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ART. III.—Handbuch der Ungarischen Poesie, &c. i. e. Manuel of Hungarian Poetry; or a Selection of interesting Pieces from the best Hungarian Poets, chronologically arranged—with notices of their Lives and Writings—an introductory history of the Hungarian Poetry, a collection of German Translations, and a Glossary of the uncommon words, &c. Edited by Franz Toldy, with the help of Julius Fenyérfi (2 vols. 8vo. Pesth and Vienna, 1828.

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A MAN of generous affections and of inquiring mind can hardly go forth among his fellow men without finding something to respect and to admire, which he had not before discovered. He will soon perceive, that the whole field of social intercourse is watered with innumerable interesting streams; and the dews of his charity will fall on all the human race; he will find sources of happiness springing up where all seemed barrenness; and learn that the sum of good in the world is infinitely greater, than the first glance would deem it to be. There is no better exercise for benevolence, than to "expatiate widely o'er this scene of man," to see how much of the power of felicity every human creature possesses—and there is no more salutary discipline for the intellectual faculties, than to pass the boundaries of a narrow and selfish nationality, and to gather up the fruits and flowers which we may often find profusely strewed where, perchance, nothing was expected but a wilderness or a waste.

A few years ago, a small number of languages bounded the pursuits of those who fancied themselves to represent the highest civilization. The design and the desires of the great guides of Edu-

\*) Igazi neve Stettner György  
(Lásd: Kropf: Sir John Bowring.)

cation seemed to be, to confine the student to the narrowest limits, instead of inviting him to an extensive range—they rather sought to fix and fetter the mind to a few defined objects, than to encourage those inquiries which might have opened new sources of instruction, and have led from classic prisons to the wide expanse of intellectual existence. Fame and honour rewarded success in one or two branches of knowledge alone—unbounded information on subjects neither mathematical nor classical, brought with it no distinction nor recompense. There was a ban—a negative ban, at least,—on all but a few exclusive topics; and these, assuredly, not the most important, nor the best adapted to fit the inquirer for the after-business of life. What was called, a regular University Education was, in truth, little better than the education of the fifteenth century. Philosophy had made stupendous advances, half the secrets of earth and heaven had been unveiled—floods of light had been shed on the ancient sciences—while many new ones had sprung into being. Man, in his individual and social relations, had been the object of a thousand successful investigations; sound principles of morals and legislation had gradually forced their way; experiment had been long trenching on antique authority, while, unfortunately, our great seminaries of instruction had and still have refused to join the general impulse; have held out little encouragement to more enlarged studies; and a great portion of the literary harvest is abandoned to those desultory and accidental labourers, who may, from time to time, wander into an almost untrodden track.

The consequences of this defect, in what is deemed the completest form of English Education, meet us at every turning; and here is to be found the primary cause of the general ignorance that prevails among us respecting the literature of most other nations. Innumerable are the works of excellence whose very titles are unknown to us; many are the languages from whose stores no fragment has ever been presented to an English eye. It is very easy for satisfied and slothful ignorance to presume, that all is valueless which is not within its reach—a lamentable subterfuge this—and a mischievous delusion. It cannot truly be dissipated by declamation; but it will be our pleasing duty, from time to time, to submit to the indulgence of our readers, the widely-scattered evidences of the intellectual state of remote lands, and especially of those which have been least favoured with the condescending attentions of our literary men. We shall avail ourselves of the very interesting collection of Magyar poetry, whose title heads this paper, to give a few specimens of the Living Poets of Hungary.



There is no such man in existence as Franz Toldy. The veritable person is a virtuous German—Schedel by name—who, enamoured of the beauties, and touched by the neglect of the Magyar tongue has, for some years, been successfully endeavouring to make it better known. He is one of the many German settlers in Hungary, who feel that the strongest hold they can possess on the affections of the Magyars is, to co-operate with them for the extension of their literary reputation—to assist in elevating them to the position they are entitled to occupy in the world of civilization—to encourage their patriotic sympathies—and to give them a local habitation and a name among the cultivated portion of the human race. Purposes so excellent merit every encouragement. He who removes the stigma of reproach, or rolls away the clouds of neglect, from a people, is a benefactor on a magnificent scale. To suppress an individual calumny, to develop an individual virtue, is praiseworthy and generous; but to entitle a whole nation to a more favourable opinion, to create kind affections, respect, esteem, admiration for the virtues or the knowledge of millions, is one of the most exalted works in which philanthropy can be engaged. Such honourable labours have been too much neglected—because too little encouraged in England. While we have been pouring forth our knowledge over more than a hemisphere, while the names of our great men are familiar to the world, from how few countries have we gathered contributions in return; how vast the extent of territory, how many the languages, how various the tribes from whence we have never received, because we have never sought, one iota of instruction. Diversity of idiom has been a great barrier to the inter-communication of thought, but the difficulty of acquiring a foreign tongue has been wondrously exaggerated. There are few intellectual tasks less laborious, none more encouraging in its progress. The child with its imperfect organs and unimpaired faculties, learns in a few months enough of language to express its wants, and to receive delight from the expressions of those around it. Can it be believed with mature capacities, and under a proper system of instruction, that the youth or the man should be incapable of emulating the child? Experience shows the contrary wherever a proper experiment is made; but as we have gone so elaborately into this question in the last number of this Review, it is hardly necessary to dilate on it here.

From the end of the fifteenth century literary remains are not wanting in the language of the Magyar people. Rhymed chronicles become numerous in the sixteenth, and the seventeenth ushers in a numerous train of versifiers, of whom Zrínyi

is the first entitled to special distinction. He sang the deeds of his ancestors with more of passion than poetry; but his erotic compositions are charming though grotesque. Liszti followed: his description of the fatal field of Mohács wants the interest of history, and is rather made up of the generalities borrowed from classical sources, than of particulars gathered from the real events of the time. Gyöngyösi's fluent muse poured forth volumes of verses, which, if often wanting in force and pathos, served nevertheless to fix the language, and to give a great impulse to literature. Beniczky and Kohari, the first a bard of strong affections, the other of a quiet and thoughtful philosophy, prepared the way for Faludi, the leader of a new generation, rich in illustrious names. In the middle of the eighteenth century, a band of national writers arose, filling up, one after another, the various departments of letters in the field of imagination and of judgment. The attempts of the Austrian court to extirpate the Hungarian tongue, led to its complete resuscitation. Soon appeared Revai's collection of unpublished poetry; Dugonics printed his national romances; Kazinczy his various literary contributions. The stage lent its aid to the language of the people, and nearly three-hundred pieces were produced in a few years. The richest portions of the Magyar productions are undoubtedly the poetical; and the result of a vehement struggle between the advocates and representatives of the French, Latin, and German schools has been, the creation of a new and independent Hungarian spirit, which is likely to be exceedingly beneficial to the national culture, and which has already borne many fruits of beauty. The first representatives of the new and, at the present moment, the reigning poetical taste of the Hungarians, were Csokonai, Kazinczy, Dayka, and Verseghy. Their united influence formed an independent and patriotic school. Of these Kazinczy is still living, and has found in a strong band of young co-adjutors the security that his popular labours will influence all future time. Kazinczy brought the influence of foreign literature to act directly on that of Hungary; not by a particular and exclusive dedication to any one particular language, but by translating and assembling a number of meritorious works, and pouring them out, in fusion, as it were, upon the Magyar. Shakspeare and Lessing, Marmontel and Sterne, Ossian and Göthe, were assembled, and introduced together in social communion. Very various too are his original writings; his songs are sweet and simple; his epigrams happily pointed; and his epistles (a form of poetry not often happily managed) are agreeably diversified in manner and matter. He was born in 1759, and



his whole biography is a series of meritorious labours for the literary reputation of his country. In the periodicals, which from time to time have ministered to the taste for letters of the Magyars, he will be found almost omni-present. But he has been disciplined by adversity, and persecuted for his political opinions—seven years he passed in prison under the paternal visitations of the government of Vienna—the particulars of which the censorship has kindly erased from Toldy's volumes, leaving blanks and blank lines to be filled up, as many such an hiatus will be filled up hereafter, with the words, "Austrian despotism,"—"Austrian barbarism."

Amidst his numerous works it is difficult to select; but in the following, indiscriminately culled, the character of his poetry may be traced.

## HER IMAGE.

Midőn az hajnal elveri álmonat.

'Tis morning and I wake—the earliest vision  
That beams upon me is thy face divine;  
And then my spirit floats in light elysian,  
And bliss springs youthful from those smiles of thine.  
" 'Tis she—'tis she!" I cry,—swift flow my veins,  
I kiss the air, as if her breath had bless'd it—  
I bow to earth, as if her feet had press'd it—  
Yes! she was here, and still her influence reigns.  
Fair Representative! the sweet infection  
Of power is with thee—gentle, but supreme;  
Blending such dreams of hope and recollection—  
And gilding with new glory every dream:  
Look!—for the sun is up, and on thy face  
Throws all its lustre, light, and heavenly grace.

## FABLE:—THE BADGER AND THE SQUIRREL.

A' tunya borz szennyes gödrében nézte szökéseit.

A dirty badger, from his noisome dwelling,  
Observ'd from branch to branch a squirrel springing:  
'Twas near the badger's den where dwelt the squirrel,  
On an old tree, to Pan once consecrated.

"Ho! Cousin, Ho!" so cried the dirty badger,  
 "Hast thou forgotten, say, that thou by nature  
 Art classed among the quadrupeds—'tis folly  
 And an unseemly vanity, that make thee  
 Ashamed of earth—and seeking habitation  
 Among the fowls of heaven. Descend, companion,  
 Come dwell among thy kindred, and abandon  
 Thy towering friskings. Cousin bear leaps often,  
 I too, sometimes—but then tis with discretion."  
 The little creature listened to the counsel,  
 And answered meekly—"Were I thy companion—  
 Then—but thou art a badger—I a squirrel."

## THE BELOVED.

Where the gay streamlet  
 Springs from the mountain,  
 Laughing and dancing  
 Came a sweet maiden  
 Bearing a violet,  
 Azure and odorous ;  
 Smiling she dropt it  
 Into my bosom ;  
 And on my forehead,  
 Planted warm kisses  
 Many and glowing—  
 "Breathe thro' thy harp-strings,"  
 Thus said the maiden ;  
 "Breathe out the spirit  
 I have awakened"—  
 Swiftly she vanished.  
 Then came a dovelet,  
 Flutt'ring, complaining,  
 And a green cradle  
 Made of young branches,  
 Touching my lips  
 With sweet dewy honey.

As I grew older,  
 Beautiful visions  
 Glanc'd thro' the foliage  
 Of the old oak trees ;  
 Near the clear streamlet  
 Rising irriguous,  
 Visions of beauty  
 Which my song chaunted.  
 Then did my country  
 And her bright children  
 Waken its music—  
 Then did love's passion  
 Thrill thro the harp-strings,  
 And the bright eye-balls  
 Of that divine one,  
 Who in the darkness  
 Of the green garden,  
 Beam'd—and fled smiling.  
 Wicked one ! darting  
 Into my bosom—  
 And then departing.

## THE EPIGRAM.

Szökj, Epigramma, di nem mint nyil melly ezérla fut és öl.

Fly, Epigram, fly, but not like a barb that wounds as it hurries ;  
 Fly like a kiss, which the loving one tremblingly steals ;  
 Lo ! 'tis just heard and retain'd—from the fire of the odorous  
 maiden  
 Flames have been waked on my lips, and a heat has possess'd all  
 my heart.

Berzsenyi was born in 1776, and inhabits Mikla. Encouraged by Kis, an estimable poet yet living, he became the friend and correspondent of Kazinczy, and soon obtained distinction and a place under the Hungarian government. His works were collected in three books (*Versei*) and published at Pesth in 1813. They are remarkable for their tenderness, and have passed through three editions. These are translated extracts :

## EVENING TWILIGHT.

Come with thy purple smiles, and bring  
To nature quiet rest :  
Come, gentle light of eye, and fling  
The dew o'er nature's breast.

Send to the weary eye repose  
And happy dreams to night :  
And bid the veil of darkness close  
O'er holy love's delight.

The rose-tree hides its fairest flowers  
While eye slides calmly by,  
And life's most bright and blessed hours  
Are hid in mystery.

I have a secret—but 'tis mine—  
No word shall reach thine ear,  
'Tis buried in my heart's own shrine,  
And lock'd in safety there.

I will not tell my thought—nor shame  
My maiden with a fear ;  
I will not tell my maiden's name  
Nor what I feel for her.

I told it to the silent moon,  
She saw my hour of bliss—  
The tears of joy I shed—the boon,  
The beauty and the kiss.'

## TO ERNESTINE.

“ Sweet is life, my Ernestine !  
In the od'rous myrtle grove,  
In the arms of holy love,  
In Dione's, or in thine.  
Sweet is life, my Ernestine !  
Some may fear lest wind and wave  
Delve for all their wealth a grave ;  
Some may heap Golconda's store,  
Ever adding more to more ;

Some may climb the slippery hill  
 Crown'd by glory's citadel ;  
 Others court the Peans loud  
 Victory wakens from the crowd ;  
 But, with thee, my Ernestine,  
 Yes ! with thee to live be mine.  
 Silenced every worldly tone ;  
 O how sweet to live alone.  
 Seeing—wishing—not to see  
 Aught but those bright smiles of thine.  
 Thee, my love—and only thee—  
 Hearing nought but thy soft breathing,  
 Or thy gentle rustling, wreathing  
 Little flowers of love for me."

Buczy is a Transylvanian poet. His spirit is that of antiquity. His odes are Horatian in their form and spirit. Space will allow only one of them to be given here.

## SPRING.

A' tavasz rózsás kebelét kitérva.

Opening the rose-buds wakes the vernal season,  
 Sinks in mild dews upon the fields—while Zephyr  
 Plays with his pinlets, which rich fragrance scatter,  
 Drinking the dew drops.

Creative ether pours he o'er earth's bosom—  
 Calling to life what long in death had slumber'd,  
 Scattering around ten thousand seeds of being  
 Budding prolific.

Flora walks forth with all her youths to meet him,  
 Violets and roses blush upon his pathway,  
 Smiles and gay jests, and love and joy surround him  
 Blessed companions !

I, too, have tuned my song of bliss—have braided  
 Emma ! sweet maiden ! for thy lovely bosom  
 Necklace of roses—like thee lovely—like thee—  
 Like us all—fading.

## MERIT.

Rettenhetetlen lelked' az 'erezés.

' Onward ! still onward ! in the path of duty,  
 On to the goal—guard every sacred feeling ;





What though the deeds of most heroic virtue,  
 Impudent folly tarnish with her slander ?  
 Bear thee on boldly—Virtue's gloomiest cypress  
 Shading, shall shield thee. Hate may hide thy greatness,  
 Envy torment thee, but thy patriot actions,  
 Blessing thy country, shall endure for ever.  
 Think not that envy can destroy the temple  
 Rear'd to thy glory. Merit wreathes the garland  
 Fated for thee ; mankind shall be thy judges,  
 Covering thy name with an undying honour.

Great, too, have been the services of Döbrentei. He published several poems in the collection of the Hungarian Society (Odenburg, 1804) before he was of age. He travelled in many parts of Europe—visited the best of Hungary's poets—established the Transylvanian Museum, in which are contributions from Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists and Unitarians—translated Macbeth (which was represented in the Transylvanian theatres) and has published, not only many original pieces, but valuable criticisms on the works of his countrymen. That the mantle of song is on him, the characteristic composition which follows will very clearly show. Some other of his poems have from time to time appeared in the English Newspapers :—

THE ENTHUSIAST AND PHILOSOPHER.

*Enthusiast.* "Is't thus ?  
 And if not thus, say how ?  
 For a wild fire is burning in my bosom,  
 Which I can quench not—which I cannot guide ;  
 I strive to build the fair—to build the fairest  
 Upon the wise—as thou wouldst teach me ; I  
 Would blend my spirit and my heart in one,  
 Making my hymn both beautiful and strong ;  
 That it may teach—and teaching, may transport  
 With ecstasy. I ask, with prayerful tear,  
 My way to fame's bright goal : thou hast the crown,  
 Teach me to win and wear it—I beseech thee,  
 With passionate longings I beseech thee—say,  
 Say—thus. Ah, no ! 'tis sweet—but not successful.  
 I cannot reach the bourn—and life to me  
 Is melancholy waste of life !"

*Philos.* "Give thy feelings ample room,  
 Time shall soon disperse their gloom.  
 When bound in snows the wild-stream leaves its bed  
 Murmuring ; and as it maddens bears along  
 Rocks, mud, and forest-branches, can'st thou see  
 Young flowers, and the blue heaven upon its face,

Thou turns't away in sadness from its waves  
 So troubled—for 'tis purity that charms,  
 And quiet. Think on this—and be at rest.  
 The muse is a soft maiden, whose bright wand,  
 Whose odorous ringlets, flinging light around,  
 Thy lips may kiss. She is not wooed by fierceness,  
 But turns, deep blushing, to her own sweet self,  
 From the wild turbulent grasp of stormy thought.  
 "Glow—but glow *not* with blind and savage heat;  
 Approach, with gentleness, and she will wake  
 Her own responses from thy feeling breast;  
 Her bright eye will enkindle loveliest light,  
 Thy soul transporting—gently—gently come,  
 And she shall press thee to her breast—that breast  
 So soft, so warm—and gently kiss her lips;  
 Her breath shall then impregnate thee—her fires  
 Bear thee aloft above a thousand stars,  
 And summon from thy soul harmonious songs."

Kölsey is a Transylvanian, and was born at Szö-Demeter, in 1790. Most of his productions appeared in the periodicals of his country. He wrote a satire, in communion with his friend Szemere, against Mondolat, which aroused many enemies, whose numbers were not diminished by his free criticisms in the Tudományos Gyütemény (Scientific Repository). Dissatisfied, however, with the editorial changes, he established the *Elet és Literatura* (Life and Literature), many of whose articles are distinguished for their sound judgment and various learning. He published specimens of a translation of the *Iliad*; but his *Literary Letters to Döbrentei* are a perfect image of his mind and character. His poetry may speak for itself.

## BOAT SONG.

Uttem csolnakomban Habzó vizen.

O'er th' unsteady wavelets  
 I my boat sped,  
 Heard the crane's wing fluttering  
 Over my head;  
 Thou, heaven's pilgrim, flying  
 O'er land and sea,  
 Would it were my privilege  
 To fly with thee.

Wisely art thou seeking  
 Some fairer clime,  
 Springtide's vernal beauties,  
 Summer's bright time;

Thy blest track I follow,  
 With thee I roam,  
 Seek a better country  
 And a sweet home.

Seek a home of sweetness  
 'Neath heaven's blue,  
 Where no winter darkens,  
 No noisome dew;  
 Where are lovely rainbows  
 Made by hope bright,  
 Morning waking morning,  
 Glorious in light.



Thro' the verdant branches, Soft west-winds sigh ; Near my hut a streamlet Glides gently by. Boat ! may God be with thee— Thou stormy strand ! See my sweet one calls me, Waving her hand.	O'er th' unsteady wavelets, I my boat sped, Heard the crane's wing fluttering Over my head ; Fly thou heavenly pilgrim O'er earth and sea, But my fate forbids me To fly with thee.
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## TO FANCY.

Come bright-eyed Fancy, smiling, and unlock me  
Those dreamy regions where thou reignest yet ;  
In thy bright cradle curtain me and rock me,  
As Venus rocks young Cupid, her sweet pet.  
As through life's dark and solitary forest  
I tread, surround me with thy balmy air ;  
Let the glad notes of melody thou pourest,  
Be like the nightingales that warble there.

Dreaming upon thy lap, I call the maiden  
Mine, who is mine no longer—and am blest ;  
Dreaming upon thy lap—though sorrow-laden,  
I find in silent tears, the thought of rest.  
Thou misery's burden wondrously dost lighten,  
And minglest joy with such creative power,  
That shadow'd doubts, to hope, to rapture, brighten,  
And patience dawns upon the troubled hour.

A dark blue veil upon the future lowers,  
And hides my coming doom—in vain I gaze ;  
While from my heart a flame of light uptowers,  
Flinging its radiance o'er departed days.  
The present's narrow limits swiftly widen,  
And joy drives sorrow from the path of life ;  
Sweet roses bloom beneath my feet unbidden,  
While beauty takes the seat of woe and strife.

Then come the sylphids on their downy pinions ;  
Then bows Favonius from his cloudy throne ;  
Joy builds a shrine in the green earth's dominions,  
And I hang smiling o'er my loving one.  
So lives the butterfly—amidst the blisses  
Of the fresh breeze enamour'd—on his bliss ;  
So—the sweet lips of balmy flowers he kisses,  
Flowers that give back again his eager kiss.

Szemere's productions are not numerous. His sonnets are written with exceeding purity of language, grace of style, and agreeable imagery. His works almost always saw the light either in periodicals or collections, such as Bozoki's, and the Tavaszi

virágok (Spring-flowers). Toldy says, that Szemere's sonnets are as popular in Hungary, as is Gray's Elegy in England. Here is one of them :—

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

Egy titkos ah felém 's egy elpirulat.

' I heard a gentle breathing, like a sigh,  
I saw a quiet smiling, like the dawn,  
A bosom heaving 'neath th' o'ershadowing lawn,  
Half hidden, half unveil'd.—A raptur'd cry  
Broke from me, "Yes! 'tis thou;" and then I flung  
My arms around thee, and in passionate bliss  
Joy followed joy, and kiss gave way to kiss,  
And rapture fettered both—and thus she sung :  
"Thou I so long have sought for, thou art mine ;  
Thine is the maiden's sweetest kiss, and thine  
All that the maiden's heart and soul possess."  
I listened—and such flutterings of delight  
Shook all my senses—I was silent quite—  
Thoughts overpower'd expression. Could they less ?

Virag has been called, and with some reason, the Magyar Horace. He translated the whole of the Roman Lyric's productions, whose spirit he has transposed into his works. He has, at different times, printed volumes of poetry—has written a history of Hungary, wherein he has probably said something to offend his Austrian master, as the following blanks occur in Toldy's account of him: "In his history he is in the highest degree ingenious, clearly-conceived, and respecting—prejudices, ——— elevated."

## POET'S OFFERING.

Drága sarkantyút, vagy arany keresztet.

Spurs of fine gold, or ornamented garlands,  
E'en the gold fleece—or all the decorations  
Worn by the noble, would I gladly offer,  
Tributes to friendship.

Gifts such as these my destiny denied me—  
Thou—thou dost seek a higher, brighter glory.  
Fame such as time decays not—fame to waken  
Light from thine ashes.



Harp! all whose strings with Magyar music vibrate,  
Thou son of fame! O take my harp, Hungarian,  
Take it, and sing the glory of thy country,  
Sing it delighted.

## GOOD WISHES.

Tölem barátom, messze vagy.

Thou hast journeyed far, my friend,  
To the world's remotest end;  
Winds get weary following thee,  
To thy path's extremity—  
Whither do the Gods attend him?

Up, my spirit! up—and rove  
To the object of thy love;  
Thou who with unwearied wing  
Cirlest off heaven's farthest ring!  
Blessings on his path befriend him!

Vitkovics is a Servian; and, though nearly twenty years old when he first devoted himself to the study of the Magyar language, his earliest compositions proved his mastery over it. He has written much Servian poetry, and has translated into Hungarian many of the most remarkable ballads of that very interesting and imaginative people. His verses and prose fables are collected in a volume, entitled *Mései és Versei* (Pesth 1817). Of his hexameters the following is an imitation.

‘Summer had come: in the twilight of evening delicious  
Stillness was spread o’er the fields—to my garden I hasten’d,  
Seeking repose from the troubles and toils of existence.  
“Bliss,” I exclaimed, “bliss, when wilt thou visit my bosom?”  
Lo! as I spoke, thro’ the breeze-courting window there glided  
Into my green-house a beautiful maiden, bright-pinion’d,  
Saddled in steel—with garments of gracefulness round her;  
Courteous and active she smil’d—I saw by her smiling  
’Twas Bliss, and I sprung from my seat, and bade her fair welcome.  
“Heaven hath sent thee at last, thou goddess of beauty—  
Whence art thou come—whither going?”  
“I wander—no time for a parley”—  
Said—and departed. She sped her like light thro’ the window.

Szentmiklóssy, an inhabitant of Erdö-tartsa, began his literary career by songs in the spirit of Faludi and Arnyos. He afterwards published a romance, and acquired a great taste for French literature from some officers of that nation who were

confined at Erlau. His poetical productions are numerous, and strewed over the monthly literary newspapers of Hungary. His lyrics are principally erotic, and some of them very happily turned.

THE FLOWER GATHERER.

The lovely Chloe plucks a rose  
From the gay garden where it grows,  
And from its cup a wild bee flew,  
Which from her lips drank honey too.  
I heard it whisper "this perfume  
Is sweeter far than flow'ret's bloom."  
Be gone, I say, thou miscreant bee!  
That odorous cup is not for thee;  
Those lips are sacred unto one;  
Those sweets distill'd for me alone.

There are many other names which must be passed over;— though in Kis, Endrödi, and Madame Göndösz it would be easy to find passages of interest and of merit. What remains of space must, however, be devoted to three of the most remarkable writers that have appeared in Hungary; the brothers Kisfaludy and Michael Vorösmasty. Alexander Kisfaludy, descended, it is believed, from the race of Csák, one of the oldest Magyar families, was born at Sümeg, in 1772, entered the military service, passed a campaign in Italy, visited the Valley of Vaucluse, and there, the Hungarians say, the mantle of Petrarch descended upon him.

In 1801, he published the first part of his *Himfy's Love*. It was received with the most eager enthusiasm. It lay on the toilets of the fair for its graces and beauties, and penetrated the studies of the learned, on account of its mastery over the language, and its vigour of style. It was followed by a succession of lyric and dramatic productions, each one bringing new fame to the author. His works were the first to which a very extensive popularity had been accorded. The *Himfy* is a collection of four hundred songs; one half of which celebrated the sorrows, and the other the joys, of love. They are in the Petrarchian style; not, however, like the works of the Italian, rapid vibrations from joy to sorrow, but continuous developments of melancholy feelings in the first book, and of happy emotions in the second. He represents an unreturned affection struggling with every difficulty, driving its possessor into foreign lands, to danger, to battle; he cannot subdue it, he comes home, his Lisa is lovelier than ever; but, worst and last of miseries! she loves another. Of these compositions we will give a few examples.

## 7. DAL.

Mint a' szarvas, kit megére.

As the suffering hart confounded  
By the lance that tears his veins ;  
Flies—in vain—for he is wounded,  
Vainly flies to woods or plains,  
Since thy piercing eye look'd thro' me,  
So I flee—and vainly flee ;  
Still thy magic barbs pursue me,  
I am wounded, maid ! by thee.  
And the wound but seems the stronger,  
As my flight is further—longer—  
Smitten heart ! alas ! thy pain  
Seeks relief or rest in vain.

## 26. DAL.

Természetnek 'Eltetője.

Thou sublimest life-creator,  
Who didst breath and being give,  
Thou, all worlds regenerator,  
In and by whose life we live.  
Heart-controller—thou hast chosen  
Thus its boiling streams to move ;  
Better were it chill'd and frozen,  
Than tormented thus by love.  
O ! condemn me not, my father !  
If I err—but pity rather—  
As she stole my reason—she,  
And not I, must guilty be.

## 176. DAL.

Szelid Múzsák ! jól tudom én.

Muses ! honour her—the sweetest—  
Her by smiling graces nursed ;  
Music ! when the fair thou grestest,  
Greet her fairest—greet her first.

I have seen her bright eyes glisten  
 When the poet touch'd his chord ;  
 Yet she will not deign to listen  
 To mine unobtrusive word.  
 Maiden ! wherefore so capricious ?  
 Is the minstrel too ambitious ?  
 Doth his silence please thy will ?  
 Listen, maiden ! he is still.

What follow are from the second part.

## 16. DAL.

Más a' Világ' ábrázattya.

All the bright world's charms seem brighter,  
 All the frowns of grief are gone ;  
 Livelier beats my heart — and lighter —  
 Sweeter is my harp's sweet tone.  
 Life's fresh spring is renovated,  
 Bliss finds wings of pride and power,  
 Nobler passions are created,  
 Being's struggles upward tower :  
 I, a new-born life possessing,  
 Lov'd and loving — bless'd and blessing —  
 Darkening thoughts have pass'd away,  
 All is new delight and day.

## 75. DAL.

Nem ki névért, dicsőségért.

Not the songs to Pindus brought,  
 By the unholy thirst for glory ;  
 Not the songs by riches bought —  
 The perfidiousness of story :  
 No ! but that life-sparkling fountain,  
 Springing forth from transport's soul,  
 Up to joy's delirium mounting,  
 Gladdening nature's glowing whole,  
 Winging love's cloud-piercing arrow  
 Thro' times boundaries, dark and narrow,  
 Wending tow'rd's the heavens along,  
 This — this only be my song.



## 87. DAL.

Ez 'órának lejártaival.

Now another century blended  
 With past centuries rolls away;  
 When another century's ended,  
 All that lives will be but clay.  
 Thou and I—a pair so joyous,  
 Spite of dance and song must die;  
 Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,  
 On his death piles shall we lie.  
 Dost thou mourn! O mourn no longer,  
 Death is strong, but love is stronger;  
 And where'er we go, shall go,  
 Sheltering us from lonely woe.

Kisfaludy's Alexander Regek or Memorials of the ancient time are among the most interesting representatives of Magyar nationality. They not only have the merit of verisimilitude as historical sketches, but they descend into all the petty passions and pursuits of life, and form a picture, of which the individualities, as well as the groupings, bear with them all the power of truth: at times there is less vigour, and consequently less effect; but, if there be any feeling unsatisfied, it is rather the thought that something is unfinished, than that any thing is wrong; and the sameness of some of the passages is relieved by the overflowing enthusiasm of others. Into the dramatic department, both in historical, as in imaginative works, has Kisfaludy penetrated; with less success certainly, but still with reputation. His productions were first published anonymously, and he was long Hungary's "Great Unknown." In 1807 his name was first attached to his works. He has printed several short Epic poems in the Magyar Annual, "Aurora"—and one longer one, in ten songs, entitled *Gyula Szerelme*.

Charles Kisfaludy is less happy as a dramatic, than is his brother as a lyric poet. He travelled in the susceptible season of youth in foreign lands, and immediately on his return took possession of the Magyar stage as a comic writer, and soon dramatised with great success many of the most interesting scenes of Hungarian story. His early compositions were careless, indeed, and precipitate, yet deeply stamped with genius and creative power. Some of his characters are admirably drawn, preserving throughout a perfect unity and verisimilitude.

He has been reproached with want of nationality; the fact being, that in the circles where he has drawn many of his subjects little nationality exists; the higher ranks in all countries being moulded much in the same form, acted upon by the same impulses, and presenting few distinguishing characteristics to contrast them with others, who, like themselves, are at ease in their possessions." Charles Kisfaludy was born at Tet in 1790. He became a soldier too. In 1819 his *Tatárok* (the Tartars) was represented, and received with loud enthusiasm. His *Ika* was not less fortunate. His productions followed one another very rapidly; *Stibor*, a drama in four acts, was written in ten days, and several others even in a shorter space of time. He was one of the founders of the "*Aurora*," which he has enriched with a great variety of compositions.

## LIFE AND FANCY.

Dark-vested spirits  
Hidden in vapours,  
Point out and fashion  
Man's gloomy journey;  
Thro' his life's myst'ries  
Heartless and silent,  
Over his path-way  
Sharp thorns they scatter,  
And with cold grasp  
They fling the poor mortal  
In the rough ocean  
Of time's vast desert.  
Loud-foaming billows,  
Stormy winds struggling,  
Whelming and whirling  
Life's little bark;  
Now on the wave-top  
Flung in their fury,  
Up to the clouds;  
Now on abysses  
Yawning destruction,  
Deep as the grave:  
Fearful the struggle—  
With furies unbridled,  
Wresting and wrestling  
In the fierce storm.  
Now with swoln bosom  
Drives he for land,  
Out of the darkness  
Dawning—but distant,  
Hope with her smiles

Looks from the strand.  
Lo! an Aurora,  
Promising beauty,  
Pours out bright dew-drops  
Fluttering with bliss;  
May! granite mountains,  
Spurn back the ocean:  
Warm is the contest—  
Back with the waves—  
And they roll fiercer,  
While with strong passion  
Stronger and stronger  
Strives the poor swimmer;  
One drop of water,  
Fresh, pure, and sparkling,  
One—and one only,  
Vainly to reach.  
Serpents cling round him,  
Laughing like demons  
Most when he writhes;  
Doubts dreary tempests  
Rattle above him.  
Chase the sweet dreamings  
Justice and virtue  
Waked in the frozen  
Shrines of his soul.  
Wild he looks round  
On the desolate world.  
Shadows attend him  
Beckoning and trembling,  
Mists, glooms, and terrors



Flit o'er the waste.  
 One ray of lightning  
 Now and then brightning  
 O'er his griefs gloom ;  
 When his eyes weeping  
 In the vast void  
 Sees hope-directed —  
 The tomb.

Light is descending,  
 See from the clouds,  
 Dovelets attending,  
 A goddess appears !  
 Waked by her glances,  
 Beautiful spirits  
 Flit in their transports  
 Through the gay scene ;  
 Dew-drops of heaven  
 Shine in her eyes,  
 Seraphs of brightness  
 Bend from the skies,  
 And Edens of bliss  
 Out of deserts arise.  
 The winds sport together,  
 In gentleness blending  
 O'er flower-sprinkled fields  
 Their cups full of honey,  
 Their lips of perfume,  
 They dream of delight ;  
 All nature is laughing.

And e'en the grave's height  
 Has its bloom.  
 Man waxes divine,  
 And is wafted above ;  
 In spring and in beauty,  
 In brightness and virtue,  
 He clasps to his bosom  
 Young nature—in love.  
 He feels that his lot  
 Is immortal ; the fire  
 Of the Godhead within him  
 Is burning—still burning,  
 And thought ever turning  
 To prospects eternal,  
 Eternal desire.  
 His dust may not waken  
 Till heavenly breath  
 Has melted the fetters  
 Of darkness and death.  
 He lies on the border,  
 Faint—helpless—till fancy,  
 That sweet mate of reason  
 Hath broken his fetters,  
 And led him to light.  
 And still let her flight  
 Be unbridled—beyond  
 The precincts of vision,  
 Her glories still weaving  
 In beauty and light.

But Vörösmarty has produced the great sensation, and was, from the appearance of his first elaborate poem, recognized as the Epic poet of the Magyars. Other bards had only pointed at the elevation to which he suddenly sprung ; where he seems to have established a cheerfully-admitted supremacy. Döbren-  
 tei had preceded with his *Victory of Kenyérmezse*, which is a prose epos in the Ossianic style ; and Székely had not been unsuccessful in one or two similar attempts. But Czuczor's *Battle of Augsburg*\* (the work of a youth of two-and-twenty) though sometimes swelling into that bombast which is the primal sin of boyish genius, yet concurred with the almost contemporaneous appearance of Vörösmarty's works, to give the Hungarians epics of which they might be proud ; while the second flight of Czuczor (*Arads Diet*†) was undoubtedly higher and happier than the first : its characters are drawn truly and powerfully—his imagery is inventive and appropriate. Vörös-

\* *Augsburgi ütközet.*

† *Aradi gyűlés.*

marty, however, has greater variety, and a more delicate poetic touch. His orations rise with less effort, and exhibit themselves in greater power. His female characters especially, are beautifully conceived, and correctly developed. Toldy successfully defends him in choosing the hexameter, since the rhyme-poverty of the Magyar would have greatly embarrassed him had he chosen the Tasso-stanzas. His whole spirit is national, and in the management of such an instrument as the hexameter he is free and flowing—enabled to put forth all his strength, and to display all the various characteristics of his native tongue. In truth, of all living languages, the Magyar is best fitted for the revival of the Classical Prosody.

Vörösmarty was born in 1800, at Nyék. In his thirteenth year he wrote Latin verses; in his fourteenth he had written Magyar Hexameters. He studied *Shakspeare* in early youth; but it was only in 1825 that public attention was much awakened to him, by the publication of his *Zalán*. Since then, his literary career has been a series of triumphs. His ballad of the "Lovely Maid" is much admired; and it is here given, on account of the difficulty of extracting any passage from his Epics which would give a correct idea of the character of his poetry.

Ho, vagy hál, vagy csillag sémlek.

Is't snow, or star, or wavelet,  
In the valley's depth that plays?  
'Tis neither—but a meteor  
That sparkles—that betrays.

Neither snow, nor star, nor wavelet,  
Is crown'd with ringlet hair;  
But a maiden crown'd with ringlets,  
Bathes in the streamlet there.

With grace beyond expression  
She bows her lovely head,  
Her hand holds up a flow'ret,  
By those sweet waters fed.

The wind is whispering secrets  
Into that maiden's ear,  
The branches trembling round her,  
Seem all attracted near.

How swiftly would I bend me,  
Were I but one of these,  
How fondly would I kiss her,  
Were I a heavenly breeze.



Around her beauteous members,  
 Delighted fishes play ;  
 The rivulet hush'd to silence,  
 Long tarries on its way.

Still longer should I tarry,  
 Were I that silent stream ;  
 But midst those fish to revel,  
 Would be the bliss supreme.

Ne'er would I leave those waters,  
 Where tread that maiden's feet,  
 But kiss and kiss untiring,  
 And die in bliss so sweet.

But how ! my eyes deceive me ;  
 This dream—tho' bright it be—  
 Is but a mortal likeness,  
 Of one less fair than she.

As in her beauteous shadow,  
 All earthly beauties fade ;  
 So fades the maid's fair shadow,  
 Before the fairer maid.

'Twas but a feeble picture,  
 'Twas but a shadow rude,  
 That playing in the wavelets,  
 In maiden beauty stood.

Far lovelier in her sorrow,  
 On the ocean strand afar,  
 She stood—of love—and feeling  
 The more than magic-star.

Of popular poetry, the Hungarians have nothing of a very remote antiquity, except a few fragments, in which some historical traditions have been preserved. But of modern songs of the people, many are given by Toldy, and a large collection has been sent to Dr. Bowring, made with infinite zeal and kindness, by a long list of Hungarian and Transylvanian noblemen. The orientalism of story-telling exists in all its vigour among the Magyars ; and as count Mailath reports, " Not, as in other lands at the spinning-wheel, and in the nursery alone, but in the porch of the cottage—by the watch-fire, and in the fields—in nightly waking and in daily toils, do they relate the tales of old. The hero is usually a student, a soldier, or a king's son ; he has for his friend a magic steed, yclept Tatos, his counsellor and preserver. He has to contend with a many-headed dragon, and passes through manifold and marvellous perils." This is the general outline ; but the details are exceedingly various.