
For those who serve mankind, serve men; and what
are men?
A something rooted in the dusty sward,
With branches towering upwards—No! no! no!
It is not so—
I answer No! again.

'Tis true, man is a tree, whose deep, deep root
Ascends from hell :
I heard a learned sage his history tell,—
He was a fool, and yet without dispute
His tale was true,—the sage was naked, poor—
Why did he not break thro' some rich man's door
And steal—and steal?—the fool ! and am not I
As great a fool to be inquiring why ?
No ! better far to weep—unsolaced—sad—
The world it is so bad ;
But heaven has wept enough from weeping clouds.
That such a world God for its maker had,
Who His regrets in dark repentance shrouds ;
And what avail heaven's tears for grace or good ?
They fall on earth, man tramples them to mud—
To mud—ha ! ha !—to mud.
O heaven ! O heaven ! thy soldier, he has done
His duty, for a victor-wreath the sun,
For vestments the bright clouds were promised—he
Hath won his victory.
And now, and now, the exhausted soldier wears
The brass cross which his ragged waistcoat bears ;
And is this all ? Come hither, ye who draw
Lessons of wisdom—ask the solemn daw
What it all means—he answers, “Caw ! caw ! caw !”

Cry—measure woman! fly her fatal ban,
Woman that draws that master-subject—man,
Like the lost river in the absorbing sea,
Sucked in both spirit and shape—a mystery—
Creation's greatest mystery is she;
A blooming garden, both in body and soul
How lovely—but a lecherous, leprous whole;
In her fair hand she holds a golden cup—
'Tis poison—drink it up!
O love! O extasy of love! I drank
The poison, in delight, delirium sank;
One drop is sweeter, dearer, more divine
Than deepest oceans filled with honied wine;
And yet one drop more fatal, poisonous, more
Than seas impregnated with hellebore;
I saw those seas the wild tornadoes move,
Wrecked ships, drowned sailors' corpses, float above;
Death and destruction,—play-things,—ha! ha! ha!
The ripe fruit falls, and thou, thou perishing world
Art ripe to rottenness, and shalt be hurled
To ruin, with a dread anathema!
The curse is on thee—Perish! shall I wait
Until to-morrow wakes; but if to-morrow
Write not the last page of my shame and sorrow,
I'll bury me within thine entrails straight;

And to thy fires bring pyramids of powder,
 And there explode in thunderbolts, but louder ;
 Flung up to heaven midst planet, star, and sun—
 You hear me—ha ! ha ! ha !—the work is done.

ONE ONLY THOUGHT.

Egy gondolat bánt engemet.

ONE thought torments me sorely—'tis that I,
 Pillowed on a soft bed of down, may die—
 Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
 Under the gentle pressure of decay.
 Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
 In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
 O God ! let not my Magyar name
 Be linked with such a death of shame ;
 No ! rather let it be
 A lightning-struck, uprooted tree—
 A rock, which torn from mountain-brow,
 Comes rattling, thundering down below.
 Where every fettered race tired with their chains,
 Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains ;

And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold—
“For the world’s liberty!”
And, far and wide, the summons to be free
Fills east and west,—and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right :
There will I die !
There, drowned in mine own heart’s-blood, lie,—
Poured out so willingly ; th’ expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
While the sword’s clashing, and the trumpet’s sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round ;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o’er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right—my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free !
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banners waving high ;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee—
All holy ! world-delivering liberty !

HOMER AND OSSIAN.

Hol vannak a hellenek, és hol a czelták?

WHERE are the Greeks? and where the Celtic race?
 Gone! They have left no trace:
 Where are the ancient cities which the floods
 Have turned to solitudes?
 Two pillars tower aloft—but to declare
 What glorious things there were!
 Two grand memorials of the antique man—
 Homer and Ossian!
 One was a beggar, one of royal blood—
 In contrast strange they stood;
 Yet common links their varied histories bind,
 For both were blind!
 And did their fiery spirits steal their sight
 To fill their brains with light;
 Or was that light absorbed in the bright flame
 Of their eternal fame?
 They were grand souls, with magic hand
 They smote the lute, and filled the listening land
 As with new messages from God; their arm
 Of power was a resistless witchery's charm;

Their wonder-waking influences raised up trains
Of wonderers waking at th' impassioned strains—
Hear Homer! hear!

His music agitates the heavenly sphere ;
His brightness from the east is bursting, brought
Westward in currents of harmonious thought,
As the day's dawning and the sunbeam's light,
Like molten steel in streams and cataracts bright
They move the Ægean ocean in their flow—
With greenness gild the Archipelago ;
Bring men and gods together, and above,
Both gods and men spread canopies of love.
And there is Ossian!

He sits among the mists—the shadowy man!
O'er the north-ocean—and his harmonies
Blend with the wild winds and the raging seas
Under the clouded, the mysterious moon,
Which rises, and usurps the sun's abandoned throne ;
A visible darkness o'er the wide, wide waste
Stretches its covering—and the night birds, chased
By the fierce tempest, fly—while hero-ghosts
Stalk o'er the field where erst the battle hosts
Clashed and were scattered—all that's grand and
glowing,
All that is bright, and beautiful, and flowing,

White-headed beggar, Homer ! all is thine !
 The grey, the dark, the strange, the misty throng
 Of shadows, are the enchantments of thy song,
 Ossian ! of kingly line !
 Then sing, still sing—mount higher, upwards, higher,
 Smite the lute loudly—smite the golden lyre ;
 * Homer and Ossian !
 Listening to you centuries on centuries ran,
 And centuries still shall run,
 Long as the morning's waking sees the sun,
 Long as the earth shall hail its waking ; time
 Has stamped its sanction, sacred and sublime,
 Upon your sovereignty,—
 High above death—above mortality
 Ye raise your noble foreheads glory-crowned,
 And countless ages worship all around.

 SERENE HAPPINESS.

Csendes tenger ronaságán.

ON the tranquil breast of ocean,
 Cradled is my bark,—as spring,
 Cradles with a gentle motion,
 The young rosebud blossoming.

When the experienced thoughtful word
Utterance finds, it should be heard ;
I was launched upon a sea,
On whose shores was destiny ;
Dangers and delays before me,
Lightnings bursting round me, o'er me ;
Reefs and rocks which wild waves cover,
Eddy-whirlpools rushing over ;
When the fierce whirl rules the rudder,
Well my trembling heart may shudder.
What can save my bark from wreck ?
Is there in the heavens a speck,
Whence a single ray of light
Dawns upon my darkening sight ?
Have I not in prayerful pride
Courage sought on every side ?
And my recompense is this,
That upon the ocean's breast
I have found a place of rest,
And a paradise of bliss.
I have laid my rudder down,
And my bark can speed alone,
For the winds that fill my sails
Are the Zephyr's vernal gales ;
Heaven's own azure flowers are bound

Garlanding my forehead round :
Flowers so beautiful, so blue,
Mirroring back heaven's brightest hue.
On the cradling waves I lie,
Lulled by their sweet lullaby,
Free from care, from sorrow free,
On that gently rocking sea,
In my maiden's dear embrace—
O what smiles illumine her face !
O what beams of living light
Shine from eyes as black as night—
Light, whose dazzling flash will dim
Flames from eyes of seraphim.
Then I seize my lyre—in play
Midst the strings my fingers stray ;
And the strains of music flow—
How, or why, I scarcely know ;
For those fingers often will
Stray among her moving tresses,
As they vibrate to the breezes,
And with bliss my pulse is still ;
Then such power of song is given
To my lyre—such strains divine
That the stars descend from heaven,
Listening to those strains of mine ;

Circling round my head they dance,
And as waking from a trance,
From the sea the enchanted moon
Rises and resounds the tune.
Still I sing and still I float
O'er the waters in my boat,
Like a Dolphin on his throne,
Like another Arion.
Then I hear a demon calling,
With a thunder-voice appalling—
“Storms and dangers are at hand
Menacing the fatherland !”
And I fain would shelter me
In the sea's immensity ;
Hide me where the wind and wave
In discordant conflict rave.
Yes! the petrel's screams foretell
Wrecks and tempests terrible,
When heaven's concave thro' and thro',
Wears the o'er-mantling robe of blue.

WIFE AND SWORD.

Galamb van a házon.

A DOVE upon the house-roof,
Above in heaven a star;
Thou, on my bosom sleeping—
How sweet thy breathings are!

Soft as the morning dew-drops
Upon the rose-leaves fall,
Thou in my arms reposest,
My love, my wife, my all!

Why should I not embrace thee,
With kisses manifold?
My lips are rich with kisses—
So gushing—so untold.

We talk, we toy, we trifle,
We revel in love's bliss,
And snatch at every breathing—
A kiss—another kiss.

But who that bliss can measure,
 Sparkling in every glance?
It crests thy lips with beauty,
 It lights thy countenance.

I look upon my sabre,
 'Tis idly hung above ;
And does it not reproach me?—
 “ Why so absorbed in love ? ”

Thou old—thou young companion !
 So wildly looking down ;
I hear thy voice of anger,
 I see thy threatening frown.

“ Shame—shame on thee, deserter !
 Thus trifling with a wife ;
Awake ! thy country calls thee
 For liberty, for life.”

And I—“ She is so lovely,
 So witching, so divine—
The gift of heavenly beauty,
 This angel-love of mine !

“O recognize the mission,
Entrusted from the sky,
To this celestial envoy,
And hail her embassy.”

She heard the word; she echoed
That word—“‘The Fatherland!’
I buckle on the sabre,
With mine own plighted hand.

“I charge thee—save thy country,
'Tis mine, 'tis thine—for both,
Off to the field of victory,
And there redeem thy troth.”

NIGHTINGALES AND LARKS.

Ugyan még meddig zengitek.

How long hast thou poured out thy nightly tune,
Worshipper of the moon!
From the old time, whose clouds have borne away
The memories of thy lay?

Well hast thou left thy nest,
Built midst the trees which crest
Our ancient cities' ruins—hurrying far
From the dark haunts, where owls and ravens are ;
Thy soul is by sweet witchery inspired—
Thrilling, but never tired ;
It flashes in the eye, it wakes the lyre
With transports' fever'd fire ;
With tears hot-burning, the sad heart it sears—
False are the transports, cowardly the tears ;
Transports and tears in days like these—
That only tell of our degeneracies !
Nay ! we will have no song, no chant, no chime,
But those which echo the departed time :
And what are ye but plunderers of the dead,
Stealers of corpses from their slumbering bed ?
Thou bring'st them from the lonely night
Into the morning light,
The long departed centuries ;
And thou wouldst garland these
With laurels,—I will take no share
In such a ministration,—'tis a curse—
A profanation—murder-stained, and worse ;
Here mortals pine in gloom and grief and gall,
The world is but a general hospital ;

Contagion spreading here and there,
Through the doomed kingdom, festering everywhere !
Our country on the altar's footstep lies,
A worthless sacrifice.
For who that history's dreary page has read,
Saw e'er a nation wakened from the dead—
Here or elsewhere—ask—and be answered never—
If nations, doomed to sleep, must sleep for ever ?
Ask, in thy misery, restless, anxious, fretful,
Will heaven of its own children be forgetful ?
Ask if there be a sickness, whose condition
Is far beyond the reach of the physician ?
Ask if there be a curse, whose cure demands
The heaven's damnation, or earth's hangman's hands :
Are these thy songs—are these thy melodies—
The music of thy lute strings—these ?
I ask—and in my misery, floods of tears
Burst from my eyes, and thro' these showers appears
A dream—a shadowy dream—of future years.
And thou, sweet tarrying singer of the night,
Be silent quite !
Thou hast no song of gaiety or gladness,
Cease thou thy notes of sadness ;
They bring no healing to the suffering soul,
They will not make the heart that's broken whole.

The nightingale belongs to night. But lo!
Midnight is passing, and its curtains dark
Day draws aside, and now the morning glow
Brightens the fields—fly nightingale—and hark!
I hear the singing of the morning lark.

ANTICIPATION.

Egész uton haza felé.

WHAT wildering thoughts my mind engage,
When wending on my homeward way!
(I had not seen her for an age)
What shall I to my mother say?

What honied words of love and joy,
When I shall clasp her to my breast,
And the same arms that hugged the boy
Around the rugged man be prest?

A thousand, thousand thoughts oppress,
Of what is—will be—and hath been;
All mingling in a happiness,
That is as sacred as serene.

To the old cottage door I come,
My mother springs to welcome me !
I hang upon her lips—but dumb
As is the fruit upon the tree.

EVENING AT HOME.

Borozgatánk apámmal.

RED wine drank I with my father,
Which the old man poured like rain ;
Full of kindness, full of loving,
Once I blessed him—and again.

Long, too long had I been absent,
Years since I my sire had seen ;
Age the old man's brow had furrowed,
And we talked of what had been.

Talked of all my strange adventures—
Weather-beatings, wanderings—
Theatres and men and music,
And a thousand different things.

Then he sets my "work" before me,
 "Chop the logs!" good man! the past
Was so blended with the present—
 Earliest habits linger last.

"Well! it was a vile existence,
 You were shamefully misused"—
So I sit and hear in silence
 My poor theatre abused.

"You were ragged—you were hungry—
 Ah! I see it on your brow ;
Tell me—tell me how you bore it,
 So much suffering—tell me how."

Then I laughed and joked—my language
 Hiding half my thoughts the while,
Smiled upon his inexperience—
 He did not return the smile.

Then I sang a jolly ditty,
 Sang a ditty of mine own,
And he set my heart a-dancing
 When he cried, "Well done! well done!"

Then I said, "And will you listen,
Verse of mine while I rehearse!"
But the old man shrugged his shoulders—
"I don't know the use of verse."

Should I wonder? his the training
To toil on from day to day;
'Twas not learning, but hard labour
That had made his tresses grey.

When the flask of wine was emptied,
I snatched up a pen to keep
Record of a passing fancy,
And the old man—fell asleep.

Then my mother entered, asking
Hundred, thousand questions then;
"This and that and t'other tell me—
Fling away that dirty pen."

And I listened to my mother's
Hundred, thousand questionings,
Asking, answering one another's
Talk of women, men, and things.

And I thought—the thought was dearer
Than the loudest sounds of mirth ;
Oh ! I have the dearest mother—
Dearest mother on the earth !

S O L I T U D E .

Messze, messze a világ zajátul—

FROM the world, and all the world's bewilderings,
Solitude I sought ;
There to live in happiness and silence,
And be—nought.

Happiness ! I never knew its presence,
Wildly, blindly driven
Thro' the noisy street, the crowded chamber—
Earth or heaven !

Ever haunted by some lynx-eyed monster
Thro' the night and day,
To molest me, haunt me, circumvent me,
As his prey.

So I seized my staff and bound my girdle,
And I took my flight,
Hither, where the golden sunbeams met me,
Smiling bright.

Holy solitude ! now look upon me,
Freed from every fetter ;
Let me never hear the voices calling,
“ You're my debtor ! ”

TO A FRIEND.

Kalmáridöket élünk mostanában.

WE live in vile and venal days, and know it ;
The world is but a coin of golden dust,
And on it the impression of the poet
Is but a transitory bit of rust.
O no ! he is the image of the king,
On the world's currency—he, the truest test
Of the pure ore that makes the metal ring,
Of all the minting he the worthiest.
Art *thou* a poet ? ring the music loud—
And of thy great inheritance be proud.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

Légy átkozott, te átkos pillanat.

ACCURSED was the hour—brim-full of curses,
 Which summoned me “to be”—
 And told my mother in her hour of anguish,
 “A son is born to thee.”
 O poetry! thou spider!
 That, in thy treacherous web, entanglest men,
 And stabbing their hearts’ centre,
 Look’st pitiless upon their writhing pain.

Yes! thou hast drunk insatiate of my blood,
 Thou poison-spitting spider!
 Is thy web tearable?—then I will tear it:
 Why—why should I abide here?
 Strongly tho’ I am held,
 And thou with fetters all my limbs art clasping,
 I feel my growing strength,
 And it shall free my chained heart from thy grasping.

I will not feed the spider with my blood,
 As I have done till now,
While tears of shame were running down my cheeks,
 And sorrow stamped my brow.
 What shall I seek—fame? Nay!
Fame is a nothingness—an idle name;
 I will not waste my powers
To find—what found were less than nothing—fame!

I with the vulgar herd down life's dull river
 Will unconcernedly swim;
The fates that keep the fool from rocks and dangers
 May care for me as him.
 I said—for fame be careless—
Seek in tranquillity's repose thy bliss,
 And if thou chance to find it,
'Tis the best blessing of a world like this.

Shall I be silent ever,—my existence
 A voiceless instrument, to hang
Upon the wall where never more shall vibrate
 Its melancholy clang?
 Silent in weal or woe,
Smitten with helplessness! O no! the wave,
 When by the whirlwind shaken,
Cannot be still and voiceless as the grave.

Spirit of poetry ! I cannot smite thee,
 I cannot smite thee dumb ;
 Spite of myself my inner heart is speaking,
 Its passionate bursts will come ;
 They will come thundering, whether
 Heard or not heard, in accents loud and rude,
 For I must speak, must sing,
 While breath inspires my life, or passion warms my
 blood.

 WINTER-NIGHT.

Vad téli ej. Sürü hópelyhek esnek.

WILD winter night ! the falling flakes of snow
 Are by the storm-wind driven. Snow flakes—no !
 These are the fancies of bewildered thought,
 The scattered fragments my soul's dreams have
 wrought.

The midnight comes in robes of darkness clouded,
 I see three spirits in its mantling shrouded ;
 Lost here below, they winged their flight above,
 I see their unveiled features—Faith ! Hope ! Love !

They live not upon earth, they murdered me ;
And now they quit their grave of mystery
At midnight, and with melancholy sigh,
Remind me of the happier days gone by.

The storms break through the clouds; on the pale rays,
Which march with heaven's bright armaments, I gaze ;
But in the distance, thro' the misty flood,
The scattered stars appear like drops of blood.

And who shall say they are not blood records
Of murderous man's ferocious deeds and words ?
Upon the field still Abel's blood remains,
And men in sportive mood have called them Cains !¹

Burst, tempests! in your wrath—your curses bring—
Shatter the clouds—upon my forehead fling
Your bolts—uprooting my dishevelled hair,
And crush my heart that's writhing in despair.

How that heart beats—a heavy fragment rolled
Down a steep mountain, from some ruin old ;
An icicle that drops upon a pall,
And makes the mourner shudder at its fall.

¹ The Dog-star.

Thou art the pall, my bosom ! and there dwells
 In thee a heart, as cold as icicles ;
 Thou art a living grave, upon whose bed
 Lie wrecked and ruined hopes, and memories dead.

The storm is passed, the tranquil moonbeams gild,
 With glittering smiles, the forest and the field ;
 I wend my homeward way—alas ! to me
 The moonbeams tell of nought but misery.

MY PRAYER.

Elkárhözástól félt szegény anyám.

My poor old mother talks of my perdition,
 And has she not some reason for her care ?
 I know her meaning, and my conscience tells me
 'Tis long since I have poured to heaven a prayer.

But I will pray—pray with my hands enfolded—
 Pray with the passion of a soul sincere :
 “ O father hear me—pitying father ! hear me !
 Father in heaven ! benignant father, hear !

Grant—grant, Almighty Ruler of the nations—
Grant to my country,—but my country's throes
Thrill thro' me, for which woe shall I implore thy
Mercy, in such a wilderness of woes!

One only prayer! Look down! behold Hungaria!
Is it not piteous? Any change were dear;
Save her from perishing—awake—renew her;
Father in heaven! benignant father, hear!

For me?—the sweet smiles of a loving maiden,
And a swift-footed, well-appointed steed,
On which, conveying coronals of laurels,
To the sweet smiling maiden I might speed.

I want them, not for garlanding my forehead,
Whatever fail, the laurels shall be there;
Father in heaven! I thank thee thou hast heard me—
Benignant Father! thou hast heard my prayer!"

TO MY FATHER.

Itt, a honnan messze kell utazni mig az.

HERE where you must travel far, before the mountains
 Rise above the boundaries of the Netherland,
 Here I love to look on Nature's quiet beauty,
 Freedom and repose surround me where I stand:
 Near the little hut in which I find my dwelling,
 When the songs of mirth their joyous echoes
 spread,
 Here an ancient man is master of the household—
 Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head !

Where my dwelling is, my meat and drink provided,
 To complain of either were a shame, a crime ;
 While I wait on none, on me they all are waiting ;
 No complaint, even when I enter after time.
 But one thing annoys me—when a word reproachful
 To the good old hostess by the host is said ;
 Yet 'tis scarcely uttered ere he asks forgiveness—
 Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head !

Often do we talk of days and years departed,
 Why should happy years so hurriedly depart ?
Then he had a house, a garden, field and cellar,
 Many an ox and horse, and harvest-bearing cart.
Thieves despoiled his household, and the o'er-flowing
 Danube
 Swept his house away—and there, impoverishēd,
Stood the ancient man amidst the desolation—
 Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head !

Now his sun of life in darkness has descended,
 And the old man asks for silence and repose ;
Who can tell the weight of sorrow on his shoulders ?
 Who can tell the number of his wants and woes ?
He no day of rest—no sabbath-day can welcome,
 Early, late, he labours, for his daily bread ;
Oh ! I mourn the lot of that old man—so weary—
 Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head !

When I smiling say—“ a better fate awaits thee ; ”
 He just shakes his head—the comfort comes too
 late ;
“ Let me journey on, my pilgrimage is ending,
 Peace will welcome me within the churchyard
 gate.”

Then I press him tight against my panting bosom—
 O what pangs are felt, what burning tears are
 shed!
 Is not that old man mine own beloved father?
 Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

I AND THE SUN.

Bámulja sok olly epedöleg a holdat.

SOME have imagined that human regrets
 Mount to the moon and are petrified there ;
 Some that the dew-drop, the flower-bud that wets,
 Is the rendering to earth of a heaven-dropping tear.

But my heart-soarings are not to the moon,
 They to the sun in its glory aspire ;
 Thence are the songs which their music attune,
 Thence come love's gushes, thence extasy's fire.

I and the sun are betrothed,—his bright beam
 Kindles a beam in my spirit as bright ;
 All my heart's joys I contemplate in him,
 While my heart's mirror reflects back his light.

Yet one sad thought for the future I have,
 When I repose where my fathers reposed ;
 Tho' he may rise and may sit on my grave,
 Rising or sitting my eyes will be closed.

Yet men have said that the ghosts have a right,
 For a fugitive hour from their prisons to stray :
 O let my prison be closed thro' the night,
 And let me come forth in the brightness of day !

EVERY FLOWER.

Minden virágnak, minden kis fűszálnak.

EVERY flower and grass-blade, every one
 Claims, at least, one bright smile from the sun !
 Love !—the sunshine of the soul—that art,
 Hast thou not one sunbeam for my heart ?
 Hast thou not one maid to love me well ?
 Hast thou not one maid to hear me tell
 Of the coldness of the world, and bring
 Light and heat in her sweet ministering ?

Is there not a maid to say "Come near!
 Thou art weary—lay thy tired head here!"
 Is there not a maid to kiss away
 Blood-drops from my brow, that many a day
 Cruel men have stoned? Alone I stand
 Like a withered vine upon the land;
 On its branches not a bird to enchant me,
 Save the ravens black that ever, ever haunt me.

 CHRISTMAS.

'En hozzám is benézett a karácson.

OLD Christmas turned towards me—was it only
 To see a visage blank and pale and lonely,
 And the sad tears that trembled in my eye?

Go farther, Christmas!—all thy bounties bringing
 To some bright circle, where sweet voices ringing
 Shall welcome thee—go! pass the anchorite by!

Some chilling thoughts my wakening heart appal,
 And, like the icicles upon the wall,
 Hang stiffly on that heart—it was not so,

In older, happier days, when Christmas came,
And every eye shone brighter at the name—
Parents and brothers all—a joyous row.

O many saw us then—all, all delighted ;
All, all in daily blessedness united—
All, all so happy—all so kind, so good !

We loved our brethren all—God honoured, all,
And when the beggar called, we hailed his call,
We gave him comfort and we gave him food.

And our reward ? Short were our days of bliss—
Launched on a wide, wide sea of miseries,
Our destined harbour was despair and death.

And yet I dreamed that the old family tree
Might stand unshattered midst the misery—
Sunshine above it, sheltering beneath.

It was not so—there came a whirlwind forth,
And flung its branches to the south and north—
One of its roots, my mother—left alone.

O my soul's ancestry—O brothers dear !
 O loved companions, scattered here and there,
 Shall we not meet again, again be one ?

Hope ! thou has often kissed me, tho' thy kiss
 Was treacherous—yet is thine a tempting bliss ;
 In trusting thee once more—betray not, then,

Thy suppliant—let me dream of happy things—
 Of family meetings, family ministerings—
 Past days of blessedness to dawn again.

I am no sun, which earth and moon roll round,
 I am a comet lost in heaven's vast bound,
 And thro' the storm winds bear my melancholy
 train.

THE IMPATIENT MOON.

Mért vagyok én a hold ? isten, mit vétettem.

AND what am I, the moon ? Tell me thou great all-
 seeing !

Why was I born to be a miserable being ?
 I'd rather be a slave, by earthly tyrants driven,
 Than be a midnight king, and sit enthroned in heaven.

A beggar rather be, in rags and tatters roving,
Than thro' these fields of blue, in silver vestments
moving.

I'd rather eat the bread of poverty, tho' bitter,
Than drink the fragrant dews of all the stars that
glitter.

Wilt thou not hear my prayer? O thou that hear'st
the growling

Of many an angry bard—of many a dog that's howl-
ing ;

Bards ! bards ! What bards ? They pour their cata-
racts of verses

Heartless—they have no heart—I hear, with silent
curses ;

They speak, they spout to me, in folly's inebriety,
As if I were not tired—how tired, of such society !
True I am pale and wan, I sicken in the sadness,
Of all these maddened sounds, O would it were mute
madness !

I'd rather hear the screams of discord's many daugh-
ters,

Or cries of slaughtered swine rebelling 'gainst their
slaughters.

But now and then amidst these horrors dark and horrid,
I see a spark of light burst from a minstrel's fore-
head ;

A poet true who comes, his genial music proffering,
And then my face shines bright and brighter at the
offering ;

I listen to the strains complacent and enjoying,
Which make the dissonance but tenfold more annoy-
ing ;

O those vile sounds—they spread—they propagate
like rabbits,

Are there no laws to check their procreative habits ?

I'm left no night in peace, I hear the eternal tune, O !
And these impostors cry, " We're singing to the moon,
O ! "

But see, another comes, the monster dares to face me,
Stretches his apish arms, and says he would embrace
me :

The zany looks to heaven, and fancies I will hear him,
When not a fool on earth is fool enough to bear him ;
And then he sighs and sighs, half terrified, half tipsy,
And in my presence stands, like a convicted gipsy ;
Asks me—asks me, the moon !—to help him to discover
What is the reason he is a rejected lover ?

I'll tell him once for all—he shall not be mistaken,
" You had the grill in charge, you know, and spoilt
the bacon !

Did you not give a hot potato to the woman,

With which she burnt her mouth—and was it not
inhuman ?

Now go, and wail and weep, in moody melancholy—
Sit in the stocks of shame, repenting of your folly ;
List to the oracle, thou dunce ! if I can make thee
Hear my last word—'tis this, 'tis this—The devil take
thee !”

MOTTO.

ALL other things above
Are liberty and love ;
Life would I gladly tender
For love : yet joyfully
Would love itself surrender
For liberty.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Egy esztendő a másik sirját ássa.

ONE year entombs another year, as men
Deliver fellow-men to death's dominion ;
And now a year is sepulchred again,
Smitten by hurrying time's destructive pinion.

O be extinguished, dying year! Efface
All footprints of thy presence, buried year!
Amidst the records to my memory dear,
Of thy past history I would find no trace.

Thou busyedst me with many smiling schemes,
Thou scatteredst broadcast many hopeful seeds,
Filledst my soul with flattering, flowery dreams,
With words of promise, plans of prosperous deeds;
Thy gleams of sunshine brightened on my face,
Thy fame-proclaiming voices filled mine ear;
Yet midst the records to my memory dear,
Of thy past history I would find no trace.

My heart was but the football of hard fate,
And bore the brand of suffering; at thy smile,
That heart, relieved, felt less disconsolate,
And its fierce burnings were extinguished, while
The crater of its fires had yet a place
Within me—still tormenting, troubling there,
And midst my memory's records, parting year!
Of thy past history I would find no trace.

O dying year! upon thy grave is rocked
My fragile cradle, by a gentle hand,
And by hope's sweet embraces kindly locked
In visions, I on Eden's borders stand.

Should they deceive me, should the future chase
 Such dreamings—I will drop no bitter tear ;
 But midst my memory's records, dying year !
 Of thy past history thou shalt leave no trace.

But then, but then, Hungaria's curse shall fall
 Upon them, bringing hate and wail and woe,
 If to her liberty-arousing call—
 If thou shouldst answer with a thund'ring—No !
 Tear up her garlands, let her hide her face
 In shame and sorrow, let her disappear
 In darkness—dying, but deceitful year !
 Of thy past history I will find no trace.

THE NOBLEMAN.

Derezsre huzzák a gazembert.

THE Halunk is brought to the Derezs's side,
 And is paid for his songs by your blows ;
 He cheated, he pilfered, he plundered, he lied—
 What more ? Only Beelzebub knows.

He cries while you smite him, "Beware what you
do!

When the rights of a noble you scorn,
You despise all the laws of Hungaria, when you
Lay stripes on a nobleman born."

A nobleman—true! I have made a mistake
In my manner of dealing with thee,
I well might have spared thee the stick or the stake,
For the richly deserved gallows tree.

TO MANY HUNGARIAN ABSENTEES.

Ti fekélyek a hazának testén.

YE ulcers on the body of the state!
Deserting brotherhood;
Would I were fiery caustic to abate
Such evil blood!

I am not fiery caustic—cannot ban
The traitor—but can pour,
The haughty forehead of the miching man,
My curses o'er.

Is our poor fatherland so rich in store
That it needs not your purse ?
Is our poor fatherland so very poor—
Could not be worse ?

Robbers ! who what your country's weal demands,
Dug from her own rich mines,
Waste on the idol-gods of other lands,
And foreign shrines.

Ye saw your country struggling in the dust,
Did it not move you then ?
Did not your eyes weep blood-tears—as they must—
If ye were men ?

Come back ! Come back ! when struck with poverty,
The pilgrim staff in hand ;
Come back ! and supplicating beggars be
For fatherland !

Self-exiled ! By the lash of infamy,
Be homeward, homeward driven !
Bend on your country's grave the suppliant knee,
To be forgiven.

OUR COUNTRY.

Lement a nap. De csillagok—

THE sun went down, but not a starlet
 Appeared in heaven—all dark above—
 No light around, except the taper
 Dim glimmering, and my homely love.

That homely love's a star in heaven
 That shines around both near and far,
 A home of sadness—sad Hungaria!
 Where wilt thou find that lovely star?

And now my taper flickers faintly,
 And midnight comes, but in the gleam,
 Faint as it is, I see a shadow
 Which half reveals a future dream.

It brightens as the day-break brightens,
 Each flame brings forth a mightier flame;
 There stand two figures in the nimbus—
 Old Magyar honour—Magyar fame.

O Magyars ! look not on your fathers,
But bid them hide their brows in night ;
Your eyes are weak, those suns are dazzling,
Ye cannot bear that blasting light.

Time was those ancient, honoured fathers,
Could speak the threatening, thundering word :
'Twas like the bursting of the storm-wind,
And Europe, all responsive, heard !

Great was the Magyar then—his country
Honoured—his name a history
Of glory—now a star extinguished—
A fallen star in Magyar sea.

'Twas long ago—the laurel garland
Was round the Magyar forehead bound ;
Shall fancy—eagle-pinioned—ever
See Magyar hero-brow recrowned ?

That laurel crown so long has faded—
So long thy light has ceased to gleam ;
Thy greatness seems a myth, thy story
A fable of the past—a dream !

Long have mine eyes been dry and tearless,
But now I weep, and can it be
That these are dews of spring—the dawning
Of brighter days for Hungary?

And can it—can it be—a meteor,
That for a moment burst and blazed—
Lighted with brightness all the heavens,
And sunk in darkness while we gazed.

No! 'tis a comet, whose returning
Is sure as is the march of doom;
Hungary shall hail it, blazing, burning,
It cannot, will not fail to come.

HISTORY OF THREE HEARTS.

Volt egy lovag, kinek nem volt hazája.

I.

THERE was a knight, of fatherland bereft,
That land wrecked, ruined—not a vestige left,
Which waste and war, and desolation's flame
Had spared—it stood, the shadow of a name;

The knight looked on the frightful devastation,
His blood was boiling, and his reddened brow
Bespoke a fierce, but silent indignation,
As if the blood-fount were exhausted now ;
And every drop outpoured so willingly,
Poured out in vain—the Fatherland is dead,—
Dishonoured—doomed. The branch is from the tree
Wrenched rudely by the storm-wind—scattered
The leaves through the wide world,—he saw the cloud
That darkened all the heaven—and on the spot,
Which was his home, in agony he bowed,
But even one word of anguish uttered not ;
The tears dropped thickly on the absorbing grass—
The grass upon his country's grave that grew ;
His tears were all he had to give—alas !
And he would fain be melted with the dew
That lay there—then he rose—and looked around—
Stalked like a ghostly shadow o'er the ground,
And flung a curse upon the solitude ;
Then came a thought to that bewildered mood—
Might not a wandering, weary spirit roam
In search of home, to find at last a home ?
But better than a foreign home it were
To sink into enduring death, sleep there
Where snowy flowers might lie upon the grave—

What more than rest would the tired pilgrim have ?
So in the silent woods he lingered, asking
A pillow for his weariness. The spot
Was brightened by a lovely maiden, basking
In sunshine,—in his gloom he saw her not—
Saw nothing—but the wrecked and ruined cot—
Knew not how often, through the forest shade,
The starry lamps were looked on by the maid ;
How oft her eyes caught radiance from their glance ;
He knew not that love's terrors often paled
Like snowy lilies that sad countenance,
That what she felt she uttered not, but quailed,
Under a silence-forcing influence.
O how could she, mistress of house and land,
And name and fortune—dream of one who stood
A poor knight by the world's opinion banned,
And tainted with the stains of common blood ?
For in that spot the youth had dwelt of old—
A peasant—a field labourer—of the poor
The poorest—struggling both with want and cold,
He then had seen the maiden, but no more
Dared look upon her face, than look upon
The blasting lightning or the mid-day sun ;
Yet wheresoe'er he went, a ray that came
From that bright vision, filled his soul with flame—

The flame of love, whose ever fostered fire
Blazed brighter in the darkness of desire
And dread, lest she, the lofty, might discover
The hidden passion of the lowly lover :
So daringly presumptuous—yet perhaps
Heroic deeds and laurel wreaths might bring,
When many a weary, weary year should lapse,
For love's high altar a fit offering ;
Meanwhile might he not hope to catch—from far
A glance—a glory from that heavenly star ?

II.

And he went forth again—again to strive,
But not the fierce encounter to survive ;
The tyrants hurled their thunder at his head—
But tyrant's thunder cannot wake the dead ;
And there he sleeps the eternal sleep—no stone
To mark his resting place—the coarse grass grown
Upon a little hillock, shows the spot—
What could a stone say more ? Alas ! Is not
His maiden's heart to stone all petrified ?
And will not his dear memory more abide
In grateful souls, with living thoughts enshrined ;
She had no more concern with earth—she died—
The loved one—and she slumbers at his side.

III.

They left a servant—only one—behind,
 Who came heart-broken ; but the griefs, the care,
 Were all too heavy—all too hard to bear,
 And he sought death to soothe his troubled mind.
 At midnight, when the tomb-gates open wide,
 A wanderer sought the spot, where lay interred
 His love, and looking round on every side,
 Asked for the idol of his soul—nought stirred ;
 She was not there—she, too, at midnight toll,
 Had sought the vanished idol of her soul ;
 'Twas a vain seeking—like a wandering bird
 He, too, had fled—and from a foreign strand—
 Asks—Do the chains still hold my Fatherland ?

THE HUNGARIAN NATION.

Van-e egy marok föld a magyar hazában.

Is there in Magyar land a single spot
 Unsanctified by hero Magyar blood ?
 Has not that blood which warmed our sires im-
 bued
 Our country's soil,—Alas ! the scathing blot
 Of shame is on their sons' ingratitude.

Has falsehood superseded ancient truth ?
Have the old lions given birth to hares ?
O fathers, rich in glory ! thro' your tears
Can ye forgive the now degenerate youth
That your proud name, but not your glory bears.

Has not this race of their forefathers heard ?
Can the old blood run purely through their veins ?
O if a drop of that old blood remains,
By some redeeming deed—some wakening word—
'Twill usher Freedom in and break our chains.

Why should we tarry ? Are we humbled down
To very beasts of burden—satisfied
To eat the bread, by despot hands supplied—
Blanked in the records of the world's renown—
Than so to live, 'twere better to have died.

Shame on thee, outraged nation ! Shame on thee,
Who once didst fill, in the heroic age
Of history's pages, a transcendant page,
And now thou kneelest in thine infamy,
A poor slave victim on the vulgar stage.

And woe, and woe is mine ! who felt compelled
To lift my hand to scourge my own dear mother ;
O sadly fated son ! and could no other
Inflict those bleeding wounds—my heart rebelled
While my hand smote—I had no sire—no brother

To help me. Shall I then be silent? No!
Whate'er be mine, of suffering, sorrow, shame,
In spite of heaven itself, my country's name,
Until redeemed, I'll doom to waste and woe—
Till her soul rises, or mine sinks below.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

AN ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

I dreamt a wondrous dream,
I know not if in sleeping or awaking ;
But that I dreamt I know, since no mistaking
Of things that are for things that only seem
Could fill the soul with such a burning glow,
Or make my hand write tremblingly—as now.

I lingered on a long and lonesome way ;
But no ! it was not lingering, for I sped
Hurriedly forward, tho' I seemed to stay—

'Twas wearying—from the dullness and delay,
And the monotony around me spread.
And those who passed or dwelt there seemed imbued
With the inaction of the solitude ;
Passionless—satisfied—O how I strove
To leave that land behind me—to escape
From that oppressive power whose every shape
Was clad in doubt and gloom, but none in love.

At last I reached the boundary of the sands,
And there a diamantine portal stands,
With rainbow letters fringed with gold above—
“ Kingdom of Love !”
There was a “ Welcome !” waiting on the watch ;
Raptured, I seized the latch—
Opened the door, and boldly rushed within—
And saw—O heavenly vision ! all around—
A more enchanting, more enrapturing scene
Than poet or than painter ever found
When they in earth have pictured heavenly gods,
And a blest Paradise for their abodes.

A wide and fertile vale, a fancy's dream,
With myriad flowers, and rose trees towering high,
As oaks towards the sky :
And by soft song accompanied, a stream
Gliding, but lingering, oft turned back to kiss

The banks it left, as if some thought of bliss—
Some memory sweet were there—and everywhere
Enchantments all-mysterious filled the air ;
Odours and many coloured beams of light,
Columns of crystal, gems reflecting bright,
The grand romantic statues girding round
That amphitheatre, and every height
With clouds of pure translucent gold was crowned.
Entranced, I looked around me—and forgot
To close the open door—wilderer I stood,
Gazing upon that clear melodious flood,
Whose magic magnet influence I could not
Resist, and nearer to its banks I drew—
An emerald field, flower decked, I wandered thro' ;
I saw young groups bending their heads toward
Something attractive in the tangled sward,
And picked up what to my eyes seemēd either
A needle or a feather.
“What seek ye here?” I asked. “A poisonous weed!”
One answered, and again inclined his head ;
“And when discovered, tell me for what use?”
“To press the foliage, and to sip its juice.”
I hastened back ; the disenchantment gave
Strong impulse to my footsteps—tired I found
A resting place on the rose-covered ground ;
Beneath a tree I sat—to weariness a slave—

To disappointment—to disgust—strange fear—
A wild perplexity had mastered me
When I look'd upward, and saw hanging there,
A youth upon the tree.
Startled, I looked around—one, two, three, four—
And each its own suspended victim bore,
Swinging aloft;—towards the stream I fled,
Driven thitherward by dread,
And sought wherewith to ford it. Then I cried,
“Love's holy kingdom's on the farther side,”
And sprang into a boat; I seized the rudder,
And midst the rushes floating—with a shudder
Saw many corpses—youths and maidens—seem
Like frightened ghosts that leaped into the stream.

I reached the distant bank—pale, trembling, weary,
And images of terror dark and dreary—
And poison-cups—and sorcery-cauldrons rose—
There was no resting place and no repose.
There spouted from the mountain-tops a flood
Of brains and blood;
And on that blooming border
Were death and discord, darkness and disorder.
I ran about in wild despair,
I ran about, lost and bewildered there;
One black, black canopy o'ershadowed all—

Self-murder—hopeless misery—fall on fall !

But the meadows laughed out serene,
And beautiful flowers shone thro' the green ;
The musical stream, and the azure sky,
They laughed out with a sparkling joy :
Blossoming here, and blossoming there—
Peace and blessedness everywhere !

WORLD'S HISTORY.

Világtörténet !

O THOU world's history ! O thou book of wonders !
Each reads thy pages with a different breath ;
Musical blessings here, there cursing thunders :
Now smiles of life, and then the frowns of death.
Thou bearest in one hand a flashing sword,
“Go forth and conquer” is thy sovereign word,
“For help is wanted—to the rescue—Go !”
And to another—“Sheathe the sword, and know
Thou draw'st it forth in vain, in vain thou strivest,
Against inexorable fate thou drivest ;
The world was doomed to slavery—and shall be—
Thou canst not change nor check its destiny.”

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