

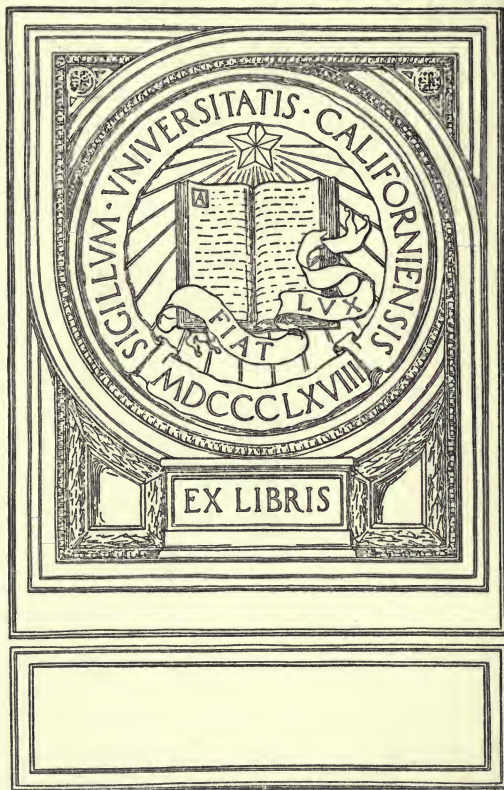
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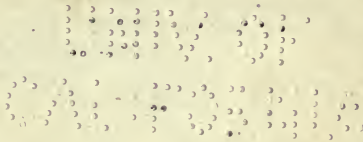
TALES AND TRADITIONS

OF

HUNGARY.

BY

THERESA PULSZKY.



REDFIELD,
CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

1852.

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P 8

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TO THE

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

DEAR SIR,

I venture to dedicate these TALES AND TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY to the grave Historian of the United States, though they may be too trifling for the earnest Statesman who now performs the noble task of recording the feats and events of a people which, a new Hercules, already in its cradle strangled the two Serpents—Despotism and Intolerance.

But I am sure your sympathy for the cause of Hungary, and the kind interest you bestow on those who suffer and struggle for their country, will excuse that I offer you this volume.

The TALES AND TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY were published in London last Spring. They met with a success far beyond my expectations. The Reviewers, and amongst them even the stern men of the *Examiner* and of the *Edinburgh Review*, passed a favorable verdict on them, and therefore I feel encouraged to have them republished here in America. I had added a new Peasant Tale, to give some novel interest to the volume, but in the late fire in Fulton Street the Manuscript, as well as the printed copies, was all destroyed. As I did not keep another copy, I have inserted in its stead *The Tradition of the Hungarian Race*; and Mr. REDFIELD is so chivalrous as to think that my likeness may be of interest to my friends.

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

THERESA PULSZKY.

Cincinnati, Feb. 16th, 1852.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives and actions of countless individuals and the events that have shaped our planet. From the dawn of civilization to the present day, the human story is one of constant change and evolution. The study of history allows us to understand the forces that have driven progress and the challenges we have overcome. It provides a context for our current world and offers insights into the future. The history of the world is a testament to the resilience and ingenuity of the human spirit.

REPRODUCED

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POPULAR TALES
AND
TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE poetical genius of a people is expressed in its traditions. They are the inartificial tokens of the riches or the poverty of its imagination. But the unruly play of the imagination is not the only source of tradition. If we retrace its course, we get to the wonderful spring of primitive ideas, where feelings and thoughts, phantasy and understanding, are not yet separated from one another, and where the first commencements of poetry and

the science of philosophy and mythology coincide. As we daily see with children, so nations in their childhood inquire the cause of every phenomenon, and just as the child rests satisfied with any answer, without examining its correctness—just as the child prefers those explanations which present an image to those which inculcate a principle—so the people prefer a legend, and little care to investigate the laws of physical nature.

The analytical understanding develops itself only in the riper age of man and nations; their childhood is governed by imagination.

The questions discussed in our times, of astronomy and geology, by the physical sciences and philosophy, were all comprised by the people of antiquity in their mythology, in which they expressed their ideas about divine and human things, the laws of moral and of physical nature. Mythology was to them what the Koran is to the Mohammedans,—the book of science and the book of law; a circumstance, which even at later periods often stopped scientific research. Herodotus does not venture to unfold the whole

extent of his knowledge, fearing to hurt the religious feelings of his countrymen; and Anaxagoras, Diagoras, Socrates, and other philosophers of Greece, felt in different degrees the tyrannical jealousy of the popular creed. The intuitive surmise of poetry in the first ages of the world supplies the researches of science.

But the mist which dims the dawn of science is dispersed at last by its increasing brightness; critical understanding replaces constructive imagination, and the horizon of the people is enlarged. Notwithstanding the many cling to tradition, even when the laws of nature no longer remain hidden to them, and the traces of their former views of life and nature still live in their legends.

Yet the moral feeling of the people is no less active than its imagination. In consequence, legends and traditions are almost always founded on moral ideas, which impart to them a still greater charm than imagination alone could have endowed them with.

As traditions are connected with the primitive sciences, so are they often founded on the

popular interpretations of natural or artificial monuments. When the people behold an extensive ruin in the midst of a silent wood, they do not inquire as to its real history—to them it is the work of giants or of fairies, and the name of the spot is alone sufficient to create a legend.

In the pages introduced by these lines, we have attempted to gather Hungarian traditions of manifold kinds. They belong to the different nationalities which inhabit Hungary.

The greater part of these legends are connected with phenomena of nature and explain the origin of the delicate feather-grass, of erratic-blocks, of warm springs, and especially of the characteristic shapes of the chalk-formation. Punishment for the desecration of Sunday is the theme of more than one popular Hungarian tale; the sinner is almost always transformed into a stone. Isolated chalk-rocks, and the stalactites in the caverns, often resembling human forms from afar, are explained by such tales. But the cruel lord, too, who oppresses his peasants—the *Dives* who wastes bread whilst poor men

starve at his threshold—and the bad step-mother, who compels her step-children to sin, are likewise transformed into stones.

The German brothers Grimm first directed public attention to the fact, that many popular tales and proverbs are fragments of ancient mythology. When paganism lost its sway, its reminiscences appeared often disguised as tales; the more easily so, as the fables of ancient mythology were nothing but the brilliant tissue of phantasy concerning principles of moral and physical existence. The people took the golden veil for the treasure itself, and, even down to our own days, do not easily part with it.

It is proved, that northern mythology, the worship of Wodin, Thor, Freya, Suttur, &c., once extended as far as the Teutonic languages are spread.

The recollections of these gods are not only preserved in the names of days, but re-echo in more than one tale and proverb. Even the Slovak tradition of “Yanoshik” is derived from this source; and it is certainly remarkable to find fragments of Teutonic fables in the tales of a

Slavonic population, which notoriously had its own mythology totally different from that of the Teutons. There is but one common feature between them, viz., that the representation of the gods and their deeds is wholly unsuited to the plastic arts. In consequence of this, those legends never can become embodied in permanent forms, impressing the popular mind so well as the mythology of Southern Europe, or as the Eastern tales, though no less philosophical in their views of life and nature. Their want of well-defined beauty alienates them from our taste.

Wholly different from those legends and tales, which are connected with definite spots, and therefore confined to the neighbourhood of single localities, we meet with traditions proverbially known all over the country, such as the "Poor Tartar," or "Pan Twardowski."

The Jewish tales are of a peculiar stamp; they are derived from the Talmud, and are as typical of Judaism as the unaltered customs of the Jews.

Some legends scarcely connected with Hun-

gary, have also been introduced in the following collection; their poetical merit must plead their cause.

The legends offered in this volume to the public, have not been unintentionally grouped in their present order. "The Baron's Daughter," the tale of "The Castle of Zipsen," and "Yanoshik," show us three distinct phases of Hungarian life in the middle ages. In the first tale we see the contrast of the proud allodial proprietor, disdainful to accept property as fief from a King, with the noblemen attached to the Court. The second sketches the opposition of the knight to the burghers. In the Slovack legend of "Yanoshik," the common robber appears as avenger of social injustice; at last overpowered by treason, not by the might of the cruel lords. The poetical idea, that Fortune escapes in the very moment when we dream we have caught hold of her—that there is a slip between the cup and the lip—is expressed in the German tale of "The Free Shot," and is again exhibited in the Slovak story of "The Golden Cross of Körösfö."

The Jewish legend of "The Guardians," and the Persian of "Anahid," picture how foolish is self-conceit, and how easily even the best and the wisest stumble when they brave temptation, instead of avoiding it.

In contrast with the brilliant colours glistening in these recollections of the East, we see in the German tale of "The Nun of Raushenbach,"* the gloomy hue of mediæval superstition. The legend leaves off with a dissonance: the nun, regretting her vows, and longing to forsake the peace of the nunnery for worldly happiness, cannot escape punishment. Nevertheless, our sympathy speaks for her; we feel that the vows imposed by the veil are unnatural.

But in the Hungarian tale of "Monastir," the cloister appears as the abode of expiation; and the story of "Wendelin Drugeth," restored to health on the very spot he had profaned, is a mediæval version of the ancient Greek legend

* The inhabitants of the Carpathian valleys are of German origin.

of "The Spear of Achilles," the rust of which alone could heal the wounds it inflicted.

"The Poor Tartar" and "Pan Twardowski" are satires on the domination of unamiable ladies, such as we often meet with in popular traditions. The Polish version of the latter leads us into the realm of magic, which always delights popular imagination. "The Rocks of Lipnick," "The Maidens' Castle," and "The Hair of the Orphan Girl," a Hungarian Cinderella, belong to this class, and represent the fairy mythology of Hungary; and if in "Jack the Horse-dealer," and "Klingsohr," more modern sounds prevail, the reader may excuse it, considering the claims which the present times never can fail to have on our imagination.

As the butterfly which gleefully flutters around the flower on which he at last rests, opening and closing his wings with slow cadence, is no longer the same when pinned and cased up under the glass of a cabinet; as the flower pressed between the leaves of a herbarium loses its original colour and fragrance; thus the popular tale too is deprived of its natural

brilliancy and vigour, when repeated far from the country to which it belongs. We have attempted wholly to preserve their genuine purity; how far we have succeeded rests with the reader to decide.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

IN the twelfth century, when Hungary was disturbed by different pretenders to the sacred crown of St. Stephen, a powerful Baron held sway at the castle of Tarkö, in the county of Sáros. He withheld his homage from all the claimants of the throne, even after one of them had become recognised by the greater part of the realm, though not yet undisputed sovereign all over the country.

The Lord of Tarkö was grown old in sorrow from the early death of his wife, who had left him no son, but one only daughter, Sabina, the sole

heir of his property, with whom he lived in proud solitude.

Sabina was lovely, and though no eye but her father's reflected her beauty with fond delight, she felt that she was not born for a lonely existence. Her pulse beat too quick, her imagination was too glowing. The simple occupations of the spindle and the needle did not satisfy her; the pious duties of attending to the poor and the sick in the neighbourhood filled many of her hours, but not her mind.

She often joined her father in his country sports. The free breeze of the autumnal air, the quick movement of the horses, the risks of the chase, with its varying success, powerfully attracted the young lady, yet by no means could prove lasting charms to a temper longing for more varied objects, for a wider field of exertion.

When in the afternoon they had turned homewards with slackened pace, allowing breath to their weary steeds, and the Baron, after a short meal, had retired to rest, Sabina mounted the tower of the castle, and watched the rosy clouds which roamed over the ocean of heaven. She

longed to follow them, and to know whither they were sailing? Might she ever wander as freely? And should she then be alone? No; certainly there would be one to direct her course, to share her thoughts and her feelings. But where was he whom she gladly would follow, and who could lead her to a new world? And what would that be? No dull abode like her present home, but a paradise of enjoyment, where she would dispense felicity. But where was her guide? Was he hidden by those mountains, behind which the purple wings of the sun had sunk down in repose? Who could tell where her smiles would be courted, where she should assemble young friends and delight with them in song and in dance! And she would be admired, and her companion would be proud of her—he the most amiable; the most distinguished of all men. To him all would look up: he would possess all hearts, but would care for none but his Sabina's.

She descended into the gloomy hall where the rows of ancestral portraits alone kept her company. Her reality was colourless and confined.

The Lord of Tarkö never associated with his neighbours, whom he regarded as his subjects. They kept at respectful distance, and only ventured to the manor when a matter was to be decided, which they had failed to settle amongst themselves. Then their haughty but just Lord was appealed to with unlimited confidence.

To such applications he ever listened with patriarchal solicitude, no less to the requests of the poor and the weak; but he little heeded what was going on beyond the outskirts of his manor, and turned a deaf ear to the summons of the king, who called the magnates and the bishops to take the oath of allegiance. His passive resistance was noticed at court. "It must be overcome," said the King to his favourite Count László; and he charged him to conquer by diplomacy or violence, the prejudices of the self-willed Baron.

Count László set out for his castle of Sarós, with which he had been invested by the monarch. Here brilliant feasts were given to hundreds of guests. Cavaliers and dames of the whole country around accepted the cordial

invitation of the nobleman; many were the mothers who echoed his praises to daughters nowise indisposed to listen with due attention.

Never before had the stony path leading up to the conical summit crowned by the castle been enlivened with more horses, never had it resounded with more cheers, never had the bushes and trees sheltering the height hidden more whispers of love, more sighs and more blushes, than since László assembled the nobles of Sarós to glee and enjoyment, and to loyal remembrance of their victorious King, whom they boisterously celebrated with uplifted tumblers filled to the brim.

But the loud chorus was not joined by the Lord of Tarkö, who declined for himself and his daughter to appear at his neighbour's, though entreated by most special request, to grant the favour of his welcome presence.

Count László had set out to try his eloquence on the pride of the old nobleman. The Lord of Tarkö had received him with dignity, and politely listened to the enthusiastic panegyrics of the young man, enumerating the bounties

his gracious King offered to all faithful subjects.

To this the Baron coldly answered: "That he always lived retired on his estate, which since the time of the division under Arpád* had been in his family, and that none of them had ever

* The original title of property in Hungary was not feudal. The first conquerors of the country, under Arpád, divided it at the Diet, which they held on the *puszta* (heath) Szer, and possessed their landed property by the right of its first conquest. But the Kings gradually sought to transform these free allodial properties into fiefs. The same occurred in Germany, where, in the time of Frederic Barbarossa, we meet a knight on the Rhine who received his Emperor without rising from his seat, having, as he said, his castle as fief from the Sun alone, not from the Emperor. That the chronicler has found this fact remarkable enough to be recorded, is a proof that allodial property was already at that era exceptional in Germany. In Hungary, the theory that all property is derived from the Crown was established much later, not earlier than in the fourteenth century. Down to our days there exist Hungarian families who derive their landed property from that first division (for example, the Szemeres), and who are proud not to owe their estates to a royal grant.

accepted their domain as a fief from any King, but had always protected and defended it without aid. And I, following the example of my illustrious fore-fathers," the Baron continued, "crave for no more than the liberty of not bowing in homage to a Prince, whose claims are still contested. Legitimacy can confer the right to the sacred crown of St. Stephen* only if recognised by the whole Hungarian nation."

While he spoke, Sabina entered the room. Count László beheld her and dropped all controversy. He saw *her*, and forgot what purpose had led him to the castle of Tarkö. He listened to the tuneful voice of the maiden, and felt it vibrate in his heart. At last she rose, kissed her father's hand, and gracefully inclined her head to the stranger: and only when she had left the room, did Count László notice that time had fled, and that he must depart.

* Under the house of Arpád, the succession to the throne was not precisely defined by the law: the brother often succeeded instead of the son. The law granted the crown to the family of Arpád, but did not further determine the order of succession.

He came again, though the Baron had not returned his visit. When the King's favourite repeated his call at Tarkö, the gates were closed, the Baron had ridden out to hunt a boar. Count László tried again, but with no greater luck; the Baron was always out. But where was she, for whose very shadow the eye of the Count anxiously spied every window. The cavalier sprang from his steed, and took a walk all around the terrace, to admire the varied view over hill and dale. His glance, however, did not wander over the green landscape; the soil alone on which he trod, seemed to attract his attention. The traces of a small foot had caught his eye, but they were soon lost in the grass, where the light step left no print.

Whilst thus he had waited to no purpose, and then impatiently returned homewards, Sabina was standing on the height of the tower; but this time not to watch the clouds above her, but she looked down and regretted that no cloud of dust appeared, raised by the hoofs of horses. She waited long and thought:—Shall I go down and inquire if the Count has any message for

my father? But my father must soon return; I had better not go. Yet is it not unkind to leave a stranger by himself in the hall?

And she descended some steps and bent down her ear, but had not reached the terrace, before she changed her mind and went up again. He had just past, she saw the raised dust, amidst which sparkled the golden tassels of the retinue. The bugle presently blew from the opposite direction; she hastened to her apartment to compose herself before she met her father. He kissed her brow as was his wont, inquiring how she had spent her day. She blushed, as if she had a mystery to hide.

The Baron frowned slightly, and turned the conversation on the versatility of the present days, the vanity of youths, and the instability of kings. Sabina listened most devotedly, but ventured the remark, that certainly some persons were exceptions, not blinded by transient splendour, but solely acted on by conviction and loyalty. Her sire made no reply, but gave strict orders not to admit any stranger to the manor.

Count László now had recourse to artifice. He sent his faithful shield-bearer, Gergely, to Tarkö, who went there as if in want of service. His countenance spoke so well for him, that the Baron engaged him as groom, and little thought that he thus introduced into his own house the messenger of love.

Sabina, though by far more inexperienced than her father, had a better memory, and remembered the young man, who had ridden behind his master, when she had peeped from the balcony, and perceived him. She therefore was not overpowered with surprise, when she mounted her palfrey, to find a small strip of vellum twisted round the reins. She felt that to take it, would be to acquiesce in clandestine correspondence; yet could she leave it there, and risk detection, when presently her father would join her? She could not risk his anger—no, no: she slipped the note under her glove, before her sire came down. The ride was long, so thought Sabina, and chid her well-trained pacer, who stumbled, quite against his custom, as the Baron with great displeasure noticed.

When everybody was asleep in the manor, and all lights were extinguished, one yet faintly glimmered in the wing inhabited by Sabina. She sat up and studied very hard to decipher some clearly-traced words. What they were, I cannot say; but they must have been very hard to understand, as she read them over and over again, till her lamp was almost extinguished. She then laid the strip under her pillow, on which she leant sleepless for hours, until the claims of nature proved more powerful than her excited thoughts.

With the first ray of the morning, she woke again, to resume the interesting perusal, which she hardly left for an instant, till the bell summoned to mass. From that time she practised writing more than she had ever done: she was no artist in that line; her fingers knew better how to move the strings of the harpsichord than to handle the pen; yet certainly her most touching strains never proved so effectual as the imperfect words she traced. They were answered with glowing expressions of love and of hope.

One Sunday morning the Prior of the Franciscan cloister of Sáros entered the hall of Tarkö Castle. A short conversation ensued between the friar and the Baron, *tête-à-tête*, who accompanied his guest to his threshold, bowed stiffly, retired to the house, and never uttered a word to Sabina, though she anxiously watched her father's countenance.

Sabina complained of headache, and sought her lonely room. She knew the Prior had come, in the name of Count László, to sue for her hand. She could not doubt that her father had refused.

The next morning, when she followed him in their usual ride, the Baron was more eloquent than usual. He discoursed about the arrogance of the Court-people, who, without any patrimony, any property but the fickle favours dispensed by the King, think they might aspire to connect themselves with independent families, to whom royal favour is wholly superfluous, and even with such as descend from the ancient Dukes, the equals of Arpád elevated to the throne by their free choice only.

“Titles and fortune granted by one King, can be cancelled by another,” continued the old man; “and if the Castle of Sáros is larger in extent than ours, still Sáros is but a fief for life, being the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county; whilst Tarkö, though smaller, has been raised by our ancestors, whose names no King can obliterate, and whose property does not depend on royal favour.”

Sabina loved her father; she had no arguments to oppose his views, she answered therefore with tears only, and these the old Baron did not heed: he knew that as in spring rain and sunshine alternate every day, so in youth do tears and smiles.

When the Prior returned from Tarkö, he met Count László, on horseback, half-way to Sáros.

“What tidings, holy father?” cried he: “how were you treated? was a turkey served up to you, or a farrow?”*

* We meet in Hungary with ancient symbolical customs, such as were generally practised in the middle ages all over Europe, and still are usual in the East.

The Prior shook his head: "The pride of the old Lord is more lofty than your castle.

Many a thing which would be reluctantly expressed with words is notified by a symbol, conveying the meaning without any further unpleasant explanation. When, for example, a young man presents himself as suitor in a house where there is a young lady, he knows at the very first dinner, whether or no he may look forward to the fulfilment of his wishes. If a roasted turkey appears on the dinner-table, it means that he is welcome; but when this good-omened bird is substituted by a farrow, the suitor well may pack up and drive home; the bride will not be his: he is refused. No other roast meat is so symbolical as the turkey and the farrow. When any other appears at dinner, the suitor may try his luck; he is neither accepted nor rejected, and may wait until a turkey or a farrow announces his decree.

This custom is to be found among all classes in Hungary.

A widow lady well known to me, had been for several months betrothed to an officer, who of course often visited the house of her parents, with whom she lived. Once a farrow chanced to be served up; whereupon the suitor got uneasy, and a serious explanation ensued with the family of the lady, before he could be persuaded that the farrow had not been intended to carry any meaning.

He dines only with his equals; with his daughter alone, with no one else in the county. He declines the honour of your connection."

"Thus they have been from the times of Arpád," László violently interrupted. "Thus they are still, these proud chieftains. Are they blind, not to see the halo which surrounds the sacred crown of St. Stephen? Do they not know that our gracious Sovereign is resolved not to tolerate their haughtiness? that he has burned the seats round his throne in the council-hall of the palace, that no one should sit at his side? Do they forget that we are no longer the barbarians led by Arpád, able to conquer a realm, but laughed at by the civilized world for want of breeding? We have learned from the accomplished Greeks, and from the valiant knights of Germany, that all power comes from the King, and that the only source of property is the Crown. Our Sovereign will not bear that any of his subjects should have a property not confirmed by a charter. The King alone protects the country—the King alone can grant property. Until now I have sued where I

might have used violence, as the King gave me the order to enforce the homage due to him. The haughty Lord boasts that never one of his stem has bowed! Well! but a branch of this stem may be rent, and then we shall see!"

That very night Gergely came to Sáros, as he was often wont to do. Count László closeted himself up with him,—a plan was conceived.

A few days afterwards, Sabina again accompanied her father to hunt. Gergely led the party over most difficult paths, and cheered the hounds on the scent of the boar. The sport was prolonged beyond the customary time, till the horses were so exhausted, that neither spur nor halloo could urge them on. It was dusk, when they approached the hill of Tarkö Castle. Gergely kept close to Sabina, who was some paces in advance. A by-path diverged at the foot of the hill, where stood a light car with four neighing horses. Sabina resolutely sprang into the carriage, assisted by the coachman, who had given up the reins to Gergely. An instant, and the voluntary prey was carried off in full gallop. Before long the old Baron under-

stood what had happened, and powerfully spurred his steed ; but it was spent in wind and strength, and could not reach the fugitives, who had just turned round the corner of the mountain ; yet his master continued to pursue them with unabated determination.

László rode out to meet his lady fair. When Gergely perceived him in the distance, below the Castle of Sáros, the faithful shield-bearer beckoned in joyful ecstasy with uplifted hand. In that very moment, the Lord of Tarkö had bent his bow, and the arrow hit the raised arm. Count László hastened to the support of Gergely, and a few minutes afterwards held his bride in his arms.

To commemorate the spot from whence he had first caught sight of his Sabina, he founded there a town, to which, in honour of his consort, he gave the name of Sabinow (Cibinum, Szeben). And the place, where the arm of Gergely was pierced, was solemnly conferred on this devoted attendant, who built on this ground the village of Gergely-lak (the house of Gergely). He was knighted by the

King, and his descendants bore in their escutcheon the arrow-pierced arm of their ancestor.

Count László, after his marriage with Sabina, sought to reconcile her father; but the Lord of Tarkö replied that the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Sáros was a stranger to him. He never saw her again.

She found at Court all the delights she had longed for. The most dazzling honours were bestowed upon her; life passed in a whirl of pleasures, yet Tarkö Castle came sometimes back to her mind, and a sigh then escaped her.

THE CASTLE OF ZIPSEN.

IF we wander from Sáros to Zipsen, and reach the height of the Braniszko—stormed so bravely during the last war by the lion-hearted Guyon—an extensive valley opens to our view. Many small towns people the landscape, and remind us that manifold intercourse and lucrative trade enriched those parts in by-gone days.

In the distance, we see the snowy peaks of the Carpathians, and the group of the Tatra-Mountains, which border the horizon.

In the foreground rises a steep rock, on which stand the ruins of the "House of Zip-

sen,"—the ancestral Castle of the Zápolyas, who, in one century (fifteenth and sixteenth), raised themselves from the soil they cultivated with their own hands, to the throne of Hungary and Transylvania.

Not far from the deserted ruin, on its right side, is the small town of Kirchdrauf, once of greater importance than at present. Now, it more resembles a wealthy village than a town; though the smooth hill, which forms the background, is still adorned by the Gothic Cathedral, and by the residence of the Bishop of Zipsen, and his canons.

In this neighbourhood, as in all parts where the ancient knights dwelt in their castles near to towns, and exacted contributions from the peaceful inhabitants, popular tradition remembers the overbearing insolence of the lawless chiefs.

We distinguish at the ruin one window, just overlooking the most abrupt of the precipices, which rises perpendicularly several hundred feet high over the plain. With that window tradition connects a tale.

In the time of King Charles Robert, the Lord of the House of Zipsen led a wild life. During summer he hunted the bear, in winter the wolves. His nights used to be spent in drinking and gambling: the bottles on the table were removed only for the dice, and the morning found him and his companions often senseless on the ground. His resources, of course, could not long endure such a life. He regretted the periods of civil dissensions, where a strong fist, and a sharp sword, could win wealth and renown; when the princes contended for the crown, the knights used the moment to fill their purses. But these bright days were gone: trade and industry flourished, and the stout burghers throve under laws which protected the peaceable occupations of cowards, instead of kindling the noble passions of war. Our Knight bitterly lamented these inglorious days, and his device was:

“Let commerce perish, manufactures die,
But Heaven defend our old nobility.”

What could he do? Live he must; rob he

could not; so he borrowed. The old friar who had taught him in his boyhood had often explained to him that men were surpassed by the bee in skill, and by the dog in loyalty, by the ant in industry, by the elephant in strength, and by the ape in nimble mimicry; the parrot learns to speak, and the bull bows under the yoke no less than man. What, then, proves the superiority of man—what marks his difference from the beasts? Nothing else than that he may be taught to borrow. The exclusive prerogative of man is to incur debts. The friar was looked up to by his friends as a learned man, and he often used to say to those who attentively listened to him: “A day will come when the truth of this distinction will generally be acknowledged, when civilization will be tested by the use the nations make of this greatest human prerogative—their CREDIT; when the communities which have no debt will be called barbarians, and those will be the most powerful rulers of mankind, the missionaries to carry civilization all over the world, who have the

largest National Debt; though there will always be narrow-minded fools to preach financial reform, unaware of the constitution of mankind, and of their glorious privilege."

These precepts the Knight never had forgotten; and in spite of his thorough contempt of the burghers, he often deigned to accept their money, mortgaging his estates. As for the interest, he paid it by the labour of his peasants, who were forced, instead of tilling the ground, to weave at the looms for the traders of Kirchdrauf, and to manufacture the well-known linen of Zipsen.

It was such money-dealing business which one fine morning brought our Knight down to the town. He called on the worshipful Chairman of the Guild of Tailors, with the intention of negotiating a new loan. He introduced himself by ordering a magnificent suit of clothes, to go to court, as he pretended, to which the King had summoned him. Whilst the said artist applied his slip of paper to the broad chest of the cavalier, taking the accurate measure, the Knight complained of bad times. He found

that agriculture had no protection; that in spite of that exemption from taxes, which was the first privilege of nobility, land was burdened too heavily, as landed property implied the support of the peasants, who could not work if they were starving—and as a nobleman must live in an expensive style, if he would maintain his position in the world, and ensure the respect due to his name, he is unavoidably always short of money. His younger brothers and relations cannot become traders: this would disgrace the family. What shall they do, whilst the King is not inclined to war, and therefore needs no army? He was just on the point of entering upon the question, for which he had honoured the plebeian house with his presence, when a buxom girl entered the room, and with a slight courtesy handed patterns of velvet to the knight for selection. It was the youthful daughter, the heiress apparent, of the wealthy tailor. A bright idea struck the Knight. The best improvement of his estates would certainly be a lucrative marriage. As for the daughters of his noble neighbours, they had repeatedly refused

his suit ; they might have excused his reckless life, but his debts were unpardonable. The daughter of a tailor must be less fastidious, and would certainly esteem herself blessed to get a coronet, even when its brilliancy was a little dimmed. He therefore dropped the topic of the hardships of landed property, turned the conversation to the pleasures of the capital, and did not fail to remark that none of the ladies at Court could vie in beauty with the pride of Kirchdrauf.

The tailor silently listened, and wondered what could induce his guest to such speeches, and such a change in his mode of life ; for it was well known, that the Knight always kept to his castle, and had never sought the Court. The daughter paid no attention whatever to the conversation, and cared not for the gallantries of the Knight. His grizzly beard and red nose undid with her the effect of his unusual eloquence. She put the patterns on the table, and left the room. The unwieldy Knight had no charm for her : her head and her heart were occupied by the accomplishments of a nimble

barber, styled Doctor by the whole town, who had just returned from the high school of Vienna. He wore no moustachios, his chin was smoothly shaved, his hair elegantly curled. His was not the heavy step of the burghers, but he danced through the streets on tiptoe; and how he could talk! He knew the whole world, and was the friend of all the great men of Germany; he had cut the corns of the Emperor, and had bled the lap-dog of the Queen of Bohemia. What were the words of the Queen, which she spoke in low accents, when she handed to him a diamond ring in token of her gratitude: this he only hinted. As to the ring, and the other bounties he had received at the different Courts where he had practised his arts, alas! he had been robbed of all by violence and deceit, and had returned home as poor as he had left it. The worshipful tailor often said: "It is all humbug!" but Gaspár, the barber, harangued so winningly, that no one of the fair sex doubted the accuracy of his assertions. In spite of this the cruel tailor was not to be moved; he would not give his daughter to a

penniless quack, as he unhesitatingly called the young suitor; and the rosy-cheeked Trude sighed, and contented herself to meet her lover in secret.

A few days after the Knight's visit at the house of the tailor, Trude, who sat sewing at the window, not wholly intent on her needle, saw a cavalcade that made her jump from her seat, and call all the females of the household to peep out with her. Our Knight approached in costly attire on a high steed, and followed not only by his customary retinue, but by a long range of attendants, all wearing his colours, though some of their tasseled jackets, pelisses and fringed boots bore so visible traces of the destructive power of time, that they had a most pitiful aspect.

Trude did not fail to point her finger at several of them, and to exclaim in accents half choked with laughing: "Look, look, that's János, from whom we bought our corn, this Misa and György, with whom we had the bother about the hay. What jades they ride! Poor animals, hard work and little food; and now

they must dance about in a masquerade; it is their first carnival, I dare say."

Meanwhile the cavalcade had come to the door. The Knight beckoned his squire to hold the reins of his horse, and alighted with dignity. The apprentices of the tailor looked very astonished, and hastened to the house-door to open it, and to pass in review the horses and riders. The Knight pushed them aside, and went immediately to the room where the worshipful chairman of the tailors, the great capitalist of Kirchdrauf, sat at the table; but scarcely had the knight closed the door, when it was slowly opened again, and a sprightly face witnessed the scene between the Knight and the tailor.

The latter moved his chair, rose, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Monday, next week, was the appointed day, my Lord, for the clothes to be ready: you mistook: to-day is but Wednesday."

The Knight coughed, took a seat, indulgently beckoned the tailor to do the same, and began with hoarse but raised accents:

"I am not come to enforce your prompt

service, but to grant you an honour you little expect. Your daughter is pretty, and I understand, well brought up to mind all kind of household affairs. I want some one to attend mine, and as I owe to my station decorum and decency, I will take your daughter as my wife, that she may reside in my castle and manage it well. Do not interrupt me," he continued, as the tailor bowed, and was going to speak: "do not interrupt me, I have more to say. I understand and appreciate the feelings of a father for his only child; such feelings are respectable in every station, and would not deprive you for ever of the claims nature has given to every parent. I, of course, expect that Gertrude, once my wife, will keep to my manor, and not descend to her plebeian connexions; but for yourself I allow an exception, in so far that you may come to see her as often as you please; the times when we receive company always excepted. Her room, of course, will ever be open to you, even if you can get no access to the baronial hall. Call her in now, that she may hear what awaits her, and prepare for her happiness."

During the whole speech of the Knight, the tailor fretted on his chair. It was an awful revelation to him; he knew perfectly, that the estates of the Knight must be heavily encumbered to induce him to such a step, and became seriously alarmed about the amount he had lent him. He remained silent for a little while, and hesitatingly began :

“My Lord, that will not do for us; my daughter—”

“Will answer for herself.”

Trude completed the sentence, pushing wide open the door, and laughing aloud :

“No, your honour, I thank you, you are nothing for me; I have other fancies; nothing like you would suit me. I am a silly girl; I have no ambition to preside at your table, and to listen to the conversation of your illustrious guests, who care more about sport and gambling than about polished manners. I should badly manage your castle without a penny in the chest, and my fortune is not a noble one: it is not accustomed to be paying interests on loans.”

The Knight had remained perplexed with

surprise ; he had instinctively risen when Trude entered the room ; but now he held fast by the chair, trembled with rage, struck the table with his clenched fist, and roared :

“Thou impertinent hussy, I will teach thee manners ; you shall remember this hour, and repent your folly, you and your blockheaded father ! After to-morrow I expect my pelisse and my coat ; it must fit well, mind,” he added with perfect contempt.

He left the house with dignity, but he felt that he had made himself the laughing-stock of Kirchdrauf. When he determined to propose for the daughter of the tailor, the possibility of a refusal had never crossed his mind. How could he have thought that the child of a burgher could remain insensible to the honour of a noble alliance ? Contemptible as he always had held the traders to be, yet he had given them credit for being most anxious to be honoured by a look, by a word from a cavalier ; and if they did not seek any intercourse with him, he had always taken it for a necessary consequence of the awe and respect, which his station inspired.

The display he had made of his liveries, was too extraordinary an event, not to manifest the intention which he now gladly would have denied. And how could he stop the gossip of the impertinent Trude, who, without doubt, would boast of the unpleasant history, exaggerating the humiliation he had experienced.

Gertrude, in fact, notwithstanding her pert refusal, was highly flattered by the proposal; and though she pretended to have a perfect horror of such a scarecrow, over head and ears in debt; yet she did not take it amiss, when her friends jokingly addressed her as "Lady Gertrude," and *tête-à-tête* with Doctor Gaspár, she more than once mentioned,—“But for you, silly man, I might be a Lady. The Knight has taste and passious; these are innate to aristocratical temper; they cannot be acquired; they are the natural privileges of high birth.”

“No doubt,” the amiable barber replied; “I know that best, who have ever lived at Courts with the most distinguished nobles. But believe me, love, who am a man of the world, aristocracy is not worth my lancet; if it has not the

polish of fashion, and elegance of manners. We, the new generation, who have seen foreign countries, we know that best." And he tossed up his head and looked most superior, so that Trude certainly thought herself a fortunate girl.

The Knight had sworn revenge, and he was the man to keep his word, except in matters unsuitable to his dignity, as money-promises, for example. He would capture the saucy lass, and fling her away like a payable bill, presented by an importunate creditor. His guests applauded this laudable intention, and freely offered their offensive and defensive support. But within the walls of the town they had no power, nor did they dare to attack where the gates could be shut upon them. But the men of the Knight daily spied around Kirchdrauf, to find out whether the proud daughter of the tailor was venturing out. She often ran away from household cares and household work; but then she spent her leisure hours not out of town, but at the house of some kind neighbour, where she met her friend, who in the evening saw her safe home, whilst the

worshipful chairman presided at the meetings of his guild, or held private consultations with its most distinguished members.

Weeks had passed; the event of the Knight and the tailor had become hacknied; its charm of novelty had worn out, and it was but in flattery to the pretty Trude that it was yet mentioned. The threats of the Knight were not heeded. How would he venture to attack the daughter of a man who was on the eve of becoming Mayor, when he would have at command the forces of a town, not indeed large by itself, but powerful by its confederation with all the other towns of the county, fifteen in number.

Autumn had come, not with the pleasures of vintage in the cold climate of these northern parts, but with the amusement of gathering nuts, pears, and apples, in the orchards. The young folks of Kirchdrauf, too, set out, armed with long poles, to beat down the nuts from the trees, and carry them off, with the pears and apples, in baskets taken for the purpose.

The wealthy tailor had a garden a little way from town. Thither Trude went with her ser-

vant and the apprentice boys. She would have no other company, she said, as the weather grew uncertain, and haste was necessary to get the fruit in before dusk.

The afternoon was fine; and when the work was done, Trude had filled the baskets, and loaded the car, to be drawn home by the apprentice boys, by whom she sent the message, that she and the servant would shortly follow. She set out, but the Doctor chanced to meet her on the road, and reminded her that she might catch cold. Indeed, she had forgotten her cloak in the orchard, and felt very chilly. The Doctor said he would run for it, but she thought it would be dangerous for her health to sit down waiting, after she had got warm by the walk.

"Yes, that positively might be dangerous," said the Doctor.

"Well," interposed Gertrude, "I will fetch my mantle myself: do you meanwhile go home, Hancsa, my life, to look after the supper, that it may be ready when father comes in. I will join you before he comes."

The happy pair were left to each other, and

strolled back to the garden ; but Trude got very tired, when they were returning. They sat down, continuing an animated conversation, which made them totally unaware that the place of their rest was discovered by the spies of the Knight, who no sooner got sight of the luckless lovers, than they burst forth, and captured the girl, without taking notice of the Doctor, who most prudently made no attempt to resist, but ran away for succour, when he noticed the superior forces of the adversaries. Before he could return, Trude had been carried into the Castle.

She was brought to the Knight, in the great room, where the window overlooked the whole country. He bitterly reproached her with ingratitude, but promised her forgiveness, if she instantly would follow him to the chapel ; if not, he would use violence. The girl refused the robber—the thief, as she called him ; pushed him vigorously aside, and rushed to the window to look out for rescue. She saw no chance of aid. The Knight opened the door, and cried out :

“Come, friends, and see my betrothed. John, you shall be my bridesman. Take her to the chapel; the friar expects us.”

He then turned round to catch hold of the girl, but before he could make good his purpose, she had swung herself on the window, and, with desperate resolution, threw herself from the dizzy height.

The Knight and his guests were appalled; they thought her dead, but her spreading garments formed a parachute, and deadened the violence of the fall; so that she reached the ground without other injury than the dislocation of the great toe of her right foot. She remained prostrate, deprived of her senses.

Meanwhile, the brave Doctor had returned protected by all the haidus* and by all the younger members of the Tailors' Company, armed to the teeth, and followed in due distance by the car of the alarmed chairman.

Great confusion prevailed; dusk had come on; but the provident Hancsa had carried a

* The constables in Hungary are called “haidus.”

lantern, and it shed light on the senseless Trude. The servant roared out for the Doctor, who had left the field of action to the haidus, and stepped behind to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, wisely remarking, that never did a man of experience attack without a thorough examination of what he was about.

“Haidu! haidu! here seems danger!” he cried; and, when joined by them, he followed the summons with due circumspection. But Hancsa screamed:

“No more danger; here she lies, the poor little one, stone dead!”

At this tidings, the whole assembly thronged around, and the Doctor pushed his way. He felt the pulse, and exclaimed:

“She is not lost! water, water!”

A lad brought it in his hat. Trude was besprinkled with it; she soon recovered, and was raised up. A laugh was always more familiar to her mind than a tear to her eye. So she heartily laughed at the adventure, smiled at her lover, and embraced her father, who had left his car, and had forgotten all anxiety, and

all fright, and all anger, at the sight of his child. Yet, when she now tried to step into the car, she felt a violent pain in her foot, and declared she certainly had broken a bone. So the worshipful tailor hastily requested the barber to come along with them. Trude was soon placed on her couch; the injured foot was examined by the doctor, who looked so grave, and prepared the bandage with looks so knowing, that the fond father grew quite agitated, and began to fear that his darling might be very dangerously laid up, and might not recover the use of her limb. But the doctor assured him that with care and attention all would be well, he answered for it. This he pronounced with such confidence, that the old man felt quite re-assured, and begged "the doctor" not to depart; now, for the first time, applying this name to the young man, whom until then he had styled a quack.

Trude recovered, though not so fast as not to require the diligent attendance of the doctor. But when at last he could not himself help acknowledging that Trude no longer needed

his services, the worshipful tailor shook his hand, and presented him with a well-filled purse, manufactured by his daughter's own hands. The young man accepted the purse, but returned the money, saying, that he had a greater favour to request. The tailor looked somewhat less benignant than he had done for a long time, but nevertheless said :

“Speak.”

Gáspár then said, that an old aunt of his had died, and had left him more ready money than he could dispose of, that he, therefore, would reckon it a high favour if the worshipful tailor would take the small capital at whatever rate of interest he thought fit, as no money could be placed safer than with him.

The old man thought the young fellow had real good sense, and answered :

“Well, well, I don't mind.”

The doctor was now allowed to visit the house, and after some months he often sat beside Trude, in the presence of her father ; and a full year did not elapse before he called her his bride.

The impression the adventurous leap had made on the Knight was a lasting one. Nothing short of a miracle could have saved the girl; he therefore feared the vengeance of heaven. He gave up his extravagant pursuits, led a more regular life, and never more disturbed the peace of the daughters of Kirchdrauf.

YANOSHIK, THE ROBBER.

IN the time when King John Zápolya waged war with King Ferdinand of Hapsburg, Yanoshik, a mighty robber, dwelt in the mountains of the counties Lipto and Arva. This Yanoshik was a fine fellow. He swayed like a king over rich and poor, and administered justice with no less authority than the sheriff himself. Yet to women he was sweet as honey, and to the poor as welcome as a roasted turkey to a suitor. In the Jew and usurer on the contrary, he created even more terror than the appearance of the wolf in the fields. His strength was unparalleled, and the supernatural axe he possessed made him

quite unconquerable. Whenever it was flung, it hit the aim, and then returned into the hands of Yanoshik, as the iron to the magnet.*

He once knocked aside with his foot alone the stately coach of the Lord-Lieutenant, who was coming back from dining with the Bishop. The coachman whipped his four galloping horses, and little heeded a poor boy, who, driving back unsold sheep from the market, could not get out of the way quickly enough. The boy hallooed and the coachman swore, when Yanoshik appeared on his roan horse. Before the snoring Lord-Lieutenant within, or the Huszár and the Slovak without, noticed the robber, his boot had given such a tremendous push to the carriage, that it bounded downright over the ditch, and carried along with it the alarmed horses.

Another time Yanoshik came to the tavern of a village, where fifty Svab-soldiers† were quar-

* The herdsmen in Hungary, especially the Kanász swineherds, excel in throwing the axe.

† Most of the German immigrants who settled in Hungary, were "Svabians." Many of them were wretched creatures, physically degenerate by misery, and therefore

tered. They sat at the table swallowing fat sausages and wine, and cursing the miserable peasant who lived upon oats.

The peasants gathered before the doors of the house, complained of the Svabs, their ill-treatment and appetite, no less than of the niggard Jew, who had claimed their crop, before he allowed any more spirit on credit.

Yanoshik listened awhile, then stepped into the room, mixed in the talk, and advocated the poor peasant, who had to toil and to pay, whilst the Svabs lived at his expense. The soldiers, at first with words, but soon with hands too, opposed the Slovak, whom they found a sturdier man than they were wont to encounter. But fifty to one, there was a chance. The Slovak, nevertheless, proved a fair match to the game. Leaning with his back against the wall, his short axe hit all around. Like the balloon of a school-boy, it always rebounded into the hands of Yanoshik, who flung it again right and left without looked down upon by the Hungarian peasant, who in consequence not seldom uses "Sváb" as a nick-name, which he extends to all Germans.

once missing his aim. All in the room was turned topsy turvy ; cracked bottles, benches and tables thrown and broken, covered the floor, and soon a dozen of the combatants were stretched senseless : the others, bewildered at the supernatural weapon of their adversary, took to their heels, and never stopped till at dawn they reached their officers, who attended the feasts and balls usual in St. Nicholas during the quarterly county meeting.

Yanoshik, meanwhile, had disappeared, followed by the half-suppressed invectives of the Jewish innkeeper, and by the enthusiastic cheers of the mob, who had witnessed the struggle with open mouths, and drops of anxiety on their brows.

At St. Nicholas, the military men no less than the legislators of the county, were astounded at the impudence of the robber in their very neighbourhood. They ordered their horses to be saddled, and their carriages to be got ready ; and set out after dinner to investigate the mischief perpetrated, and to ascertain the direction the criminal had taken.

When the stately procession arrived at the village, it was received with cheers, but no one was able to tell whither the robber had gone. Old and young were summoned to give evidence. Every one described differently the appearance of Yanoshik. One said he was of gigantic frame, and had owl's eyes. Another represented him short, covered all over with hair like a bear, and wearing the diamond ring of the Bishop on his fore-finger.

But singular it is, that in direct opposition, all females accorded in calling him a fine lad, and a gallant fellow, and that they did not seem the least afraid of the monster.

All these contrary accounts were taken into protocol, and deposited in the archives of the county. The pursuit of the robber, however, was put off.

Year passed after year, and Yanoshik could not be captured, though he did not fail to appear but too frequently at the manors of the lords, who spent their income far away at the court of the king in Vienna, and allowed their stewards, in that lawless time, to drive the poor

peasant from his hut and his soil, regardless of every written law of the country.

At such manors, Yanoshik exacted cattle and corn, sheep and wine, and divided the prey amongst the poor people. He freely exercised the principle of Proudhon's "gratuitous credit," and constituted, in his own single person, the Court and the Chief Justice, without appeal. His abode never could be traced. *Hajdus* (constables)* were sent after him to the mountains, and into the woods, but they never found him. Sometimes when they rested at an inn, after fruitless search, a herdsman appeared, a friar, or a pedlar, and related stories of Yanoshik and his feats. And after the men had half-impatiently listened, and termed the lawless hero a wretched coward, who always fled before them, he threw off his disguise, and exclaimed: "I am Yanoshik!" but at the same time wielded his axe according to his custom, and had dis-

* The county police on foot is called "Hajdu," whilst the county police on horseback is termed "Hussar."

appeared before his pursuers had recovered their senses.

But the man unconquerable by the sword, and not to be overtaken by pursuit, was snared, like Samson, by the charms of a girl. The round rosy cheeks and sky-blue eyes of Marcsa, the servant of the curate, shone with self-satisfaction, when she walked to church on a Sunday. Her long flaxen tresses were brightly smoothed with lard, and braided with the most gaudy ribbons; the white muslin handkerchief which covered her neck was embroidered with gold; but more than of anything else was she proud of the crimson colour of her petticoat, and of the boots which she carried in her hand, and pulled on only at the door of the church. They certainly were as beautiful as any sold in the market of St. Nicholas at the time of indulgence, when the procession, joined by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, brought thousands of customers thither. But who gave all those fineries to Marcsa? Surely not the old curate! the strings of his purse were drawn tight: this was well known. And though the

lads of the village pointed out Marcса to the girls they led to the dance on the church-ale, and shook hands so heartily with the pretty wench, that their companions reddened and gave them a pull, yet she always walked by herself, and seldom joined the dance and the frolic. In the evening, after work was done, she sat lonely before the door of the Parsonage, whilst all the other girls had their talk with their sweethearts out of doors. She was up before the cock crowed, and was the last to leave labour. The cows of the curate were well kept, his geese excellently fattened, his cabbage was carefully dug up, his winter-stock always proved plentiful, and though he was an authority as to fare, he never had to complain of his cook. For these reasons (it was whispered) he shut his eyes to certain walks in the woods, where his servant, it seems, searched for berries and herbs in the most remotest corners.

That Yanoshik was the lover of Marcса was well known in the village, but no one cared to lay information against them. Yet as every mystery gets abroad, so this too reached the

ears of the county magistrate. The sheriff summoned a county meeting; the judges were elected, and Marcsa put before the court. She laughed at the examination, and said, that the axe of her Yanoshik would make quick work of dispersing the illustrious assembly. The truth of this was admitted, and Marcsa was released. But whilst the gentlemen debated, she had conceived so warm a friendship for Miso, the handsome constable on guard in the court of the county-house, that she invited him to come to see her in the village. When she met Yanoshik again, she no longer liked him; for she found him too stern in looks, and too poor in attire. His plain linen shirt was fastened in front of his neck with a brass buckle: he wore a black leather belt with yellow buttons, and Slovak half-boots, while long hair wildly covered his brow. What a contrast to the elegant constable, with the red hussár-jacket, richly trimmed with strings, and boots as smoothly blackened as his twisted moustachio!

She tried to persuade Yanoshik to throw away his shabby belt, and to spare some of

the riches for himself, which he used to distribute amongst the poor people; but he refused. It was the first time he had rejected a request of his Marcsa, and as she did not leave off insisting on her desire, he at last said:

“ Know, woman, that my strength rests with my belt: to take this from me is to bereave me of my power.”

Marcса weighed these words in her mind, and when, on a cloudy evening, the fine constable from St. Nicholas mixed with his praises of her charms some questions about Yanoshik, she could not refrain from boasting that the terrific robber was in her power, as she alone knew that by taking from him the strength-imparting belt, he would be at her mercy.

The constable managed so well, that before he retraced his steps to St. Nicholas, he knew that every Saturday during the summer, the robber used to visit a cavern in the thickest part of the pine-forest, near the red cross on the precipice of the mountain; that in an elevated niche of that cavern he kept an immovably heavy chest, in which he locked up plate and

coin, which he dispensed to the poor in the winter, when the sufferings of the indigent are worst; that he came thither at dusk, and slept until dawn, as the pathless descent was impracticable in the darkness of night. Miso repeated to himself every word of this confidence during his long walk to St. Nicholas. On the next Saturday, he resumed that walk, but accompanied by a gipsy, who knew well all the paths in the country, and followed at a short distance by a company of soldiers.

At several hundred paces from the village they turned into the woods, and climbed up a rough ascent. It was long dark when they arrived at the cavern, which the gipsy entered with Miso, who held a lantern in his hand, and hid it with the folds of his white cloak, so as not to awake the robber by its rays; stepping carefully, he almost tumbled over the gigantic frame of a man, couched with his face on his hands. At his side, in the indistinct shadow of a huge chest, lay a short axe and a key.

The constable warily drew forth his sabre, and cut the belt of the sleeping robber so inge-

niously as not to touch his skin or disturb his sleep. A slight whistle sufficed to bring the soldiers to the entrance. The gipsy meanwhile had with long fingers purloined the weapon of Yanoshik, taken up the key, ascended and noiselessly unlocked the chest, and put the axe into it. But hardly had the chest-lid been closed and the key been turned, when the axe began to hammer so furiously that Yanoshik awoke, and aware of treachery, but relying on his strength, raised both his fists to do havoc amongst the enemies. But when he sprang up in rage, his belt fell on the ground, his strength failed. Miso, from behind, seized his raised arms, and easily handcuffed him. The soldiers meanwhile had thronged into the cavern. The robber thus was dragged to St. Nicholas before the court-martial. He owned all his deeds, but sent a message to the King: "That for a free pardon Yanoshik would furnish three regiments to fight the enemies of King Ferdinand." The gentlemen of the county, however, did not wait for the answer; they convicted the robber and sentenced him to be hanged up with an iron

hook between his ribs. Thus he hung three days and three nights without uttering a complaint. He smoked one pipe after the other, until at last exhausted by the loss of blood, he breathed his last.

He had just expired when the pardon arrived from Vienna. But the King, displeased at the gentlemen of Liptó, who had not awaited the answer, condemned them to lose their privilege of being free from taxation, and to pay annually four-pence to the hospital of St. Nicholas.

To students of northern mythology, it is obvious that the axe of Yanoshik is identical with the Miöllner, the battle-hammer of Thor, which always returned into his hand, when he had flung it away, and whose strength, as with the Slavonic robber, was bound to his belt, and who was not overpowered by the giants until they had stolen his belt. It therefore seems, that this tale, though transferred to a more recent period, dates from the most remote times, and has undergone many modifications before adopting its present shape.

THE FREE SHOT.

IN the valleys of the Carpathians we often meet with lakes of immeasurable depth. Through these lonely pools no springs visibly gurgles up; from them no living rivulets emerge. The lake is silent as its surrounding dale: and did not the sun's heat draw off the waters in copious steam, they would inundate the narrow meadow, by which they are bordered on one side, or the strong walls of rock against which they splash with monotonous uniformity.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood believe the lakes to be connected with the distant Baltic, which, it is said, regulates their movements;

and for this reason call them the "Eyes of the Sea."

When the lakes are troubled, the people say: "There is surely a great storm at sea!" Tradition goes from father to son, that fragments of vessels and wares, swallowed up by the wide ocean, thousands and thousands of miles off, have been cast ashore at the lakes. The stern cliffs by which they are encircled, the limpidness of their emerald waters, their mysterious depth, the difficulty of approaching them; all spread a mythical charm over the "Eyes of the Sea," and connect with them many a curious tale. One of these is the following:

At the clear green lake, near the summit of Lomnicz, even the dark vegetation of the fir-tree has already failed. Scanty mountain-pines and mosses might seem to be the sole representatives of the magnificent family of plants, did not the maidenly Alpine-rose, that lovely companion of the chamois, here and there soften the wild prospect. No humming of beetles, no warbling of birds there lulls stern Nature to repose; but

rocks tower to the skies, and frown upon the earth.

* Barren, however, as were those regions, they were beautiful with a purple light, which softened the edge of the rugged rock, and shed mild brilliance over the dreariest mountain side, even when the sun had disappeared. The blush of the sky, moreover, was the more enchanting, from its contrast to the deep green tinge in the transparent waters of the "Eye of the Sea."

The cause of this heavenly beauty was no secret to the Karpathian peasants. They knew that on the brow of a precipice, which almost reached to the level of eternal snow, a CARBUNCLE lay, imbibing all day long the sun's unveiled glances, and radiating them forth again at night on the whole country around.

This wonderful stone was so magnificent, that its renown necessarily spread all over the world. Many a King had heard of it, and promised half a kingdom to him who would lay the celebrated gem on the steps of the throne.

The prospect of such a reward excited more than one fearless man to the enterprize, but in vain. Like polished marble, the rock offered no projection to the ascending foot. No one could approach the shining jewel, which lay aloft, beyond the flight of the arrow, or of the eagle. Its purple rays continued to illumine the lovely nights of the unpeopled valley, as if it disdained the palaces of Kings; and every attempt to reach it failed.

A sportsman had for years and years longed to climb up to this virgin summit. He vied with the chamois, and even surpassed its danger-despising alertness, but remained ever far from his aim. At last he resolved to try with his rifle to win the treasure he was unable to grasp. He chose to expose the precious stone to be scattered in pieces, rather than renounce its possession; for he knew that every fragment of it would prove of priceless worth. But his new mode of attack had no better success than before: his balls rebounded from the rock, and fell flattened to the ground; none

attained to the height of the Carbuncle. But the heart of the sportsman was bent upon his purpose. He would not recede, and pledged his soul to the Demon for a "Free Shot."*

At dusk he hastened to the lake. His sight

* The "Free Shot" is a tradition well-known by German and Hungarian sportsmen. The devil, called upon by the sportsman, grants to him six balls, which cannot fail their aim, but the seventh ball belongs to the devil, and he directs it according to his own choice. This tale has been rendered more generally popular by Carl M. Weber's well-known opera, "Der Freischütz."

I recollect to have heard in the county of Sáros, that a forester of the family of Ketzer performed, at midnight, the ceremonies of the invocation for a "Free Shot." Horrified by the apparition of ghostly sights, he reeled beyond the magic circle, which he had traced around him for protection. In the very same instant all the hair was rent from his head, and he returned home entirely bald; for two whole days he speechlessly looked up the chimney, in hopes to discover his hair, as he well knew that if the devil had caught hold of a single hair, he had no longer a chance of escaping. On the third day, when he was just ready to blow out his brains, he examined his rifle, and to his great satisfaction, found his whole wig in the barrel.

was dazzled by the golden twilight around. He trembled as he drew the trigger, yet his aim could not fail.

The ball precisely hit the point in which the gem was joined to the rock ; but the power of the shot was too great. It severed the carbuncle from the granite, but instead of precipitating it on to the meadow, which lay between the rock and the water, hurled it into the waves of the bottomless lake.

Hereupon the "Eye of the Sea" grew dark, and since that time it reflects only the barren rock, being no longer brightened by the carbuncle. The secluded dale is disturbed no more by the cupidity of men, for its treasure has vanished.

THE GOLDEN CROSS OF KÖRÖSFÖ.

Körösfő had grown the richest village in the county of Sáros. The gold and silver mines of the neighbourhood yielded such splendid revenues, that every inhabitant of the village possessed a polished chest. Eight oxen, and four horses, stood in every stable. The sheepskin of the peasant was fastened with golden hooks. The buttons of his blue jacket were of the purest silver. Golden spurs clanked on his boots. The large linen sleeves of the youngsters were trimmed with precious laces. The maidens adorned themselves with silver wreaths. The women wore golden caps. Silver spoons and

plates glistened on the shelves of their kitchens: they drank their imperial Tokay in golden cups. The blessing of Heaven thus richly manifested itself upon the peasants of Körösfő. But they likewise proved deserving; for the treasures they won in the sweat of their brows were employed to the benefit of their brethren. No beggar was seen in the whole neighbourhood. Whoever wanted work, got profitable labour; and whoever proved unequal to it, was placed in the hospital, and was nursed with provident care.

Raising a worthy monument of their thanksgiving to the Dispenser of all bounties, they erected a large stone church, and on its steeple they placed a globe of beaten gold, so large that a quarter of wheat would hardly have filled it; and upon the globe they fixed a cross of massive gold, two fathoms high. One duty, however, had escaped their attention—regard for the education of their children. It is true that they got them the most costly teachers of languages and philosophy, of dancing and

music. The boys and girls knew every plant, from the cedar to the hyssop; but they were not taught *to work*. The generation which had explored the lucrative mines died away, and their descendants had only learnt to enjoy, not to earn. They grew luxurious and selfish: loud songs and merry fiddles deafened the ear to every other interest; feasting went on from morning to night. Beggars hovered round the houses of the wealthy, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. But it was not a tender care for less fortunate brethren that conceded this help to the poor; it was the selfish motive "to get rid of the beggar," which granted momentary support, and neglected the supply of lasting wants. The number of claims increased daily, and many a pang of widowed hearts remained unsoothed, whilst parasites thronged to the hospitable tables of the rich peasants of Körösfő, who, no longer satisfied with the pork and beef, the veal and poultry of their own yards, and with wheaten bread and wine grown in their

fields, purchased delicacies fetched from the towns. One family vied with another. Every one found willing flatterers, who occasioned disputes and hatred.

As none of the inhabitants worked during the week, none of them felt the blessing of Sunday's repose, which leads to the grateful attendance on divine service. The church soon remained deserted, and nobody listened to the earnest sermons of the old clergyman; and when he died, the peasants resolved to elect no more preachers, but to turn the empty church into a dancing-hall, which they found indispensable, as their rooms were not spacious enough for their entertainments.

The next Friday was fixed upon for a brilliant ball, by which the sacred building was to be inaugurated for its new service. It struck no one that the appointed day was Good Friday: Christian holidays had long escaped minds occupied with worldly concerns alone. Men and women, boys and girls, all met in their most costly apparel in the church, which

was now the new dancing-hall. Instead of the solemnly touching sounds of the organ, the wild strains of the fiddling gipsy-band were to be heard. Unruly crowds elbowed through the nave, giddy pairs whirled around, peals of laughter were heard, and the dinner-bell was calling to abundant feasts. But a tremendous thunder-clap suddenly interrupted the enjoyment; it grew dark; the earth burst asunder, and swallowed up the corrupt village with all its graceless inhabitants.

Centuries have passed since the catastrophe. The gold and silver-mines in the neighbourhood of Körösfö have disappeared; a poor village marks the place, where the wealthy community once resided in forgetful luxury. But on Good Friday, whilst throughout all Catholic Christendom every church-bell is silent, and the rattling woodclapper alone calls to prayer, ringing of bells is to be heard here, rising from the depths of the earth. These lugubrious sounds are sometimes mingled with terrific shrieks,

such as escape the human breast when convulsed by fright.

The inhabitants of the village regularly on that day go to the heath, and notice the spot where these sounds are most distinctly heard. On the next following work-day, they then dig the ground to find the golden cross, and the golden globe of the tower, which sank into the depth; but every research has hitherto proved fruitless. Once, it is true, the treasure was detected, but only to be lost again.

It was noon. The herdsman of Körösfő sat on the pasture-ground, at the fire which he kept up from the heaps of brushwood. On a pointed stick he turned a piece of bacon about, tossing it over the flame, and dripping the grease down on a slice of bread, sprinkled with salt, whilst savoury potatoes were baking in the glimmering ashes. The sheep and lambs grazed here and there, and basked in the sun, when suddenly the dog, drawing up his hind foot, hobbled with loud yelps to his master's side.

The shepherd examined his faithful attendant, and saw that the paw was wounded. He had ended his meal, so he took a draught of wine from his wooden-bottle, and then followed the traces of blood to find out where, and by what, the animal had been so sharply hurt.

To his great surprise he beheld a yellow point, peeping out from the meadow! there could be no doubt he had discovered the long-sought for golden cross. His first thought was to keep the treasure to himself alone; to dig it out by degrees, and to lift it piece by piece. He ardently set to work, and though he had no other tools than his hands and a pocket-knife, he, with the greatest energy, laid bare a considerable part of the cross. When the evening came on, he had scratched off no less than two spans' deep of the hard earth; and the gold sparkled as bright as the edge of the cloud behind which the sun was just setting. But the strength of the shepherd proved insufficient to break even the smallest particle from the cross. He became aware that it was

impossible for him alone to raise the treasure. So he hid the golden point with hay and dry leaves to mark the spot where it was, and hastened to the village with the tidings that he had discovered the golden steeple.

Though night had come on, the inhabitants took lanterns and torches in hand; and, armed with spades and hatchets, hastened to the pasture-ground. They had seen that the dog was lame, and therefore could not doubt that he had pierced himself by the golden point. But when they came to the meadow, the shepherd could no longer ascertain the spot where the cross had appeared. Dispersed hay and dry leaves were scattered over the heath, but nothing else could be found. The peasants returned home. On the subsequent day they came again to renew the anxious search; the whole turf was turned up, yet the steeple could not be traced. The shepherd certainly had seen it, but it had disappeared for ever.

THE GUARDIANS.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

GOD created man and formed his body gigantic in length and in breadth, and wove for him a garment of the light of heaven, so that it shone from sunrise to sunset; and gave him dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And when the creatures beheld man, they trembled before him, and believed him to be the Creator, and approached him to worship him, because he stood upright on his feet, and was created in the image of God. But the man said unto them:

“You come to worship me? Forbear: let us clothe ourselves in power and glory, and elect him as our King who has created us; for the people will do well to serve a King, but no King can set up himself, if the people do not elect him.”

And Adam went and served the Lord God as his King, and all creatures followed him.

And Jehovah rejoiced at the obedience of the man, and spake unto the angels, saying: “Go ye down from your stars, stand around the man, and serve him.”

And the angels came down from their stars, and served the man, and returned again unto heaven, and praised the Lord that he had created the man.

But the man was created with free choice, and in his breast lived, besides good desires, a propensity to bad; at first, thin as a cobweb, but the man did not resist it, and it grew strong as a cable. And the man sinned, and was driven out from the Garden of Eden, and lost the length and the breadth of his body, and

his radiant garment fell from him, and the skins of the wild beasts now clothed the naked man, and he lost his dominion over creation.

And when the angels saw that he who had once been so glorious now tilled the ground which brought forth thousands of thistles, and ate his bread in the sweat of his brow, Shamhazai and Azael, the first of the guardians, approached the throne of the Lord, and asked: "Why hast thou created him who has provoked thy wrath? Why didst thou give him the dominion over creation, who did not know how to preserve his dominion? Why hast thou commanded us to go down unto him and to serve him who is more miserable than the worm that creeps upon the earth?"

And the Lord said, and spoke unto them: "Go ye also down to the earth, and ye will sin as he hath sinned."

And the guardians went down unto the earth, in number two hundred, in the days of Jared, to the Mount Hermon, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters

were born unto them. And the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and they were smitten with love to them, and dallied with them. But they knew that when an angel remains seven days upon earth, his form attracts to it that which is earthly, until he himself becomes earthly, so that he can no more soar unto heaven; but his star wanes, and a mist bedims its glance.

When now the first evening twinkled for them upon earth, they looked up and said: "Our stars still shine in silver purity, let us remain one day more;" and they remained the second day with the daughters of men: and when the evening came the earthly husk which they had attracted formed transparent bodies for them, and the daughters of men rejoiced that they could see the angels who until now had moved bodiless around them. And the angels looked up again, and said: "Our stars still shine with golden light, let us remain one day more;" and they remained the third day, and their bodies grew more compact and more like

the bodies of men, and the daughters of men rejoiced that they were becoming more like to them.

From night to night the ray of the two hundred stars turned redder and less pure; they were surrounded by a murky halo, and the angels grew daily more fleshly, and the love of the daughters of men more glowing. So when the seventh evening came on, the guardians remembered the words of the Lord, and wished to fly back to their stars, and to forsake the daughters of men who wept and clung to them.

But they could no longer soar up; for their bodies stuck to the ground with leaden weight, and they could not return to their stars, now dim. The daughters of men rejoiced; but the guardians did not humble themselves before the Lord, when they saw that they could no longer leave earth; and disregarding His sacred decree, they were seized with wrath against men, as if it were to these, not to their own pride, that they ascribed their fate. And their sons became mighty men which were of old, men of renown,

and declared war against one another and against mankind, and collected hosts with which they joined in bloody battles; and thousands and thousands of men bled for the renown and the rapaciousness of the mighty ones. Thus they continued and do continue the work of destruction until the day of retribution—the Day of Judgment, when time shall be closed, and every earthly thing shall cease.

But as for the guardians, Jehovah commanded them to be bound by Raphael, both hand and foot, and to be thrown into the bottomless pit. He opened the wilderness in Dadael, and exiled them thereto; and on the great Day of Judgment will judge them and cast them into the eternal fire of the Gehenna.

THE LOVE OF THE ANGELS.

THE tradition of the Angels' love is not confined to the ancient world; we meet a similar legend with the Objibway savages in North America. But in the new world the legend is nothing more than the sport of imagination, without the moral weight giving additional charm to the Jewish and Persian tale.

The Objibway Chief, Kahgega Gahbowh, relates in the traditional history of his nation:

"There was once a time when this world was filled with happy people, when all nations were as one, and the crimson tide of war had

not begun to roll. Plenty of game was in the forest, and on the plains. None were in want, for a supply was at hand. Sickness was unknown. The beasts of the field were tame, and they came and went at the bidding of man. One unending spring gave no place for winter—for its cold blasts, or its unhealthy chills. Every tree and bush yielded fruit.

“Flowers carpeted the earth; the air was laden with their fragrance, and redolent with the songs of the myriad warblers that flew from branch to branch, fearing none, for there was none to harm them. There were birds then of more beautiful song and plumage than now.

“It was at such a time, when earth was a paradise, and man worthily its possessor, that the Indians were the lone inhabitants of the American wilderness.

They numbered millions, and, living as Nature designed them to live, enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of amusements in close rooms, the sports of the field were theirs. At

night they met on the wide green fields. They watched the stars; they loved to gaze at them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit.

“One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that the star was as far distant in the southern skies as it seemed to be. This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star to be only a short distance, and near the tops of some trees.

“A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went, and on their return said it appeared strange, and somewhat like a bird. A committee of the wise men were called to inquire into it, and if possible, ascertain the meaning of the strange phenomenon.

“They feared that it might be the omen of some disaster. Some thought it the precursor

of good, others of evil, and some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers as the forerunner of a dreadful war.

“One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

“One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him :

“‘Young brave! charmed with the land of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes, and mountains clothed with green, I have left my sisters in yonder world to dwell among you. Young brave! ask your wise and great men where I can live and see the happy race continually; ask them what form I shall assume in order to be loved.’

“Thus discoursed the bright stranger. The young man awoke. On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star yet blazing in its accustomed place.

“At early dawn the chief’s crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the council-lodge. When they had met, the young

warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star that had been seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind, and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

“The next night five tall, noble-looking, adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth.

“They went and presented to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, and were rejoiced to find it took it from them. As they returned to the village, the star with expanded wing followed, and hovered over their homes till the dawn of day.

“Again it came to the young man in a dream, and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take.

“Places were named. On the top of giant trees, or in flowers. At length it was told to choose a place itself, and it did so.

“At first it dwelt in the white rose of the mountains: but there it was so buried that it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next

sought the rocky cliff, but there it was so high that the children whom it loved most could not see it.

“‘I know where I shall live,’ said the bright fugitive; ‘where I can see the gliding canoe of the race I most admire: Children! yes, they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber by the side of cool lakes. The nations shall love me wherever I am.’

“These words having been said, she alighted on the waters where she saw herself reflected. The next morning, thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of the lakes, and the Indians gave them this name, ‘*Wah-be-gwon-nee*’ (White Lily).

THE MAID AND THE GENII.

THE rabbinical tradition of Shamhazai and Azael is not only to be met with amongst the Jews in Hungary ; founded on a passage of the Genesis,* it is spread as far as the Talmud, from which it is derived, and its poetical beauty has made it popular in a still wider sphere, as is obvious by the Persian tale of Anahid. This bears so striking a relation to our rabbinical tradition, that we are induced to add it here, as illustrative of the different conception of Persian and Jewish genius.†

* Genesis vi. 1—4.

† A Persian tradition may find its place amongst Hungarian ones with so much more reason, as the

Anahid was the most beautiful of the virgins of Irân: her beauty was the expression of her soul. Harmonious in her thoughts and feelings, harmonious in her countenance and movements, she instinctively was attracted by the charms of her lyre, whose strings vibrated under her fingers with the expression of most perfect serenity. Her accords soothed the passions which were awakened by her virgin loveliness. Conscious that her beauty was no merit, she charmed every one who approached her; she

Hungarians, a "Scythian" people, seem anciently to have inhabited the frontiers of Persia. The name of Ahriman, the god of evil to the ancient Persians, remains to these days with its primitive signification in the Hungarian language, Armany being still the term for intrigue and base treachery. The name of the god Ormuzd, is also to be found in Hungary connected with the names of places and families, but without any other signification. The root of this word in Hungarian is "Orom," the high place, which reminds us that the Persians worshipped Ormuzd on the heights. The Hungarian expression for God, "Isten," is evidently Persian, as Yezdan is a surname of Ormuzd.

was happy to spread joy and felicity around, and the calm of her heart remained undisturbed. Her praise was soon sounded all over Irân, and it reached even the dwellings of the blessed. Those who once had beheld her could never again forget her. Even after death, when, in the arms of the Hoories, in the Garden of Eden, they lost the remembrance of all troubles and all joys of earth, they still remembered the virgin of Irân, whose virtues resisted every temptation—so her name was glorified amongst the blessed. At this the Hoories grew displeased and jealous. A damsel of earth, stubborn like other mortals, was to enjoy the privilege of the blessed spirits, untroubled happiness, already in earthly life!

Harut and Marut, the genii of the winds and the waves, offered to descend unto earth to lead Anahid into temptation, and to prove that she was not more perfect than her sisters, and that she could stumble like them.

They presented themselves before the Angel, who with the flaming sword guards the gates

of Paradise, and requested permission to pass. He said with a melancholy smile: "Do according to your wish; the mysterious name of the Almighty ever opens the gates of Paradise to you; but beware, that if you pronounce that sacred name but once to human ears, you forget it irretrievably, and my flaming sword then prohibits your ingress."

But the genii laughed, and said: "For him who has once tasted the blessings of Paradise, earth can afford no such inducement, that for its sake he should forego return to heaven."

The Angel opened the gate, and on the dewy wings of the evening breeze they descended to earth.

In the shape of foreign merchants they approached the fair maiden, and said that her renown had led them to Irân from the borders of Kathay, and from the isles Wak-Wak, and they offered her the treasures of their distant homes.

But neither the flattering words, nor the gifts

of the handsome strangers, made impression on Anahid. She greeted them kindly as guests, and entertained them according as the law commands that guests should be greeted and entertained. Yet her charms acted powerfully on Harut and Marut; glowing emotions disturbed their breasts, and they felt that the tunes of her lyre alone could tame the storm and calm the flood of her passion. They exerted all their powers to win the heart of the virgin; what they had begun in deceitful sport had turned into serious reality.

But Anahid remained equally serene, and unimpassioned; she did not partake of the feelings she inspired. With the genii the pangs of jealousy were added to those of unreturned love; they would not believe that the virgin could lastingly remain unmoved by the violence of their longings; but each of them trembled lest his companion should be preferred to himself. They, therefore, did not leave each other for a single instant. They went together to her, and found

her at the lyre, drawing the sweetest melodies from its strings. Overwhelmed by the charm of its tunes, they sank at her feet, confessing that they were not merchants, but inhabitants of Paradise, the genii of the winds and the waves; and entreated her to choose between them, and to decide their fate, as the temporary felicity of her love was preferable to the eternal bliss of the garden of Eden. Anahid smiled incredulously, and said: "Fools! do you believe you deceive me with such assertions? If you really are those, whom you pretend to be, you must know the mysterious name which opens the gate of Paradise, and if one of you really loves me, he will tell me that name as a token of his affection."

She hardly had finished, when the genii, each trembling lest his companion should anticipate him, pronounced hastily the mysterious name. Anahid repeated it, and disappeared from before the eyes of Harut and Marut. With the lyre on her arms, she was carried to heaven, where

Allah adorned her lofty brow with the morning star, and appointed her to lead the music of the spheres, and the dance of the stars.

The Genii, astonished at the maiden's disappearance, desired to follow her, but they had forgotten the word which, until now, had raised them from the ground: their power of flight was lost; they were bound to the earth.

Hereupon they remembered the words of the angel with the flaming sword; but it was too late. Then they felt the weight of their sin, and bowed before the decree of Allah; they repented, and prayed for the deserved punishment. And God gave them the choice to expiate their wrong either in time or in eternity; so they chose time. And Azael, the angel of death, approached them, and silently led them to Babylon, and tied them with chains, and hung them up there in two wells, with their heads below, and their feet above; and he rolled a huge rock on the mouth of each of the wells, and put on it the seal of the wise Suleiman.

There they hang, both Harut and Marut, in solitary darkness for thousands of years, and expect the Day of Judgment, which is to redeem them.

But the winds, and the waves, no longer restrained and directed by the Genii, have ever since been unruly and stormful all over the world.

ASHMODAI, THE LAME DEMON.

ACCORDING to the doctrine of the Rabbis, God created ten things on Friday in the twilight after the heavens and the earth were finished: The devil, the rainbow, the manna, the tables of the ten commandments, the rod of Moses, the water from the rock, the pillar of cloud that led the people through the wilderness (such is the strange doctrine of the Talmud), and the worm Shamir, with which Moses engraved the name of Jehovah on the gems Urim and Thummin.

When the wise Solomon began to build the Temple, he required the worm Shamir to carve the gems, but the chief of the devils, Ashmodai, alone could procure the worm, as he only knew where it was to be found. But how was the King to bring Ashmodai within his power? Solomon summoned the devils, and they confessed that Ashmodai resided on a mountain, where he had dug a cave, and had filled it with water, and covered it with a stone, and had sealed the stone. For he goes every day up to Heaven, and studies there in the high school of Heaven, and then he comes down to the earth and learns in the schools of men. And when he returns, he examines the seal, whether it is damaged; then he opens the cave, and drinks from it, and covers it again with the stone, and seals it, and goes away.

King Solomon, therefore, sent Benaiah, the son of Jehoida, to the mountain, and provided him with fetters, on which the name of Jehovah was engraved, and with a sealing-ring, also bearing the name of Jehovah, and with a bale

of wool, and two goat-skins of the best wine. Benaiah soon found the cave of Ashmodai, and made a hole under it, by which all the water ran out; he then stopped the hole with the wool, and made a hole above, and through it poured the wine into the cave. He then stopped this hole too, climbed up a tree, and waited the result.

When Ashmodai now came and examined the seal, and found it unimpaired, he lifted the stone from the cave. Things looked to him somewhat suspicious, but he was thirsty, and made up his mind to drink; so he intoxicated himself and fell asleep.

Then Benaiah descended from the tree and enchained the devil, and sealed the lock of the fetters with the name of Jehovah.

When Ashmodai awoke, he tore the chains with rage; but Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, spoke to him: "The name of thy Lord is upon thee; the name of thy Lord is upon thee!"

And Ashmodai saw that he could not resist, and gave himself up to be led with the chain by Benaiah; but on the way he spitefully overthrew everything he met—first a palm-tree, then a large palace, at last the low hut of a poor widow. When he began to upset this, the poor woman entreated his mercy, and Ashmodai felt pity for her, and supported with his foot the walls already sinking. The hut remained erect, but the devil's leg broke, and he is lame ever since, as the doctors badly healed the fracture.

When he arrived at the court of Solomon he was kept waiting for two days, but on the third he was admitted to the presence of the King. And Ashmodai took a cloth-yard, and measured four yards on the ground, and said to Solomon :

“When thou art dead, this and no farther is the whole length of thy realm. Such will be the extreme limits of thy tomb. And now, when thou hast subdued the whole earth, thou

art not satisfied, but desirest to extend thy conquests to the world of spirits, and hast brought me into thy power. Say, therefore, what now dost thou want?"

Solomon replied: "Nothing do I want from thee, save that thou get for me the worm Shamir, which I need for the carving of the Temple."

"It is not in my power," replied Ashmodai; "it is with the Lord of the Sea, and he gives it to no one but to the woodcock, who is his faithful client, and is bound to him by an oath."

"And what does the woodcock with the worm Shamir?"

"He carries it into the mountains, where grow neither trees nor grass, and breaks open the rocks, and sows seeds in the clefts, so that trees and grass shoot forth; therefore the woodcock is likewise called Nakkar Tura, 'the sculptor of the rock.'"

Benaiah was now sent again, and he found

the home of the woodcock, and he covered with a glass the nest where the chickens of the woodcock lay. And when the woodcock flew to his young ones, he could not get to them on account of the glass. He therefore flew away, and fetched the worm Shamir to burst the glass.

When the woodcock appeared with the worm Shamir, Benaiah cried aloud; the frightened woodcock dropped the worm; Benaiah suddenly snatched it up, and carried it off with him. Then the woodcock fell into despair and hanged himself, because he had broken his oath.

The King now continued the erection of the Temple, with the aid of Shamir, Ashmodai, and the other spirits subjected to Solomon, for all the devils submitted to his commands. Once only was he outwitted, when he had put this question to Ashmodai:

“Tell me wherein are the devils more powerful than men if we, notwithstanding, rule over you?”

The devil replied:

“Take the fetters off my feet and my hand, and give me for a moment thy ring, with the awful name, and thou shalt see.”

Then the King granted this request, but no sooner had he had him unfettered and handed over to him the ring, than Ashmodai carried the King through the air four hundred miles into the wilderness, and himself assumed the shape of Solomon, and sat on his throne, and governed the Jews, and no one noticed that he was not the real Solomon. But from that time the erection of the temple was discontinued, the Rabbis got no more presents from the King, and they became aware that the devil's hand was in it. And it came to their minds that the King never permitted his shoes to be taken off by the chamberlain, and they therefore strewed flour and ashes before his bed on the floor, and in the morning, after the King had got up, they perceived the traces of the devil's foot. Seeing this, they began to pray, and prayed until their prayers recalled Solomon from the wilderness, where he had till then lived in repentance and

mourning, and placed him once more on the legitimate throne of Israel. But Ashmodai fled at the approach of Solomon, fearing to be fettered again.

THE NUN OF RAUSCHENBACH.

THE village of Rauschenbach, in the county of Zipsen, well known in Hungary for its mineral springs, is situated at the foot of a mountain of the chalk formation pierced by numerous caverns. The country around is unfertile; no fruit-tree grows on the green but treacherous sod, which covers a marshy ground. When the wanderer approaches the hot spring, his steps resound on the soil, and his ear is caught by the rushing of subterranean waters, which give name to the place.* He sees everywhere manifold petri-

* Rauschenbach means in German *rushing brook*.

factions; whatever falls into the boiling fountain is covered with a crust of lime and turned into stone. Thus are water-lilies and reeds interlaced in the most varied forms, and butterflies and beetles, attracted by the beautiful plants, partake their fate. Life does not seem extinct, but spell-bound in the delicate incrustations.

The hot element, breaking violently through the earth, in a short time moulds a gigantic stone basin by the continuous precipitation of chalk. In the midst of the boiling waters which fill the basin, bubbles of gas incessantly gurgle and splutter until the deposit of chalk obstructs the free passage of the waters, which are thus forced to seek elsewhere an unimpeded course, and to form a new shelf in a lower part of the mountain.

This process has been carried on for centuries. Many an empty cauldron of this kind gives evidence of the incessant activity of the spring. The most remarkable, and probably the most ancient of these basins, is close to

the top of the mountain ; it is half-filled with lurid water, from which, especially in the morning, and after rain, such quantities of carbonic acid gas are exhaled, that the whirling crowds of insects, which alone in this dreary atmosphere dance around, fall drowsily to the ground, followed by lizards, frogs, and birds, who, pursuing their prey with too much avidity, are, like them, often poisoned by the deadly exhalations.

The legend tells, that a health-endowing spring once gushed in this basin, now filled by the murky pool which benumbs the very air. At that time a nunnery stood in this neighbourhood ; it was raised on the mountain overlooking the country around.

One summer morning one of the young sisters was descending towards the valley ; she had been called to attend a sick peasant woman, and while hastening to the fulfilment of her duty, she little heeded the charms of nature which spread all around her. She looked down

on the rosary she held in her hand: one pearl after the other slipped through her fingers, and marked the prayer her lips repeated with accustomed devotion, until she reached the humble hut where her nursing care was expected. It was evening before she had fulfilled her pious duty, and retraced her path to the cloister. She was tired; the cool transparency of the mineral spring attracted her attention. Everything around was silent, yet eloquent with the charms of nature. The sky was of clear blue, and the summer clouds, tinged rosy by the purple and gold of the sinking sun, were drifting on the mirror of the fountain, which was limpid and bright as heaven itself. The young nun longed to dive into the waveless surface. No step was to be heard, no eye could detect her; she gently lifted her veil, laid down her garment on the meadow, and descended slowly into the rocky recess, where the waters pressed around her.

The whistle of the shepherd, the bell of the

returning herds, the cheerful songs of the peasant girls and boys who came from the fields, sounded up from the distant valley which the shade of the mountain covered. All was silent again; the young nun felt emotions bewildering her secluded heart. She felt as if sighs of longing and love escaped the balmy breath of earth. She had spent the day at the couch of an old mother who, surrounded by her weeping sons, daughters, grand-children, and their flaxen-haired boys and girls, had calmly breathed her last. She had blessed her family, had affectionately seized the hand of the old man who had led her through so many years of toil and of joy, and thanked heaven that her companion stood by her in death as he had done during life. The old man had pressed to his heart the hand of his dying wife, and when he had closed her eyes, he said: "I follow you soon."

The hut was poor, yet the young man could see that the old mother whom she had nursed,

and with whom she had prayed, had been blessed by the full measure of earthly felicity : a life of work and toil, vigorous children who tenderly looked up to her, an affectionate husband, whose cares she readily shared, whose whims she ever smilingly met. Their love had outlasted time.

The mind of the sister had been impressed by this inartificial happiness, and now all around seemed to repeat the simple tale of love and enjoyment, and to sympathize with her own feelings and thoughts. Birds, sailing through the wide ocean of air, glided to their nests, and warbled aloud as if to apprise their brood that they approached. The cricket chirped in the luxuriant grass, the humming of honey-loaded bees, blended into a pleasant concert with the monotonous tune of the cuckoo, and the melody of the nightingale. Bushes and flowers seemed in sweet repose to listen and smile, when the parting sun threw the golden veil of his last rays over blossoms and leaves, as if

to protect them from the chill of the night.

The young nun sorrowfully felt her isolation from the sympathies alive all over nature, and bitterly felt the weight of her vows which repressed her feelings into cold solitude. Her eye filled with tears, her heart with longing; she repented the oath which shut her out of the beautiful world, to tread the dreary path of seclusion, a stranger to all but the walls of the cloister, which always recalled to her mind the premature sacrifice.

But hardly had the sinful thought escaped her bosom, when all darkened around. The storm raged fiercely, clouds of dust blinded her eye, the water began to swell, subterraneous thunder rolled, lightning broke forth, the soil trembled, the nun fainted.

On the subsequent morrow she was missed, and was everywhere sought for, but in vain: she had disappeared. The torn veil, attached to a withered bush of eglantine, was the only trace left. But the clear spring of health had

also dried up, and poisonous exhalations alone streamed from the foul water in the half-empty chalk-basin, and excited in the mind of the frightened sisterhood the sinister belief in a mysterious crime.

THE CLOISTER OF MANASTIR.

FIVE hundred years ago a large forest extended all over the mountains of Zemplin, where now stands Manastir, the Baselite cloister.

But the dark woods of pines, varied by birch-copses, or by the stately beech, were not lonely; sick and paralytic people thronged from every direction to the crystal well, which streamed forth under a rock, overgrown by mosses, and surrounded by trees of a past age. Hundreds of wealthy men owed their health to the forest-spring; but when they recovered, they soon forgot the benefit they had received, and no one

thought of raising a pious monument of gratitude.

Once a blind beggar came and bathed in the waters. Their mysterious virtue restored his sight, and what the rich had neglected to do, the beggar performed. Out of the alms which in long years of privation he had collected, he erected a chapel at the fountain, and consecrated it to his patron Saint Basil. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood thus reminded of their duty, went thither in pilgrimage every year on the anniversary of the Saint, to celebrate mass, to surround the sacred images with garlands, and to offer a wax candle before the altar, in sign of thankful devotion.

These processions yearly increased in length and splendour. With flowing standards and loud songs, the cross carried by a monk who preceded them, hundreds and hundreds thronged to the chapel at the fountain. The monk blessed the well; on this day every one of the faithful then filled the rim of his hat with the water and drank it; he knelt down on the steps

of the chapel, uttered his prayer, flung a coin to the altar through the bars of the sanctuary, and again joined the procession, to return with the same solemnity.

The lord of this neighbourhood, Vendelin Drugeth, was an imperious man who lived only for reckless enjoyment. Regardless of Sundays and holidays, he and his companions hunted the stag, or tracked the boar all the year long. On one of these occasions the bugle sounded through the woods, and Vendelin Drugeth appeared, riding his steed at the head of a merry company, after a day of lucky sport. The horses were covered with sweat, as they toiled along under the burden of the carcasses of deer, trailing over their backs. The field-bags of the sportsmen showed the long ears or feet of hares, and the dogs followed barking and whining. Vendelin had just left the outskirts of the forest, leading to the meadows which were watered by the spring, when the festival procession turned round the corner of the chapel, and the multitude struck up the hymn

to Saint Basil. The high-flowing standards and the loud song, which suddenly burst forth, frightened the steed of Drugeth, so that it sprang aside and reared on its hind-feet. The bold horseman pressed his spurs sharply into the animal's flanks; but, only the more bewildered, it fell backwards and crushed its master under its weight. The arm of Drugeth was broken.

Infuriated at such a welcome, with bitter imprecations he gave orders to disperse the procession, and to pull down the chapel. The people fled, with hatred in their hearts, and complaints on their lips; but the chapel of the blind beggar was razed to the ground.

Though supporting himself with difficulty, the Baron fiercely whipped up his steed, had his arm loosely tied up, and rode home, where his bruised limb was dressed and nursed by the most experienced old woman, who applied herbs of unquestionable efficacy. Yet the broken bone did not join, the wound remained unhealed, and grew sore and inflamed. The great man at

first was fretful, then swore and cursed the procession, but soon after was seized by panic, and sent far and wide for advice. But the skill of the most renowned surgeons was here unsuccessful; human knowledge seemed to be insufficient, and Drugeth saw that his days on earth were numbered.

It was a cheerless night, the wind blew strong, thick flakes of snow covered the pathless valley; the deep windows of the castle were bedimmed by ice, the candles feebly flickered within the manor, which was silent and gloomy, as its lonely master. Unexpectedly the bell rang at the iron gate, the barking of dogs answered, but was silenced by the huntsman, who, leaving the hall with a lantern in his hand, went to open to the stranger. An aged Misericordian claimed hospitality. The tin-box at his leather girdle marked out his vocation, for he had been rambling about the neighbourhood to collect pious gifts for the cloister. He was shown to one of the spacious rooms in the ground floor, ever ready for the reception of strangers. Abundance of wood

soon crackled in the high chimney, wine and bread were put on the table, and the curtained bed was uncovered for rest. A savoury supper of pickled cabbage, ham, fowls, dry cakes, and preserved fruits was served in the hall; the steward attended the meal, freely partook of the bottle, and at length, when warmed by it, related to the guest how merry the castle had been until the wild conduct of their lord (here the steward crossed himself) had been justly punished. Yet, he continued, it is sad to see a man in his very best years of enjoyment helplessly laid up on a pillow of suffering; a man so wealthy to die without children, all his property to go to unknown heirs. Poor master! the sound of the hunting horn will no more rejoice his ear, he will soon be gone.

“Would he not see me?” inquired the friar.

“He never was fond of devout ways, and long prayers,” replied the steward, “and since his sad accident, he hates the friar’s frock. Yet his strength is broken, and in the hours of

sleepless pain he will perhaps not object to the consolation of a holy father."

Next morning the friar was introduced to the lord of the manor. Vendelin was glad of his presence, and though without great hopes of recovery, attentively listened while the friar spoke of the grace of God, and the miracles often performed upon sinners.

"Providence has granted thee, my son," the Misericordian said, "a source of health in thy neighbourhood. The blessed spring of the forest, ever mild and healing, may impart to thee new vigour."

"Never to me," Drugeth despondingly objected; "my health is gone by my own fault. No marvel will be wrought for me."

"Trust and try," replied the Misericordian.

"No, no," interrupted the sick man; "for me there is no help—for me no hope. I have never relied upon any but myself. I manifested this at the spring, and now the curse of profanation rests upon me."

“My son, the Allwise often comforts the sinner by the very means which have served to chastise him. Humble thy heart, and thou shalt be comforted.”

The sun shone bright. Drugeth was carefully lifted from the bed, to which he had been confined for months, and was laid on a couch, covered with sheep-skin. Four huntsmen supported it, and attended by the monk, Vendelin was conveyed through the court of his manor. The dogs sprang joyfully up at the unwonted sight of their master; they wagged their tails, and followed the retinue. It moved through the woods; the snow on the ground crunched under the heavy boots of the huntsmen; the hanging combs of the tufted larches strongly contrasted with their horizontal boughs, burdened by shining masses of snow. The branches of beech and oak sparkled from afar with myriads of icy crystals, reflecting the rays of the sun. The silence of the woods was only interrupted by the distant howling of wolves, or by the occasional sounds of crashing, when

the sturdiest branches of trees were rent by the violence of the frost. Over slippery rock and through thickets, the men slowly reached the spring, which alone fostered life and vegetation, in a region where nature was benumbed by winter. Whilst everywhere else the beauty which adorns the mild seasons had been swept away, and left no trace, yet mosses, fresh herbs, and green leaves greeted the eye, wherever streamlets of the warm spring bedewed the rock or the sod; spring seemed to have marked out that lovely spot for its place of rest.

Here they set down the couch on which lay the invalid, colourless, with oppressed breath and faint heart. The attendants retired, the friar knelt beside the helpless man, and devoutly listened to the confession pronounced in low accents. He then crossed himself, stretched his arms to heaven, joined his hands and put them on the head of the penitent, whispering a short prayer. Turning to the spring, he re-

peated the pious invocation. The huntsmen, who meanwhile had knelt down, approached when the Misericordian beckoned them. They gently lifted Drugeth, unfastened his fur, untied the leathern doublet, and dipped the suffering arm into the waters of the well. Vendelin felt as if new vigour streamed into the limb; the bone was joined; he was healed.

But the miracle had not only restored health to his body, his mind too was changed; he resolved to live a new life.

When April had melted the snow in the mountains, and the stems of the forest put forth new buds, he erected a church on the spot where the chapel once stood, which by his arbitrary order had been pulled down; and at the side of the church he founded a Baselite cloister, in which he himself entered as lay-brother. His devotion and Christian virtues soon raised him to the dignity of abbot in the monastery, to which he bequeathed all his property. The cloister enjoys down to this day

the fruits of the liberality of Vendelin Drugeth ; but the spring of the forest, with all its beauty and its marvels, in the course of time has disappeared.

PAN TWÁRDOWSKY:

OR,

THE DEMON OUTWITTED.

THE tale of Pan Twárdowsky is more Polish than Hungarian, but I have heard it told in Hungary with several variations, imparting to it a totally different character.

Pan Twárdowsky was a wise man. He could assign a cause for whatever happened, and always pointed out precisely how things should have been done. No cow ever fell without the Pan saying why it had come to mischief; could the animal have consulted him, it was sure to have been saved. He knew

every disease by description; and could his advice only have arrived in time, or could the patient have conformed to the diet he prescribed, no man would have died in our country, and more Hungarians would people the earth than stars the skies. His deep learning excited his presumptuous pride. He often, for pastime, summoned the enemy of mankind, and disputed with him about topics too complicated for the intellect of human creatures. At last, the Pan thought he was more clever than the devil himself; and when the cloven-footed gentleman offered to serve him, if he pledged his soul, he gladly subscribed the agreement, convinced that he would easily outwit his partner. The compact laid down:

“That the Pan should be the absolute master of his attendant; and that the latter should nowhere, but in Rome, claim the soul pledged for his service.”

The Pan was no easy master. He took no rest day or night, travelling from north to south, and investigating everywhere the

undiscovered causes of all which he saw, heard, or fancied. He had the ambition to be appreciated according to his merit, and to occupy an exalted station in society, not being satisfied to be courted solely for the riches he lavished and despised. This, however, proved the more difficult, as after all he was but a doctor; and the devil himself could not get him what he most ardently desired—a noble pedigree.

Yes, he was subjected to taxation and to military service; and though his gold easily bought him a substitute, and his purse grew no lighter by the contribution, he still knew that he was not entitled by birth to the privileges, which his coachman possessed, who was of noble origin; and that the title of "Your Honour," with which he used to be addressed, was granted to his dress, but was not his by right.

Though wherever he stayed his officious attendant established a house for him in the most costly taste, provided it with the best

table, and disposed gold-tasselled hussars behind every chair, yet he was far from being contented. Our Pan had no manor; no peasants to command; his bread did not grow on his own fields; he had no herds as the patriarchs of ancient times; no park with ancient trees planted by his predecessors; no long rows of ancestral portraits in his hall. But these privations were yet trifling in comparison with all the humiliations he had to undergo in town, where he sought fashionable society. He one day ordered his red-haired companion to take him to Court, and to get him a wife of illustrious birth; nothing was easier, he thought, for one initiated into all circles of high-life, as the devil professed to be. Now, however, when forced to comply with that desire, he shrugged his shoulders, and grinned so despisingly, that the blood rose to the very nails of the Pan, and boiled in the tops of his fingers; recollecting, however, that it would be ungentlemanlike to express his feelings with his hands and tongue, he

took his long pipe, lighted it, and vented his humour in clouds of smoke.

They went to Vienna, where the Queen held her Court. The renowned Hungarian doctor, with his secretary, who dispensed the munificent gifts of his master to the poor, and praised in every quarter the unparalleled wealth and wisdom of his Pan Twardowsky, attracted general attention. A doctor who took no fee but distributed princely alms; who courted no patient, but never refused advice; a doctor whose very secretary had not only the semblance of a cavalier, but even refused the silver and gold of those anxious to get access to the doctor; so rare a personage could not fail to become a chief lion of the day. He was honoured with a summons to a high dignity, and was lucky enough to alleviate an inveterate indigestion; this got him an introduction to her Majesty's great chamberlain, so he was presented at the first drawing-room, and got an invitation to the next ball at Court.

With a sword at his side, and a powdered wig, in a stately coach drawn by four richly caparisoned horses, the Pan almost forgot that he had no pedigree. But when he entered the dancing-hall, where a crowd of high-born damsels appeared to his dazzled sight, he felt so humbled that he hardly dared advance; and when her Majesty herself beckoned him to join the dance with one of the ladies, he obeyed without ever venturing to raise his eyes or to move his lips. He would have been grievously embarrassed to say whether his partner was sloe or beetle-eyed;* that she was noble, he knew. What more could he wish to inquire? And when the Queen approached, and said: "I see you are delighted with your partner. I must assist your timidity, and propose for you," he was overwhelmed with the honour, and soon celebrated with great festivity his brilliant marriage.

The lady was no longer a child. Her coun-

* Hungarian expression for blue and black eyes.

tenance even made it difficult to fancy that she ever had been a child. Her mature judgment made her fully aware of the great sacrifice she had made in accepting the millionaire fortune of the Pan, and himself in the bargain. He never could become chamberlain—he never could be admitted to the small parties of the illustrious circles, where only the most exclusive of the exclusives found their place; and the lady, now vulgarly called Panna Twardowska, was excluded from familiar intercourse with the persons who alone constituted “Society.” Could she accustom herself to any other atmosphere?

This she often enough repeated to her humbled consort, who was so fully convinced of her pretensions, that he most patiently bore her contempt, which was seldom mitigated by the sunshine of lofty compassion.

The Pan applied to his familiar spirit for advice to remedy the depression of his spirits, which made him, as he confessed, completely insensible to the charms of his noble wife.

He was ill, no doubt, said he, as his high-born companion herself appeared insupportable to him. His familiar spared no trouble to improve the nervous system of the Pan, whose perception was so sadly disturbed. He made him renounce the practice of his art, and refrain from study; public amusements, music and dance, races, picture-galleries, and museums were visited: in vain. An ancient palace was purchased from a family of great name and ruined fortune. No expense was spared to adapt the old building to the modern fashion. The tedious uniformity of the classical style was corrected; Gothic arches were decorated *à la renaissance*, and the grey walls ornamented with the gaudiest productions of modern art and foreign manufacture. No cheap article was tolerated; nothing but what was costly and gorgeous seemed worth having.

The hills were transformed into gardens; champagne flowed in fountains; music bands deafened one another: all the world was invited. The world was enchanted. The gentle-

men titled and untitled, presented themselves at the Panna's. She was a distinguished woman, who had amazingly improved since her marriage—wonderfully, indeed, considering her *mésalliance*. The canonesses, with whom she had been intimate in her former days, accepted her carriage-and-four, and honoured her parties with their company, and even acknowledged the Pan with a gracious nod. Though but a doctor, he was tolerated in the drawing-room of his wife. He did not exercise his profession; he earned not his livelihood by labour; and, therefore, on the score of his wealth, an indulgent judgment might be passed, and he might be treated as a gentleman.

Intoxicating himself in this success, he silenced the yearning of his heart, which whispered "a pedigree." He spent his nights in amusement, his mornings in calls, his afternoons in dinners, his evenings in the theatre, where the fashionables used to chew the cud on their dinner and to yawn; yet he him-

self could not get rid of some interest in the performance, and even forgot himself so far as to whisper to the Panna, and request her to lower her voice a little in her animated discussion with Baroness Fifi, about the milliner of Princess Mimi, as he was anxious not to lose a word of Hamlet's "to be or not to be."

This high-treason against "good-breeding" condemned the unfortunate Pan to the forfeiture of his seat in the box of his wife. He was banished to a stall. There he sat one evening, all eye and all ear to the heroes and heroines, when suddenly his powdered wig was blown down from his head as if by magic, and when he turned round, in utter amazement, he saw the wand which had struck him in form of a large green fan, in the hands of an old Countess-dowager, who leaned behind him in the box elbowing his stall, No. 1.

The conversation he then heard completed his horror; the old dame said: "The insolent fellow hindered me seeing whether your Prince, my dear, was at his post."

“Your Ladyship served the man right,” was the younger lady’s reply. “Who can he be? He bowed when he entered the house.”

“Some barbarous-named parvenu, surgeon, or barber, who has amassed money by his quacking. He was mentioned to me when my pet dog had hurt its foot. Such people, of no family, dare to obstruct our view!”

The Pan did not wait for his carriage; he ran home, breathlessly ordered everything to be packed in readiness for instant departure, and issued the same order even to the Panna, in a tone so strange, that for the first time since her marriage, she complied without objection, and violently shutting the door, he muttered to himself the sole words: “all is lost!”

No one, however, understood this significant phrase, but Ianko, the old faithful servant of the Pan, who, though very sulky since the club-footed secretary had supplanted him, yet preserved the most sincere attachment for his good master, whom as a child he had carried in his arms, singing him to sleep with pious lulla-

bies, and accustomed to watch his very emotions.

"My poor master," objected faithful Ianko, "do calm yourself; you are not fit for the excited life you lead, surrounded by a host of guests and festivities. Let us two return to our country; leave the Panna to the care of our mysterious companion; you have had enough of both."

But the grinning secretary knocked already at the door, and presenting himself with a devout mien, inquired for orders. His appearance rekindled, as a flash of lightning, the half-choked passion of the Pan.

"Get me a pedigree—I must have one!" he peremptorily exclaimed. The devil bowed, and turned upon his heel. The carriage stood at the gate, the postillion blew his horn; but no one could penetrate to the Pan—he was locked up in his room. He remained invisible for two days and two nights. Ianko went restlessly to and fro, listened at the door, but heard only hurriedly interrupted steps, intermixed with

deep sighs. He at last distinguished the sonorous voice of his master, and the cutting accents of the mysterious valet.

“You have got it at last,” said the former.

“No doubt,” retorted the other; “and as long a one as any in the archives of the King of arms. You are derived, from King Svato-pluk himself, by the cousin of his cousin in the fourth degree. Nothing can be more clearly established than your titles, and I dare say the Panna herself will be satisfied.”

“Well, well,” the Pan impatiently interrupted, “do not now make a fuss about it; we shall lock up that paper, and use it only in urgent cases; no necessity whatever to press upon anybody the evidence of our rights.”

The devil scornfully laughed; he was delighted that the Pan, in the very moment when he got possession of his forged pedigree, had already learned to speak with aristocratic dignity of his rights. But poor Ianko turned red, like a lobster, when he heard that his master abased himself to an imposture.

On the subsequent morning the Pan waited upon his lady, and asked if she would be ready to set out at noon on their journey. But it seems that the Panna was no shrew to be tamed by whims; for since her consort had, without any obvious cause, insisted upon a speedy departure, and then had delayed it, though she had been frightened into compliance, she now was fully determined to remain in Vienna, in spite of the contrary wishes of her husband. Not that she cared for it just at present, when summer was approaching, and there soon would be nobody in town; but she never forgot, that for once she had yielded to "terrorism," and often remembered it in matrimonial conferences, in which she acted as accuser and judge.

The Pan bowed to her sway in every respect, except as to a prolongation of his stay in the Austrian capital. He longed for his own country—the country of genuine hospitality, easy tolerance, and warm-hearted patriotism; where every guest was welcomed as a relative, and every relative as a brother.

But the Panna did not long for the "barbarians." A compromise was made at last, a visit to several capitals of Europe was to precede their return to Hungary.

They travelled with great pomp and little amusement: the Panna sought watering-places, and drawing-rooms, but found nowhere the abundance of Viennese entertainments. The Pan longed for intellectual intercourse, but shunned every new acquaintance as a possible spy into his social position, and into the mystery of his pedigree. This pressed on his heart—this haunted his sleep; he had a pedigree; but not only did his own conscience reproach it with illegitimacy, his grinning companion did it no less—not by word, it is true, but by every muscle of his hypocritical, insultingly devout countenance. How the Pan hated it—how he hated the triumph in the sly glance of approbation when the Panna spoke with weariness of everything she had seen on her journey, and mentioned Rome as the only place she still cared to visit.

“No,”—the Pan desperately opposed—“I will not go to Rome, it will be my death; the malaria would kill us, I mean—”

The Panna pointed to her head, and waved her hand contemptuously, which plainly bespoke what she thought of the wits of her lord. She treated him accordingly, and made all necessary preparations for a journey to Rome, without taking the slightest notice of his protestations. He knew by experience that contradiction acted with his lady as a stimulant against his purpose, and therefore left her to take her own choice, setting out himself to Hungary by the shortest way.

There he was heartily welcomed; many were glad of the return of the renowned doctor, who had ever gratuitously attended the poor and the sick. He had arrived in a town, where he intended to spend some months in study and rest. He read, and he wrote, and visited those who required assistance. That he was not content, and not as calm as he appeared, Ianko alone noticed; and shuddered, when in the midst of

the night, he repeatedly heard altercations in the room of his master, and distinguished the voice of the malicious attendant in accents far from submissive.

Once at dusk it was announced to the Pan, that at the hotel a lady, who had given birth to a child, was in imminent danger, and required his attendance. He hastened to the bed of the sick, but had hardly time to feel her pulse, when he perceived at his side his evil companion, the well-known contract in his hand, and on his lips the words :

“The condition is fulfilled, thou art mine. I am no longer thy servant!”

The Pan glanced through the window, and saw that the sign of the hotel was “The City of Rome.” Without a moment’s hesitation, he seized the innocent child, which had been sanctified by baptism, and had as yet committed no sin. With this burden in his arms, he prepared to leave the room, well aware, that shielded by the innocence of the child, he could reach the street, where “out of Rome,” the fiend had

no more power over him. Yet he stopped at the threshold, and said:

“Thou seest, I am not so easily caught; I have profited by thy example; I know subterfuges as well as thyself. But I am sick of thy company. Since, therefore, one of us must yield the ground, let us once more measure our wits. Wilt thou try a new compact, and let it decide irrevocably? If thou canst fulfil three more of my commands, I am thine; but if thou failst, thou must give me up, and I am freed.”

“Well,” grinned the patron of mischief, who saw his prey escaping out of his reach, “be it thus: I agree.”

The Pan returned to his house, which stood opposite the spacious church. That very night he summoned the devil, and commanded that before dawn, a quarter of poppy should, grain by grain, be nailed to the roof of the cathedral.

Before the cock crowed, every one of the grains of the poppy were attached with pointed

pins to the roof. The Pan, who had not closed his eyes, felt still less inclination to rest. He saw that no physical difficulty was insurmountable to his attendant, and resolved to try another expedient.

He therefore desired him to bathe instantly in consecrated water. The devil shuddered, but transformed himself into a mouse, and sprang into the vessel, filled with holy water, which stood at the entrance of the church. The water hissed and boiled as if glowing iron had been thrown into it, and the mouse came forth severely scalded, so that when the devil again adopted his human semblance, he was covered with scars, such as are occasioned by fire.

The Pan was driven to his last entrenchment: but he did not despair. He was sure of his triumph as he said:

“I command thee to live a whole year with my dear consort, Panna Twardowsky, without forsaking her for a single day.”

“I to live a whole year with Panna Twardowsky!” retorted the vanquished gentleman,

chuckling. "No, I will rather return to hell without thee. Keep your Panna and your soul; I cannot fulfil your command. An ill-tempered woman is insupportable to the devil himself"

The Polish version is different. It says:

When the Pan, with the innocent babe in his arms, was on the point of escaping, the devil saw that no chance was left for getting hold of his prey, but to appeal to the honour of the Pan. The subtle rogue therefore said:

"Domine Twardowsky, verbum nobile debet esse stabile."*

This was more than the Pan could withstand: the devil himself had recognised his nobility, the most ardent desire of his heart was fulfilled, he replaced the child in its cradle, and gave himself up.

Ianko, the faithful servant, who ever followed him, did not now abandon his master; but

* The word of a nobleman must be kept.

clung to the feet of the Pan, and was carried along with him in storm-like rapidity through the air. When they were already so far above the clouds, that the earth appeared not bigger than a nut-shell, the Pan began to sing one of the hymns, which in youth he had composed in honour of the holy Virgin, and which after many years, for the first time again struck his memory. When the pious tunes and the sacred names were uttered, the devil lost his power—and fled. The Pan and his faithful Ianko remained suspended in the air, and are to remain there, until the great day of judgment is to come, and Unity and Justice shall reign upon earth, and there shall be one shepherd and one flock.

Pan Twardowsky becomes sorely tired in his aërial exile, and yearly in autumn sends his Ianko down upon earth. The faithful servant, transformed into a spider, descends upon long cobwebs, which he spins about all parts of the world, and returns to the Pan, to inform him that there are yet many shepherds, and many

flocks, and that Unity and Justice is as yet nowhere to be found. But the webs Ianko spun are carried by the wind over the plains, and are termed by men the threads of Autumn.

THE POOR TARTAR.

THE moral of the Twardowsky tale is yet more strongly expressed in the anecdote of the poor Tartar, a story well known all over Hungary.

When in the thirteenth century, the Tartars, led by their chief, Batu Khan, invaded Hungary, and King Bela was forced to flee from the disastrous battle at the Sajó, despair seized upon the Hungarians. Many had fallen on the field, still more were butchered by the faithless enemy; some sought escape, others apathetically awaited their fate. Amongst these was a nobleman, who lived retired on his property, distant

from every high-road. He possessed fine herds, stately horses, rich corn-fields, and a well-stocked house, built but recently for the reception of his wife, who now for two years had been its mistress.

The disheartening account of the general misfortune reached this secluded shelter, and its peaceful lord was horrified. He trembled at every sound—at every step; he found his meals less savoury. His very sleep was troubled; he often sighed, and seemed quite lost and wretched.

Thus anxiously anticipating the days to come, he sat at his well-closed window, when suddenly a Tartar on his steed galloped into the court. The Hungarian bounced from his seat, ran to meet his guest, and said:

“Tartar, thou art my lord; I am thy servant; all thou seest is thine. Take what thou fanciest; I do not oppose thy power; command, thy servant obeys.”

The Tartar impatiently sprang from his horse, entered the house, and cast a careless

glance on all the precious objects around. His eye was fascinated by the brilliant beauty of the lady of the house, who appeared tastefully attired to greet him here, no less graciously than her consort had in the court below.

The Tartar seized her without a moment's hesitation, and unheedful of her shrieks, swung himself upon his saddle, and spurred away, carrying off his lovely booty.

All this was but an instant's work; the nobleman was thunderstruck, yet he recovered, and hastened to the gate. He could hardly still distinguish the Tartar galloping in the distance, and bearing away the lady fair.

Her consort heaved a sigh, and exclaimed with deep commiseration: "Alas! poor Tartar!"

THE MAIDENS' CASTLE.

THE Hungarians, as is well known, mostly occupy the extensive plains of the country they won with their sword; the mountainous parts they abandoned to the Slovacks, Wallacks and Ruthenians, retaining for their own cultivation only the chain of the Mátra, the heights of the Bükk, and the hills of the Hegyalya, where the golden Tokay grows. We see many of these elevations crowned with picturesque ruins of castles, destroyed in great part during the Turkish wars. The last of these feudal abodes were demolished at the desire of Maria Theresa. She disliked the aristocracy to be reminded by

their lofty forts of their once more independent position; she was averse to the powerful landed proprietor occupying among his dependents the place ancient castles held in the country, which they protected and swayed over; but she gladly saw the Hungarian Peers at Court, with the richly embroidered dress replacing the plain cuirass, and the powdered wig substituted for the high flowing feather. The scheme succeeded; the old rebels were tamed and the ancient castles pulled down. But the legends and tales connected with them could not be effaced from the memory of the people, which seldom cares for historical facts, but shapes feats and events according to its own feelings and imagination, bearing to reality a similar relation to that in which tradition stands to legitimate history.

In the beech-woods of the heights of the Bükk, in the county of Borsod, stand the ruins

of two abodes, which in ancient times probably were united by a wall, and formed but one castle. They were raised on the two edges of a ridge of hills.

These ruins, popularly called "The Maidens' Castle," are known by the following tale :

A fairy lived here, and at her command the castle had been erected. No one knew whence she had come with two beautiful children, who resembled each other like drops of dew. Both of them were fair and delicate as the pearls of the sea.

When Alma felt delight in hunting the butterfly through the shades of the wood to the enamelled meadows, Mandula's cheeks too were tinged with the bright colour of playful enjoyment. When Mandula spied with childish curiosity the glow-worm which she fancied to be a star hidden in the luxuriant grass, Alma too peeped from behind the brushwood with a glance as shining as the glow-worm itself. The twins on each side of their mother seemed two

unopened buds, rising from the same stem which a full-blown white rose already graced.

The days passed in undisturbed happiness, and the little girls grew to be lovely maidens. Once at sunset when the evening breathed repose, and Nature smiled so bright as if she never could be darkened by clouds, the fairy stood on the terrace that overlooked the wall uniting the wings of the castle. Alma and Mandula sat at her feet, selecting garlands of ivy with which to crown their beloved mother. She looked down upon them with melancholy; her eyes were bathed in tears; a deep sigh escaped her bosom. The daughters looked up; their glances expressed the anxiety trembling on their lips. They rose and clung to their parent. She pressed them to her heart; they kissed her. She pressed them again; they felt glowing tears on their cheeks, and she also wept.

“Mother! mother! why do you weep?” exclaimed Mandula, and sank down on her knees.

It was the first time she experienced grief. The fairy raised her up, took both maidens' hands in her own, and, after a painful silence, spoke with broken accents :

“ My children, we must part. The Queen of the Fairies commands, and I must obey. But few are the instants granted to me with you. We must not yield to overpowering sorrow, that at least I may leave you my advice and my blessing, with tokens of my motherly affection. I attempt to provide for your future, but your fate rests in your own hands; it can only be decided by yourselves. Every human being pronounces by his deeds the verdict of his life, which no power can alter. I give you two golden apples : to these youth, beauty, and happiness are bound ; but to preserve them must be *your* care ; over this I have no control. Wisdom cannot be bought ; it must be acquired. My prayers may warn, but they cannot secure you. Beware of passion. It lights the fire of ecstasy, which melts the purest treasures of the heart. Thus transformed, they easily escape

with the airy clouds of imagination ; and when the flame of enthusiasm has burnt out, you remain beggars, without love, without sympathy. Beware, my children ; let never any feeling, any thought, estrange you from each other ; then, only then, your youth will never fade, any more than the brilliancy of the golden apples to which your lives are bound. The precious fruit contains the vigour of your existence ; watch over these my last keepsakes, and remember my prayers, my warning."

The maidens were lost in a labyrinth of woe. Their happiness had been so perfect, that they never dreamt it could be otherwise. Now they were smitten with an inexpressible pang ; they felt destitute and wretched ; their consciousness forsook them, and before they came to themselves the fairy had disappeared.

Hours passed. The rays of the sun warmed the world around, but gladdened not the sisters ; the icy chill of misfortune had struck their young hearts. Their senses could hardly believe in the reality of their loss, yet it was so—their

mother had departed. They knelt in speechless agony on the spot where she had left them ; the golden apples lay at their side, and shed a bright lustre on the blossoms around. At last the instinct of youth, revolting against the torture of pain, melted grief into tears. Mandula sank in the arms of Alma ; they clung to each other in tight embrace ; their hearts throbbed ; they suffered, but were relieved. They mutually guessed every unexpressed feeling ; they communicated every thought ; they recapitulated what their mother had spoken ; they tried to recal every word. Their eyes rested on the keepsakes she had left ; they pressed them to their lips, and gazed on them with tender emotions of sorrow and gratitude. Hardly remembering that the gifts had intrinsic virtue, they treasured them up as the last tokens of their mother's affection.

Alma retired to the right wing of the castle, Mandula to the left ; but it was only to repair again to her sister. Both indulged their regret in communion, and felt that united tears give

birth to consolation. Neither of the sisters had a pleasure by herself; they had no enjoyment but when together, or when occupied for one another. Alma watered Mandula's flowers; Mandula selected the most beautiful blossoms of Alma's garden to adorn her beloved companion. They caressed each other like the billing-doves of their turrets; nor did the white fawn they fed in common know whether it was Alma's or Mandula's hand which offered to it the herbs and the sugar.

Their favourite recreation was to admire the golden apples, to behold themselves in their polished surface, and to compare them, wondering which reflected more distinctly their own smiling countenances. On their rosy fingers they balanced the apples, and exchanged and returned them, and exchanged them again, to see if they could be distinguished from one another. This playful pastime was so often repeated, that the sisters quite forgot which of the apples was Alma's, which Mandula's. But what did they care? Did not Alma see with

her sister's glance? Did not Mandula breathe with her companion's smile, whom she loved better than her own self?

They at last determined to keep reciprocally the emblems of their fate. Their fate, they deemed, could be but one and the same; how could ever one remain happy without the other? And each thought her treasure safer with her sister than with herself.

Days, weeks, months, passed in happy dreams of immutable communion. One evening the sisters sat at their window, when the unwonted sound of a horse's hoof clattered in the court of the castle. A handsome young sportsman had lost his way pursuing the trace of a white fawn which led him to the double castle of the sisters. They both greeted him with gracious hospitality, offering shelter and rest. He gladly accepted it, but found no repose in the silk-curtained bed. When he closed his eyes, two maidenly countenances flitted before his mind. He longed to contemplate them, but when he attempted to do so, the delicate features melted in the dazzling

light of a distant star, from which two meteors shot down, and, transformed into arrows, hit the throbbing heart of the young man. He awoke with a start, but reclosed his eyes to behold the alluring dream again.

When he met the twins next day, his dream seemed almost revived: both appeared beautiful as the morning star; both met his glance with the same blush, both with the same thrilling pulse. And when the young sportsman took leave, and requested permission to return, both sisters bowed their heads and lisped "Come again."

When he was gone, each retired to her wing of the castle, and when they joined in their accustomed walks, they spoke of their flowers, their birds, and their fawn, but never of him who was equally present to both minds and both hearts. He came again; and every time he left, the sisters felt more estranged from each other. Alma found fault with Mandula; Mandula grew timid in the presence of her sister, whose looks and very movements expressed displeasure and

distaste. Mandula sought solitude; unconsciously to herself she shunned all explanation.

One afternoon—it was dusky, and heavy clouds threatened a shower—Mandula bowed over a magnificent bush of roses, collecting the finest of them in a bunch. Alma stood in the veranda :

“ Why dost thou rob the garden of its adornment ? ” she called to her sister in a tone of reproach.

“ The rain will crush all the flowers ; is it not better that these be saved ? ” replied Mandula, carrying her bunch to the house.

“ No, no, my head aches ; I cannot bear the strong fragrance, ” objected Alma impatiently.

“ Art thou ill ? ” inquired the other. “ Yes, thou lookest flushed—now thou art pale—say, what aileth thee ? ”

“ Dost thou care for it ? Thou dislikest my look ; do not others too ? Have they not told thee ? ”

Mandula felt that her sister was hurt—she longed to throw her arms round her neck, to kiss off the offence; but steps approached, the door opened, and the sportsman entered.

Both sisters greeted him warmly; Mandula offered one of the roses she held in her hand:

“What a sweet welcome!” exclaimed he joyfully.

Alma heard no more, she darted from the room, and flung the door violently after her. Mandula rose; she felt confused—the visitor uttered a hasty excuse, mentioning the weather, and withdrew. Mandula followed her sister—but found no access; the door of Alma’s apartment was locked.

Mandula retired to her lonely castle; her tears flowed too burning to cool her glowing cheeks; she longed to be reconciled to her sister—she wished to force her door—to entreat forgiveness. But for what offence? what could she say? what could she promise? She hid her face in her hands, and invoked the memory of

her mother, to calm her overpowering emotions.

Alma, with a chill in her veins and bitterness in heart, shut herself up. She recapitulated the wrongs of her sister; she frowned, and defyingly glanced around. Her eye was caught by the golden apple resting in the marble niche on a crimson cushion, where her own name, interlaced with Mandula's, was embroidered by her sister's hand. This keepsake, once her favourite, seemed now an insult. Cold as the marble wall, which protected the talisman entrusted to her, she seized the golden apple; she pressed it in her hands, as if she could crush it; she relaxed it again, put it back in the niche, walked up and down the room with a bewildered look, struck her breast violently, crossed her arms, and stared at the apple with fixed gaze.

After a pause, she again grasped the apple, rushed to the balcony, flung it violently down; it was dashed to atoms;—and she precipitated herself after it into the court below.

But hardly had she touched the ground, when she was rooted to it; her arms were transformed into branches, and she was metamorphosed into an apple-tree.

The apple she had destroyed had been her own, not her sister's, whose existence she had deemed she held in her power. The golden fruit had so often been exchanged, that Alma had kept her own, whilst she believed it to be Mandula's.

She saw her sister preferred by the sportsman, without whose love she would not live, but neither should a hated rival survive her. This was why she dashed down the apple, and precipitated herself after it.

Years rolled on, and found the young sportsman united to Mandula.

They often sat in the court of the castle, overshadowed by the blooming apple-tree, happy amidst their family; but they remembered with regret the fate of their sister, and more than one tear bedewed the blossoms strewed around by the summer's breeze.

Centuries have passed since, and cattle graze on the height of the Bükk. The herdsmen admire the magnificent bloom of the apple-tree, but no one has ever seen it blessed with fruit.

THE HAIR OF THE ORPHAN GIRL.

At every election in Hungary each of the parties chooses its standard, and its party sign, which they wear on their hats; a rose, a green branch, a cock, or an ostrich feather. The prettiest of the signs is no doubt the *feather-grass*, bearing from afar the semblance of a paradise-bird; it is extremely sensitive, unfolding of itself when exposed to the sun's rays, whilst its delicate fibres shrink during rain.

In Hungary this plant is called "the hair of the orphan girl." The origin of this name is explained by popular tradition in the following manner:

A lovely maiden was married to a nobleman.

She was a favourite with Ellen, the Queen of the Fairies, who stood godmother to her friend's first child, a wonderfully fair little girl. The mother soon died after the birth of the baby; and her last consolation had been the promise of the Queen of the Fairies never to forsake the motherless Ellen, for so was she called after her godmother. The father deeply mourned the loss of his wife, and the baby was entrusted to a nurse.

A full year passed away. The nobleman had soothed his sorrow by mourning, and now sought his friends again; and they so often repeated to him: "It is not good for the man to be alone," that he at last allowed himself to be married to a good-looking widow. He soon became aware that she was fully accomplished in the art of *rule*, and he himself being endowed with a quiet temper, abandoned to her what she termed "her share," viz.: the irresponsible government of the household, including her husband's estates, and himself.

The lady had two daughters, and little cared to educate a third. Ellen was left with her

nurse, a good woman, who had more work than wealth, but whose love for the orphan was not less than for her own girl, at whose grave she often prayed and wept.

The foster-child throve in the fields and meadows. There she roamed about, and breathed the fresh air that playfully fanned her waving hair, as brilliant in hue as the rays of the sun. Her father visited her seldom, but when he came, he always found her improved in looks and in wit. She knew every herb and its virtue; she not only assisted in breaking and hatching her hemp, but she had likewise learnt to spin like a great girl, and the thread on her distaff was equal to any in the whole village.

And though she shunned no work and no sun, yet, as the foster-mother said, she always remained a young lady from top to toe, with hands as delicate and transparent as if solely created to be looked at and longed for. When her father inquired, "*Who* taught her all her wisdom?" she replied:

"My godmother. To her I repeat the songs I hear of the birds in the fields; to her I recount

what I do all day long; and she smiles and tells me how good my mother is, who watches from heaven all I do, and there prays for my weal."

The father wiped a tear in his eye, and blessed the child; and when he came home, he said to his wife:

"My dearest soul! Ellen is growing up; you must have her brought home."

"Yes, yes," his consort replied, "when our daughters get stronger. *Now* the little thing would be too noisy; it would try their nerves and interfere with their studies."

In this case, as in many others, appearances must have been deceptive; for though the two daughters seemed as firmly built as any of the buxom peasant-girls in the village, they must long have remained weak, for years came and went, and the orphan was still with her affectionate nurse. Why might she not have remained there for ever? thought she, when at last her stepmother came and commanded her to take off her purple skirt, and purple boots, and her gaudy stays, and put on a homely grey frock, and a black apron,

and to twist her flowing hair under a close-fitting cap.

“Oh, that she might have remained with her nurse for ever! was her inward thought, after she had been taken to her father’s house, where she met stern looks and unkind words. Whatever she did was called awkward, though she did her best to please the whims of the three ladies. But her sisters told her so incessantly that she was a silly child, that she at last believed it, and often wept over her own ignorance. On this she was chidden as a “whimpering good-for-nothing creature” by her step-mother, who did not like her the better for her uncommon beauty, now breaking forth from the twilight of childhood into the radiant magnificence of womanhood. And when her father’s eye fondly rested upon the orphan, his lady never failed to remark:

“Do not make her vain. You know her mother left her penniless. You know your estate was encumbered when I came into the house. I spent my whole fortune to disengage it, and to put it in a decent state. You know

my improvements amount to more than the value of the whole property : this of course must, according to law, come back to my daughters. We therefore have nothing to dispose of in favour of Ellen."

On this the father sighed, called for his carriage, drove to a distant farm, and did not return till after sunset.

Little Ellen had grown to be a lovely young woman, and attracted the notice of all who saw her. As the lady-mistress did not think this desirable, she gave her charge of all the household affairs; and when guests filled the house, the orphan had to attend the larder and the kitchen. When the sisters drove to the ball, she had to assist at their toilets, and to guard the house during the absence of the family. She then sat in her desolate room, wondering what a ball could be, and fancying that it certainly was the realization of one of the brilliant tales her godmother had been wont to tell her. Her dear godmother—the lovely woman with the blissful smile and the benignant glance! Ellen began to weep when she thought

of her, who had never appeared since she returned to the house of her father, where she was more motherless than she had ever felt with her good nurse, who called her "my own little pet," a phrase at which the lady step-mother had been very cross when the poor woman once called at the manor.

Ellen was so fully taken up with her thoughts and her feelings, that she hardly noticed a well-known step, which approached her. The kind nurse had seen the ladies depart, and knowing that the lord was at the county meeting, she longed for a chat with her pet, whom she knew to be by herself; and after she had ended her work, she came up, though it was late, to say that in the afternoon she had returned from the market in town, where she had been to sell her turkeys; and that everybody spoke of the great festivity to be held at court, where all the ladies of the whole realm were to appear, as the old King had given up his throne to his illustrious Prince, and wished him to marry, but that he had declared that he would marry none, but the fairest of all the Hungarian ladies;

that therefore all the ladies of the whole realm were to appear at the ball. The good nurse said, that she had directly thought of her pet, the fairest child under the sun.

“Only in *your* eyes, my dear soul,” interposed Ellen. “I am homely to every one else, be assured: so says my stepmother, and my father does not gainsay it; and you know he always has been kind to me. Yes, I must be homely; no one cares for me, except you, my soul.”

But the good nurse reiterated the contrary so positively, and with such affectionate garrulity, that the orphan felt a little cheered, and even entertained a very slight hope that, perhaps, she might be allowed to have a peep at the ball, which every one was to attend. She embraced her nurse, who promised to call again; and she fell soon asleep, half in tears, half in smiles. She started up at dawn, and hastily dressed, and feared that she awoke too late; all was silent; but she remembered that bread was to be baked, and she ran down, calling “Josi,” and gently tapped on the

shoulder of the gipsey boy, who slept on the threshold, but gladly opened his eyes, though not without rubbing them very hard, and jumped up, when he perceived his young mistress, who bid him light the fire.

With an active step she moved over the whole house, and called every one up, and dispensed breakfast to all, not forgetful of the dog and the poultry. And the sun shone so bright, and approaching spring breathed so sweet, that Ellen felt quite happy, and did not start—as sometimes she happened to do—when the carriage rolled into the court. But she ran to meet the lady and her daughters, who, tired and cross, claimed her attendance.

The dream was dispelled, and the poor orphan obeyed in silent submission.

The tidings of the festivity at court were soon spread all over the country; the excitement created by the important event was without precedent. Mothers and daughters conjured up all their charms, and called into requisition all their resources. All thronged to the capital, and stormed the shops, engaging the attendance

of tailors, hair-dressers, milliners, and every artist who could in any way improve looks and figure. The Jews had busy days; property was pawned; jewels and plate sold to borrow more splendid ornaments for the great occasion. Could anything appear extravagant, when the royal hand was to be won? So thought Ellen's stepmother, and acted accordingly. Gold-embroidered velvet for herself, silver garlands for her daughters; laces and gems were purchased, and prepared. Messengers went and came, none brought a parcel for poor Ellen, who had no courage to inquire, if now too she was to stay, and keep the house. And why should she inquire? Did she not know that she was a penniless orphan? What could she seek at court? No mother's hand would ornament her brow, no mother's eye would watch her gait. How should she go to court? No, no; much better to stay at home than intrude into the golden halls, where all would shine and smile, but no glance would beam on her with sympathy and joy.

Such consolation flitted before the mind of

the girl; and when her father said to her, "Dear child, I gladly would have taken thee, but thou art yet too young; it is better for thee to stay at home," she kissed his hand, and hardly could have told why a sigh then escaped her breast. She served and packed, and saw the carriage drive up the court, and the family depart, followed by more horses and more stately servants than she ever had seen before. She watched them all until they had turned around the corner of the house, then she retreated to the yard, and caressed the barking watch-dog, who wagged his tail at her approach, and licked her round little hand. She felt lonely—she felt sad; she could have wept: she knew not why. Was not all for the best? She stepped to her room, and took up the legends of the saints. But the letters caught her eye only, not her mind; she could not read; she could not think; her book fell on her lap; she hid her face in her hand, and sobbed bitterly. Suddenly a silver voice thrilled to her heart; she glanced up with tearful eyes, and a blushing brow. She had not heard the creak.

ing of the door, the fall of a step, and yet here stood a radiant lovely woman, her own dear, dear godmother.

Ellen found herself in her arms before she could pronounce a single word. The fairy smoothed the maiden's golden hair, and said: "My dove, come, let me adorn thee for the festival." Before Ellen had recovered from her joyful surprise, she was seated in a stately coach drawn by six spotless horses.

At court all was bustle and excitement. The hall could hardly hold the throng of guests. The fresh flowers which covered the marble walls looked faint in comparison with the women of Hungary. Their brilliant complexion and sparkling eyes, still more than the splendour by which they were surrounded, recalled the voluptuous brightness of the East. They stood around with palpitating hearts and flushed cheeks. The mothers whispered; the fathers formed in different groups; whilst the young men ambitiously sought to catch a smile or a glance, soon to be absorbed they knew, by that one centre of admiration, the young King, who

had not yet appeared. The minutes, by expectation, seemed to grow into hours. At last the trumpets and viols announced his approach, and he was seen. His noble features, which were stamped with a gentle and kind expression, made many a heart beat quick. The intoxicating whirl of the dance began, and ambition soon was drowned in thoughtless joy. But suddenly all faces were turned; surprise thrilled through the whole company, when the young King stepped forth with a partner, whose loveliness envy itself could not deny. Her countenance beamed with child-like unconsciousness; every one of her movements was graceful as the waving of her hair, which shone behind the silvery clouds of the veil that covered her neck and shoulders, and was fastened by golden tresses woven into a diadem. A velvet corslet closely fitted her waist, where a pearl-embroidered apron was fastened; and her skirt of white satin sparkled with peerless flowers. Every eye was dazzled by the brilliancy of her attire, and riveted by her beautiful features. No one disputed that she

was the rightful queen of the festival: hers was the acknowledged crown.

The Prince led her to the dance; he held her hand, and still remained at her side, when the other gentlemen had already more than once changed partners. The dance was over, a general movement led old and young to the adjoining hall; the pairs were broken up. The old King addressed his son, and pointed to the admired young lady. The Prince turned round to follow her—but she was gone,—whither? no one could tell! The music sounded again, the dance was renewed, but the young King did not join it. With his partner every charm had disappeared. But who was she? no one was found to know.

When the step-mother returned home with her daughters, they found Ellen attentive, as usual, to the household. They spoke of nothing but of the royal ball, and of the unknown lady who had obviously charmed the Sovereign. No wonder, said they, that she looked beautiful with such a dress, set off by the glance of diamond-

stars. Whoever can afford such finery is sure to strike.

They compared themselves with the mysterious apparition, and concluded that if they could next time appear with more magnificence, they would be sure to stand their ground against the "elfish beauty."

Ellen listened and thought: "They are not quite wrong: the dress did vastly alter me, as they never recognised the homely Ellen in that shining garb." She smiled, but breathed not her secret; her god-mother had recommended silence. Moreover, not for this alone she did not speak; she had entered into a new life since the glance of love had warmed her cheeks; she now felt as though she were another being, not the poor forlorn orphan, but richer, when alone, with memory as her companion, than she had been in the midst of all the vying splendours.

Ever since the maiden with the golden hair had disappeared, the young King had no care or interest in anything; his life was nothing but a sigh of longing. She ever flitted before his mind

with the glorious diadem given her by nature, to mark her out as Queen; his throne seemed to him to be hers by right, that he was himself a usurper, until she should share its honours. He therefore sent all around messengers to cry aloud and say: Seeing that Heaven has marked out the legitimate Queen by her golden hair, let her who is endowed with it appear, to be led to the altar by her King. Great recompense was promised to any one who could trace her.

The step-mother had strictly enjoined Ellen never to leave off her cap, for which she had reasons of her own. She knew what hair the orphan had, and always had surmised that some mysterious spell was connected with it.

When the golden hair was pointed out as the infallible sign of destined royalty, the lady was struck with the thought of transferring the orphan's hair to the head of one of her own daughters, who then would shine in unrivalled magnificence. With this view she rose from her bed when all were fast asleep, and entered the small room of the orphan. There she drew

forth her largest scissors, and slyly cut the golden treasure.

Ellen slept an infant's sleep and never woke till the cock crowed. She then shook off the sweet repose, and alas! missed her curly hair. She sprang bewildered up. Who could have stolen it from her? No one but her step-mother could enter unperceived, for she alone had the key of the passage, which joined her room to the wing where Ellen slept. Big tears rolled down the orphan's cheeks, as she silently invoked the help of her god-mother.

Hardly had the dear remembrance thrilled through her heart, when the fairy stood before her, and pressed a motherly caress on her head. At this soothing touch the thinned hair wonderfully grew, and unfolded as the wings of a soaring angel. Ellen fell on her knees—the Fairy Queen had disappeared. The orphan felt and kissed her restored treasure, and twisted it up more carefully than ever, that no one should notice and grudge the gift of her dear god-mother, the beauty which had attracted *his* eye.

Meanwhile, the step-mother was shut up

with her daughter, and being expert in contrivances, she shaved the head of the young lady, and artfully adorned it with the magnificent hair of which she had deprived the orphan. She so cunningly hid her artifice that she made every one believe her daughter's hair was thus improved by virtue of a juice she had prepared of berries and of herbs.

The gold crown, woven by the inimitable hand of nature, reflected beauty on the young brow of the daughter, who gladly followed her ambitious parent to Court. The eye of the King was bathed in joy when the golden-haired maiden was announced; yet he grew pale when he beheld her, so unlike the image in his heart. Had she, who once appeared, stepped down from heaven to point out by what sign the royal bride was to be recognised? He felt he could not love this maiden, and yet an inexpressible longing bound his heart to her golden hair. He therefore, without delay, fixed the day for the grand nuptials. It came. A sumptuous procession slowly moved to church; at its head was the

King on his black steed, and the bride proudly borne by a white horse.

The skies were radiant when they set out; but when they approached the cathedral a peal of thunder rolled, and suddenly a mighty storm arose, which tore the bridal veil from the head of the betrothed; the King galloped to take hold of the veil; another whirling gust blinded all around, and rent the borrowed hair from the bewildered bride, who remained bald, and fainted. The King, with a stern look, commanded his retinue to take her to the palace: with the golden hair all his attachment to the maiden had fled. He then summoned the deceitful mother to confess what she had done. She told her crime, and was banished for ever from the realm.

Ellen at this time was kneeling at the rivulet behind the garden-wall, where she was washing linen; she heard the clink of spurs, and of a sword; she turned astonished round; her hasty movement deranged the cap which had confined her rich hair, that now rolled down and unfolded as a golden cloak reaching to the ground.

Ellen was not aware of this; her head was bent over a hand which held her own; she saw the Prince, and her dearest wish was fulfilled.

But she soon was raised on a white steed, and triumphantly carried to the altar. When the bridal procession returned over the heath from the cathedral to the palace, all the hills around were adorned with golden bunches—the hair which the storm had rent from the false bride. It still adorns the heath of Hungary, and its name, “the hair of the orphan girl,” reminds the shepherd of the beautiful Ellen.

THE ROCKS OF LIPNIK.

AMONGST all the rivers of Hungary but two bend their course northward, not joining the waters of the Danube, which carries all the other streams to the Black Sea. The Poprád and the Dunajetz, in the county of Zips, flow to the great plain of Poland, and united with the Vistula, hasten to the Baltic.

At the banks of the Dunajetz, the Red Abbey marks the limits of Hungary towards Galicia, seldom visited by strangers, except by patients who seek the baths of Smerdzonka, in the neighbourhood of the village of Lipnik, from which the guests get their provisions. The villagers

who bring these supplies not seldom entertain the guests with traditions of bygone days.

In ancient heathen times, Kullin, a powerful King, ruled over this country. His sway extended along the whole range of the Karpáthians; his herds grazed on all the alpine meadows; but higher up, where no vegetation springs forth, the mighty Omna reigned over the barren rocks. She was a far-famed sorceress, not immortal, but in possession of the balm of youth. She preserved the semblance of a youthful woman, though she was many centuries old. Yet whenever she neglected to smooth her brow with the youth-imparting balm, she looked withered and weather-beaten as the moss of the rocks. Like the Thetis of ancient mythology, she had the power to adopt every shape, and could dazzle the human eye, but her heart was of stone, for it had been petrified by the lapse of time.

Prince Wladin, the son of the King, was the handsomest youth of the realm, and none equalled him in skill and in courage, in kindness and generosity. He was beloved by all, but by none

more than by Adla, the pride of the Court, the favourite of the Queen, the betrothed of the Prince.

Once upon a time Wladin, while hunting, caught sight of a magnificent chamois of uncommon size. He followed it for hours, and left his companions far behind. Whenever he thought he had approached it near enough to strike it with his arrow, it slowly climbed farther up the steep rock, and thus induced the Prince to follow it again. It allured him higher and higher to the brink of eternal snow. Just when he thought it was within his reach, the chamois seemed to perceive the danger, fixed its backward-bent horns on the cliff which overhung the precipice, swung itself over with a powerful leap, and disappeared from the sight of Wladin. The Prince, disappointed at his failure, now sought to retreat. He had so eagerly pursued his prey, that he had not noticed the steep height which he had climbed up. He stood on a narrow platform, surrounded by giddy abysses, and perpendicular rocks; no outlet was visible, nor could he retrace the way he had come. He

knew that in descending, it would be impossible to find the clefts on which he had ascended, and he could discern no path on any other side. He sounded his bugle to give notice to his companions, but the sounds died away without echo; he was too far off to be heard. Dusk approached—night came on; he eagerly awaited the dawn of the morning, which, he thought, might light up some unknown path. Morning came, but the rays of the sun only showed him still clearer that there was no way out. He waited till the evening, every attempt failed to climb the rock above him, and he thought a sudden death would be preferable to hopeless starvation; but on the very moment when he approached the brink of the precipice to throw himself down, he heard a noise as the rustling of silk garments. He turned round, and beheld a majestic woman, the queen of the rocks.

She took his hand, and silently beckoned him to follow. Her steps seemed to create paths, for descent was easy. When they arrived at the alpine meadow well known to the

Prince, Omna pointed at his retinue, now visible in the distance, and said: "Wladin, thou dost not further require my aid." But the Prince bent his knee, and pressing the hand which had led him, exclaimed: "Let me thank thee who saved me from destruction. It is not death I feared, but there is one whom I love, and I know that with my life Adla too would be lost, who would not survive me; Adla! the peerless beauty! the best of all women! This thought alone embittered the danger from which thou hast rescued me. Our gratitude is thine—thine our veneration to the last of our days."

The sorceress smiled.

"The feelings of youth are passionate, in gratitude as in love, but they vanish soon. When thou seest the cloud, from which thunder and lightning break forth, thou wouldst deem its irresistible power lasting, if thou hadst not seen that a ray of the sun, a gust of the wind, suffices to dispel or absorb the cloud. Thy feelings will not prove more lasting."

"My gratitude will last as long as my love,

and my love ceases but with my life," replied Wladin.

"We shall see," she said, and disappeared behind a rock.

Wladin hastened down the hill, and met his companions; who after having anxiously sought him night and day, had given him up as lost. He returned to the court of his father; the Queen weeping pressed him to her bosom; and the eyes of Adla were radiant with tears, and with joy. When he related this adventure, the Queen praised Omna, but Adla shuddered, and said: "I fear the sorceress. She never rejoices in dispensing benefits; she allures man without love; she seeks the wilderness, stony as is her heart. Do not again venture near her; do not seek the mountains which hide danger and treason. The open plain smiles in the light of the sun, and offers the sweet breath of its flowers to every sense. The realm is wide; its green meadows extend in the valleys below, where men have erected their abodes. There live they, over whom thou shalt sooner or later

be called to rule, not in the mountains, the dens of wild animals."

"My love," Wladin jestingly replied, "the chase is the image of war. The energy of men is lulled to sleep in the fertile plain: the breeze of the mountain gives strength to the arm, to shield these who peaceably till the ground below, where the horizon is shut in. Those who are to hold sway, must reign from above, whence they overlook their realm; they must seek danger, that they may be ready to encounter it, when it intrudes."

The Queen joined her prayers to those of Adla: the Prince closed her lips with a kiss.

Kullin was the best of fathers, but as long as he occupied the throne, he did not wish his son to rule: one king is enough for the realm, he thought. Wladin should defend it if attacked, he should wield the sword, not the sceptre, as long as the crown did not sit on his brow and press it with the weight of royal duties. As deep peace now prevailed, Wladin's sword rested

in its sheath, and he often roamed through the mountains and valleys alone, in disguise, to acquaint himself with his realm and its inhabitants. Thus one hot summer morning he rode over the plain, conversing with the peasants busy at the harvest; and as the rays of the sun became more burning, he turned his horse to the shadows of the pine forest which bordered the Karpathians. The steed and the rider both felt tired and thirsty, and he looked out for a fountain. He alighted from his horse, took the reins in his hand, and went through the thicket, where the murmur of a rivulet was audible. When he approached it, he saw a peasant girl gathering strawberries, which spread their fragrance around.

“Wilt thou let me partake of thy berries, my girl?” he said.

She offered them courteously, and replied:

“I have been long in collecting them; but to you, my Prince, I gladly give them.”

“Thou knowest me?”

“How should I not? Who in the whole

country is not anxious to see Prince Wladin; and if he has once seen him, can he ever forget him? My father took me to town three years ago, when you returned home at the head of the victorious knights, coming from the bloody battle. Hundreds of voices shouted, 'Here comes the hero!' and all the ladies who stood at the windows, and waved their handkerchiefs from the balcony, threw garlands at your feet. I peeped through the crowd, and caught just a glimpse of your countenance. I have never forgotten this, and should recognise you amongst thousands. I likewise cried: 'Long live our Prince!' but you could not hear me: my accents were lost in the noise."

The Prince smiled and said: "I certainly did not hear it, else my memory would have proved as faithful as thine. Where art thou living, my pretty girl? In the woods, I am sure, such courtesy is not taught."

"My father is the gamekeeper, who every week carries the venison to Court; my mother is long dead, and I live in the forest. My father

never takes me with him but on great occasions. He leaves me at home, to take care of his house and his clothes."

"Art thou quite lonely? Is there no one to converse with thee? no one to play the shalm under thy window during the summer-night? no one to wait for thee at the dance under the linden-tree?"

She laughed, and calling a beautiful greyhound which playfully bit the grass, she pointed to him:

"Look, this is my faithful one, who never leaves me: I have no other. He understands my every movement; he heeds my voice. When I sleep, he watches my threshold. He is fed by my hand, which he licks in gratitude. When I am at work, his barking warns me of the approach of a stranger; and when I go out he accompanies me. He even watches the weather for my sake, as just now—he was biting the grass, a sure sign that it will rain."

"He is quite right," said the Prince: "heavy drops begin to fall: thou must hasten home."

"Not without you. Believe me, I am better

acquainted with these parts than you in town. A thunder-storm is approaching so terrible, that woe to every one who is shelterless. Do you see the white cloud hovering over the mountain? Let us hasten, that the violence of the wind may not overtake us. You know that in the mountains the storm is nowhere so dangerous as in the pine-forests. Their roots are not deep enough to resist the hurricane; they are swept down in a moment, and bury the wanderer who seeks refuge under their branches. The path to our house leads yonder, quite straight."

Wladin was aware of the danger. He quickly mounted his horse, caught hold of the girl to raise her on the back of his steed, and galloped off in the direction indicated by her. He liked the adventure, yet the thought crossed his mind that he never had heard anything of the game-keeper's daughter, who far surpassed in beauty and wit any peasant girl he had ever met. When the rain began to fall in thick showers, and the storm raved fiercely, the girl began to tremble with cold. He therefore unfolded his cloak,

wrapped it round her, and told her to cling fast to him that the storm might not blow her down from her insecure seat.

Half blinded by rain, lightning, and wind, they arrived at the gamekeeper's house. Wladin sprang from the horse, and lifted the girl to the ground. He knocked at the door, but no one answered the summons.

"Father is not yet at home. To meet this I have a key in my pocket," she said, unlocking the gate. She took the horse into the stable, and directed Wladin to seek the room, where soon a merry fire was kindled in the chimney. Here the Prince warmed and dried himself whilst the girl went to and fro, but soon approached in Sunday apparel, and covered the oak table with a clean linen cloth, the work of her hands, as she told him. She placed fruit and cheese, bread and milk on the board, and adorned it with a gay bunch of flowers.

Wladin sat down, and she sat at his side. The meal was hardly touched, for the Prince listened with increasing attention to the words of the girl, who described to him her secluded

life, often left to herself from morning to night whilst her father went to the chase. He was the only man familiar to her; for seldom did a guest knock at the door, and when that happened, it was some outlaw seeking shelter for a night, who enforced hospitality with his sword. Then she spoke of the terrors and the dreams which haunted her mind, after she had listened for hours to tales of misery and violence.

“But you do not touch the meal, my Prince,” she interrupted herself. “I hope you will take a glass of wine with me.”

She rose and went to the cupboard, and took out a flask filled with darkened wine, and a large silver goblet, on which long-bearded faces were engraved. She poured the liquor into the goblet, and every drop appeared to the Prince sparkling with fire. She offered the cup, and said:

“Drink, Wladin!”

The voice sounded to him different, but yet as if he had heard it once before. When he raised the goblet in his hand, it seemed burn-

ing; the bearded faces on its sides grinned at him; but the wine pearly so invitingly, that he could not resist. He emptied it in one draught.

All around now took another shape; silk covered the table; the earthenware had turned into gold; the flowers shone as jewels, and exhaled fragrance of frankincense. The room dilated into a spacious hall, sumptuously illuminated by hundreds of lamps; marble pillars rose all around; sweet music vibrated through the air.

Wladin rose astonished from his seat. Before him stood the girl, but her countenance shone with majestic dignity. A purple cloak flowed from her shoulders. She presented to him anew the silver goblet, and said, alluringly:

“Drink, Wladin!”

He stared at her, and seized the goblet; but it slipped through his trembling fingers, and fell to the ground.

Everything was again as before. He sat at the table covered with the linen cloth; the fruits lay on the earthen dish; the small room was scarcely lighted by the two candles on the

board ; the peasant girl stood smiling before him, and said :

“ Why do you stare at me ? don't you like my wine ? Come, take another cup with me : it will warm you after the cold ride.”

Wladin seemed to awake from a dream ; it was as if a film fell from his eyes. Exclaiming : “ Get thee hence, Omna !” he burst from the room and fled. He had recognised the temptress.

When he returned home he did not relate his adventure, but remembered it well, and did not forget Adla's warning.

Once when he returned from a visit to his stud, he heard piercing shrieks from the forest, and hastened in that direction. A lovely maiden, clad in the dark garments of a burgher's daughter, threw herself at his feet. Two horsemen followed on her traces, but when they beheld Wladin drawing his sword, ready to encounter them, they fled.

The maiden burst into tears ; she could utter no word—every accent was choked in sobs. The Prince tried to comfort her, and

raised her from the ground where she still knelt, her face hid in her hands.

“Are they gone, are they gone?” she uttered, glancing around with a bewildered look; and when she saw that all was safe, she pressed the hand of Wladin to her heart, and exclaimed:

“You are my deliverer. How can I thank you, what can I do, I, the poor orphan! Shall I return to the old miser, the remorseless guardian, who sold me to the ruffian from whom I have escaped, thanks to thee! Could I but serve thee, noblest of men, as thy very humblest attendant, I would watch thine eye to obey thy yet unexpressed desires. I would never obtrude on thee, but ever be ready at thy command. I would follow thee faithfully and silently as thine own shadow. But what do I say? I wish to prove grateful, and I claim a new boon,” cried she passionately, folding her hands and looking up to the Prince with the glance of inexpressible grief.

Wladin took her hands, while he hardly knew himself what he did, and said with uncertain accents: “What can I do for you?”

These words seemed to revive the energy of the girl, for though she yet trembled, she obviously composed herself.

“You do not forsake me,” replied she, with confidence. “You will preserve the life you have saved. Thither,” said she, pointing in the direction of the capital, “thither I will not return; but some hours from hence—the way leads over that mountain before us—there resides my aunt, with whom I lived until called to town by my guardian. To this aged relative I will now return, if you will take me to her, for alone I fear to go.”

The Prince bowed his assent.

It was afternoon; the steep path led over loose stones and through thickets. Wladin supported his fair charge, who leaned on his arm, and often stopped, as if overcome with exhaustion. Her colour came and fled, till at last she avowed she must rest. She sat down on a stone, over which Wladin had spread his cloak. He stood beside her with folded arms.

The dark pines, the rocks, the purling of a rivulet, awoke in him strange recollections.

And when he glanced at the beautiful maiden, and marked her blue eyes, shining with a mysterious brilliancy, he thought he had beheld her before. But her clear voice soon dispelled this impression. He asked her who she was? and she related that her father had fallen three years ago on the field of battle, under the banner of the Prince; her mother did not survive him; she had remained with the old aunt, who, deaf and blind, could but little care for her.

"Yet I grew up," she sorrowfully continued, "as you see. But, alas! why? to return to the sad abode where no eye watches my cares, where I witness a misery I cannot alleviate, and where I tremblingly anticipate the hour when the joyless life of my poor aunt shall depart, and I remain at the mercy of the hated miser. Oh! I am the most unfortunate creature in the world!" She shuddered.

The young man turned to her with deep commiseration. Her bright forehead was bent forward against her head, while her elbow rested on the knee; her dark eyelashes covered a half-suppressed tear; youth and misfortune spread

irresistible charms over her winning countenance.

“Come,” she said, as if comforted by his glance of compassion, “let us continue our road. I shall find my strength again; but, my generous deliverer, promise that you will never forget me, but will shield me when I am without protection. You never will forsake me—promise.”

She rose, and Wladin pressed a kiss on her hand; but his lips burnt, fire shot through his veins; he retreated a step; he looked full in her face, and cried “Omna!” then precipitately hastened down the path they had just ascended.

Accents of despair, heart-rending entreaties, struck his ear; but he did not return. Scornful laughter, a thousand-fold repeated by the echo, seemed to follow his steps; but still he did not return.

“Coward! coward!” vibrated through the air. The Prince stopped, involuntarily put his hand to the hilt of his sword; but not even then returned.

He reached the palace, sought his apartment, and locked himself in.

It was night, yet he closed not his eyes; the sorceress haunted his imagination; the burgher maid and the peasant girl both flitted before his mind. He paced his room in feverish excitement.

The morrow came, and he saw his Adla again. She had been anxious at his absence, as she ever was, she blushing said. Her eye inquired if Wladin had nothing to relate; but he was pre-occupied by a thought he did not utter, and Adla would not heighten his discomfort by disclosing her cares. Yet they sickened her heart; the lover felt it, and grew more reserved and more restless.

Yet he soon was determined. He would voluntarily meet the danger which had obtruded itself. He would convince the sorceress by deed, and by word, that he did not fear her; and that the talisman of his love for Adla would ever protect him. He would call upon her generosity, not to embitter his gratitude by persecuting him with temptations which he would ever resist, but which troubled the life of his Adla no less than his own.

He told no one of his intention, but set out.

He penetrated through the forest; he ascended the hills; he did not rest on the alpine meadows, he climbed up the cliffs of the Carpathians; and when he had left the borders of his own realm far behind, he exclaimed: "Omna, Queen of the Rocks, grant me thy presence!"

Hardly had these words escaped his lips, when the majestic woman stood at his side, just as she had appeared at the brink of the precipice, when she saved his life.

"Thou callest; I am here," said she, with a radiant smile. "I gladly greet thee in my realm. Art thou sick of the earth below—of human follies, and human grief? Thou art right; breathe with me the purer air of the heights; they shall be subject to thee, as they are to me. Yes, more than to me; thou hast found favour in my eyes, and a woman's favour makes her the slave of him she adores."

"Be not deceived," interrupted Wladin. "I cannot remain here; below is my country, and my love: with them rests my life. I am come to claim thy generosity; leave me undisturbed in my meaner region. Thine is the world far above

the land where I breathe in peace. The climate where thou reignest stuns my senses. Thou commandest supernatural beings; I am but of human frame, and cannot live here."

"Is this thy objection? Know, mine is the balm of eternal youth, and thine it shall be. I touch thy brow, and no wrinkle shall ever dim thy sunny glance. Remain with me, and thou art free from all earth-born woes. Thine is then the long life of the raven, who for centuries and centuries survives man, and his decay. Thine is the enjoyment of everlasting youth; thou ever renewest thy vigour like the serpent; thine is the magnificence of the empire which I abandon to thee; thine the hidden treasures of the caverns, for whose sake thousands of men bury themselves in the dark depth of the mines: subject to thy care the wells which spring forth from the rocks, and stream through the veins of the mountains, to carry life all over the earth. Thine are the flowers, peerless in brightness, peerless in fragrance; thine the herbs unequalled in virtue, whose juice yields the balm that alleviates sickness and suffering.

Of all these canst thou dispose, and dispense their riches as thy princely heart desireth."

"These treasures I covet not; they never can be mine, O mighty Queen! I know thy realm is loftier than mine—thy power is greater; yet a short life shared with her I love in my humble home, is what I long for, and prefer to centuries of glory."

"It is not love I claim," Omna continued; "I claim but gratitude: I have saved thy life; I offer thee eternal youth, and centuries of undimmed vigour. Do not refuse too hastily; a more exalted prize never has been offered. If thou art really grateful, love will awake in thy breast. Do not bind thy life to a frail tenure; thy manly mind deserves that its energies be not confined to a score of years. Reflect once more before thou declinest."

The Prince said: "I love Adla; this is my reply."

"Thou spurnest? Well, thou shalt know my power. Thy request is granted; I never shall tempt thee more; but we shall see, if thou wilt not seek me. Thou hast known me thy

friend. If ever thou meetest me again, it will be as thy enemy: beware!"

With these words she disappeared.

Wladin retraced his steps, recapitulating to himself every word the sorceress had said, which awakened sad forebodings.

Adla was pale, for she had been yearning for his return; yet joy recalled the blood to her cheeks, and she was lovely as before. The beauty of her features was even more striking than when she had bloomed in full health. But from day to day she grew paler and fainter, an invisible spell seemed to press upon her, and the angel of death at last hovered around her.

Wladin knew who had conjured up that spirit. He was aware that human art would prove vain, and he cursed the hour when he was saved on the rocks at this price; but he would not submit to the fiendish decree, and he resolved to defy the sorceress herself. He knew that a drop of the balm of youth would save his Adla; this, therefore, he would wrest from the Queen of the Rocks.

He went to her realm, and summoned her. She appeared majestic as before, but with a look framed to rouse all the evil passions in the bosom of man.

“Art thou here to beg favours for thy toy?” she exclaimed, taking from her bosom a small phial, and holding it up. “One drop of this can restore her health, but thou shalt not have it. Dost thou now recognise my power, and thy feebleness?”

“Not before we have measured our strength,” replied Wladin.

He rushed forward, grasped her arm, to catch hold of the phial, but in the same moment the sorceress transformed herself into a dragon. Wladin stepped backwards, drew his sword, and said:

“Thank thee, that thou appearest in thy real shape; now I can combat thee.”

He attacked her with undaunted courage, but the steel, touched by the glowing breath of the monster, melted in the hand of the Prince. He flung the useless weapon away, and threw both his arms around the neck of the dra-

gon. The monster, in agony, coiled round the breast of the hero, but too late—he had strangled it.

He took up the balm, and though seriously wounded, joyfully returned to Adla. She sat in the garden at the fountain, which reflected her marble-like countenance. Flushed with the instinctive glow of joy, she met her lover, who triumphantly presented her the phial. But his face was livid, his hands bore the traces of blood, and he soon sank down in exhaustion. She knelt at his side, she examined his wounds, the venomous teeth of the dragon had impressed them with death; and against this, she knew the balm of youth itself had no power. Without him, life had no charms for her; she flung the too-highly bought phial into the fountain, and throwing herself into her lover's arms, her heart broke in the same moment when death darkened the eyes of Wladin.

The earthly remains of the lovers did not decay: they were transformed into stone. And up to this day, when the wanderer sees the two

rocks at the fountain of Lipnik, which in the distance appear to be two human forms clinging to each other, he may learn from the sympathizing peasant, the marvellous tale of Wladin and Adla.

JACK, THE HORSE-DEALER.

OF all the German Emperors, none has ever made so lasting an impression on the imagination of the German people, as the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the Hohenstauf. His grand struggle against the craft of the Popedom, the power with which he enforced the German supremacy over Italy, the vigorous rule he maintained in his realm, and lastly, his mysterious death in the East;* all this made him the hero of German tradition. The people do not believe him dead, but say that he sits in a magnificent

* He was drowned while bathing in the river Callikadnus, in Cilicia, during his crusade.

subterraneous hall, in the midst of the Kyfhäuser mountain in Thuringia. On his head shines the Imperial crown; the purple cloak folds around him; at his side hangs his victorious sword; but he sleeps; his weary head, sunk on his arm, leans against a white marble slab; the red beard of the Emperor grows on and on, and has grown through the marble slab down to the ground, and from the ground again up to the slab.

A young shepherd—so tradition relates—who had lost one of his sheep, once crept about the caverns of the Kyfhäuser, lost his path, and suddenly found himself in the hall of Barbarossa. The Emperor awoke and inquired: "Do the black ravens still fly around the mountain?" The lad answered: "Yes;" and the Emperor said: "Then my time has not yet come"—and again began to snore.

The youth was frightened, and hastened away. He got to daylight only on the third day. A stone, which he had taken from the Imperial hall, served as a proof of the truth of his account, for the fragment was ascertained to be pure gold.

Since then many people have attempted to get into the Kyfhäuser, but in vain. Not until a German peasant shall hoist the German standard, and hang his shield on a dry tree, three times felled, and three times grown up again from the root—not until this tree shall sprout, will Frederick Barbarossa awake, and restore the great German Empire in its full power and glory.

The tale of the Emperor Frederick in the Kyfhäuser is not unique. We find such traditions in the south no less than in the north of Europe.

Similarly to Barbarossa, spell-bound in the mountain cavern, Marko Kraljevits too, the king's son, sleeps in the Serbian mountains.

When once the sword, which the Prince has thrown into the Adriatic, shall be carried to shore by the waves, and come into the hands of a hero, then Marko will step forth from the mountain, to erect in the south the great Sclavonic realm.

In the Grampian mountains of the Scotch Highlands, Tom the Rhymer likewise assembles

his knights, and waits for the right man, whom the British isles shall obey.

When, two years ago, Archduke John of Austria was called from his Styrian farm, where he lived as a peasant, to Frankfort, to be there the Administrator of the Empire, many thought that the spell was broken, which banishes the old Barbarossa to the Kyfhäuser. The German Emperor, with the victorious sword on his side, was generally expected, and the tables were already dressed at Frankfort for the banquet of the coronation. But it soon became obvious that the Administrator was, in fact, an Archduke, not a real peasant; and the ravens, which had assembled from every part of Germany, all croaked together so hoarsely, that the Emperor Frederick, already risen from his marble seat, suddenly relapsed into an iron sleep.

In the south, too, it was reported that the Ottochans had found an ancient sword at the coast, and had brought it to the Ban Jellachich.

The whole Slavonic south fell into commotion, and in the mountains Marko himself, the powerful son of the King, was said to have been

seen. But every one soon became aware, that the Ban Jellachich, who had girded himself with Marko's sword, was no hero, but a simple courtier; and the movement subsided. Marko sleeps undisturbed as before.

Tom the Rhymer too, who, during the last century had repeatedly risen, now, since the battle of Culloden Moor; but seldom gives a sign of life.

On a sultry evening in the summer of 1848, Jack the horse-dealer returned from the market of Fort William. He had sold all but one of his horses, a black steed, which he now rode, after having emptied with his customers many a glass of whisky on the conclusion of a good bargain.

It was dark before he had passed the Ben Nevis; nevertheless, as he was well acquainted with the road, he pursued it without fear.

But when an uncertain moonlight for a moment pierced the clouds, he thought he perceived that he had mistaken his way. The path unexpectedly went up a very steep hill, and led to the side of rocks, quite unknown to him. No

doubt Jack strongly had partaken of the Scotch whisky at the market, but now he at once got sober.

To his great satisfaction he caught sight of a human shape preceding him at hardly fifty paces. At first he conceived it to be a Highland shepherd, and therefore briskly rode up to meet the man, and was just going to request him to show the way, when, approaching more closely, he discerned that he was no shepherd. The stranger had a long silver beard, and wore black garments cut in the Highland fashion; he met the looks of our horse-dealer with so dignified a glance that Jack could hardly find courage enough to accost him. But the old man relieved his embarrassment by inquiring whether he would sell the black horse he rode; price was no object, provided he would engage that the horse had not a single white hair on his whole body.

Jack assured the old Highlander that the steed was black and unstained, and the bargain was immediately concluded. The old man, without further negotiation, paid the price demanded, mounted the horse, and pointed out to Jack a

footpath, by which he could leave the mountains, and get to the canal. But the horse-dealer was not the man to avoid an adventure so favourably begun; he stopped the stranger and said:

“It is not my custom to conclude a dry bargain; thou hast bought the black horse, now come to the first public-house; let us drink a draught of whisky together.”

“I never go to a public-house,” objected the old man; “but if thou hast courage, accompany me to my abode; there I offer you the most excellent wine. But if thou believest that thy courage might sink, then rather return this moment, for if thou shrink’st after having overstepped my threshold, thou art a child of death.”

Jack had always been a stout boxer, and his courage was not lessened by the whisky he had tasted in Fort William. He therefore fearlessly followed his mysterious guide, though he could no longer doubt that this was Tom the Rhymer, the great poet king, whose name he had heard mentioned so often by his nurse.

As Tom was riding along the side of the

steep declivity, he touched the rocks with his stick; they opened, and a narrow subterraneous path became visible. The Rhymer King well noticed that the pulse of his companion beat audibly, and therefore once more admonished him to return if he thought that his heart might fail; but Jack was now ashamed to withdraw, and boldly followed his guide into the cavern. A faint light, resembling the flash of a will-o'-the-wisp, danced before them on the soil of the cavern; upon which the hoofs of the black horse sounded hollow. Round the walls hung black caparisons, armour, and broad claymores, all carefully polished, yet still bearing traces of ancient spots of blood. In the distance flamed a large chimney fire, illuminating a spacious hall. In the hall stood nearly a thousand horses, all perfectly black, with black caparisons, and at the side of every steed, stood a knight in black armour, girded with a sword. None of the knights moved—all were spell-bound in sleep.

Jack could not refrain from reviewing the steeds with a jockey's eye, to praise the one and

to find fault with most. The old king gladly saw that his guest was not devoid of courage. His eyes sparkled, he filled his goblet with the best wine, and offered it to Jack, who emptied it at once. Tom the Rhymer now seized his hand, and led him to a board, on which lay a hunting-horn and a sword in its sheath.

“Thy fate and that of thy country now rest with thee,” said Tom to him. “Choose one of two things: either blow into the horn, or draw the sword from its sheath; do as thy heart wishes, as thy understanding advises, but know, that thou decidest between power and death. If thou choose well, thou art sovereign of the islands; if thou err, death is thy lot.”

Jack reflected for a moment, and then blew vigorously into the horn. The walls of the hall trembled, the knights awoke, sprang on their horses, and swung their swords around. But Tom the Rhymer, with a strong hand, seized poor Jack, and thundered in his ears:

“Fool! how dared thou blow into the horn, and awake the hidden powers of the night, without first having armed thyself with the sword?”

Jack lost his senses. On the subsequent morning, he was found lying beside his grazing horse, at the border of the Loch Lochy, wildly talking of Tom the Rhymer, and his black steeds. The friends of the horse-dealer thought his tale fully explained by the whisky he had drunk in Fort William; but a German professor, who at that time happened to travel in the Highlands, and heard the story told by Jack himself, was thoroughly convinced that Tom the Rhymer had intended to give a lesson to the Germans; and that he meant for them what he had said to Jack: "Fools, how dared you to blow into the horn before you have unsheathed the sword?"

KLINGSOHR OF HUNGARY.

IN the middle ages, when the illustrious art of song was not, as nowadays, only the faint reproduction of the ideas of inventive genius, when it was not a pastime applauded by the idle, and the curious, but the full expression of the feelings and thoughts of poet-minstrels, amongst whom Kings were proud to be ranged, the Landgrave Herrmann of Thuringia invited all the celebrated minstrels to his Court, where they were themselves to appoint the prize by which the most accomplished song was to be rewarded.

Henry of Veldeck, Walther of the Vogelweide, Wolfram of Eshenbach, Bitterolf, Reinhard of Zwetzen, Henry of Ofterdingen, and

many more of less glorious memory, all obeyed the summons. Each proposed a different prize. One thought a golden crown would best reward the triumphant poet; another objected, that no crown could equal in glory the stamp of genius, by which nature's own hand marks the brow of the great minstrel. Riches and honours in every form were tested, but found insufficient; all acknowledged that *success itself* was the exalted prize for which alone the poet's heart could yearn; and at the same time they felt, that to be vanquished was a misery so profound to every lofty mind, that it would be well escaped by the forfeiture of life. Therefore the triumphant minstrel should simply get a wreath of bays to crown him "king of poetry," and all the minstrels should bow in homage to him, as vassals to their liege. But only the worthiest could enter the list for such prize; mediocrity could not contend; whoso claimed the crown, must be ready to sacrifice his life, if he failed. A kingdom to the successful; death to the vanquished! Thus it was unanimously agreed upon.

In the year 1207, the minstrels all appeared on the appointed day, in the great hall of Wartburg, to compete in song, and thus to war for the crown. The whole Court was assembled in festive magnificence. The Landgrave Herrmann presided; many renowned knights had come to witness the issue of the day. The fairest dames sat around, above whom the Landgravine Sophia shone in beauty, and in loveliness. The doors of the spacious hall were all thrown open, that the people might view the triumph of the victor. But none offered to undergo the dangerous combat, except Wolfram of Eshenbach, and Henry of Ofterdingen; they stepped forward, and were greeted by loud applause, and many a secret sigh.

Henry of Ofterdingen begins. His voice leads to the paradise of love, where root the blessings of the heart, where bloom the flowers of eternal spring, where shines the morning sun of sympathy. The harp re-echoes the melodious strains, and melts the glowing feeling of passionate affection into tears and longing.

“His is the prize!” then exclaimed thou-

sands of softly vibrating voices, and a thousand smiles thanked the youthful poet. His golden curls cover his snowy brow as he bows in gratitude.

Wolfram of Eshenbach now takes the place. His harp sounds in proud harmonies, his words describe the glorious deeds of heroes, who struggle for the truths of Christendom, and fall in holy battle. Faith-imbibing power streams from his lips, and spreads enthusiasm around.

“Wolfram is the conqueror!” is the verdict pronounced by Landgrave Herrmann, and approved by the arbiters. Landgravine Sophia trembles, the wreath of laurels she holds falls to the floor. In the background appears the executioner, the polished sword in his raised hand. Deadly silence ensues. No one will be the first to press the execution of the sentence. The dark eye of Wolfram himself is anxiously bent on his rival; but Henry of Ofterdingen approaches the Princess, kneels at her feet, takes up the green wreath, and returning it to her, says:

“I am judged to have forfeited this prize. I do not care for an inglorious life, but I can-

not die without protesting what I feel to be true; that though Wolfram of Eshenbach excels in the powerful expression of undaunted faith and illustrious deeds, yet he is not the king of poetry. His is the bloody field of battle, the world of generous martyrdom; mine are the lays of love, streaming from my heart as freely as the crystal resources from the mother earth. Whose is the prize? Is it due to the eagle, who moves the breeze by the power of his wings, or to the swan, who re-echoes the gentle murmur of the waves? There is one who unites the charm of melody with commanding harmony, but he resides in distant lands. To him alone I bow, in full consciousness of his superiority, proud to be a vassal in his realm—not to Wolfram.”

Sophia had thrown the ermine border of her purple cloak around the shoulders of the kneeling minstrel to protect his life; but Henry of Ofterdingen now rose to meet his fate, when Wolfram of Eshenbach exclaimed:

“Stop! a contested crown is worthless; my sovereignty must be acknowledged by the rival

himself whom I have defeated, or it bears the stamp of usurpation. Let him fetch the poet whom he deems worthy to wear the laurel; till then the crown may rest in abeyance. Let it be proved whether the stranger deserves the exalted praises, or whether it is the fear of death that inspired Henry with panegyrics."

"I say but what I can prove," interrupted Offerdingen with passionate accents; "he is the king of song, who dwells afar on the wide plain—Klingsohr of Hungary, the minstrel of all minstrels. If you grant me one year from this day, I will seek him over hill and dale. I will wander through the woods and over the heath, and will never rest till I lead him hither—him who surpasses us in power and tenderness, and who is alone worthy to fill the world with his renown; and if this is not recognised unanimously, then I shall gladly die, justly condemned for a vain boast."

"Thus be it," replied the Landgrave; "but know that, if thou dost not appear on the appointed day, the strings of thy harp shall be rent by the executioner, and thy shield shall

be broken by the hangman. In the meantime Wolfram may take the crown, and wear it till a worthier comes, whom we can recognise his liege."

Henry bowed with a bitter smile, glanced gratefully at the Princess, who stretched out her hand, as if to say, "Heaven protect thy path!" and left the hall.

The way was long, but the minstrel hastened over land and stream, to view the country, blessed by the richest gifts of nature—the country where the soil returns a hundredfold what it receives—the country which profusely yields iron to till and protect its fertile ground, and silver and gold which rule the world—the country which hides in its depth the opals—sparkling dew-drops of Heaven, cherished in the cool caverns of earth, condensing and beautifying the light which they reject—the country of a noble race, proud to be the freest and the most loyal all over the world, honouring woman, not as the idol of passion, but as the mother of the brave, and sharer of his toils and of his glory.

But all this Henry of Ofterdingen little heeded.

His thoughts were bent upon his purpose, to find the greatest minstrel of the age, that his voice might resound all over Germany.

Steep were the paths, and rapid was the stream. The youth climbs over the rocky mountains, and sails along the rapids, but still is far from him he seeks. Everywhere he hears songs, and cannot doubt their author. He goes down into the depth of the mountains, and inquires from the miner:

“Whose is the song thou singest? is it not Klingsohr’s?”

The miner replied: “I learned it from the subterraneous waters, dropping slowly down from the rocky walls in melodious cadence, and purling in unfathomed depth; but of Klingsohr I never heard.”

Henry mounted to the hills, where the ever beaming sun ripens the grapes, and imparts its glow to the sparkling wine. He hears the glee of the vintager, and inquires:

“Whose is the song thou singest; is it not Klingsohr’s?”

“I do not know such a name. The swallow

and the stork bring the songs, when they come in spring. I repeat what they teach."

Henry wandered where the darkness of virgin forests filled the heart with awe. He listened to the melancholy whistle of the robber, to the distant doleful sound of the hunter's-horn; he asked whose tunes they repeated? and robber and huntsman replied: "We do but repeat the rustling of the leaves when they fall in autumn."

Henry descended to the unbounded plain; he heard the lays, here of the shepherd at his fire, there of the reaper on the wheat-field.

"Whose are these melodies? are they not Klingsohr's?" he inquired.

"The wind brings them along the plain; the murmuring waters, the warbling birds, the rustling leaves know them; why should not we learn them also? but the man you mentioned, we do not know him."

Henry proceeded farther, restless and sleepless. Months had passed since he had set out; he was met everywhere by the echoes of the minstrel, but him he had not found; and if he

could not soon trace him out, death and shame awaited the German poet.

The sun had set, the shadows of the evening lengthened, when over the green plains he arrived at the banks of the yellow Theiss, where nothing fettered his view but the deep blue canopy of heaven. His ear was struck by melodious strains; he listened breathless, and heard:

“ Plain of Hungary ! Thy luxuriant vegetation withers where it stands ; thy rivers flow in silence among their reed-covered banks. Thine is not the grandeur of mountain scenery, not the soft beauty of the valley, not the majestic shade of the forest. It is not one *single* beauty which reminds us of thee : but who will ever forget the awe he felt, when the rising sun poured his golden light on thee ; or when, in the hours of noon, the *Fairy Morgana* covered the shadeless expanse with flowery lakes, like the scorched land’s dream of the sea ; or at night, when all was so still that the breeze of the evening came to the wanderer’s ears, sighing amidst the grass. Boundless plain of my

country; thou art more grand than the mountains of this earth. A peer art thou of the boundless ocean, imparting a freer pulsation to the heart, extending onward, and far as the eye can reach!

“Vast plain, thou art the image of my people. Hopeful, but solitary; thou art made to bless generations by the profuseness of thy wealth. Thy energies are still slumbering; and the centuries which have passed over thee have departed without seeing the day of thy gladness! But thy genius, though hidden, is mighty within thee! and there is a boding voice in my heart, which tells me that the great time is at hand. Plain of my country, mayst thou flourish! and may the people flourish which inhabit thee! Happy he who sees the day of thy glory; and happy those whose present affliction is lightened by the conviction that they are devoting their energies to prepare the way for that better time, which is sure to come!”*

* It is almost superfluous to mention, that the song of Klingsohr is borrowed from Baron Ioseph Eötvös, who with these words winds up his *Village Notary*.

The singer rose. The expression of his proud forehead was softened by the smile of his lip, and the brilliant glow of his dark-blue eyes brightened the paleness of his noble countenance, enframed by a dark beard. Wrapt in the white cloak of the peasant, he graciously greeted the German minstrel, who addressed him with the words: "Thou art Klingsohr of Hungary."

"And if I am Klingsohr of Hungary, what more?"

"Thou sing'st here in the lonely wilderness, unheard, and unadmired. Even the people who repeat thy songs, do not know thy name. But in Germany honour awaits the minstrels; they are at the table of Kings and Princes. Hast thou not heard of the war of the Wartburg?"

"My country lives in peace, what do I care for foreign feuds?"

"It is not a struggle between kings, but a glorious combat of song. Herrmann of Thuringia has summoned all the poets to contend in his presence for the crown of song, he bestows it on the worthiest, and recognizes him as his

peer, and all minstrels must bow to him in homage as vassals to their liege. And dost thou remain here in the desert, whilst mediocrity usurps what thou alone can'st claim?"

Klingsohr smiled.

"O Germans, do you think that the crown of poetry can be bestowed by princes, that it needs a crown of bays from the hand of a princess to be the peer of kings? Does the nightingale require the crown of song from the hands of Landgrave Herrmann? The people alone give the crown. Whosoever songs they sing, he sways over their hearts. And they do not give it to him who seeks it; they give it to him who sings undesigningly as the nightingale, not for a crown, not even for the thanks of love, but because the spirit urges him; to him who sings for the flowers and the birds, for the waves and the winds, not caring whether man hears him. The sincere expression of feeling is never lost, nature conveys it to the hearts of men."

"Klingsohr, thou art greater than I could conceive. I now perceive that not only the

meanest but the greatest too, can spurn fame. Thou refuseth the prize which others covet; thou art right: honour cannot be conferred on thee. But what thou wilt not do for glory's sake, that do for my sake, whom death and shame await, if I cannot prove that there lives one greater than Wolfram of Eshenbach, who was judged superior to me when we waged war for the crown on the Wartburg. I am Henry of Ofterdingen."

"Do you then kill the finch in Thuringia because his strains are different from those of the lark? Do you thus admire song? Well, I will go with thee, thou shalt not die, though I am not willing to deprive thy rival of his princely toy. Princes reward the courtier, not the poet."

They started. The anniversary of the Wartburg war is come. In the hall of the Landgrave all the minstrels are assembled anew, at their head Wolfram, with the garland of bays. Prince Herrmann and Sophia, his consort, sat on the throne, surrounded by cavaliers and dames awaiting the events of the day. To

beguile the hours of expectation, the minstrels had sung many a lay, but Henry and the mysterious stranger did not arrive; it struck noon, and the brow of the Landgrave darkened; he made a sign with his hand, and the red cloak of the executioner appeared in the court below, where the harp and the shield of the absent minstrel lay on the ground, and a numberless multitude thronged to witness the spectacle of the pompous degradation of their favourite.

The Princess's cheeks were pale, her eyes were fixed on a distant cloud of dust: "They come!" she exclaimed. The Landgrave stepped to the balcony; two horses were visible, approaching the castle at full speed: it was Henry and Klingsohr. Cheers received them. They entered the hall. Klingsohr bowed with courteous dignity to the Princess Sophia, and cordially offered his hand to Wolfram, whom he recognized by the wreath of bays. He then approached the harp and sung:

"A seer, I address thee, Prince of Thuringia;
the veil of the future is lifted before the eyes of

the poet. I sing to thee of days to come, more radiant in their reality than the dreams of imagination.

“Happiness attends thy son. In this very hour to King Andrew of Hungary a daughter is born, who is to be the wife of Prince Louis—posterity will call her St. Elizabeth. My mighty King will send her to thee in a silver cradle, with heaps of riches, but none will equal the treasures of her heart. She will live an angel on earth; and when her earthly course is closed, the nightingale will sing a requiem at her bier, and ever-blooming roses shall unfold their chalices on her grave.

“But her descendants will not extend their sway in the land of their fathers. Thuringia shall be divided between them. Yet glory will never cease to surround them.

“There will come a time when war will rage all over the world, when the hosts of the west and the south, and those of the north and the east, will meet in battle array on the field of Germany, and the song of poetry shall be drowned in the clashing of arms. Then thy house shall be the peaceful abode where the poets, and men

of thought, shall find shelter and hospitality. On this oasis they will plant the palm whose fragrance will impart peace to the mind; they will sow the seed of ever-blooming beauty, ennobling the German soil, and its plants shall be carried all over the earth. United in friendship to their illustrious Prince, their ashes shall rest with his, and thy land shall become the holy ground, where all will go on pilgrimage whose thoughts are not absorbed by worldly gain, but whose life is devoted to the worship of genius.

“And another branch of thy stem will be adorned with the crown of love.

“Where the Tagus rolls the golden sand into the ocean,—and on the blessed islands of the west,—thy sons shall reign over the heart of the Queen, whose sway will extend over the lands and the waves. And the nations they shall govern will be the strongholds of liberty, and their energy will trace the way to an unknown world yet covered with darkness, and will carry the light of religion and civilization back to the East, from whence it issued.”

And Klingsohr continued to sing of the won-

ders of the East, and as his powerful strains unfolded the whole brilliancy of Eastern imagination—those dazzling tales of Arabia, whose sunny spell charms the senses as a dream of everlasting youth—Wolfram took the bays from his own head and affixed it to the minstrel of Hungary. He felt that he was vanquished, and cordially proffered his hand to Henry of Ofterdingen. Both did homage to their great master; and the Landgrave stepped from the throne, shook hands with the stranger, and said:

“Remain here between us, thy admirers and thy friends—wear the crown of bays, and reign in the realm of poetry, that thy lays may gladden our hearts, and thy name may be praised throughout the world.”

But Klingsohr replied: “My world is my country, and the delight of my people the only prize of my song. In the realm of poetry there is no king; the bay sprouts new leaves every spring: they suffice to twine a garland for every one of us.”

He laid down the wreath at the feet of the Princess, and retired. He vaulted on his

steed and was gone. Germany had heard him once and never more; like a flaming comet he appeared, but to vanish for ever. He returned to the unbounded plain of his country, and to the green banks of the Theiss; his songs died away with the winds; but their spirit yet lives in the glees of the people, in the songs of the Hungarian heath, of the Kisfaludys and Kölcsseys, the Tompas and Garays, the Vörösmartys and Petöfys. It is the spell of Klingsohr's harp that still charms us in their lays.

YANOSH THE HERO.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the Mahommedan east, where the social relations are more simple, we do not meet with such marked contrasts in education as among ourselves. The amount of knowledge is not great with those who govern as Pashas, Mollas, and Kadis. But the herdsman and the sack-bearer, who occupy the lowest degrees of social hierarchy, stand comparatively higher in their intellectual development, than the Irish peasant or the London street-sweeper.

The Koran is the religious and civil code for all—no one is ignorant of its contents; and

these develop the understanding, whilst lays of celebrated poets and the charming traditions of the people satisfy imagination and taste.

This kind of education is accessible to every one, to the poor as to the rich, and thence it comes about that when the favour of chance raises the son of the peasant, the pipe-dealer, or the slave to the first dignities of the realm, the low-born men keep up their newly-attained station with an aristocratic dignity most striking to Europeans. The circle of notions in which the new dignitary moves, is not altogether strange to him. The cultivation of his mind was but little different from the instruction enjoyed by the son of the Pasha. The higher ranks in Turkey and Persia have no literature of their own. The productions of the poet and the story-teller are not devoted to any peculiar caste, but belong to the people at large ; they sing for every one who will listen to them. The case is different with us. Knowledge and experience have multiplied to so great a measure, that very few can comprise all the results of science. The relations of state and society

have grown so complicated and so artificial, that only the minority of a nation can possibly acquire the means of studying at their leisure, or enjoying the intellectual acquisitions of modern times. Not only in respect of social position, and of wealth and refinement, but even as to education, to the direction of feelings and thoughts, and in consequence their way of expression, a wide gap exists with us between the higher and lower classes.

As in ancient Rome, the Plebeians and the Patricians, so now in the most civilized states of modern Europe, under the apparent dominion of free institutions, we meet two entirely different nations opposed to one another, if not inimically, yet at least as strangers. This schism is fully explained by the difference of social position and by the neglect of the people's education; and cannot with any conscientious scrutiny be traced to the first epoch of conquests, and be attributed to the difference of races.

In England unmixed Saxon or Norman blood is as little to be found as in France purely Gallic

or Frank offspring. In the higher, equally as in the lower classes, we find many descendants both of the conquerors, and of the conquered; yet, in spite of this fact, the distance between the more and less elevated orders is as great as if the aristocracy had in our own days established itself by unscrupulous force: and the common people fancy that the rich mete out to them no other justice than that of the insolent Gaul, who threw his sword into the scale.

The turn of mind in these two distinct bodies—for the rich of the middle class have everywhere more or less amalgamated with the aristocracy—differs so entirely from each other, that they conceive their interests to be in opposition. They remain strangers in social relation—strangers in their thoughts, and their feelings.

Since the systematic national debt, and increased taxation have made longer and severer labour habitual to the people, the leisure time and spare energies of the poor prove insufficient to inquire the knowledge possessed by our age. The waste of public money has not enriched the lower orders, either morally or materially; whilst

the higher ranks have increased in wealth and refinement, and thus are separated from the mass of the population.

This contrast became too striking to be overlooked, when it threatened the security of the reigning classes. In Ireland, for example, through many a long mile no house is to be met offering perfect shelter against wind and weather. But pauperism is not stopped at the hut of the starved tenant; the castle of the landlord, too, who did not prevent the misery of the people, is sold by the Encumbered Estates' Commission, or is swallowed up by poor-rates.

In France, indeed, every political revolution was more or less a social one, attacking not only the privileges of orders, but likewise property. So now in England, philanthropy and politics, Christian duty and fear of the Proletarians, have begun to inquire into the state of labour, and of the poor. Philosophical research, and not seldom thoughtless curiosity, have unfolded the mysteries of low life. Infant asylums and ragged schools, emigration companies and

cheap buildings, workhouses and model-prisons have been established. Social theories have been advanced, and refuted; and statistics, both official and private, published on this subject. Yet all this has only served to confirm the belief, that society is divided into two opposed parties, to unite which, all efforts have hitherto proved ineffective. Every one sees the dangers of the present state of society, but no one knows how to avoid them.

It was natural that the writers of fiction took no different course from the philosopher and the statesman. More than one economist, developing his fanciful theories, unconsciously became a poet, and more than one poet became a dry economist; his novels were nothing but political principles, *mise en scène*.

But the people as little read the dreams of the philosopher as the dry systems of the poet. Their imagination has ever had a different course. In its tales and its traditions are preserved such treasures of poetry, that they can easily do without the artificial productions officiously offered them. But certainly it is not easy to write

for the people. The different mould of the estranged classes makes it difficult for the author to adapt his ideas to the notions of the lower orders. He too often ascribes to them desires, privations, and views, that belong to a totally different society.

This was the case in the earliest times. The bucolic songs of those great Alexandrian scholars, Theocritus, Moschos, and Bion, and the eclogues of Virgil, are as little faithful pictures of ancient pastoral life, as the shepherd comedies under Louis the Fifteenth, or the idyls of the German Gessner give accurate notions of the country pleasures in these times. Charles Dickens's novels, and even those of Eugène Sue, have had a great effect on the population, but chiefly in the towns whose corruptions they prominently portray.

The simple life of the country people has also become the subject of several lovely tales pervaded by more truth, and therefore by more poetry, than the bucolic songs of previous centuries. Auerbach's and Weill's tales are known in England, by Mrs. Taylor's and Lady Duff Gor-

don's elegant translations. Still more charming than these are the novels of George Sand, "La Mare au Diable," "Le Champi," and "La petite Fadette." They are radiant with the pure gold of this great poetess's imagination, without any of the dross that stains so many of her compositions.

These pictures of rural life are unostentatious. Their horizon does not extend beyond the steeple of the next village; the groups they sketch are inartificial, and wholly devoid of the theatrical effect with which the Bulwers, Dumases, and Sues, dazzle the mind. The hero is no prisoner; he commits no murder or suicide; he is not hanged; he does not even come into contact with the police; and nevertheless the situations are so varied and so attractive, that they fix and satisfy the attention of the reader and purify the soul far more—which, according to Aristotle, is the aim of tragedy—than the soul-stirring novels so popular with circulating libraries.

Yet, great as is the delight offered by these tales to the higher orders of society, it is doubtful whether their charm is fully enjoyed.

by the people. The uneducated poor find little interest in faithful pictures of their toilful existence. Their imagination loves not the confined limits of their daily doings and strivings, but soars from the soil of reality to the realm of supernatural powers. Giants and sorcerers, dragons and fairies, are the creatures of its dreams: and it loves the tales in which these visions are reproduced. Therefore the peasant gladly listens to the mate, and to the soldier, who relate the wonders of the sea, and of distant countries; the most adventurous and fabulous tale excites most admiration, and is so often repeated with applause by the story-teller, that, with the credulity inherent in the many, he at last himself believes he has really seen and heard what he describes.

A tale of this kind is *John the Hero*, the popular Hungarian poem of Alexander Petöfy; it gives us a faithful picture of the life of the Hungarian peasant, and of the turn of his imagination. It is hardly necessary to point out the great affinity between this poem and the *Arabian Tales*. The hero does not remain in the humble sphere

of his birth ; he becomes a soldier, and all the marvels of distant countries are introduced into the tale, which farther proceeds to the fairy land in which the vulgar delight. The opening of the poem is therefore a simple village tale in truth, without the deep insight into the heart found in the pages of Auerbach, or of George Sand, but abounding in striking incidents, all characteristically Hungarian, amidst the peculiar scenery of the great plain of the Theiss, sketched with the most faithful accuracy, and intense feeling for the beauties of nature.

The poet leads us with marked consistency through all the changes of daily phenomena. Whenever he mentions sunrise, its course is precisely recorded during that whole portion of the tale ; and the scenes of nature are always brought into connection with the hero's disposition of mind : the scenery is not a lifeless ornament, but an organic part of the poem. But this is a characteristic feature with primitive ballads, and national songs in general. The Hungarian national songs often begin with some words describing nature, and solely linked

by the rhyme to the lay, forming apparently a dissonance; and yet this abrupt transition is not unfavourable to the harmony of the impression, as that unconnected phrase serves to impress the soul with the disposition required by the lay which it thus introduces; it is in fact like a prelude to a piece of music. Its charm can hardly be preserved in any translation, and so much the less when the version is unrhymed, as the one I have attempted. The original tale written in four-lined stanzas of alexandrines, is well adapted in the Hungarian language for popular tales. In the translation I have adopted blank verse, in order not to be diverted by the exigencies of the rhyme from following the original exactly, though not unaware that the simplicity of an idyl is little fit for this metre, in which the deficiency in the musical element needs to be supplied by the richness and pomp of the style, which therefore better suits the rhetorical declamation of Roman poetry than the account of a peasant's life. But to a translation in prose my feeling still more objected; as even the most conscientious one can never

give a more precise notion of the original than perhaps the back of a Gobelin tapestry of its face; we see the same lines, the same colours, yet by no means the same harmony. May, therefore, my essay be excused by my desire to give the English public a specimen of Hungarian popular poetry, not wholly shapeless, and yet in its spirit faithfully adhering to the original.

The continuation of the tale, which describes the hero's soldier-life, will appear very strange to many readers; but its adventurous character is one of the features most striking to the imagination of the Hungarian peasant.

The *Obsitos* (hussar on furlough,) is always very popular in the peasant's hut, and in the public-house. After ten, often after twenty years, during which he has been mostly stationed in foreign countries, he at last returns to the village of his birth, where relatives and friends triumphantly greet him. As an experienced man, who has seen the world, he relates his adventures over a jug of wine to the wondering people. All he has seen and heard assumes a fabulous shape in his memory; and from fond-

ness of being admired, and with the natural desire to appear something very wonderful, he tells the most astounding stories.

One remembrance ever fills him with disgust—the retrospect of his tiresome service in times of peace, when he was compelled daily to clean the buttons of his regimentals like so many mirrors; the irksomeness of this duty he never can forget. But then he relates with a more radiant countenance, how he passed the Alps, and saw that they reached up to the moon, so that he was able to caress her jolly face.

“What then did the moon do when you kissed her jolly face?”

“Saucy lad,” interrupts the greybeard: “she complacently purred like a cat.”

He proceeds to describe how he got farther and farther to the very last end of the world.

“And what did you do there?” inquires a pert little girl.

“Well, I sat down on the brink of the world, and swung my feet over the boundless *nothing*.”

“And have you not likewise been up to heaven, Bacsí?” is again inquired.

“To be sure, I was there once.”

“Goodness me, how pleasant that must have been! Certainly, up above, there is no need to work, and food and wine are in plenty.”

“Silly boy,” retorts the old hussar; “there is work enough. The stars have to be cleaned all day long with chalk and spirits, so that in the evening when they are hung up, they may shine brilliantly, and there is little rest for the soldier, as the old saints have all double sentinels at their doors. But the Temple of St. Peter! *that* is the largest building all over the earth, and far prettier than anything I knew in heaven.” He continues:—“When we were commanded there to the church parade, we were obliged to keep two days of rest before we could get from the gate to the chief altar.”

But all these accounts are dull in comparison with the sketches the hussar gives of his feats.

“At Leipzig,” he continues, “the Emperor Napoleon fled, and I took him prisoner with my own hands. But the Empress, Maria Louisa, who sat in the carriage at the side of her consort, wept so bitterly, that I released the Emperor,

and the empress presented me in gratitude with her gold watch."

"But where is the gold watch?" inquires the village notary.

"Mister Notary, this you do not understand," says the hussar. "My Lieutenant was once embarrassed for money, and the Jews gave him no more credit, so I made him a present of the gold watch that he might not be put on reduced allowance."

The adventures of the hero Yanosh are of a similar kind. The geographical knowledge of a Hungarian hussar is still less perfect than that of a well-informed Frenchman, who, as is generally known, little excels in that branch of science. To the Hungarian soldier it is only familiar in connection with certain historical reminiscences. The tradition of the Mongol invasion under Batu-Khan in the thirteenth century is still current in Hungary, and the tale of dog-headed Tartars—this is the name given to the Mongols by the Hungarian annalists—remains most popular. A man who has seen the world and encountered many dangers, must

in the opinion of the peasants necessarily have been in the country of the dog-heads. Of Italy the hussar only recollects that the rosemary, which in his own country is but a shrub, becomes there a thick and lofty bush, and that he himself suffered in the distant land much more from cold than at home, whose people are better provided against the hard season than in the southern climates, in which closely fitting doors, double windows, and stoves are utterly unknown. Of France he has likewise some idea, remembering that for twenty years he has fought against the French, though he is ignorant why; all he recollects is that it was always said the King, having been unjustly robbed of his crown, must again be set upon his throne. And this poor sovereign (Louis the Eighteenth) is by no means a hero; he does not go with his army, but is an amiable, kind-hearted man, especially fond of a good table.

These few traditional notions are worked out with great skill in the second part of Petöfy's poem; though in the translation it will appear clumsy and little short of prosaic, still it is a

faithful copy of the hussar's adventurous account. The reader's patience is entreated to the early part of the tale, which is by no means equal in merit to the latter portion. If he will persevere in reading, he will probably find that he is repaid for any little effort which it may require.

In the third part the hero reaches fairy-land, a theme well known by the traditions and tales of the East and of the West; but the form is nevertheless differently moulded with every different people.

In the Hungarian fairy-tale the number *three* is always of the highest importance. The hero has always three principal adventures; he delivers three unhappy Princesses, every spell-bound palace has three gates, every magician and every witch assumes three different shapes. But the peculiar stamp of the Hungarian fairy-tale consists in a greater dryness of imagination than pervades the charming Arabian Tales, to which in brilliancy of style they are more similar than to the genuine simplicity of the German Tales.

The poem of Petöfy has all the faults and all the merits of the Hungarian legend. When John the hero loses himself in the enchanted wood and thus steps into the fairy land, he first meets the rock-eating giants, who remind us of the giants of northern mythology; but after he has conquered them, his second adventure comes on—one of quite a mediæval kind—his struggle with the witches. When he has punished them, and has not been terrified by the ghosts, he gets to the fairy sea, which separates the physical world from the abode of the genii, living in eternal felicity at the source of youth. It is obvious that the charming tradition of Avalon and of the Venus-mountain, which we find in the mediæval poems all over Europe, have their root in classical antiquity. Grecian phantasy long since dreamed of the isles shining in lovely twilight in the distant West beyond the Pillars of Hercules; and the Atlantis as well as the Isle of Leukè, to which Thetis leads her son Achilles on sea-horses, accompanied by Tritons and Nereides, to wed him to the beautiful Helena, are variations of that tradition

which still finds its echo in the poem of Petöfy. The fairy Queen Helen has in fact survived the Greek tale; she remained popular in the middle ages even before the revival of classical studies; and the German Faust too is wedded to her.

The loadstone island, with the Venus-mountain, which we find in the fairy tales of the East, and in the traditions of Charlemagne, is derived from the Blessed Isles of the ancients. Moreover, the Castle of Ivalon, in the Celtic tradition of the "Round Table," is intimately connected with them. The Gardens of Armida too, a radiant episode in Tasso's beautiful poem, belongs to the same stem. The idea of an early abode, where life is free from all troubles, and is solely spent in enjoyment, has excited the imagination of all ages, and such blessed spots have been adorned with all the sweet blossoms of poetry. But even after such illustrious models, the description, as given by the Hungarian poet, presents one of the most lovely creations of imagination.

We cannot close these short observations

on fairy-land without calling the attention of the reader to two deeply interesting mediæval traditions, in which the difference of the Latin and the German conception is fully expressed. According to the German tradition, the gods of antiquity are not the production of Hellenic imagination—they have a real existence. They are demons, whose power has been broken only by Christianity. Since that time they live in the Venus-mountain in eternal enjoyment, ruled by the Goddess of Beauty. Whoever prefers earthly enjoyment to the salvation of his soul, may go to this radiant realm, to which all paths open—but there is no returning!

“Facilis descensus Averni,” &c.

Among others, the Knight Tannhäuser was tempted to this adventure. He went to the Venus-mountain, and there won the heart of the Queen of Love. He lived in a continued dream of felicity.

Three years passed away like three days. But at length the fond smiles of Venus could no longer silence the longings of his heart; his torpid existence pressed heavily upon him; he felt, that enjoyment itself grows painful, if not varied by toil; that only the exertion

of the faculties enables men to enjoy. Discontent began to prey upon him; he attempted to escape, but there was no outlet from the labyrinth of pleasure. The attraction of the loadstone mountain prevented his flight. He now went to the Queen, and freely owned to her that he wished to return to the earth and its troubles, to expiate his sin by waging war against the infidels, and to do penance by mortification of his flesh, for having preferred terrestrial bliss to everlasting salvation. The Queen shed tears when she heard his lamentations. She entreated him to remain, representing that if he could not endure the unvaried serenities of joy, he would be still less able to bear incessant repentance; and that after he had tasted happiness with her the consciousness of having lost it would overshadow every earthly joy with a tinge of regret. Yet the Knight persisted in his desire. Expiation was to be his enjoyment, the hope to save his soul his only bliss.

The Queen loved him truly, and therefore yielded to his fervent entreaties. The gates of the mountain were opened: she paid him a glowing farewell, which thrilled to his heart; he fled without once looking back, fearing lest his strength might fail in the last moment.

It was Maundy Thursday, and the Pope Urbanus, broken by years, supporting himself on his stick, was going in full procession to the lofty Lateran through the streets of Rome, when a noble Knight, barefooted and clad in garment of camel's hair, stopped his way, prostrated himself at his feet, and entreated his absolution. He loudly confessed before the people, that he was the greatest sinner on earth, and unworthy of forgiveness, as he had spent three whole years in the Venus-mountain. But the grace of Heaven, he said, was boundless; the Pope might, therefore, free him from his sin!

The grey-haired Pope stepped backward horrified, and exclaimed: "Unfortunate! there is no grace for thee: no repentance can atone for thy sin. Thou hast sought heaven on earth: the gates of paradise are now for ever closed to thee. So long as this dry stick does not sprout with leaves, and with blossoms, so long thy sins must remain unforgiven."

The noble Knight calmly rose. He changed his penitent garb for a magnificent dress, clad his bare feet in shining boots, vaulted upon a steed, and hastened back to the Venus-mountain to the Queen of Love. If he had really lost

heaven, he resolved to drain the cup of earthly enjoyment down to the lees.

But when the Pope awoke on Good Friday, he beheld with astonishment that his stick was covered with leaves and blossoms, to show him how foolish it is to deprive the sinner of hope, which alone can give him the strength to expiate his sins.

The French tale of Ogier le Danois takes a different turn from the German tradition. The hero returning from Jerusalem, encountered a storm, and his vessel drifts over the sea till she comes near the rock of loadstone, which in that tale is called the Castle of Avalon. To this the ship is attracted with irresistible force, and as she draws nigh all the iron nails are rent from her planks, and she falls asunder. Of the whole crew no one is saved but Ogier, who is thrown on shore.

He thanks Heaven, rises, and approaches the palace; but two fierce lions oppose his entrance. He struggles with them, vanquishes both, and steps over the threshold. Here he is greeted by the Fairy Morgana, the Queen of the resplendent abode. But Ogier has no eye for the magnificence around him; his mind is turned to his

own country, he sighs for his people, he longs for his home. When the fairy sees this, she takes the golden crown from her head, and places it upon his brow. It has hardly been pressed by the brilliant circle, when the remembrance of his nation and his country escapes his memory; they are estranged from his heart, and he has forgotten them: no care for them thrills through his veins, or overshadows his bright dreams of royal grandeur and supreme power.

A century he thus spent on the throne of the fairy, in careless forgetfulness and unvarying enjoyment. But his native land is now invaded by danger and war, the unsheathed swords of his countrymen are stained with blood, thousands of their brave sons are slain, and the wailings of the mothers, wives, sisters and brides, fill the air with a distress so intense and so loud, that it reaches even to Avalon, and makes the crown tremble on the brow of Ogier. Then, at length, he is struck by remorse, and flinging away the golden crown, he hears the cries of his people—he feels all his love for his country revive, and hastens from the palace of oblivious enjoyment, to relieve his suffering brethren. He now hears from all sides: “Ogier, Ogier alone can protect

us!" He draws his sword—he fights for his country, for his people—he conquers their enemies, and dies the death of a hero.

Alexander Petöfy's fate is no less poetical than his lays. His talent had just dawned over the country, and he had obtained the hand of a young person, who, by her fortune, offered him an independent livelihood, when the year 1848 broke in with its commotions.

He first took an active part in politics. When the war began he entered the army; he fought for his country, and sang its glory; but since the last unfortunate battles in Transylvania, he has disappeared; his fate is unknown.

With poetical feeling he seems to have surmised the days to come in the following lay, written in 1843.

MY DEATH.

If the Lord from heav'n His voice would utter:
"Hark, my son! I proffer now to thee—
Choose thy death, and death shall do thy bidding!"
None but this my prayer to God would be:

Autumn be it—clear and lovely autumn—
 Yellow leaf lit up by sunny ray :
 Let there sing its parting lay a robin,
 Left behind by the departed May.

When the destin'd hour arrives to Nature,
 Death on Autumn steals with noiseless pace :
 So may Death unseen, unfelt, approach me,
 Shrouded, till his breath has touch'd my face,

Like the bird then warbling on the branches,
 Let me chant a lay before I die ;
 Notes which search, and fill the heart's recesses—
 Notes which soar and strike the lofty sky.

When my parting song shall thus be ended,
 May my lips be sealed with a kiss—
 Kiss of love from thee, my lovely maiden—
 Fairest, dearest girl, my earthly bliss !

But if Pow'r above such fate refuse me,
 Let me, then, in Spring be call'd to rest ;
 Spring of mighty war, when roses blossom,
 Bloody roses, on the warrior's breast !

Then with sounds soul-stirring let the trumpet—
 Nightingale of war—be heard to sound :
 Whilst with gory roses on my bosom,
 Hero-like in death, I seek the ground !

When my weight drops swooning from the saddle,
 May my lips be sealèd by a kiss—
 Kiss from thee, O Freedom ! heav'nly maiden !
 Glorious Freedom ! thou my heavenly bliss !

YANOSH,* THE HERO.

I.

THE sun burns glowing from the top of heaven
Down on the shepherd : hot enough is he,
For in his heart too glows the fire of love.
His cattle graze upon the village common,
And on the village common whilst they graze,
He on his sheepskin † idly stretches him.
A sea of gaudy flowers unfolds around,
Yet not on these his glance is gladly bent,
But where, a stone's-throw off, a streamlet flows,
Thither his gaze is turned ; for 'mid the waves,
Restless with ripples, lo ! a maiden stands :
Golden her tresses, sunny bright her face ;
Up to her knee reaches the limpid flood,
Wherein she deftly dips her linen store.
Yon shepherd on the turf reclined at ease—
Who could it be but Yantshe Kukoricza ?
And she who washes linen is Ilush,*
The pearlshell of her sweetest Yantshe's heart.
“ Dear pearlshell of my heart, Ilushka, sweet ! ”
He said, “ thou art my only bliss on earth ! ”

* Janos, pronounce Yanosh, is John ; Jancsi, pronounce Yantshe, Johnny.

† The sheep-fur, shuba, is the inseparable garment of the shepherd, even in summer.

‡ Ilona is Ellen, diminutive Ilushka and Ilush.

Ah! of thine eyes one glance on me bestow!
 Step out to grant me but a single kiss,—
 But for a little moment come, my life,
 While on thy ruddy lips my soul I press.”
 “Thou know’st, my soul,* that I would come with joy,
 But I must hasten with my linen here;
 I must, or they will hardly deal with me.—
 I am the stepchild of my father’s wife.”
 This said Ilush, and sprightly on she washed;
 But now the shepherd rises from his sheepskin,
 Approaches her, and says, alluringly:
 “Come here, my dove—come here my turtle-dove,
 But for a moment—for a single kiss!
 And think, the bad stepmother is not here:
 Let not thy lover die with longing love.”
 Such tender words prevail’d his clasping hands
 Her neck encircle; lips to lips are pressed,
 How often none but the All-knowing knows.

II.

The hours fled quickly. As the sun sank down,
 The waves were gilded by its parting rays,
 While the stepmother fretful scolds at home.
 “Where is Ilush?—where can she be so long?
 ’Tis time I go and see what she has done.
 If she has idly dawdled,—woe to her!”
 Woe, woe to thee, Ilush! poor orphan girl!
 Behind thee, threatening, stands the furious witch:
 Her large mouth opens, wide her lungs extend,
 And quick up-wake thee from thy dream of love.
 “Thou worthless creature! dost thou thus behave?
 Thou steal’st the day! and art thou not ashamed?”

* The peasants in Hungary address one another, and also those higher in rank, with “Lelkem,” *my soul*.

Base, shameless, idle wretch! I would thou wert—”
 “Peace—hold—enough! lest silence come perforce;
 Hurt not Ilush, not with a single word:
 Forbear! or haply you shall rue my fist.”
 For the protection of his trembling dove
 Thus spoke the manly keeper of the flock;
 And, threatening with his angry glance, he said:
 “Crone! if you would not see your house in flames,
 Touch not the orphan girl; she works enough;
 Restless she ever toils, and all she gets
 Is but dry bread; and this is grudged to her.
 Now go, Ilushka, but complain to me
 If thou art wrong’d. And spare thy taunts, old hag;
 Thou too, we know, not always wast a saint.”
 His sheepskin now the shepherd lifted up,
 And went with quicken’d steps to seek his sheep.
 But thunderstruck was he, when o’er the plain
 But few he saw, still grazing here and there.

III.

Twilight came on whilst Yantshe search’d about,
 And of his flock barely the half could find.
 Is thief, is prowling wolf to blame? Alas!
 He knows not: but, whate’er the cause, they’re gone!
 Search, care, and sighs are vain. What must he do?
 Soon purpos’d, home he drove his lessen’d flock.
 “Thou shalt be scolded, Yantshe, scolded well!”
 He muttered, half aloud, and sauntered home.
 “My master uses to be cross—and now!
 But oh! may Heav’n’s decree be always done!”*
 So much, no more, thought he, and reach’d the gate!
 Where stood his master, waiting for his flock,

* Yantshe is obviously a Calvinist, like the great majority of the inhabitants of the Hungarian Plain.

To count it, as his wont was, day by day.
 "Fret not yourself to count; too many fail,
 Master, I own with grief and pain—too late!"
 So spake the shepherd; but his master keen,
 Catching the sounds, curl'd his moustachio up:
 "No trifling! jests I hate; hear, Yantshe, mind,
 Rouse not my anger—worse it were for thee!"
 But quick discerning truth in Yantshe's words,
 Madden'd with rage, he scream'd with frenzied roar;
 "A pitchfork! pitchfork! let me run him through!
 Thou thief, thou rascal, scoundrel villainous!
 Oh! may the raven peck out both thine eyes!
 Is this thy thank for all my benefits?
 Thou rope-deserving wretch, avaunt!—away!"
 This said, a pole he seiz'd, and fiercely rush'd
 To strike at Yantshe. Yantshe fled. Yet fear
 Urg'd not his flight. His sturdy twenty years
 With such might cope; but conscious guilt
 Palsied his heart; how in such cause could he
 Strike *him*, who, father-like, had brought him up?
 His panting master soon outstript, he stopped;
 He loitered,—he returned,—roamed left and right,—
 Forward and backward rushed,—he knew not whither.

IV.

When in the mirror of the rivulet
 Reflected gleam'd the rays of thousand stars,
 The shepherd found himself at Ilush's door,
 Nor knew himself how he had thither come.
 He stopt, and drawing forth his doleful shalm,
 Of all his lays he tuned the saddest song.
 The dew which fell on grass and bush, it was
 Perchance the tear the stars in pity shed.
 Ilush already slept. In summer time,
 Above the porch her resting-place was made.

Now, at the well-known sounds she woke and rose,
But Yantshe's sight did not rejoice her heart;
It frighten'd her. With trembling lips she spake:
"My soul—my Yantshe! why art thou so pale—
Like to the waning moon in autumn's night?"
"Alas, Ilush! how should I not be pale,
When for the last, perhaps, I see thy face!"
"Thy look, my soul, has frightened me enough:
Speak not, for heav'n's sake, speak not such a tale!"
"Spring of my heart! I see thee not again!
My doleful shalm tunes its last notes to thee;
I give thee my last kiss, for aye we part,
For ever thou remainest far from me!"
He told his wretched tale: she wept: he cast
His arms around her neck, but turned his face,
To hide the tears which from his eyelid stream'd.
"Now, beautiful Ilush! now, sweetest rose!
May Heav'n bless thee! of me, sometimes think.
Seest thou a thistle blown about by storm,
Remember then thy erring lover's lot."
"Now, Yantshe, mine! depart, if go thou must,
And Heaven's grace protect thy joyless path!
Seest thou a broken flower on thy way,
Remember then thy withering sweetheart's fate!"
They parted, as the leaf parts from the twig,
And both their hearts with winter frost were chill'd.
Ilushka's tears fast from her dim eyes flow'd,
And Yantshe wip'd them with his hanging sleeves.
At length he started on his aimless path:
The shepherds gaily sang, the cattle's bell
Was tinkling at his side,—he heard it not.
The village lay already far behind,
Nor saw he more the flick'ring shepherd-fires.
At last he stopt, and backwards bent his glance:
Like a dark ghost, the steeple at him star'd,—
Had any living thing beside him stood,

It might have heard a deadly-heaved sigh.
 A flock of cranes soar'd high above his head ;
 Their flight was far aloft ; they heard him not.
 He wandered in the silence of the night ;
 His weighty sheepskin rustled at his neck ;
 He thought the sheepskin pressed so heavily :
 But no ! the load that press'd him was—his heart.

v.

The sun had ris'n, and chas'd away the moon,
 Around him like an ocean spread the lea,
 And from the east afar, down to the west,
 The plain extended endless, borderless,
 There was no flower—there was no tree—no bush ;
 The dew-drops sparkled on the scanty grass,
 And new-born sunbeams brightly lighted up
 A reed-encircled pond : in purple hue,
 A long-neck'd heron stept along the edge,
 And gravely sought his food amidst the reeds ;
 While on the surface of the pond, the mews
 Flew swiftly to and fro with hasty wings.

The shepherd wander'd on with gloomy thoughts.
 The plain around was overshadowed with light.
 But in his soul a murky darkness reign'd.
 Now at the top of heav'n arriv'd the sun,
 And Yantshe of the mid-day meal, bethought him,
 For nought since yesternoon had pass'd his lips.
 His wearied limbs could hardly bear him more ;
 So down he sat, and drew his knapsack forth.
 And cut a slice of his remaining lard.
 The azure sky glanced on him from above,
 And from below the Fairy Déli Báb.*

* "Déli Báb," means the Fata Morgana. On the unbounded plains, the phenomenon of the Fata Morgana

His slender meal was sweet ; but thirsty grown,
He sought the pool, dipp'd in his bordered hat,
And quench'd his thirst. . Further he went, but soon

not seldom startles the inexperienced wanderer. It does not here, as in the East, astonish by reproducing distant towns, and beautiful scenery, but it habitually presents the aspect of the wide sea, which covers all around.

Over the great plain, from the Danube down to Transylvania, we find everywhere the remains of a wall and a canal, which, without doubt, are of Roman origin, and marked the Roman frontier, as similar walls in England and Southern Germany. The Romans, and the nations against whom the wall was erected, were forgotten long before the Hungarians took possession of the country. These, therefore, know nothing of the real origin of the wall ; no Roman tradition survived in the plains of Tisza. But the imagination of the people created a charming legend, in which this wall is connected with the Fata Morgana, so often to be met in those parts.

Csörsz, as the shepherds tell, was the gallant son of the King of the Transylvanian Alps, whose treasures of gold and salt are greater than those of all the kings and princesses in the world. Csörsz heard of the celestial beauty of Déli Báb, the daughter of the King of the Southern Sea (Adriatic), and his heart was inflamed with love for her. He therefore sent his heralds from his Alps down to the borders of the Adriatic, with loads of the most costly gifts of salt and gold, and sued for the hand of the lovely Déli Báb. But the proud king of the sea despised the kings of the earth, and said that he never would grant the daughter of the sea to the son of the Alps, until he came with a fleet down from his mountains to convey his bride by water to his palace, as her feet were too delicate to be exposed to the rough

Felt dull, and on a molehill sank to sleep.
His dreams retrac'd the scenes from whence he came ;
He saw Ilush, he held her in his arms,

stones of the earth. But the heralds, convinced of the power of their king, threw the bridal ring and the presents of gold and salt into the sea, which from this time became rich in salt, and having thus sealed the betrothing, returned to their prince. In despair about the desire of the king of the sea, and ignorant how to comply with his conditions, Csörsz called on the devil, and entreated his aid. The devil without delay put two buffaloes to his glowing plough, and in a single night dug the canal from Transylvania to the Danube, and from thence down to the sea. Csörsz speedily had a fleet constructed, and joyfully steered down to the Adriatic to take his bride. Her princely father gave up his daughter with deep regret ; however, he was bound by his word, as the new diplomacy was not yet invented, and the pledges of monarchs were still, even in those parts, considered sacred.

But the beautiful bride was sorry to leave her cool palace of crystal, her innumerable toys of shells and pearls, and even the monsters of the deep, who had served her with unbounded devotion. She promised not to forget their home, and often to visit her father and sisters in summer, when the hot sunbeams might prove too intense for her on the dry earth. Csörsz, with festive songs and merry sounds, conveyed his beloved up the canal. Déli Báb was delighted with the mountains, woods, fields, and meadows, which swiftly passed her ; she was highly amused with the objects wholly new to her sight.

But when by chance she looked backwards, she noticed with terror that behind the fleet the waters dried up in the canal, and that thus the return to her

And long'd to press on her a tender kiss,
 When a deep thunder-peal disturb'd his sleep.
 He started up, and gaz'd around the plain.
 On every side the heavy storm-cloud lour'd,
 All fiercely gathering, raging suddenly,
 Like the mishap which blasted Yantshe's fate.
 The world array'd itself in gloom of night,
 The thunder peal'p, the lightning flashed around.
 At last the windows of the clouds were op'd,
 Thick bubbles gurgl'd on the swelling pond.
 Our Yantshe downward bent his broad-rimmed hat,
 Turn'd out the leather of his dense-hair'd skin,
 And leaning on his long and sturdy staff,
 He look'd with calmness on the hurricane.
 As unexpected as the tempest came,
 So unexpected did it leave the skies,
 Borne swiftly on the wings of speedy winds.
 A brilliant rainbow glitter'd in the east.
 The shepherd shook the water from his cloak,
 Then wander'd restless on his way again.

father's realm became impossible. She never could feel at home in the gold and salt vaults of the Transylvanian mountains; the heavy masses of the Alps depressed her soul; the wintry snow chilled her thoughts; the burning beams of the summer sun melted her into tears. She never laughed, and always dreamt of her transparent abode in the sea. The love of the princely son of the Alps remained sterile; Déli Báb was childless. She melted away with longing, and was transformed into the Fata Morgana, a dreamy appearance of the sea, which vanishes away as soon as you approach, and which in Hungary yet bears the name of the fair Déli Báb. The remains of the devil's canal are still called Csörsz arka—the canal of Csörsz.—*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*, vol. ii., p. 225.

The sun had sunk, but Yantshe, wandering still,
 Travers'd a wide-spread forest, where the croak
 Of a foul raven, feasting on a deer,
 Assail'd his ears. For neither did he care,
 But on he went: the yellow moonlight shed
 Its rays to guide him through the bushy lane.

VI.

Midnight it may have been, when Yantshe saw
 A gleaming ray: a distant window shed
 That light, far in the thickets of the wood,
 On seeing it he muttered half aloud:
 "Doubtless this gleam of light comes from some inn;
 Thank Heav'n, I find a shelter for the night."
 But Yantshe erred, the house was not an inn.
 It was the den of twelve blood-thirsty rogues;
 And all of them were now assembled there.
 Night, robbers, axes, pistols, 'tis no joke;
 But ne'er had Yantshe's heart in courage failed,
 He boldly enter'd, and thus greeted them:
 "God grant a happy evening to you all!"
 Roused by the voice, the robbers seized their arms,
 And grasping Yantshe, thus the Captain spake:
 "Who art thou, wretched man, that dar'st intrude?
 Still hast thou parents? hast thou yet a wife?
 Prepare! for never shall they see thee more!"
 The heart of Yantshe did not quicker beat,
 Nor grew he paler at the robber's threats;
 But thus replied he, with undaunted soul:
 "Who has another, to endear his life,
 Is right to shun this spot, and company;
 To me my life is worthless; therefore, mark!
 Whoe'er you be, I meet you fearlessly.
 Yet, if you please, good master, spare my life,
 And rest me here this night; else work your will—

Slay me! I fight not for this wretched life."
 So answer'd he, and calmly looked around:
 The robbers wondered, and their Captain spake:
 "I say one thing, of it two may come;*"

Thou art a gallant fellow, brave and bold,
 To be a robber quite predestinate.
 Thou spurnest life, and death thou dost not fear;
 We kill thee not: I proffer thee my hand.
 To rob, to murder is for us a sport;
 The sport is richly paid by costly prey:
 These barrels here are filled with yellow gold;
 Decide, if thou'lt accept our fellowship?"

Strange were the thoughts which shot through
 Yantshe's mind,
 And feigning joy, he promptly answered: "Well,
 I am your comrade: here, accept my hand.
 This is the happiest hour of all my life."
 "It shall be happier still," pursued the Chief;
 "A merry feast shall welcome thee; our wine
 Comes from the Bishop's cellar: let it flow!"
 And flow it did, and soon o'erwhelm'd their sense.
 Yantshe alone, shunning the cup and wine,
 Though often press'd to drain it, took short draughts.
 When sleep stole over them,—which Yantshe long
 Had waited for,—while yet they senseless lay,
 "Good night!" he said; "none shall awake you
 more,
 If not the doomsday trumpet: you have here
 Of hundreds quench'd the lamp of life; and now
 I'll send you down to an Eternal night.
 Now to the treasures! All to thee, Ilush,
 I bring them. Be no more thy mother's slave.
 I marry thee, such is the will of Heav'n!"

* A Hungarian proverb, when we wish to renew a discussion on a matter already dropped.

Then in the village will we build a house,
 And there we'll live in happiness and love,
 As Eve and Adam lived in Paradise,
 Almighty God, what thoughts assail my mind!
 How should I touch the cursed gold of rogues?
 Blood perchance sticks to it: not such the wealth
 Which fosters happiness. I'll touch it not;
 My conscience ever shall remain unstained.
 Oh, sweet Ilush! bear yet thy woes, and trust
 Thine orphan life to gracious Heav'n's decree."

So musing, with a candle's flickering light,
 Forth from the room he stept, and fir'd the thatch
 At every corner: quick the whole abode
 Was turn'd to one vast flame, with hundred tongues
 Mounting to Heav'n. The azure sky grew black,
 And paler in the smoke the full moon's disc.
 When all around shone this unwonted light,
 The bat was scar'd, the owlet started up,
 The fluttering of their wide-expanded wings
 Disturb'd the noiseless leaves of slumbering trees.
 The purple dawn of the arising morn
 Shone upon smoking ruins, and the sun
 Saw through the window-holes twelve lifeless men.

VII.

O'er hill and dale our Yantshe wandered on:
 The robbers long had he forgotten, when
 Arms broadly glittering caught his eyes. Hussars
 Came on; their swords shone bright as lightning's flash;
 Their horses danced and neighed, and proudly shook
 Their dark-maned necks. When Yantshe saw the troop,
 His heart beat quick; he thought, "How gladly I
 Would join their ranks, if they accepted me!"
 The riders now came closely up; their chief
 Halloed: "Ho! countryman, take care, or sure

On thine own head thou stepp'st,* crest-fallen lad!
What is the matter? speak!" Then Yantshe said:

"I am a wretched outlaw in the world;
Accept me in your ranks, and boldly then
I face the sun!" The gallant chief replied:
"Consider well, for bloodshed, not for sport,
We now proceed: the miscreant Turk attack'd
The King of France, and to his aid we haste."

"All the more gladly would I go with you;
For I must kill, or shall be kill'd by grief.
Till now, 'tis true, I dealt but with the ass;†
But a Hungarian, born to ride the horse,
For us Hungarian folk the horse was made."

Thus Yantshe freely spoke; his radiant eye
Still more express'd the longing of his heart.
He was enroll'd, and gladly bent his eye
Upon his tassel'd jacket; prouder still
Up to his flashing sword. The fiery steed
Rear'd upright when he mounted; but with heart
Undaunted Yantshe sat—like to a rock,
Which even the mighty earthquake leaves unmoved.
His comrades all admir'd his strength and skill.
Whenever on their march their rest they took:
The maidens wept when they set off again.
But Yantshe heeded not their sighs; 'tis true
That though through many a land he pass'd, no maid
Could in his eyes compare with his Ilush.

VIII.

The troop went on, till they reach'd Tartary.
But here great danger threaten'd; all around

* A Hungarian proverb, to describe a sick-hearted fellow.

† The ass is the inseparable companion of the shepherd:
it leads the flock.

Dog-headed Tartars thronged. Their king thus yell'd.
 "How dare you come to us? Know, then, we are
 Men-eaters, ready to devour you all."
 Though gallant was our folk, they shudder'd, all
 Surrounded, as they were, by countless hosts.
 But as good fortune willed it, at this time
 A negro-king was travelling in that land.
 He warmly lauded the hussars; for he,
 In former days, had travers'd Hungary—
 Had there been cheer'd, treated with fine Tokay,
 Which well his memory kept. He now address'd
 His old ally, the Tartar-king: "My friend,
 Be lenient to the troop; they harm thee not.
 I know the Magyars well; good folk are they—
 A race of gentry born; grant them, for me,
 Peace and free passage." "Well, for thee (replied
 The dog-head king, appeased), I grant their life."
 He sign'd and seal'd a passport; through his realm,
 The bold hussars then safely galloped off.
 But glad were they to get away: why not?
 The land is poor, no food but figs and bears!

IX.

That Tartarland, with all its hills and vales,
 They soon forgot in Italy, amidst
 The fragrant woods of rosemary; but much
 They suffer'd here from cold. Eternal frost
 Reigns in this land: on snow they marched. Yet e'en
 This hardship, though severe, their strength endured.
 But when it grew too cold, hoisting their steeds
 Upon their backs, they carried them along.

X.

They soon reach'd India on their march. To France
 They thus approach'd; but tedious was the way.

The hills rose always higher, till at last
 Close to the country's edge they touch'd the sky:
 Hence glowing heat oppress'd the poor hussars,
 And stript them quick of collars and of furs.
 Why not? for near them, scarce a mile above,
 The sun moved smoothly on his morning walk.
 For food they tasted nothing but the air,
 Which here for thickness can be champ'd; for thirst,
 They had to squeeze the water from the clouds.
 At last they reach'd the mountain's top;—and there,
 Such was the heat, they march'd but during night.
 Their pace was slow, for hindrance great they found,
 Their horses ever stumbling o'er the stars.
 And when they wander'd on the Milky Way
 Our Yantshe thought: "I've always heard it said,
 As often as a star falls down from heav'n,
 A human life is closed upon the earth.
 How fortunate for thee, O heartless witch,
 That 'tis unknown to me which star is thine!
 No longer shouldst thou vex my sweetest dove,
 For down to earth now would I hurl thy star."

XI.

France is a glorious land; as Canaan was
 A Paradise on earth! it's beauty rous'd
 The greedy Turks to envy, who had now
 With steed and sword attack'd and ravag'd it.
 They fore'd the churches, robb'd the sacred cups,
 And emptied all the cellars of the priests;
 Kindled the blaze of cities, spar'd no life.
 They from his palace drove the helpless King
 And carried off by force his only child.
 Such was the state of France, when the hussars
 At last arriving found its humbled lord,
 And piteously bewail'd his cruel fate,

When thus he spake : " Heroes, is it not hard
 That I, the King of France, whose riches vied
 With those of great Darius, am reduced
 To strive with need ?" The chief of the hussars
 Replied : " Calm, Majesty, thy cares ; our arms
 Shall chastise all who dar'd maltreat a King.
 This night we rest, for we are tir'd ; the way
 Was long and trying ; but to-morrow soon
 We shall re-occupy thy empire lost."
 " But my poor daughter, O my dearest child !"
 Exclaimed the King. " Shall I not see her more ?
 The Turkish Pasha tore her from my side :
 Whoever brings her back may claim her hand."
 The heroes at these words exalted felt,
 Hope filled their hearts ; they one and all resolv'd
 To win her, or to die. Our Yantshe was
 Perhaps the only one who listen'd not ;
 His thoughts were elsewhere, they recall'd Ilush.

XII

The morning came, the sun, as daily, rose ;
 But what he saw and heard when out he peep'd,
 Such things he never saw nor heard before.
 When the clear trumpet call'd the men to arms,
 Its summons found the soldiers at their post.
 Sharp had they ground the edges of their swords.
 The steeds were saddled, and the King appear'd
 To head the gallant crew : then thoughtful spake
 The chief of the hussars : " Nay, gallant King,
 Thy life is precious, and to wield the sword
 Weak is thy arm ; thy years have not impair'd
 Thy courage, yet have robb'd thee of thy strength."
 They gallop'd off to seek the Turks, and sent
 A herald duly to announce the war.
 The herald goes—returns ; the trumpet sounds :

Then clashing swords and warriors' shouts announce
The coming storm of battle: see! the hussars
Press forward on their steeds, with thund'ring cheers.
Shaken by iron hoofs, or struck with awe
At sounds ill-boding, quakes the heart of earth.
The seven-horse-tail'd leader of the foe,*
Red-nosed—a barrel riding on the steed—
Arrayed his ranks, and hero-like withstood,
Sharp though it was, the first hussar attack.
They bore no second; broken were their ranks,
And drown'd in Turkish blood the field turn'd red.
The stout Pasha as yet remain'd unhit;
But Yantshe kept on him a watchful eye:
"Brother," he hallooed, when he reach'd him, "hark!
Thou art too stout to be one single man:
Stand still, that two I may cut out of thee."
He kept his promise; with a mighty stroke
He cut in two the seven-horse-tail'd Turk
Who fell on both sides from his frighten'd horse.
Of the ill-fated chief such was the death!
The Turkish army saw its leader dead,
And took to flight, and still perhaps would flee
Had the hussars not headlong followed them,
And put them on the edges of their swords.
The Turks fell like the poppy on the fields,
But one of them escaped, and had been safe
If Yantshe had not hastened after him.
It was the Pasha's son; a female shape
Lay in his arms, the daughter of the King.
Our Yantshe galloped till he reached the Turk,
And cried: "Stop, coward! or thy wicked soul
I'll send to hell!" The Pasha's son fled on,
Until his steed fell down and breathed its last,

* The Vizir's rank is marked by seven horse-tails in the East.

“Pardon, kind knight !” he cried ; “ behold my youth,
And pity me ! my soft heart clings to life.
Spare but my life, and take my treasures all.”

“Keep all thy treasures, coward—keep them all !
Thou art too vile to perish by my hand.
Fly to thy country, and make it known to all
How the Hungarians ever treat their foes.”

Thus Yantshe spake, sprang from his horse, and
glanced

Upon the Princess. She unclosed her eyes,
And said, with languid accents : “ Valiant knight,—
Deliverer mine, I ask not who thou art,
Thine is my gratitude : say, how can I
Make good my words ? My hand itself is thine,
If thou desir’st this prize.” In Yantshe’s veins
Was blood, not milk ; but, thinking of Ilush,
He quenched the struggle rising in his breast,
And gently thus addressed the Princess fair :

“Let us, my rose, return first to thy sire,
To speak about it there.” He took the reins,
And led along the steed which bore the dame.

XIII.

They reach’d the battle-field ; the sinking sun
Beheld with reddened eyes a doleful sight,
The traces of grim death ; and o’er the slain
The ravens hovering. Such distressing view
Filled him with grief ; he hastened to the sea.
A hundred paces thence there was a pond,
Once pure, now red with Turkish blood. The host
Had rested here before they, with the King,
Went to the palace, standing near the field.
The army scarce had reached the castle-gate
When came the Princess, Yantshe at her side,—
A sparkling rainbow with a gloomy cloud.

“My joy is now complete!” exclaimed the King:
 “Call up the Cook! let him prepare the best
 He ever served for my victorious guests!”

“Your Majesty needs not call the cook,”
 A weak voice cried, “for here behold I am!
 The feast in greatest speed I have serv’d up
 It is quite ready in the banquet hall.”

Melodious seemed these words to the hussars,
 Who soon around the table were encamped,
 And, sharply as they attacked the Turks,
 They now attacked the turkeys and the beef.
 The tumblers, too, were quickly pass’d around.
 The King arose, and spake with lifted cup:

“Great tidings I announce to you, my sons!”
 The brave hussars attended with both ears,
 That of the royal words they might lose none.
 The king now emptied first the cup, then coughed,
 Then broke the silence with most solemn tone.

“Victorious hero! let me hear thy name,
 Who hast restored thy happiness, my child!”
 “My honest name is Yantshe Kukuricza,
 Though peasant-like it sounds, it brings no shame.”
 The King continued: “Thee I rebaptize;
 Thy name henceforth shall be—The Hero John!
 Now listen, John the Hero, to my words:
 As thou hast brought my daughter back to me,
 Take her to wife—she gladly will be thine—
 And occupy with her my glorious throne.
 I long have worn the crown: I have grown old
 With it, in years and mind: it presses now
 Too heavy on my head. I abdicate,
 And place the crown on thy victorious brow.
 For me, I in the palace claim one room,
 To live in careless peace my numbered days.”

The soldiers wondered greatly at these words,
 But Hero John replied, with humble mien:

“I thank thee, gracious King, for thy good-will:
Such royal bounty hardly I deserve.
And I, too, must confess I can't accept
This kingly favour; *why* is long to tell,
My story might be trying to thy patience.”

“Speak, dearest son, we gladly grant our ear,
Replied the King; and John the Hero spake:

XIV.

“Where shall I now begin? First I must tell
The name of Kukuricza how I got.
They found me on the fields, amongst the maize,
And therefore used to call me Kukuricza.*
A peasant wife, the best and kindest soul
(The tale to me she has related oft),
Went to her field to see her growing maize,
And found me lying there, a helpless babe.
I screamed with all my lungs, she pitied me,
And took me up, and nurs'd me in her arms,
And walking home, she thought: ‘I have no child,
I will rear up this little homeless wretch.’
Her husband was of cross and angry mood,
He never liked my looks, but constantly
Rebuk'd me; and when first she brought me home
His voice stream'd forth in accents of reproach.
Entreatingly she spoke to him these words:
“‘Appease, O father,† your displeasure: say,
How could I leave the baby in the field?
And have it starved, would Heav'n not punish us?
And then, he will prove useful in the house.

* Kukuricza, means in Hungarian, maize.

† The Hungarian peasant-wife calls her husband *Após*, father; *Uram*, my master; and *Kent*, you; while he calls her *Anyós*, mother; and *Te*, thou.

You have to keep your fields, your cattle, sheep.
When once the baby grows to be a man,
You need no servant.' He at last gave way.
But always scolded me; and if my work
Chanc'd not to please the man, he thrash'd me well.
Thus I grew up: my lot was toil, and blows,
And scanty joy; my whole delight a girl,
Who in the village lived, next door to us.
Her mother died; her father thought it best
To wed another wife; he also died.
The child remain'd now with her father's wife.
This little maiden was my only joy,
The only rose along my thorny path,—
And how I did admire and love the girl!
They call'd us the two orphans of the village.
When yet a little boy, not for sweet cakes
Would I her sight have lost; then, how I clapp'd
My hands when Sunday came, and I could play
With her among the children on the green!
And when I grew a lad, and when my heart
Began to pulse and stir, when on her lips
I press'd a burning kiss, I had not car'd
If heaven itself had fallen to bury us!
Her wicked mother often us'd her ill,
And would have treated her still worse, had not
My threats restrain'd her malice and her wrath.
But soon my fate grew darker, more and more:
We buried the good woman in the earth
Who found and rear'd me, and who ever had
Mother-like treated me, the orphan child.
My heart is hard: I seldom used to weep,
But on my foster-mother's grave my tears
Flowed like a stream. Ilushka wept with me.
How should she not? My foster-mother, too,
Had ever soothed the helpless orphan girl.
She often said to us: 'Wait but awhile,

And then in marriage I unite you soon ;
 And what a pair, my darlings, will you be !
 I will unite you sure—wait but awhile.’
 We waited on with sorrow, and she would—
 I trust—have kept her promise, had she not
 Descended early to her silent grave.
 She died ; our cherish’d hopes declin’d, we lov’d
 Each other as before, but hopelessly.
 Yet even this tearful bliss was not to last.
 It happen’d that I lost half of my flock,
 On which my master drove me from his house.
 I said farewell to my belov’d Ilush,
 And wander’d through the world, with bitter pangs,
 Till I became a soldier. When I parted,
 I did not say to my beloved maid
 She should not give to another man her heart,
 Nor did she claim of me eternal love ;
 Yet (well we know) we both hold fast our faith.

“ Therefore, sweet Princess, think no more of me :
 For if the dear Ilush cannot be mine,
 I will possess no other in the world,
 Should death himself forget me here below.”

xv.

The hero Yanosh left no heart unmoved,
 The Princess wept with pity and with grief,
 The King thus spake : “ My son, thy choice is free,
 But what I offer now in gratitude,
 Accept it for my sake.” He then unlock’d
 The treasury, bade a bag be fill’d with gold—
 Yanosh had never before beheld such wealth.

“ Now, Hero John, deliverer of my child,”
 Thus said his Majesty, “ All this is thine.
 Take home the gold, enjoy it with Ilush
 I fain would say, remain a time with us,

But well I know thou long'st to see thy dove ;
 Go, then ! thy comrades will remain, and spend
 At court a pleasant life." As said, 'twas done :
 Our faithful hero long'd for his Ilush.
 He bowed, said to the Princess : " Fare thee well !"
 And to the port he went, where lay a ship.
 His Majesty accompanied him there.
 The soldiers follow'd with loud cheers, and look'd
 Long after him, until the distance threw
 A veil of mist around the sailing ship.

XVI.

The vessel sail'd with favourable wind,
 Still quicker flew the thoughts of John : free space
 They had, and sweet Ilush they thus address'd :
 " Know'st thou that thy belov'd steers homeward
 now,
 Laden with gold ?—that after many toils
 United we may live a happy pair,
 Within our own precinct, with means our own ?
 My master used me ill, but sure his wrongs
 I gladly pardon, as in truth, he caus'd
 My luck." Thus reason'd in his heart our John,
 Whilst on the vessel steer'd, with swelling sails.
 Still she was distant yet from Hungary,
 When Hero John one eve stood on the deck,
 And loud the mate remark'd : " Red is the sky ;
 A heavy tempest threatens us." But John
 Attended not these words ; he saw a host
 Of red-legg'd storks above him in the clouds ;
 The autumn was at hand. Perhaps those birds
 Came from his home. His glance pursued their flight
 With tender lodging : from afar, perhaps,
 They brought some gentle message from Ilush,
 And from the home he had not seen so long.

XVII.

Next day the storm arose, and fiercely blew,
 And roaring roll'd the agitated sea,
 Flogg'd wildly by the howling hurricane.
 The crew were terrified, for now there seem'd
 No hope of rescue: all their struggles fail'd.
 The clouds grew dark—the sun had disappear'd—
 A violent tempest raged—the thunder roll'd—
 The lightning struck the ship, and shatter'd her—
 Next instant nought but planks swam all about,
 And swelling billows wash'd away the crew.

But what became now of the Hero John?
 Did heartless billows bear him, too, away?
 Doubtless next door to death they carried him,
 But he was safe. The waters toss'd him up
 With such tremendous force, that of a cloud
 He caught the fringe, and grasp'd it with his hands,
 And clung to it: thus he was dragg'd along.
 Until the cloud attain'd a cliff, where John
 Sank down upon his knees in grateful prayer.
 He look'd around the rock, but only saw
 A griffin's nest. The bird just then her young
 Was feeding here, when, creeping to the nest,
 The Hero John with one leap vaulted on
 The griffin's back, and boldly spurred her flanks.
 She, frighten'd, flew away o'er hill and dale,
 Down had she thrown him, but he sat too firm.
 On—on she flew, until the morning's rays
 Shone downright on a village-steeple's top.
 It was well known to John: he greets his home:
 Warm tears of joy are sparkling in his eyes.
 The bird, all breathless, perches on a hill,
 And John springs down, and hastens on, and thinks:
 "I bring no gold, I bring no riches back,
 But I return unchang'd in heart and mind—

Thou claim'st not more. I know, my sweet Ilush,
 Thou long enough hast yearn'd for my return."
 Whilst thus he thought, he reach'd the village end,
 And met some rattling carts, with empty casks,
 As to the village home the peasants went.
 They little heeded him; they knew him not
 Who to the village bent his steps. He sought
 The humble house where liv'd his fair Ilush.
 His hand lay trembling on the latch—his breath
 Was almost stopt—he gently op'd the door.
 But not Ilush—no, strangers met his eye!

"Perhaps," he thought, "I may have miss'd my
 way,"

And touch'd the latch again. "Whom do you want?"
 A pretty woman ask'd. John said: "Ilush."
 "'Tis Yantshe! Goodness me! I eat your heart!*"
 How sunburnt! Sure I recognis'd you not!"
 The pretty woman said, with great surprise.
 "Come in, and may Heav'n bless you thousand-fold!
 In-doors let us talk more of by-gone times,
 And on she led him to the room, and placed
 Him in the arm-chair, saying: Look at me,
 Do you remember me? you know me not?
 The little girl, who from the neighbour-house
 So often used to come to your Ilush.

"But tell me quick, where is my dearest maid?"
 Yantshe inquired. The woman's eyes were dimm'd,
 "Where is Ilushka? where?" she said, and wept;
 "Poor Yantshe, yes, Ilush lies in the earth."
 Had not the arm-chair then supported John
 Down had he sunk; he knew not what to do,
 He grasp'd his breast, as if to tear from it
 The pungent grief; he sat there dumb and cold

* "I eat your heart," is a Hungarian expression of kindness with the peasants.

Awhile ; then as if waking up from sleep
 He said : " Speak truth—she married—did she not ?
 Far better married than beneath the earth !
 Let me but see her once, then sweet to me
 Shall prove this sadden'd joy." The woman's face
 Show'd visibly to John, she spoke the truth.

XVIII.

Upon the table's edge poor John had sunk ;
 His tears began to flow ; his accents fail'd
 With grief, in broken voice he feebly said,
 Why have I not been slain then by the Turks ?
 Or why not perish'd in the raving storm ?
 Why was I born ? why must I live ? such grief
 To be my lot—such dreadful day to see !"
 But grief at last grew tir'd to torture him ;
 It was as if worn out, and fell to sleep.

" How died my love ?" he asked. The woman said :
 " Poor creature ! Many were her pains, but most
 Her mother's treatment broke the darling's strength.
 The witch is punished, and she begs her bread.
 Dear girl ! She always spoke of you, poor friend !
 With her last breath she pray'd : ' May Heav'n bless thee,
 My Yantshe ! Thine I am beyond the grave ;
 Thine in the better world, if yet thou wilt.'
 And then she died : she rests not far from hence.
 The villagers accompanied her bier,
 And all shed tears who bore her to the grave."

The good young woman led the hero there
 At his request, and left him to himself.
 He sank exhausted down upon the grave.
 His hapless thoughts recall'd the good old time,
 When in full health her face and heart yet glowed !
 And now, they both lay cold within the grave.
 The radiant sun went down : pale rose the moon ;

Its rays shone mournful through the autumn mist.
 John stagger'd from the grave of his belov'd,
 But soon return'd anew ; a little bush
 Of roses grew upon the tomb ; he pluck'd
 One bud, and thought : " Her dust has given thee birth,
 Poor rosy bud ; thou shalt remain with me.
 I'll wander to the limits of the world,
 Till welcome death arrive to close my life."

XIX.

Yantshe had two companions on his way :
 One was the grief that gnawed his heart ; his sword
 The other, rusting yet from Turkish blood.
 On pathless ways he stray'd : the moon had chang'd,
 And disappear'd, and often chang'd again :
 The earth adorn'd itself with flow'rs of spring,
 When John address'd the grief that press'd his heart :
 " Insatiable grief ! when wilt thou be
 Weary of torturing this hopeless heart ?
 Canst thou not kill me ? Get thee hence—begone,
 And seek another lurking-place. I see
 Thou bring'st not death to me ; in other parts
 I see it now. Adversity, to you
 I turn, perchance you grant me welcome death."

Thus thought our John, and drove away the grief,
 That to his heart but seldom now return'd,
 And fled again,—the heart was tightly closed,—
 And grief left but a tear on Yantshe's eye.

Weeks, months had pass'd, the tear had also dried ;
 John carried on his wearied, wandering life,
 And reach'd a wood, where, deep immers'd in mud,
 Up to the axletree, he found a cart.
 The carter whipp'd his horse, but all in vain.
 " Good morning, friend," said John. " A pretty morn,
 Indeed," the carter grumbled. " Why so cross ?"

Our John pursued. "Why! see the swampy road
 Glues 'to the earth my cart, and stops the horse."
 "I will assist thee, friend; but let me know
 Whither leads yonder path?" And to the right
 He pointed, where a road led through the woods.
 "Beware that path! Who ventures there meets death;
 The giant's realm extends around, beware!"
 John took the pole, and strongly seiz'd the cart,
 And drew it from the mud; and ere the man
 Could tell his thanks, the hero disappear'd.
 He hasten'd to the woods, and soon a stream
 He found—the border of the Giant-land.
 The keeper of the giants stood on watch.

"Is it a man who yonder creeps?" he said.
 "I'll crush him like a worm;" but Hero John
 Unsheath'd his sword, and struck the giant's foot,
 Who stumbling fell across the stream, and forna'd
 With his enormous frame a lofty bridge.
 Before he could rise up again, our John
 Across him ran, and cut his head right off.
 And thus he did arrive in Giant-land;
 But here, what greeted him? mishap or luck?
 You soon will learn, if you attend my words!

XX.

The hero stopp'd, and glanced astonish'd round:
 The trees were high, in vain he sought their tops;
 The leaves were huge enough to be abodes.
 Upon a branch a magpie sat; it seemed
 A wide-expanded cloud; proceeding fast
 John reach'd a castle dark and high. It was
 The palace of the King, with gates so large,
 So large—so large—I cannot say how large:
 The giants surely build no mean abode.
 John enter'd boldly, reach'd the hall, and found

The King at dinner with his fifty sons,
 They relish'd rocks, the meal seem'd strange to John,
 When, grinning, said the King: "Come, feast with us,
 If not, we swallow thee," and with these words,
 He handed down a rock, the Princes all
 Roar'd loud with laughter. Hero John took up
 The rock, and flung it at the royal head,
 And crush'd the giant's brow, exclaiming loud:
 "Digest thyself the meal thou send'st to me."

The King fell dead; the eldest Prince afraid,
 Addressed the hero: "Spare, O Lord! our lives;
 We humbly, as thy vassals, bow to thee."
 "Be thou our King," exclaimed the giants all.
 And John replied: "I listen to your prayers,
 But here with you I cannot rest: a King
 Must in my stead rule over the Giant-land.
 Be it whom you elect, I only claim
 That, when I summon, you appear." The Prince
 Drew forth a whistle, saying: "Gracious Lord,
 Take this, and when thou call'st, thy vassals come."
 John took the gift, and proud of his success,
 He walk'd away amidst a thousand cheers.

XXI.

I cannot say, how long he wander'd on,
 But sure it is, that, as he went along,
 It always darker grew, so dark at last,
 That all was plung'd in darkness. "Night has come,
 Or blinded is mine eye," he thought; but no,
 It was not night; no blindness dimmed his eye;
 It was the land of darkness where he was.
 No sun shone here—no star; he groping sought
 His path, and heard a fluttering o'er his head—
 The witches flying through the air on brooms—
 They flew to reach a spacious cavern, where

They every night all met in parliament.
John's eye was caught by shining rays ; he now
Peep'd through the chinks, from whence shone forth the
light,
And saw below a kettle's flaming fire,
And witches sitting all around, who brew'd
An opiate for the people ; at this sight
He grop'd to find his whistle, but his hand
Felt on the wall the broom-sticks of the hags.
He seiz'd and hid them quick, then drew his whistle,
And sounded it—the giants came—John bade
Them slay the hags ; the witches terrified
Left their debate, and-leaped about to find
Their wonted steeds, in vain. No chance was left,
No flight could save them from the giants' grasp.
And when a witch was killed, it grew less dark,
Till by degrees the sky clear'd up, and light
Began to spread o'er all the smiling land.
But still it was not sunny yet ; one witch
Remain'd conceal'd behind a tree, but she
Was there too seen ; one giant caught her tight.
"Step-mother of Ilush !" John cried, "worse hag!
My hand shall punish thee ! Stop, giant—stop.
I must myself revenge my dove !" The witch
Began to flee ; the giant caught her soon,
And flung her through the air. They found her dead
In Yantshe's native village on the turf,
And no one mourned the wicked woman's fate.
John burnt the broom-sticks all—in brilliant light
Shone now the land of darkness. Graciously
He then dismiss'd the giants ; off they march'd
All to the left, the hero to the right.

XXII.

John wander'd on and on ; his heart was heal'd,
 And when he look'd upon the rose, it was
 Not woe he felt ; with pensive joy his eye
 Repos'd upon the bud, which once he pluck'd
 On his belov'd Ilushka's lonely grave.

The sun had sunk ; the rosy twilight too
 Had wan'd : when silver rays the moonlight shed,
 The hero wander'd yet until the moon
 Sank too, and darkness came. He stopt at last,
 And on a hillock leant his weary head.
 He fell asleep, and knew not that he lay
 Upon a churchyard, where the ancient tombs
 Were long decayed. And when the chilly hour
 Of midnight came, all tomb-hills burst, and ghosts
 Arose in snowy garments, and began
 To sing and dance upon the trembling soil.
 But Hero John awoke not from his dreams ;
 He heard no dance, no tunes ; the ghosts around
 Approach'd, and grasp'd his arm, to tear him up.
 When loud the cock began to crow, the ghost
 Vanish'd like shadow ; John awoke ; his limbs
 Were touch'd by chilly frost ; a piercing wind
 Blew o'er the dale, and Hero John went on.

XXIII.

He reach'd a mountain's top, when all around
 The twilight cast its glance. The morning star
 Sank down, its parting rays waned soon away,
 Fast as a sigh. When rose the radiant sun,
 He smiling look'd upon the endless sea,
 The even waves that seem'd to lie asleep
 In open space immeasurably spread.
 The surface was a mirror, scarcely broke
 By splashing fishes here and there, and when

The rays fell on their scales, they glistened bright
As shining diamonds. On the shore there stood,
A fisher's hut; the fisherman was old;
His beard flow'd to his knees; he spread his net
When John approach'd and ask'd; "Old brother, wilt
Thou kindly carry me across the sea?
I readily would offer thee the fare,
But have no coin; serve me for nought; I'll pay
Thee with my warmest thanks." "If coin thou hadst,"
Replied, with smiling mien, the fisherman,
"To me 'twere useless. See; the ocean's depth
Supplies my scanty wants day after day.
But say, why seek'st thou here a passage? know
The endless ocean spreads its waves around,
No boat, no ship can carry thee across."
"The *endless ocean!*" cried our John surprised;
"I traverse it where'er it leads." He drew
His whistle—sounded it—a giant came.
"Canst carry me across this sea?" "Why not?
Sit on my back, and tightly catch my hair."
They went; the giant paced with hurried steps,
Each step seven miles, but on they walked for weeks
Ere in the distant mist they saw a land.
"Is this the shore?" exclaim'd the Hero John.
"'Tis but an isle," the giant quick replied.
"The Fairy-land, the end of the wide world.
Beyond this isle the ocean disappears
In spaceless void." "Then take me quickly hence,
My faithful bondsman, for the Fairy-land
Behold I must." "King, I obey, but know
Thy life is threatened there. Rapacious beasts
Keep all the gates." "Care not for these, but take
Me to the isle; whether I enter there
Or die, is my concern alone." On went
The giant, left the hero safe on shore,
Whilst he himself retraced his speedy steps.

XXIV.

The entrance of the fairy isle was kept
 By three black bears; with murderous claws they met
 The Hero Yantshe, but on his attack,
 They fell by his victorious hand. "To-day
 My task is done," the hero gladly thought,
 And stretch'd him at full length close to the gate;
 And on the following day he sought and found
 The second entrance; there three lions stood.
 Then a stout fight began, but John subdued
 The lions, too. He proudly onwards bent
 His steps, and at the inmost gate he saw
 A dreadful dragon coil'd into a skain;
 The monster rose, and op'd its giant-jaws.
 The hero saw his arm could not avail,
 And therefore leaping in the dragon's mouth
 Sought quick its heart, and pierc'd it through and
 through.
 Out of the serpent's gulfy throat his path
 Then cut he with his sword, and thus by feats
 Unequall'd came into the Fairy-land.

XXV.

No winter reigns within the Fairy-land;
 Eternal May spreads here its dewy rays.
 No sunrise glows, no sunset brightly flames,
 But rosy morning twilight ever shines;
 And fairy maids, and fairy boys, live here
 In everlasting joy; no death they know;
 They need no food, no drink, the kiss of love
 Life, strength, and glee to them imparts. No grief
 Comes near these shores, but joy sometimes bedews
 The fairies' eyes with tears, and when they fall
 Down to the earth, men call them diamonds.

Often in childish sport the fairy maids
Draw through the earth some of their golden hairs ;
This is the ore, coveted here below ;
And with the eye-beams of the fairy maids
The fairy children play, and rainbows wave
To ornament the lofty dome of heaven.
White lilies are the fairies' beds ; on these
They rest from joyful glee, and slumbering smile
Lull'd by the evening breath to sweet repose.
But in their dreams they see a world so bright
That e'en the fairy isle is but its shade.
When here below the first fond kiss of love
The lover presses on his maiden's lips,
This blessed world's delight thrills through his heart.

XXVI.

When John beheld the Fairy-land, his sight
Was dazzled by the rosy hue around.
Scarce did he lift his eyes ; the fairies shunn'd
Not his approach, but kindly greeted him,
And led him farther on ; and when he saw
The isle, he seem'd awaking from a dream.
Despair now seized upon his heart ; he thought
Of his Ilush. " Here, in the realm of love,
Here I am doomed to wander on, alone !
Where'er I glance, delight surrounds my view,
Delight lies everywhere, save in this heart."
He sought the lake, that shone amidst the land ;
He took the bud pluck'd on Ilushka's tomb
And spake : " Mine only wealth, who ow'st thy birth
To sacred dust, go hence, I follow thee !"
He threw the rose into the lake ; the flower
But touch'd the silver waves, when it became
Ilush. Bewildered John now flings himself
Into the lake, and lifts from it his bride.

Here were the waves of life, which wake anew
Whate'er they touch. When they bedew'd the rose,
Sprung from the maiden's dust, she lived again.
Great wonders I can tell, but not the joy
The hero felt, when he embraced his bride
How beautiful she was! his fair Ilush!
The fairy maids admired her all, and soon
Elected her their Queen, the fairy boys
Proclaim'd the hero King; and in this isle,
With his Ilush, up to this day, John lives
The happy ruler of the Fairy-land.

THE HUNGARIAN OUTLAWS.

THE robber is a personage who appears in almost every Hungarian tale, and in every diary of the tourists who have wandered over the extensive plain of the Theiss; not that they have met the robber, but they certainly have heard of him. The innkeeper has always a story of highwaymen in readiness, to frighten the stranger who arrives towards evening, in order to retain him over night.

The Hungarian robber is, however, decidedly different from the Italian banditti, from the "Klepht" in the Turko-Greek mountains, or from the Spanish "contrabandista." The Hungarian robbers are in general inoffensive.

Its rays shone mournful through the autumn mist.
 John stagger'd from the grave of his belov'd,
 But soon return'd anew ; a little bush
 Of roses grew upon the tomb ; he pluck'd
 One bud, and thought : " Her dust has given thee birth,
 Poor rosy bud ; thou shalt remain with me.
 I'll wander to the limits of the world,
 Till welcome death arrive to close my life."

XIX.

Yantshe had two companions on his way :
 One was the grief that gnawed his heart ; his sword
 The other, rusting yet from Turkish blood.
 On pathless ways he stray'd : the moon had chang'd,
 And disappear'd, and often chang'd again :
 The earth adorn'd itself with flow'rs of spring,
 When John address'd the grief that press'd his heart :
 " Insatiable grief ! when wilt thou be
 Weary of torturing this hopeless heart ?
 Canst thou not kill me ? Get thee hence—begone,
 And seek another lurking-place. I see
 Thou bring'st not death to me ; in other parts
 I see it now. Adversity, to you
 I turn, perchance you grant me welcome death."

Thus thought our John, and drove away the grief,
 That to his heart but seldom now return'd,
 And fled again,—the heart was tightly closed,—
 And grief left but a tear on Yantshe's eye.

Weeks, months had pass'd, the tear had also dried ;
 John carried on his wearied, wandering life,
 And reach'd a wood, where, deep immers'd in mud,
 Up to the axletree, he found a cart.
 The carter whipp'd his horse, but all in vain.
 " Good morning, friend," said John. " A pretty morn,
 Indeed," the carter grumbled. " Why so cross ?"

Our John pursued. "Why! see the swampy road
 Glues to the earth my cart, and stops the horse."
 "I will assist thee, friend; but let me know
 Whither leads yonder path?" And to the right
 He pointed, where a road led through the woods.
 "Beware that path! Who ventures there meets death;
 The giant's realm extends around, beware!"
 John took the pole, and strongly seiz'd the cart,
 And drew it from the mud; and ere the man
 Could tell his thanks, the hero disappear'd.
 He hasten'd to the woods, and soon a stream
 He found—the border of the Giant-land.
 The keeper of the giants stood on watch.
 "Is it a man who yonder creeps?" he said.
 "I'll crush him like a worm;" but Hero John
 Unsheath'd his sword, and struck the giant's foot,
 Who stumbling fell across the stream, and form'd
 With his enormous frame a lofty bridge.
 Before he could rise up again, our John
 Across him ran, and cut his head right off.
 And thus he did arrive in Giant-land;
 But here, what greeted him? mishap or luck?
 You soon will learn, if you attend my words!

XX.

The hero stopp'd, and glanced astonish'd round:
 The trees were high, in vain he sought their tops;
 The leaves were huge enough to be abodes.
 Upon a branch a magpie sat; it seem'd
 A wide-expanded cloud; proceeding fast
 John reach'd a castle dark and high. It was
 The palace of the King, with gates so large,
 So large—so large—I cannot say how large:
 The giants surely build no mean abode.
 John enter'd boldly, reach'd the hall, and found

With the swarthy Slovaks of the South (the northern ones and a great part of the Croats are fair), who call themselves Serbs, robbery and murder are by no means rare. The Wallack is still more treacherous and cunning; assassination and violent revenge similar to the Corsican Vendetta, are usual with him.

The Jew seldom steals, but often cheats and harbours the thieves and their stolen goods, which he can do the more easily, as he is very commonly an innkeeper and publican, or wanders as pedlar over the country, and thus has the best opportunities of selling the stolen wares. Yet the most subtle of all thieves is the gipsy. His nimble limbs facilitate his getting by stealth into the houses; he moreover has not distinctly received the European notions of property; he is a practical communist; his principle has been for centuries—"La propriété c'est le vol."

The Hungarian occupies in criminal statistics the place between the fair and the brown Slovak. His most common crimes are horse and cattle stealing, manslaughter at a fray in the tavern, and arson; burglary, highway-robbery and murder are exceptional cases with him.

With respect to arson the Hungarian law is most severe; this crime is punished with death. In ancient times it was even allowed to throw an incendiary—surprised in the deed—into the fire, and in the present day even a threat of arson is punished with heavy imprisonment.

The horse and cattle stealing is a propensity connected with the ancient nomadic life of the nation. A handsome horse or a stately bull on the great plain often so powerfully tempts the Hungarian peasant, that he can hardly resist the desire to possess it.

About twenty years ago, Mr. Borbély, a wealthy man, was noted in the country for his eccentricities. He was fond of meddling in the county elections, and once rode from the county of Szabolos, with two hundred peasant nobles, to an election in the county of Beregh, where his companions had the right of suffrage. Arrived at the frontiers of the county, on the borders of the Tisza, he stopped and said:

“ My noble brethren!* We are proceeding

* The peasant nobles (freeholders) are always addressed by the higher classes of society, with the words “ Noble Brethren.”

to a constitutional solemnity in Beregh; we are to exercise there the greatest privilege of nobility, the right to elect a representative for the Diet, and we must be mindful to behave in a manner becoming our station. We shall see there many horses, many oxen—handsome oxen. Let, therefore, every one of us well consult his conscience, and closely examine whether he is able to resist temptation: it is yet time. Whosoever does not feel himself strong enough to subdue every inclination to weakness, may step forth and return. We stand now on the boundary, but as soon as we have crossed the Tisza we are in the neighbour-county; and it would be a cruel shame if fewer of us were to return than have set out, and if several of our number should remain behind in the county-house, not up stairs in the great county-hall as guests, but below in the gaol, shut up as thieves. Consider, noble brethren, and decide.”

It was a picturesque sight. Borbély in red attire, cut in the peasants' fashion, with the drawn sword in his hand, rode on a roan horse; a white feather flowed on his broadly rimmed black felt hat. Around him were assembled

two hundred peasants of Szabolos, all adorned with similar white feathers, their party sign ; and in their rear halted forty cars, from which they had descended to approach their leader and listen to his discourse. When he had ended, they thunderingly cheered him ; but two of them left the ranks, and declared they doubted whether they could resist temptation, and therefore preferred to return. Borbély loudly praised their conscientiousness, gave each of them ten shillings for his journey back, and led his other virtuous heroes over the Tisza. His speech had the wished-for results, as his noble brethren decided the election without getting into any collision with the county justice of Beregh.

Mr. Borbély was a member of an association known in Hungary in the beginning of this century for its bold eccentricities. They called themselves "Kolompos" (Bell-weather); their grand-master was Count Nicholas Keglevich. He belonged to one of the most noble families of the country, was wealthy and unmarried. Having previously been a hussar officer, he had ever been known for his eccentricity. He had grown tired of life in fashionable society, which at that period had been almost totally

Germanized; he withdrew to his own estates, where, in common with several others of his young friends, he used to clothe himself in the old Hungarian costume, or in the peasants' garb, never spoke any other language than Hungarian, and very often lived amongst the peasantry. The whole association professed the roughness, and not seldom the rudeness, of the common people.

They sometimes traversed the streets at night, with fiddling and trumpeting gipsy bands, and thus disturbed the peaceable burghers. They took part in the county elections, more for fun than for the sake of political interests. Their reckless tricks were countless; and by reasonable people they were laughed at, or censured according to their deserts.

But in Vienna, Prince Metternich soon became aware that this odd association was the beginning of a reaction against the Germanization of Hungary; and the Austrian Government, therefore, aimed at discrediting them still more than they did themselves, by the unpollished manners they ostentatiously adopted.

The Prince did not err. From 1822 to 1828, when the Hungarian counties resisted

the unconstitutional centralization measures attempted by the Emperor Francis, the "Kolomposok" joined the constitutional opposition; and as they were most popular with the lower classes, they afforded no slight support to the national party.

To be accepted as a member of this association, it was necessary to testify that one really could live the people's life. These proofs were sometimes of a peculiar kind.

Mr. T—— had, after the death of his father, come into possession of considerable estates, which, however, were partly mortgaged. Mr. T—— was of a calculating turn, and thought that the best speculation for him would be to become Kolompos for a couple of years, to get rid, in a comfortable way, of all the expensive claims of fashionable circles, and thus be able to restore his fortune without being taxed as a niggard. He therefore proposed himself as a candidate. Count Keglevich, well aware of the real motive which urged Mr. T—— to join them, was little inclined to admit him; and therefore declared that he could not be received if he did not prove his Spartan ability, by stealing a horse at the next market in Sikso.

Strange as the proposal was, Mr. T—— accepted it. He went to Sikso in a peasant's attire, but was little aware that one of his associates, who was sent after him to watch his proceedings, had given information against him to all the horse-dealers. He caught sight of a horse, grazing on the common, close to the market-place. It seemed alluringly posted for his purpose, and he vaulted upon it, when several peasants stopped him, and regardless of his protestations, supported by the acknowledgment of his name and rank, and of his perfect readiness to pay any required price, thrashed him soundly, and yielded but reluctantly to his entreaties not to be delivered up to the county justice. Nothing but the interference of one of the Kolompos spared him this shame, and made him aware that he had been the dupe of a premeditated plan.

Similar was the fate of another gentleman, who frequently visited Count Keglevich, and was no less parsimonious than Mr. T——, but his niggardliness was joined with a most unamiable propensity to destroy the property of others. His greatest amusement consisted in teasing and damaging his friends.

Once he arrived in a new Viennese carriage on the property of Count Keglevich. Every one acquainted with the stingy taste of Mr. Iozsa was astonished to see him arrive in so elegant an equipage. Yet it was not unknown that for more than ten years he had been in search of a wife without ever finding a lady who, though his fortune was considerable, would listen to his suit. His unusual display was now attributed to some new matrimonial schemes.

Count Keglevich took a ride with all the guests, and ordered that in the meantime the carriage of Mr. Iozsa should be drawn to the meadow, and be hidden under a hay-rick. During the ride the Count praised his hay, and especially the hay-rick on the meadow opposite to his house, and observed, how much during all the winter he should enjoy its aspect, so satisfactory to a landowner's eye. He well knew that this was sufficient to create in his mischievous friend the desire of destroying the hay-stack. When they returned home, an ample dinner awaited the guests. Mr. Iozsa, who was habitually very sober, now feigned to be excited by the fiery wine, and invited the gentlemen by turns to take many a glass with

him. When the Count at the table again mentioned his hay-rick, Mr. Iozsa, under the guise of intoxication, invited the company to join him in setting it on fire, saying, it would be a glorious firework. The Count strongly protested; but his guest seized a light, and with the other gentlemen, who followed him with a loud laugh, as they had been intrusted by the Count with the real state of matters, Iozsa lighted up the hay, and resisted any attempts to quench the flames. But what was his terror on the subsequent day, when his coachman announced that the new Viennese carriage had disappeared, but that its iron skeleton remained on the meadow amidst the ashes of the hay.

It may be almost superfluous to mention, that this reckless company often got into trouble with the police, and that several of their members made acquaintance even with the county prisons. Most of them, however, in mature age became very reasonable people. They took a part in politics: some of them remained in the ranks of the opposition, others rose high in Government office, and often related to their friends the eccentricities of their youth, and how

they had studied the character of the people in their own peculiar way, mixing with all orders, from the Lord-Lieutenant and the County Magistrates down to the company of robbers in the wood.

The Hungarian robber is usually nothing else than a homeless outlaw. On some unfortunate occasion, perhaps, when a quarrel has arisen in the tavern over a bottle of wine, he has not precisely enough estimated the force of the blows given by his fokos,* and has killed his comrade, whom he intended merely to thrash. Or he had escaped from prison, to which he had been sentenced for horse-stealing; or he is a deserter, who, when he was sent to a distant corner of Galicia, grew home-sick; and struggling with hardships and privations, forced his way over the mountain-paths back to this country, where he must seek the forest, as the village is no longer safe for him.

Amongst the "Poor Lads" (for this is the name these homeless fellows adopt), the de-

* The most usual weapon of the Hungarian peasant is a small brass axe, closely resembling that of the antique "Celts."

serters are predominant in number ; as, in spite of the warlike spirit characteristic of the Hungarian, he does not like to be a soldier in the Austrian army. He knows, that according to the system of this Government, he will be compelled to leave his country, and be sent to Galicia, Italy, or one of the German provinces, where he does not understand the language, and must live for years amongst strangers. I remember that once in the forest we met such a deserter. We attempted to convince him, that it would be better to present himself at the next military post, and to endure his punishment, than to roam houseless about, without knowing where to rest his head in safety ; but he answered : "I was a shepherd from my boyhood. If the King commands me to keep his sheep, never a single one of them shall be lost ; but rather will I perish in my own country, than carry the heavy musket for ever in distant Italy."

During the campaign of 1814, the regiment of Palatine hussars covered the somewhat hurried retreat of the Emperor Francis to Lyons, when he had been suddenly cut off from the allied armies. When the monarch was in

safety, he left to Colonel Illesy the choice of a reward for the brave regiment. The officers all thought their chief would request a lasting distinction, such as several other regiments had been favoured with on similar occasions. They had not forgotten that the dragoon regiment named Dampierre had been authorized by Ferdinand II. to traverse the Court of the Residence with drums beating; and during three successive days to establish their recruiting table under the windows of the Imperial palace. But the old Hussar Colonel cared little for such privileges. He did not claim any decoration for his standard; he well knew his soldiers, and asked only the favour, that after the conclusion of peace his regiment should be quartered at Ketshkemet. The officers were anything but pleased at this preference of Ketshkemet, as its neighbourhood is by no means reckoned a pleasant station. The privates, however, were delighted to get near their families; and as the request was granted, no further instance of desertion occurred.

The life of such a deserter, when he has become a "poor lad," is most romantic, but very sad. He exists in the woods, often in the ruins

of some ancient castle, and not unfrequently visits the herdsmen on lonely farms, and requires them to provide him with bread, wine, and lard. If they give him a part of their stock, he looks after their herds, and thus makes their task easier. But if they refuse his demand, he occasionally steals some of their flock, not to sell, but eat them.

Sometimes when he knows that no *hajdu* (county constable) is in the neighbourhood, he ventures on Sunday evening to a remote village, and dances in the tavern with the young women. Of course he takes care to be well armed, and even during the dance keeps his hand on his pistol. Not far from our castle of Szecsény, on the ruin of Hollokö, there lived such a poor lad. He was a deserter, and not seldom visited our herdsmen on the remote farms. The shepherds exposed to such calls, need to be better paid than others, as they often fall into the necessity of sharing their victuals with the robber, who requests in a manner which makes a refusal dangerous. The county judge, whom we well knew, once had an official commission to a Jewish farmer's, who resided in the mountains.

Our neighbour, the young Hungarian poet Lisznyai, accompanied the judge on this excursion.

Established at the breakfast-table of the farmer, they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Janos, the outlaw, who had opened the door, and stood on the threshold with a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, and in his belt a brace of pistols, and the *batta*, the peculiar Hungarian axe.

“Sir,” he began, “it is long since you sought my retreat. I have therefore thought it my duty now to wait here upon you, as you have called upon my estates. Grant me permission to keep you company for a little while.” With these words he stepped into the room, left the door open, and posted himself with his back against the wall, in such a way as to keep the door open in sight. He then took a cup of coffee with the company, who, after they had recovered from their surprise, questioned him about his mode of life. He said, that he often felt very dull, but sometimes found amusement in the perusal of the novels and poems which the Jew bought for him in Pest. He drew

from his pocket a small volume of poetry; it chanced to be Lisznyai's, who was of the party. The young poet was naturally highly gratified at this adventure, and assured the nobles that it gave him more pleasure to see his songs in the hands of the "poor lad," than to read them most favourably reviewed in the columns of a fashionable paper. Janos also was delighted at the encounter, and said:

"Young gentleman, as you so well know how to handle the pen, do me the favour to write for me a petition to the county, that the gentlemen would not have me persecuted any longer. I deserted from my regiment three times. The last time, I left my post where I stood as sentinel; and if I am given up to the court-martial, nothing awaits me but three bullets. I have murdered no one, I have robbed no one; I live as a poor lad, and request nothing but that I may not be hunted like a wild beast. Is it not miserable enough to be forced to live in the forest, quite alone and shelterless? If a free pardon is granted to me, I will handle the robbers in the woods better than any county hajdu; and I will shoot down, wherever I find them, those wretches who, some weeks ago, misused my

name when they plundered the Jewish pedlar. These are criminals; I am ashamed that they call themselves poor lads."

The young poet promised the petition for him; the outlaw took a courteous leave, and in a few moments had disappeared. Two months later he was killed in a fray in the village, by a young peasant, to whose pretty bride he had paid too much attention.

On the great plain of Lower Hungary the "poor lads" are more dangerous; here they are horse and cattle-stealers, and often display an astounding boldness. In any case they are most dangerous to society; for if one of them is a desperate character he finds little difficulty in forming a band, which easily grows into a gang of highwaymen. They seldom carry on their mischief for any long time, as even the extensive forests of the Bakony, and the backwoods in the counties of Beregh and Marmaros, grant them no secure shelter. They seldom venture to attack travellers of higher rank; their victims are usually pedlars, or Jewish innkeepers. It was a rare exception, when in 1848 they dared to assault the Metropolitan of Karlovitz, Archbishop Ver-

hovacz, who on his return home from Vienna was suddenly stopped in the Slavonian woods by a gang of robbers. But the priest did not lose his presence of mind; he arose from the seat of his carriage, showed the golden cross which adorned his breast, and exclaimed:

“Wretched men, do you not see I am your Metropolitan? I curse you as sinners, who act in opposition to the commandments of our Lord. You may kill me, but your crime shall drive you through the world, and you shall be accursed like Cain, and shall be fugitives and vagabonds on the earth like him.”

When the robbers heard these words they fell on their knees and entreated:

“Do not curse us, Bishop; do not curse us! bless us, that we may be fortunate upon earth!”

The Metropolitan replied:

“I cannot bless you, but go and sin no more, and our Lord in his grace will, perhaps, forgive your sins. Repent and abstain from your criminal deeds!”

The robbers no longer stopped the way of the Archbishop, and the whole gang broke up in a short time. The curse of the Prelate had frightened them into repentance.

Prince Frederic Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The Prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain-roads between the counties of Gömör and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied, that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being over filled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the Prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep descent of the road was so dangerous that it was most hazardous to proceed. The Prince

tried to reassure the lady ; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, whilst his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house, close to the window, on the alert in case his master should want any aid.

The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall ; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine-jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly-arrived guest. The Prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said : "This is for the wine these good folks have drunk ; they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady : the entertainment has lasted long enough ; I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise."

At this imperative command one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cried out: "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us."

An uproar followed. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and therefore *we* are masters *here*."

"We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman."

"We have yet money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty."

"We do not accept any gift from people who fancy themselves better than we are."

"We will not be ruled."

All this was almost simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult, from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The Prince mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak.

"I am a master of the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers; I am a soldier; and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe."

During this uproar, a man of middling height

and strongly marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said in a commanding tone :

“ Silence ! ”

The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table.

“ Mr. Officer,” continued the man, “ don’t think that you frighten us. I too have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. The table at which you have sat would be overthrown, the candles extinguished, and before you were aware of what was going on, you would be a dead man, no less than your servant there at the window, who thinks he watches us, whilst we watch him. But I saw you help a lady out of the carriage, and take her to the adjoining room. We never will disturb a lady’s rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below

on the damp oak leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell!

"Friends, let us go," he called to his men. They took up their arms and went.

The Prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. But no robber again appeared.

On the morrow the lady continued the journey with her companion. The weather had cleared up, and only the puddles in the lanes and the drops of rain glistening on the branches reminded them of the clouds of the previous day. After they had ridden about an hour they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman "halt."

The horses stopped; the Prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mien, rode close up to the carriage-door and said:

"We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it was worth the trouble."

With these words he lifted the veil, which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed, and the robber said :

“She is really very pretty.”

He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words :

“Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak ; and if you sometime hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Ave Maria* for his soul.”

The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished.

Two years later newspapers related that the robber Haburak had been caught ; that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.

THE TRADITION OF THE HUNGARIAN RACE.

A NATION on whose cradle the bright sun of modern history has shed its brilliant light, scarcely can comprehend the feeling of an ancient people clinging to the traditions of its race, which carry it back to by-gone ages. These traditions, clad in the charms of poetry, surrounded by the halo of reverence for the ancestors, and endeared by every century passed over them, become national property; and if the criticism of science points it out that they are inconsistent with themselves and with the historical records, they yet remain so cherished by the people, that it never exchanges them against the most refined researches of the scholar. Ask the Hungarian peasant on the plains of the Theiss, which is the country

from whence his forefathers have come, and he will proudly answer, it is Scythia, and his ancestors are the sons of the Greek Hercules, and of the snake-legged Echidna, the mythical Queen of Northern Asia. They were the men who defeated Cyrus, the conqueror of Asia, and their Queen Thomiris has thrown the head of the slain King into a golden vase filled with blood, that at least after his death he might be satiated with blood. He will tell you that they likewise destroyed the army of the great Alexander who had overthrown the Persian empire, when they entrapped him into their immense prairies, where they themselves disappeared in their native marshes and forests, like the frogs and the mice. He will tell you that King Darius of Persia has hidden his treasures in Hungary, and many a barrow in the plains of the Danube and the Theiss has been opened by the peasants, in search of the treasures of the Persian King. But he also claims the Huns as his ancestors; these sons of Gog and Magog, and of the daughters of Scythia, born in the wilderness of Gobi, from whence they proceeded to settle in Hungary, and to subdue the West. Tradition says, that a sword fell from Heaven, and it was brought to

the court of Balamir, King of the Huns. Nobody could wield it, because it was too heavy, until the son of the King, young Attila, grasped it with one hand and brandished it, that it shone like the lightning of heaven. But before he set out to conquer the world, he wished to give stability to his wandering people, to attach it to the soil, that it might not be dispersed like the chaff by the wind. He knew it, that it is the house and the field which links the man to the land, and transforms the roving nomade into a citizen; the fixed homestead is the first step to civilization. On the last hill which rises over the Danube, he therefore marked the site of the town, which was to become the capital of his nation, and he had dug a ditch, and had raised a wall to inclose the future city. But his brother Buda, a stern nomade, would not yield to the decree of Attila; he saw the liberty of his people impaired; if it was to dwell in stone houses instead of the movable tents, he did not wish that the pasture-grounds should be curtailed by the agriculturist's crop, and he drove his cattle across the ditch, and trampled down the wall, and declared, he did not allow that their common mother, the earth, should be torn up by the

iron plough. It was the conflict of the shepherd and the agriculturist. And Attila slew his brother, and gave his name to the new city, that every one might remember the fate awaiting him who attempts to mar civilization. But even Attila, with his iron hand, was unable to establish the complete settlement of his people, and to change its habits. He himself perceived it, that his people would lose its warlike character by cultivating the fields, and clinging too much to the soil. A wandering people on horseback is always ready for war, as we see it unto this day in the deserts of Africa and Asia, and Attila's mission was to carry the sword of Heaven through the world, and to chastise the degraded nations of the West. He rode out with his people through the wilderness of Germany to the rich cities of Gaul and of Italy; and Honoria, the sister of the Roman Emperor, was smitten with love when she heard of his deeds, and she sent him a golden ring by a messenger, and invited him to the Eternal City. And he advanced to Italy and defeated the armies of the Emperor, and captured and ransacked his cities, and after having won numberless treasures, and the hand of the Princess, he returned again to

Hungary. And there he resided, in winter, in his stone-palace at Buda, overlooking the wide valleys through which the Danube winds its course, and in summer he went to the green banks of the Theiss, and dwelt under his felt-tent with the chiefs of his tribes, and the princes and knights of Germany came to him and sat at the end of his table, and drank wine before the people. And whilst they tasted the wine, the minstrels sang the deeds of Attila, the *Scourge of God*, and every man that heard the sound of the flutes and harps paid honour to the King of Kings. And when Attila thought that his people had rested enough, then he led them again to attack the debased sons of Rome, and ransomed their cities, and carried the booty of Italy and France away to the banks of the Danube and the Theiss. The citizens of Aquileja fled before his host to the isles in the swamps of the Brenta, where the horsemen and chariots of the King could not reach them, and there they built Venice, the Bride of the Adriatic.

At the approach of Attila, the Emperor fled from Rome, but the people, headed by Leon the Pope, went out to implore the *Scourge of Heaven*

not to destroy their city, the wonder of the world, and to spare the life of the trembling descendants of the conquerors of old. And Attila yielded to their entreaties, and to the eloquence of the high-priest, and he directed his course to the other provinces of the empire, until he became tired even of his victories. Once only his enemies resisted him valorously on the Catalaunian plains, and the Huns were nearly found wanting in the balances when they were weighed. Three days they struggled from dawn to dusk, and on the fourth day both the armies retreated. But the man who had led the hosts of Rome, the great Actius, was soon slain by the Emperor, who envied his fame, and Attila had no rivals more on earth. And he returned again to the plains of Hungary, despising the world he had conquered, and the people he had led to conquest, but which he could not civilize. In his old age he again married, the beautiful German Herka, but the next day after the nuptials he was found dead on the bridal couch. His sons had his corpse embalmed, and laid into seven coffins; the first was of oak, the second of ebony, the third of iron, the fourth of copper, the fifth of tin, the sixth of silver, the seventh of gold.

And the prisoners of war were ordered to dig a canal on the Theiss, to turn off the waters, and in the dry bed of the river they dug a deep pit and buried the King, and then they let the waters roll over the grave. And all those were slain who had laid down the coffin, that none should know where rested the mighty *Scourge of Heaven*, and that the enemies might not insult his corpse. For the Huns, who had raised their hands against every nation, knew that the hand of every nation would be raised against them, and they had resolved to abandon Buda and Hungary, and to return to the wilderness of Asia. And so they did, and the country grew deserted once more.

This is the tradition of the Huns; its thread is broken with the death of their great leader. It is different from all the lays which the German minstrels sing of King *Etzer*, as well as of the records of the chroniclers of Rome and Gaul. But the name of the mighty King survived his nation, and it lives in the traditions of all Teutonic peoples, from Iceland down to the Black Sea.

Five centuries later, the Hungarians reappear again in a nobler and a more glorious form.

In the plains of Asia, between the Caspian Sea and the Aral Lake, we behold the gathering of the seven Hungarian tribes; the spirit of wandering has seized upon them; the memory of Attila has revived again; they yearn for his realm in Europe; they dream of the meadows on the Theiss, and of the waters of the Danube. And their chiefs assembled, and they made a covenant to last for ever. They resolved to elect Almos and his progeny their chief, the Prince of the Hungarian nation, to lead them back to the old inheritance of Attila, and to be their head in the struggle. They resolved that whatever their people might conquer should be divided equally amongst the people. They resolved that the chiefs of the tribes never should be excluded from the councils of the Prince; that whosoever should conspire against the Prince should be slain; and the Prince, if he ever betrayed the people and violated the covenant, should be banished for ever.

And when they had carried these resolutions, they slit their arms with their daggers and let flow their blood into a golden tankard, and mixed it with wine, and they all drank it together.

Almos was an old and wise man, and his name means "*the dreamer.*" His mother had seen a dream before he was born, which made her afraid, and the wise men could make no interpretation of it. She dreamt that she had given birth to an eagle, who flew far away, and covered the whole land with its wings. And when her son was born, she called him Almos "*the dreamer,*" in remembrance of her vision; and he had already seen three scores of years passing away, and the dream was not yet fulfilled, when he was elected the chief of the seven wandering tribes. And he led his people across the prairies, and morasses, and forests of Russia, and the Slavonian people of the North came to him, and brought him gifts and tribute, silver and gold, and costly furs; and they cut paths through the woods for the intruders, and built bridges for them across the rivers. Once only Almos met with sturdy resistance; the Hungarians fought all day until the enemy retreated, and when the prisoners were brought to the camp, it was found out that they too were Hungarians, the seven tribes of the Cumani. And they made amity with them, and the two peoples, the branches of the same tree, joined in

one nation, and proceeded further, until they reached the passes of the Carpathian mountains, the country which they had sought. And they took now a rest of seven days, and offered a white horse as a sacrifice to their gods; a thanksgiving for the happy accomplishment of their undertaking. Almos, the dreamer, then gave up his chieftainship to his son *Arpád*, the vigorous hero. The task of the wise man, to migrate safely through Russia, was accomplished; Hungary was now to be reconquered; this was the task of the warrior.

Svatopluk, the King of the Maharans, who extended his sway from Moravia along the Danube, ruled at that time over a vast portion of Hungary. *Arpád*, the son of Almos, sent an embassy to the Slovak King, with the message, that the heir of Attila has come, and sends him a white horse with a red bridle, and requires in return a handful of grass from the wold of *Alpár*, and a leather bag full of water of the Danube. Svatoopluk did not know the symbolic meaning of eastern languages; he did not surmise that the gift of the grass and the water was the symbol of the surrender of the country; he rejoiced at the stateliness of the horse with the sprightly red

bridle, and sent grass of Alpár and water of the Danube by the ambassadors to Arpád, and was highly astonished to hear, shortly after, that the hosts of the newly-arrived people were pouring forth from the Carpathians, and that already they fed their cattle on the wold of the Alpár, and watered their horses on the Danube. Svato-pluk attempted resistance, but was defeated and fled, and Arpád entered the ancient residence of Attila, and remained with his grazing stud on the Danube-isle of Cseper, whilst his underlings conquered a portion of the country, and another devolved upon the young son of the Prince by his marriage with the daughter of the Wallack King. And when the conquest was completed, he assembled the Hungarians on the wold of Szer, and with the consent of the people their land was divided amongst them all, and order established all over the country; and castles and houses were built in every county—the centres of defence and administration.

But the adventurous spirit of the people, roused by the successful wandering from Asia, and by the easy conquest of Hungary, could not subside without great fluctuations. The chiefs led their tribes to plunder into Germany and the

Greek Empire. One of them, Botond, reached Constantinople with his host ; here he slew the giant who came to fight him, with his club, and, unable to storm the walls of the city, he broke its gates with his mighty hand, and the Emperor became frightened, and paid ransom to the bold invader. On the other side, Sehel attacked Germany, but, crushed by overwhelming numbers, he fell in the battle of Slerseburg, after having slain the chief of the enemy, who had summoned him to surrender with his bugle. From all their invasions and excursions, they brought back numberless prisoners, who were to till the ground for their lords. But these prisoners were Christians, and Christendom and the arts of peace began to spread amongst the people. Prince Geiza married a Christian princess, and had baptized himself, but he did not cease to bring his oblation likewise to the gods of his people ; and when therefore admonished by the priests, he said : " I am rich enough to bring my offerings to the old gods and to the priest of the new God." But his son Stephen became a real Christian in spirit and in life, and he taught his people by his words and by his example ; and after three years he declared that whosoever remained a hea-

then shall lose his freedom, and the prisoners who are Christians shall be freed. And Kupa, the chief of Somogy, gathered all the heathens under his standard in resistance to the spirit of innovation, maintaining the faith of their forefathers, under whom they had won their country, and grown great and happy. According to tradition, he rode the wonderful horse, Tatos, endowed with reason and speech, which sprang from mountain to mountain, the embodiment of the people's spirit. King Stephen met his enemy in open battle, and Kupa fled on his horse, convinced that no one could follow him. But suddenly Tatos stopt and trembled, and began to shed tears, and the horse said: "Lord, we are lost! I hear the clattering of the hoofs of my younger brother, who is speedier than I am. King Stephen has found the means to bridle him, and he overtakes us." And so he did; the King appeared likewise carried by the embodiment of the people's spirit, and of a younger and healthier one, and he slew the heathen chief.

With the sainted King popular tradition subsides again. The "Deeds of the Saints" contain many a legendary account of the miracles done

by the great King St. Ladislas, and by the sweet Princesses St. Elizabeth and St. Hedwig of Hungary. But the people hardly recollect their names; all their sympathies are concentrated in one person, a saint for the people though not for the Church, King Matthias. He was Hungarian by birth and by soul, the son of the great Governor Hunyady himself, the conqueror of the Turks and of the Bohemians—the King who chastised the faithless Princes of Austria, and entered Vienna in triumph. Yet it was not his glory which made his memory so dear to the people, but his *justice*; this truly royal virtue, the only one which people require from their rulers. Up to the present day, the Hungarian peasant exclaims as often as he thinks himself injured: “King Matthias is dead, and justice with him.” And he likes also to relate the feats of the King and of his heroes, Foldy and Kinisy, both sons of the people, strong and lion-hearted, like Hercules the Greek and Rustan the Persian. He tells you how the King perambulated the country in disguise, and punished those who oppressed the poor; how he entered even the beleaguered city, and discovered the plans of the enemies, sitting with them in a tavern at the

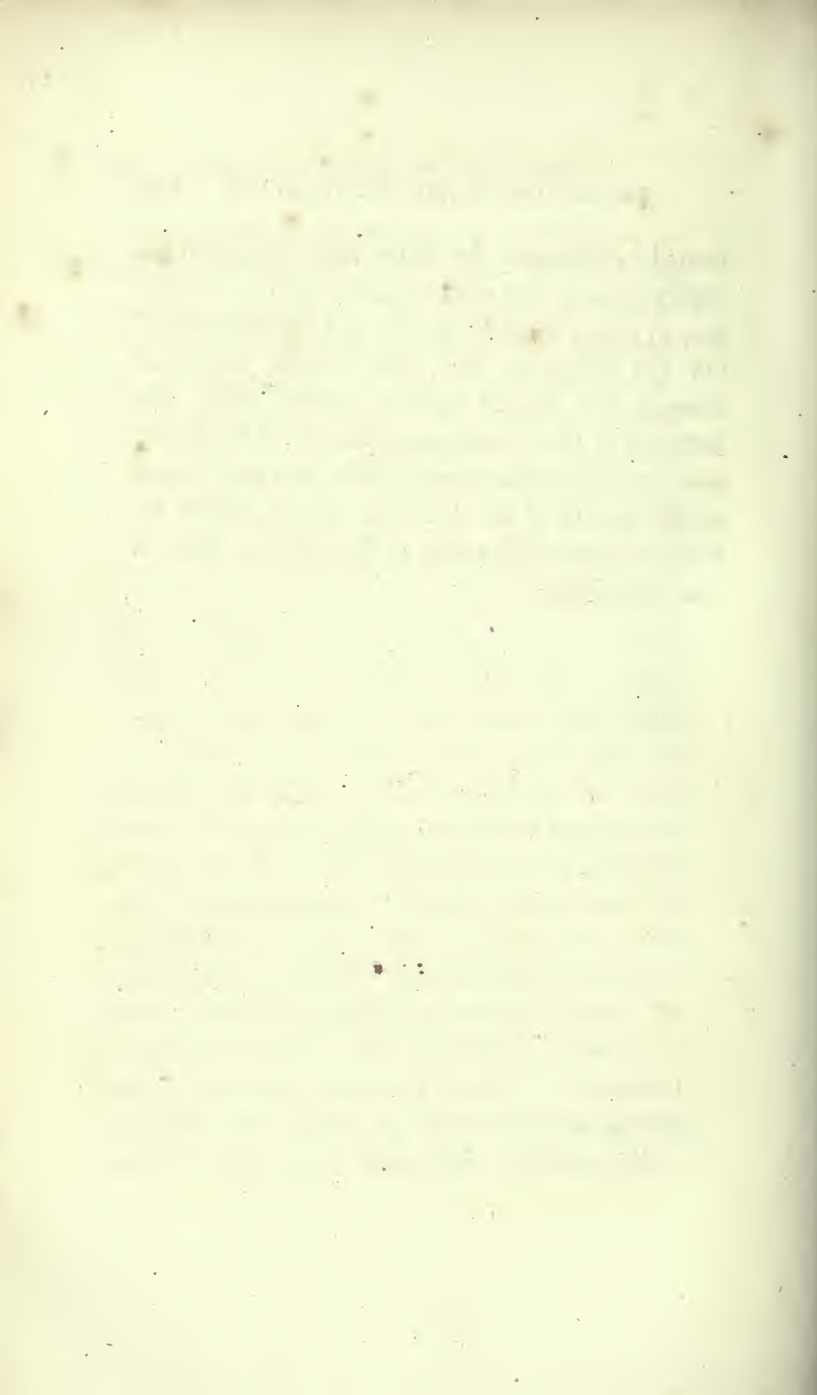
very same table on which, the morrow when he had left, they found written the words—

“ King Matthias has been here at his leisure,
And has eaten six eggs with great pleasure.”

There are yet various traditions alive amongst the people of the times of the Turkish wars, and of the successful insurrections against the Emperors, when they encroached upon the civil and religious liberties of Hungary, and were compelled—four times in the course of one century—by the sword of the Hungarians, to recognise their rights. But during the last century, the people had no recollections either of glory or of freedom, to adorn by their imagination and to transmit to their children. The robber, then, became the hero, who defied the laws deemed oppressive by the peasant. But the late struggle for independence, in which the peasant was freed from feudal bondage, the war in which he fought hand in hand with his former Lord, in which he, too, became conscious of his rights and of the power of his nation, aroused anew his heart and his mind, and the enthusiasm kindled within his breast cannot die away without touching the chords of poetry in his imagination.

The history of the struggle is in itself so remarkable that the mind can hardly invent scenes more touching, than they happened in reality. One of them may illustrate the spirit of the people, and the confidence they placed in the immortal Hungarian chief. The incident was related to me by an eyewitness. It was at the time when Governor Kossuth was with the army and the first battles were won. One day during his meal, a non-commissioned officer entered the room with a dispatch. Kossuth opened it, and, after the perusal, he filled a glass with wine and offered it to the soldier, with these words: "Countryman, you bring good news, take a glass of wine with me." The soldier put the glass on the table and said: "This honour is too great for me, allow me to kiss the hand of the saviour of my country." The Governor rose and embraced him, replying: "You do as much as you can for our country, and so do I; we both equally do our duty." The soldier was deeply moved, tears flew down his brown cheeks. He bowed and retired. But one of the officers present at this scene said to Kossuth: "Governor, your kiss has signed the death-warrant of this man!" "How so?" asked the Governor asto-

nished. "Because he now feels honoured so highly, that in the next battle he will seek danger, to prove himself worthy of this distinction." On the following day, the terrible battle of Hasegh was fought against fearful odds; the batteries of the Austrians were carried by storm, and the non-commissioned officer was found dead at the mouth of an Austrian cannon, which his fellow-soldiers had taken in the moment when it was discharged.



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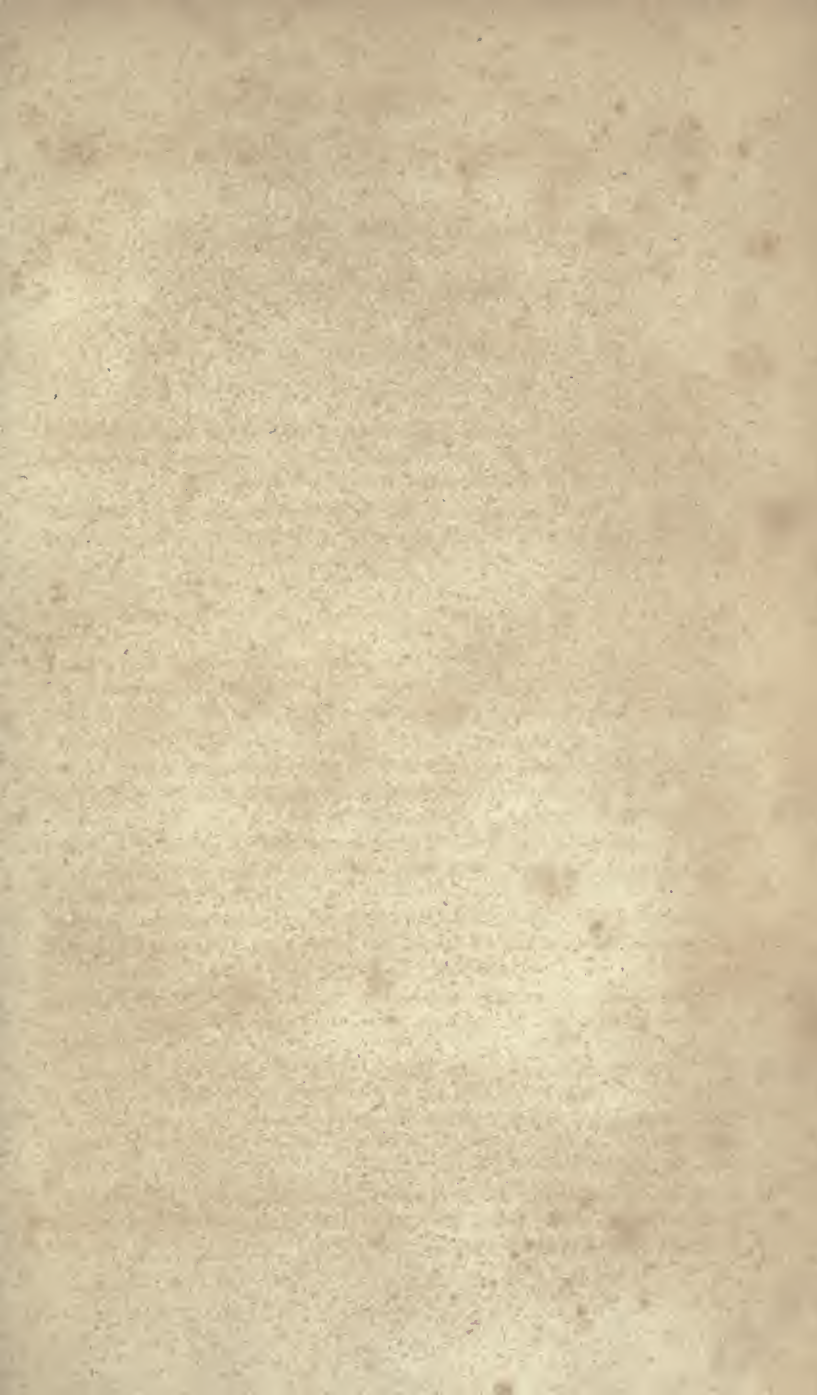
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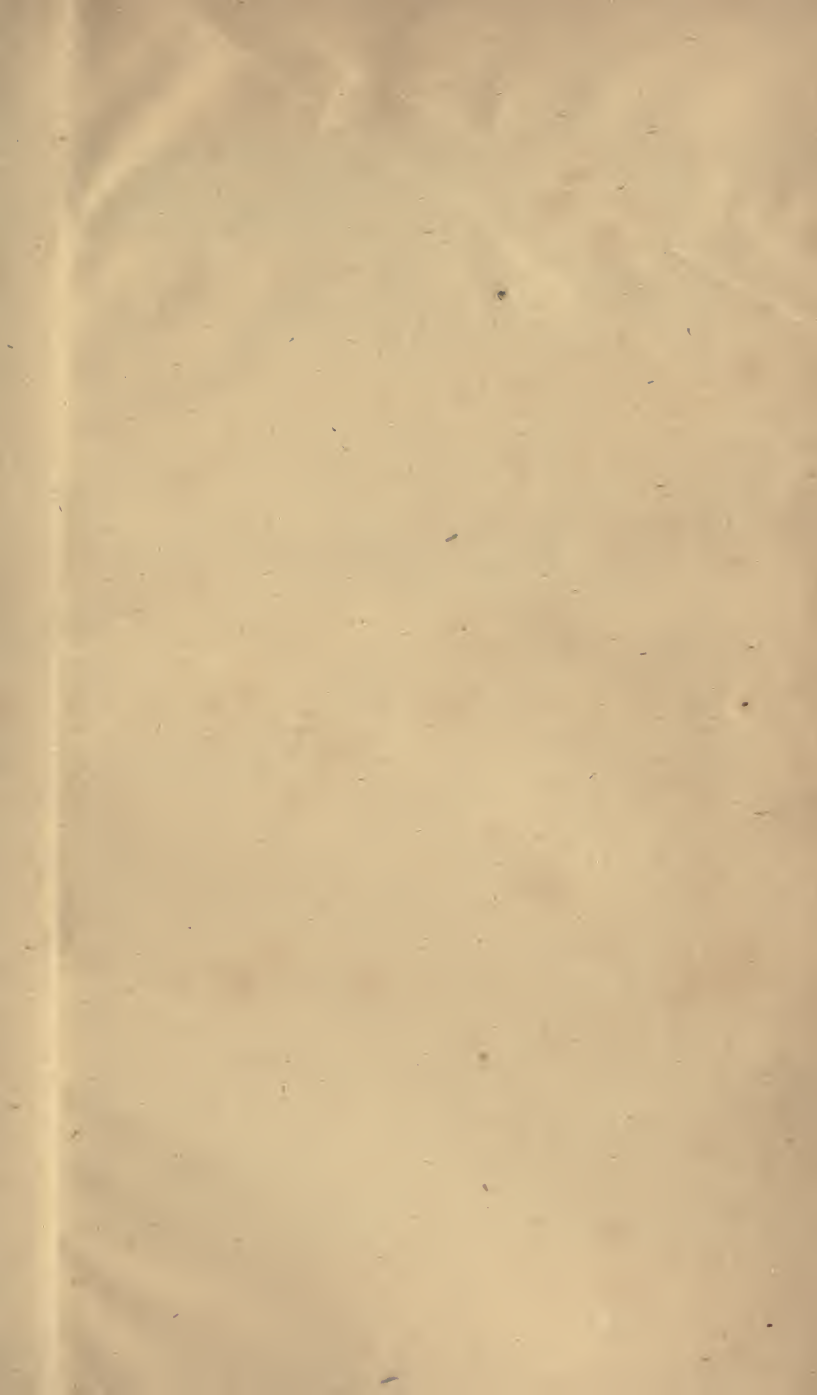
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