THE MAGYARS *versus* DR. BOWRING.

Dr. Bowring's volume was subject of critical consideration in our second Number; and we then took occasion to bear testimony to the talents and great industry of the worthy Doctor, as a translator generally. This testimony we are not now disposed to retract; but, with reference to the particular case of Magyar poetry, we find ourselves compelled to say, that Dr. Bowring is not deserving the praise which we, and others, following our example, have bestowed. It is painful to us, who were the most zealous in eulogising and extracting from this volume, now to assume a severer aspect, and to

"Take what kings call an imposing attitude;"

which, however, we do, and with perfect consistency. In our former review of the work, we considered the versification and imagery of the poetry, published by Dr. Bowring. We pretended to no acquaintance with the original language; for we possessed none,—and a distinguishing feature of our pages is the absence of all unfounded pretension. We thought well of Dr. Bowring's performance, in as far as we, or any man *then* in England, could be competent to form a judgment of it. We took the Doctor's word for his fidelity, though, to say truth, we have always suspected that a shrewd fellow like himself might possibly be nineteenth-centurizing us, with this same knack of translating from all the tongues of Babel. Our suspicion was well founded as regards the Magyar poetry; but we are happy to say that the Doctor's occupation's gone! With pride and gratification we announce, that, by extraordinary good fortune, we have associated to ourselves a gentleman of unbounded erudition and the purest literary taste, who, having spent twenty of the best years of his life among the Magyars, is every way competent to the task of pointing out and supplying the deficiencies in Dr. Bowring's book. Before, however, we proceed to give some of the best pieces, untranslated by Dr. Bowring, we must say a few words on one of his biographical notices. We allude to that of *Csokonai*. After some sentences of nothingness, the critical biographer thus concludes:—

"His (Csokonai's) history is a melancholy one of flightiness and folly. He lived, as his epitaph says,—somewhat slanderously for his art,—*poetæ more*. After his disappointment (in love), he became indifferent to opinion, and produced a series of profligate writings, *whose* highest privilege will be oblivion."

Now, would it be believed that the poet, thus held up to the moral abhorrence of English readers, was a man of the keenest sensibilities, and wrought to frenzy by the pangs of unrequited love? True, Dr. Bowring mentions this love; but merely says, that "the lady refused her hand, and that he, in his gloom, abandoned his professorship." He makes no allusion to the beauty, caprice, and coquetry of the lady,—says nothing of the devoted and enthusiastic passion of the poet,—is silent on the subject of that mental agony and distracting grief which brought Csokonai to an early grave, and which, if they do not justify, may surely, to a liberal mind, in some degree palliate the errors and occasional excesses of his later years. Was Dr. Bowring aware of these circumstances? If so, what shall we say of his silence? Was he ignorant of them? Then what must we think of his daring to denounce a man, of whose real history he had taken no pains to inform himself? What would be thought of a Magyar scholar, who, posting through Scotland, and meeting with some bilious blockheads of the quill, and some inheritors of asses' ears,

"Tenth transmitters of a foolish face,"

soul-less "bodies" of high degree, should take from them his estimate of the moral and intellectual character of Burns? Sadly is it true, that, in the history of the Scottish bard, there is much for the moralist to lament, but nothing which the liberal mind and generous heart cannot reconcile with

"The faults that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows."

One of the purest moralists, and the most philosophical poet of our day, has well considered the character of

Burns; and he thus concludes his address to the sons of the bard:—

"Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!"

thus admitting for him all the manly qualities; yet, with impressive mildness, alluding to errors which none will attempt to justify, and which the poet himself, were he living, would scorn to defend. Now, we cannot, for the life of us, conceive what there is in the history of Csokonai to call for a different style of remark from that just described, unless, indeed, it be his not having possessed, as Burns undoubtedly did, the woman whom he loved. And then the epitaph! We must defend the epitaph from the charge of slander, brought against it by Dr. Bowring. It says, that Csokonai lived *poetæ more.* Abundant examples might be adduced to prove that he has been equalled in his style of living by many who had not such well-founded cause for their extravagant excitement. If he sought solace—where assuredly it is not to be found—in plenary potations, there is nothing violently opposed to the *poetæ more* in this. As regards the immorality of his later writings, they of course cannot lay claim to the ethical worth of Little's *Lyrics* or Byron's *Juan;* but neither are they of a character to call for the condemnatory sneers of Dr. Bowring. In support of this assertion, we give one of these later pieces:—

TE PIKKE MEGGE.

Hogy, wogy, Pogy!
Xupumxé trtzasá bnikttm;
Pogy, wogy hogy!
Bsdnro plgvbz cttnsttm;
Wogy hogy Pogy!
Mlésrz vbquógp fvikttm.

THE PIOUS MAIDEN.

Holy little Polly!
Love sought me, but I trick'd him;
Polly, little holy!
You thought of me, "I've nick'd him!"
Little holy Polly!
I'm not to be your victim.

Surely, here is nothing very preposterous, or likely to frighten an LL.D. from his propriety. To us, it seems a piece most innocently playful, and worthy of translation. Dr. Bowring, it appears, thought otherwise. He may be right; but what will be said of his having omitted the following beautiful stanzas?—

Azrtv! Azrtv! ncgptq qpm,
Mltdn dsgcr lfffz;
Azrtv! Azrtv! ptqds qpm,
Qqfp ctttbg wfffz!

Gbng vzfty ltxgg ndvy,
Tvzy qqtbzr ncnx,
Cmddg yyyu mpn gdvy,—
Lcgx bdqv lscz vgnx!

Azrtv! Azrtv! mgptq qpm,
Lqtg vmdfb vggz;
Azrtv! Azrtv! bzfrz tpm,
Lggg bmz trsggz!

Now, we ask Dr. Bowring why he did not translate this, instead of the stuff about the Strawberry? What can be more beautiful than the tender reproach, contained in the last two lines—

Azrtv! Azrtv! bzfrz tpm,
Lggg bmz trsggz?

Never, we venture to affirm, was the pure and unalterable devotedness of a deserted maiden, more touchingly and delicately expressed. Yet this is one of those later writings, so sweepingly condemned by Dr. Bowring as profligate, and entitled to the privilege of oblivion. Really, it is too bad, that a man should hurry through a country, and, upon the knowledge, necessarily superficial, thus obtained, concerning the personal and literary history of the poets in such country, construct his theory of reprobation or extolment, which theory, be it remembered, we islanders are called upon to believe.

In the remaining biographical notices by Dr. Bowring, there is nothing to condemn, and very little to commend. However, we most heartily concur in his remark, that Dugonics, who died in 1818, was "a man of fine presence and ready wit." Egad! you're right enough there, Doctor—Dugonics was, indeed, a wit. But why have you omitted to mention the most important incident in his life? We allude to his visiting London. Well, 'tis no matter, since we can supply this and all other deficiencies, in a manner most satisfactory. Dugonics came over to London with a jovial intention of enjoying himself—an intention, which he fulfilled in a masterly style. His knowledge of the English language was considerable; so much so, that he punned and versi-

fied with great facility and elegance, as we shall presently have occasion to shew. But we must first say a word on his intimacy with the late Michael Kelly, since, out of it arose one of the most remarkable among his shorter productions. Mich. Kelly, as is well known, was closely connected with Mrs. Crouch, her husband having been, as Mich. says in his *Reminiscences*, unable to appreciate that lovely woman. At the delightful *soirées* given by Kelly and Crouch, Dugonics was a constant guest, and contributed not a little to the general hilarity. Every thing went on very pleasantly, till Dugonics became to Mich. Kelly a "necessary evil," as Mrs. Crouch used to call him. The fact is, these two fellows grew so desperately fond of hob-nobbing over whisky-punch, that poor dear Mrs. C. found herself comparatively neglected, and her indignation kindled against Dugonics with a fury, which found vent on the following occasion. It happened that a most respectable and utterly stupid gentleman, in defiance of destiny and his better angel, had written an ode to Mrs. Crouch, addressing that fair frail one by the name "Euphrosyne." A presentation copy was duly forwarded to the siren, and it formed the subject of much facetious criticism to the two friends, Kelly and Dugonics. Our readers have, in all human probability, escaped this ode, and we have no design of inflicting it on them here. Some extracts, however, are necessary, to shew that Dugonics was not unjustifiably severe in the quizzical remarks, which were made the pretext for the furious ebullition of Mrs. Crouch. The braying of the animal soundeth thus :—

"Euphrosyne!—with sudden bound
The magic sound
My conscious soul excites;
Like some stray kidling, whom the devious sweets
Of distant herb had severed from the flock,
If chance sweet sound of shepherd's reed
Salute his ear,
Light skipping o'er the *fleeting* field he bounds,
Nor once remits his wild career,
Till, rushing on *his glowing mind*,
In all their *greeny* grace arrayed
Of laughing meads and mazy rills,
His darling haunts he gains."

The *glowing mind* of this kidling is the most impressive subject which could be offered to a wise man's contemplation. The poet proceeds :—

"I see! I see th' enchanting fair!
Robed in all her lovely state,
From my *fancy's faithful seat*;
Mid the gay tumult of my soul,
I see the smiling image rise!
Her sweetly-gliding path,
Where'er the goddess bends,
In purple lustre swim the sequious loves.
But fraught, ah me! with amorous woe,
From their shoulders' *plumy pride*
Depend their quivers glancing sheen.
And see! the silver bow they bend,
And swift, *in rosy smiles involv'd*,
The pointed lightnings fly!
Ah me! my flaming heart they pierce—
I die! I die! I die!"

When this great man thus expires, Mrs. Crouch is supposed to be making her appearance on the stage, in the character of Euphrosyne. The dear departed noodle returns to life at the sound of the lady's song, which he calls

"*A mazy flood of modulated flame.*"

This song plays the deuce with the poor poet, and his frantic passion is poured forth as follows :—

"O thou! by whose imperious charms
Their paly rays obscured,
The heavenly group of British beauties pine!
Fair Circe of the scenic plain! I come
A voluntary slave;—
The soul-enchanting draught I crave,
And court the blissful bane.
On me, on me the potent spell employ!
O *lap* my captive soul *in silken folds*
Of that dædalian *labyrinth of song!*
O bind me with the rosy link
Of love-entwined charms!
Swelling bosom's magic play,
Of polish'd arm the tapering sway,
Fairy wave of witching waist;
And with the graceful gesture join
The furtive force of sidelong ray
And robber-glance that bears the soul away!
And, O! withal, the *dimply magic* twine
That plays delightful round that mouth divine!—
Enough, enough,—the *soul-invading* blaze
My *beauty-dazzled* sense can bear no more!
O guide me giddy to the bower of bliss!
There, on downy lap reclin'd,
O grant me such a kiss
As guardian angels give,
When, near celestial bounds,
The soaring saint they greet,
And, smiling, lead him to the blissful seat!"

The sensual rogue now becomes an unbeliever, exclaiming,

" Vain tale of future joy!
Let air-fed bigots hug the meagre hope.
To me, O better fate! be given
That certain bliss, that richer heaven,
That little Paradise of love
Which on that heaving bosom blooms!
There, mid the lilies of delight
That wave in breeze of fond desire,
O let me press the panting joy!
O let me prove the draught divine!
Fill, fair Enchantress! fill the magic bowl
Till the foaming bliss run o'er!
O let me quaff the lovely folly!
O let me lave in *frenzy fond*
The love-parch'd longing of my soul!
Wisdom! I bid thy weary way farewell,
And leave to fools thy frigid lore.

February 1788.

The placing the two last lines at the end of the ode is an instance of absurd transposition. These lines are manifestly an introductory flourish on the bard's harp-strings, and their proper place is, therefore, at the head of the ode. Now, we think that there can be no doubt as to the general merits of this composition: it is perfect in its kind;—bombast can go no further. Mrs. Crouch, however, actuated by that benevolence which induces the fair to look kindly on any production, however absurd, so they be extravagantly praised in it,—Mrs. Crouch took it into her little head to be violent in her admiration of this rodomontade. Dugonics and Mich. Kelly, on the other hand, thought it rare trash—an opinion which Mich. took no pains to keep to himself, though his friend was too well-bred to utter it in the presence of the lady; but, being suddenly appealed to by Mrs. Crouch in a small party, when Kelly was rallying his fair one without mercy, Dugonics, who had his noddle full of vinous fancies, was taken off his guard, and immediately scrawled the following lines, and gave them into the hand of John Kemble, who, at the general request, immediately recited them, in his own unrivalled way:—

"O Mrs. Crouch,
I dare avouch
This stupid slouch,
And scaramouch,
Though he might crouch,
And bleed his pouch,
Ne'er reach'd thy couch!"

The scene which followed beggars all description. Mrs. Crouch, mindful of her old grudge against the Magyar, who had made her Mich. so ofi beside himself, snatched a bottle of champagne from the servant's hand, and hurled it at the head of Dugonics. The wire had been partially disengaged from the cork, which fired off into Joe Munden's eye; and he, in his blind fury, having caught the bottle, drained it to the dregs. The Magyar escaped, ran out of the house, and next morning revenged himself by the forcible lines which we are about to quote, and which he sent to Kelly, under an envelope, addressed to Mrs. Crouch. The proceeding was not polite, nor do we approve of it; but our duty is to adhere to facts, and the fact is, that he sent the lines. Here they are:—

TO MY FRIEND MICHAEL KELLY, ESQ.

" Mich. Kelly,—When the other Mich. shall blow his brazen trumpet,
To summon you to ruthless Nick, with your as brazen strumpet,
Console her, man! and tell her that not hell's most weighty curses
Are half so cursed hard to bear, as those infernal verses,
Which Mr. Thingumbob, the dull and diabolic bore,
Thought fit upon her loveliness so heavily to pour;
And that, as she had strength to bear with that most leaden ode,
'Tis not in Hell itself to heap too damnable a load!

(Signed) DUGONICS."

After the incident just related, the Magyar poet became a terrible rake, and exceedingly attached to what should have been his aversion: yet, he was so merry a fellow in his cups, and had such a rare knack of uttering unpremeditated drolleries, that no one could find it in his heart to cut him;—albeit, some of his vagaries were carried on in purlieus, not recognised by the well-regulated part of mankind. " He's a strange creature, that Dugonics; but he'll mend some of these days," was the expression of all who knew him. And they were right; for mend he did, and, as Dr. Bowring truly says, he lived to a happy old age. But this reformation took place subsequently to his departure from London. Of the nature of his habits and feelings, in the fluctuations of a dissipated career, the following singular

and forcible stanzas may furnish a competent idea:—

LIFE IN LONDON.

"In London, when man's cash is low,
All sad his path seems, to or fro,
And dark and dreary is the flow
Of Time-waves, swelling sullenly.

But London sees another sight,
When the purse chinks with shiners bright,
Commanding eyes and hearts to light,
With hope of wine and queanery.

By star and lamplight then array'd,
The rambling wit, and rattling blade,
Have paid their debts, and, undismay'd,
Fly off to fun and revelry.

Then, d—— the bills! they may be riv'n,
And duns be to the devil driv'n,
And Earth be match'd against high Heav'n
For all things, save artillery.

And, oh! the red, red goblet's flow,
In London, thrills with madd'ning glow!
What sight has this queer world to shew,
Like wits, all quaffing rapidly!

But morn must come;—the blessed sun
Peers through the pane;—the tavern dun
Prefers a claim for one pound one,
'Gainst each; and more we canna' pay.

Our faces lengthen: these we lave,
Nor further consolation crave,
While, Lethe! we can seek thy wave,
Or list into the cavalry!

Pooh! pooh! Till death, lads, let us meet.
Who cares about a winding-sheet?
The earth, we spurn beneath our feet
Shall furnish us a sepulchre!"

No apology need be made for the insertion of these animated stanzas; yet, we must confess that not their intrinsic merit only induced us to quote them. They have been transcribed as a remarkable illustration of the truth, that poets are often charged with plagiarism, when, in fact, the coincidences, however striking, are purely accidental. There can be no doubt of the fact, that the above stirring verses were written long before the equally forcible composition by Mr. Campbell. Of course, every reader will know that we allude to *Hohenlinden*. We repeat, there can be no doubt of Dugonic's priority of claim; yet far, very far, are we from making this, or the striking similarity between the two pieces, a ground for charging Mr. Campbell with plagiarism. We sincerely believe that he never read the *Life in London* of Dugonics; and that, when casting his eyes over the pages of our present No., he will, for the first time, be aware of the existence of the Magyar poems here translated. But, while admitting this, we put it to his candour, whether some public testimony of admiration be not due from him to the memory of one, so much resembling himself in the peculiarities of style and poetic feeling. On returning to his native country, Dugonics left off drinking, and wrote many works of three several kinds—good, bad, and indifferent. He wrote many dramas, all of which escaped damnation by being never acted: but his romances are the best in the whole range of Magyar literature. Where Dr. Bowring heard that Dugonics was, at any time of his life, wholly engaged in antiquarian studies, we are at a loss to conjecture. The Magyar poet never cared a brass farthing about antiquities, and was often heard to declare, that he would rather dine with an anchorite than with an antiquary. The learned Doctor tells us, also, that the higher flights of Dugonics are all failures; from which remark we infer, that Dr. Bowring has only read the first volume of these pieces, the second being replete with beauties of every kind. Before we leave Dugonics, we must again dissent from his biographer, who says that the *Magyar példa beszédek és jeles Mondások* is by far the most valuable work which he (Dugonics) ever produced. This is mere assertion. The work, in question, is about the most insipid, twaddling, unsatisfactory affair that ever issued from the press, as we, who once had the toil of wading through it, can confidently affirm.

The next poet to whom we shall allude is Kohári. He, like Dugonics, has been deemed, by Dr. Bowring, unworthy of translation. Speaking of him, the Doctor says, "He is a moralist, 'dwelling among the tombs,' and bringing the shortness of life to bear constantly on his moralities. He was born in 1648," &c. That he was a moralist, we have no wish to dispute, and, for aught we know, he may have "dwelt among the tombs:" but we think the subjoined fable by him will go far to shew that he could convey a moral, facetiously enough:—

THE FLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER;
OR, THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

As I walked out one May morning,
In seventeen hundred and three,
An argument I chanced to hear,
Betwixt a Fly and a Grasshopper,
Concerning their pedigree.
Bear about, fol de rol!
Fol de riddle lol!!
Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Grasshopper to the Fly,
"As your fathers did, you does;
You vagabondise this count-r-y
With an everlasting buzz."
Bear about, fol de rol!
Fol de riddle lol!!
Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Fly to the Grasshopper,
"You're a lying old hopping dog;
And, let your mother go how she would,
Your father hopped like a frog."
Bear about, fol de rol!
Fol de riddle lol!!
Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Grasshopper to the Fly,
"If you say any such things,
I'll take a hop, and I'll hop to you,
And hop off your legs and wings!"
Bear about, fol de rol!
Fol de riddle lol!!
Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

The Grasshopper began to hop,
With an energetic tread,
But the Fly took to his legs and wings,
And spat upon his head!
Bear about, fol de rol!
Fol de riddle lol!!
Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

"Methinks," continues the poet, "Methinks I see, in my mind's eye, a noble and puissant grasshopper rousing himself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking his invincible legs, but in bootless perturbation; while the wit and the wings of the æripotent fly enable him to scoff at gravity, and scorn the threatened punishment!"

This fable is held in the very highest estimation in Germany, where a translation, but little inferior to our own, is so generally known, admired, and chaunted, that it may be, without much exaggeration, called one of the national songs. This translation we are now about to subjoin; but must first correct an error, which has obtained much credit among Germans—namely, that either to Lessing or Kotzebue they are indebted for the version of the Magyar stanzas. We are justified, by the strongest documentary evidence, in declaring, that no less a man than Klopstock, the German Milton, spent the last four years of his life on the first four verses of the translation, which he completed, leaving the fifth unfinished: but, by the joint exertions of August Wilhelm Schlegel and Ludwig Tiek, the work was perfected, and here it is:—

Die Fliege und der Grashuepfer.

Als ich spaziert' eines Mai-morgens früh,
Anno siebenzehn hundert drey,
Ein argument ich hörte da,
Zwischen 'ner Flieg' und 'nem Grashüpfer,
Von wegen ihrer stammbaumerey.
Trink herum, dud'lum dey!
Dudel dud'lum dey!!
Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' der Grashüpfer zu der Flieg',
"Treibst dich wie dein vater 'rum,
Schwärmst umher in diesem land,
Mit 'nem immerwährend zumm."
Trink herum, dud'lum dey!
Dudel dud'lum dey!!
Trink herum, dudel, dudel dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' die Flieg' zum Grashüpfer,
"Du bist'n alter lügen hund,
Und, mocht' dein' mütter geh'n wie sie wollt,
Dein vater hüpft frosch-gleich rund."
Trink herum, dud'lum dey!
Dudel dud'lum dey!!
Trink herum, dudel, dudel dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' der Grashüpfer zu der Flieg',
"Wen du sprichst von so 'nem ding,
Mach ich ein hopps, und hopps' auf dich,
Hopps' ab dir bein und schwing!"
Trink herum, dud'lum dey!
Dudel, dud'lum dey!!
Trink herum, dudel, dudel dud'lum dey!!!

Der Grashüpfer er hüpfete,
Mit kraft 'gen fusstritt dann;
Doch die Flieg' bewegte schwing und bein,
Und spuckt' ihm sein haupt an!
Trink herum, dud'lum dey!
Dudel dudel dey!!
Trink herum, dudel, dudel dud'lum dey!!!

Besides his poems, Kohári published a volume of puns, with explanatory notes, clearly shewing the principle

upon which each pun was entitled to a laugh, moderate or immoderate, as the case might be. This work was never popular, and is now most satisfactorily scarce. Kohári died in 1730, "leaving," as Dr. Bowring truly says, "a reputation for integrity, which has passed into a proverb."

In Dr. Bowring's estimate of Döbrentei's character we fully agree. He is a pure, contemplative, and noble spirit. The translations which the learned Doctor has given from this poet are really beautiful, and tolerably true; but we think some other pieces might have been selected, more characteristic of Döbrentei's peculiar manner. He was born at Högyész—a place so called from the abundance of wild boars which infest the neighbourhood. In infancy, Döbrentei very narrowly escaped the fangs of one of these furious animals, to which circumstance is attributed his great horror of them, and his peculiar attachment for the harmless domestic pig—an attachment which gave birth to the following simple and convincing address—

TO A NAVIGATING PIG.

Interesting quadruped!
Why with the watery element at strife?
Why quicken your pace to shorten your life?
You're not born to swim—isn't *that* enough?
And why should you die till you're fat enough?
An erroneous view of the subject you've taken
For yourself and for us—oh! pray save your bacon!
In cutting your throat, it will cost you a mile;—
Come back! and we'll do it in far better style,
When we find that you're apt to be troubled with bile—
Interesting quadruped!

There is, in Döbrentei, a singularity which we are surprised that his biographer and critic has not noticed. It is this:—In nearly all his contemplative pieces, he, as in that just quoted, addresses his object so directly and vividly, that the reader, by an involuntary operation of the mind, fancies he beholds the said object palpably before his eyes. Take, for instance, the address to an old man, standing by a pool in a violent shower, heedless of the offers of shelter made to him by those around:—

Singular old man!
I considerably wonder
What secret 's hidden under
That garb of outward mystery!—
I wish I knew your history.
The people shout and bawl,
And you do not move at all!*
Yet I'll be sworn you can,
Singular old man!

Obstinate old man!
Why the devil don't you stir?
Fast rooted, as a fir,
You seem, though not so straight.
Confound your crazy pate!
To hear my admonition,
Yet shift not your position.
Deuce move ye, if he can,
Obstinate old man!

One more instance, and we have done with Döbrentei: it is in a lighter vein:—

Merry old tinker!
A moderate thinker,
And desperate drinker,
Are you!
Seldom you axes
A word 'bout the taxes,
Nor care you a straw about
What mankind jaw about.
You'd drain a whole river
Of wine, for your liver
Is proof against all
The vengeance of gall;
And your notable nose
Will glow, as it glows,
Till you finish your revel,
And give to the devil
His due!

There is a Magyar poet of whom no mention is made by Dr. Bowring, though he is one of the most popular with Hungarian readers, or rather, drinkers; for his best productions are *chansons à boire*. His name is Quaffypunchovics. The circumstances, under which this

* Here is a similarity to a passage in Wordsworth, which passage occurs in a poem somewhat resembling this of Döbrentei. Wordsworth says,

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

Now, this passage is more elevated, but by no means so effective as that of Döbrentei, which, by its simplicity and truth, is clear to the commonest capacity.

young poet died, are so singular, that we venture to call attention to them. He had led a very dissipated life from his eighteenth till his twenty-first year; but, in the intervals of his riots, he contrived to acquire a very competent knowledge of the English language. By accident, a volume, written by a young English lady whose intellectual fecundity has long been the theme of astonishment in her own country, fell into his possession. He devoured it with avidity, and suddenly became thoughtful, reserved, and fond of solitude. As his wit had been the sunlight of the circle wherein he had so often groggified, it may be readily supposed that he was a "very limb lopped off" from the body corporate of festive fellows. This being the case, a deputation of friends waited upon him, to point out the propriety of his sacrificing his hours at the shrine of nothing whatever, when he interrupted them, exclaiming,

(indignantly)

" Blunders, bluster, botheration,
Bore and blast the boys of blame!
(tenderly)
Lighter, love's alliteration—
Matchless Mary Mitford's name!"

and he immediately expired.

The suddenness of his demise had a powerful and somewhat sobering effect on his quondam associates, who, to mark their sense of the unexpected blow which had deprived them of Quaffypunchovics, placed a tablet to his memory, with these words graven thereon:—

" Here I lies,
To my own surprise!"

Szevitmiklossy is rather a voluptuous writer, though he never passes a certain limit, which, to say the truth, is extensive enough. We give some playful, but harmless extracts:—

I love to walk on a showery day,
When 'tis neither wet nor dry;
For then the legs of the ladies gay
All manifest I spy;—
While the sun, like a smile from a tearful eye,
Is shedding mild beams through the moisten'd sky,
I love those legs to see,—
Oh, dear me!

The following is simple and pretty:—

There are people whose fancy is strange,
And who, tired of this life as it goes,
Are anxious that Heav'n should change
Their form, and thus finish their woes.

Could I but be alter'd, by Jove!
At the foot of his throne I would beg
To be as a garter enwove,
And to live round your own little leg.

This poet is also author of the song "On a Woman, with all her Virtue loose about Her," which we have translated; and, singularly enough, as we are informed by a musical friend, the measure exactly suits the popular melody of "Alice Gray." If this be the case, we expect to see this translation on the pianofortes of our fair countrywomen, throughout the kingdom, as the song really conveys "a great moral lesson."

ON A WOMAN WITH ALL HER VIRTUE LOOSE ABOUT HER.

She has all her virtue loose about,
As loose, as loose can be;
And I fear, some day or other,
'Twill fall away, d'ye see!
Her eyes are bright, as none beside,
Her aspect ever gay,
And her virtue's loose about her,
And never in the way!

Her fleecy robe is sporting round
A form of faultless mould;
It leaves no room for guessing—
Since we can all behold!
That form is free, to you or me,
That robe in ceaseless play;
For her virtue's loose about her,
And never in the way!

Her family accomplishments
Are the best that can be found;
And they're always loose about her,
And sometimes on the ground.
And when, at length, this humbug's o'er,
The world will doubtless say,
" Who the devil cares about her?"
As very well they may.*

Vorösmarty has been admirably translated by Dr. Bowring. This poet is still in the prime of life, and fully conversant with English literature. His opinion on the furor which has recently set rhyme-people prating about piety, et cetera, et cetera, et

* We have the very best authority for stating, that this is the identical "woman with all her virtue loose about her" mentioned by Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, as one likely to suit his lordship,—an opinion in which we fully agree, *pares cum paribus facillimè*, &c., which means, that two such people would live most "loosely" together.

cetera, may be gathered from the following stanzas :—

SACRED POETRY.

Down in the darkest dungeons of the deep
Slumber strenuously strove to sleep,
But couldn't;
She begged that drowsy Morpheus might
Vouchsafe her the desired delight—
He wouldn't;
She prayed one poppy for her head;
But he repulsed her suit, and said,
He shouldn't.
When, lo! a sylph produced, in pity,
Some books, not wise, and still less witty,
And all procured from London city.
They were in uncontinuous type,
A feast of intellectual tripe!
And, ere six lines the sylph had read,
Poor Slumber dropped her senseless head;
And all around had thought her dead,
But that her sleep
Was loud as deep;
And, now and then, she, dreaming, said,
"This joy profound I owe to thee,
Heavy, heavy, heavenly Poetry!"

To this author we are also indebted for the metrical cogitations of an old gentleman of cheerful disposition, who was thrown on a rock, the vessel, and all aboard but himself, having, as the diurnals say, sunk to rise no more :—

THE CHEERFUL SUFFERER.

A jolly old cock
Was cast on a rock,
A rock standing out in the sea;
And he thought to himself,
"I'm laid on the shelf,
As merit is wont to be!
I don't care a curse,
It might have been worse,"
Said the jolly old cock, said he;—
"I've still got a hunch,
To serve me for lunch,
And a capital view of the sea.
And who'd be a duke?
Not I, by St. Luke!
To be bothered with bungling tools;—
Or who'd be a king—
The next greatest thing—
Surrounded by fawners and fools?
Or who'd join the fry
(By my whiskers! not I)
Of secs., under-secs., and their clerks?
Or who'd be a rake,
To dine off a steak,
And go to the devil for larks?
Or who'd be a poet?
(Not I, if I know it!)
Misconstrued by all but the few;
No! not e'en great Wordsworth—
A man the whole herd's worth—
To be judged by a paltry review!"
Or who'd be a painter,
With hope daily fainter?
For, if he won't paint miss or madam, he
Finds talent historic,
And dreams allegoric
Ignored by the witless Academy.
Who'd be of the fashion?
A thing without passion,
Forgetting its nature is shallow,
And seeking to shine;
But the flame's not divine—
A farthing-bought lustre of tallow.
Who'd hunt after fame,
With no natural claim?
Or things 'bove his reach who would blunder at?
And fancy himself
A notable elf,
Because there are blockheads who wonder at?
Who'd be this, or be that!
Who'd be lean, or be fat!
Who'd live, or the thread of life sever?
There's always a bore
Of some kind in store,
And will be for ever and ever;—
So I think I may die,
Without piping my eye."
But a ship was now nearing the rock,
And he giggled with joy,
When the crew cried "Ahoy!"
And rescued the jolly old cock!

There is a fine tone of resignation throughout this piece. We now proceed to translate a short and graphic description of an accident which befel the author when travelling. This little composition is well worthy attention for its imitative harmony—a rare quality in versification :—

'Twas once my lot to travel
In the dead of night,
When the stars were bright,
No doubt;
But, whereso'er they beam'd,
To us, at least, it seem'd,
That they and the moon were put out.
'Twas a difficult way to unravel,
When, shunning a ditch,
We happen'd to pitch
Into a pit of gravel.
You'd have thought the very chaise
Had a feeling of amaze
At the fall!
While, conscious of our error,
A sentiment of terror
Fill'd us all!
Oh, the confusion!
Mental delusion!!
Stepping and stumbling!!!
Feeling and fumbling!!!!
Growling and grumbling!!!!!
Tossing and tumbling!!!!!
'Twas really quite humbling,

To find folks, called rational,
In furious passion all,
Without mending the matter a bit;
For still we were all in the pit.

Having wound up the reader's attention to this painful point of excitement, the poet, rather unkindly, leaves him to conjecture how the party escaped.

We have extracted at somewhat greater length than we had intended, and therefore cannot afford our readers an opportunity of judging of Kisfaludy's singular production, called "The Meeting of the Similes." We shall, however, have an early occasion of so doing. For the present we take leave of this interesting subject; and so deeply do we feel imbued with the spirit of the beautiful poetry we have here translated, that we must conclude our task in metrical numbers, worthy of the subject and of ourselves:

Thy consonantal language, Magyar!
May puzzle some—to us it is but fun—
And, till our duty, self imposed, be done,
We stick to't fondly as adhesive tar,
Lest that some leaky line our verse might mar.
Now, till shall rise the bright millenial sun,
There shines a light to guide—and only one—
Our Magazine, a most resplendent star!
We hate and scorn all ostentatious towering,
But can't conceal that we're extremely clever;
And when the fine spun web of fame we sever,
The effect is terrible and overpowering,
As may be testified by Dr Bowring,
Whose Magyar pipe is now put out for ever!