

SONNET TO MAY.

Hail, lovely morn, enchanting first of May !
 Thou fairest daughter of celestial spring,
 What a bright chain of pleasures dost thou
 bring—
 Affections warm, and mirth and blossoms gay,
 All dancing round thee in the festive play ;—
 Apt emblem of the hour when on the wing,
 Reckless of woe, life first 'gan fluttering,
 Dress'd like thy grove and plains in trim array,
 Methinks in thee I view a promise fair,
 That, the stern winter of existence past,
 Gales soft as thine shall terminate the blast,
 And flowery pathways, those now rough and
 bare,
 And joys, to which thine are a taper's ray
 Compar'd with summer's sun, shall gild the
 ceaseless day. W.H.

HUNGARIAN POETRY.

Translated by Dr. Bowring.

[The following sonnet is from Kazinczi, who
 was born in 1759.]

My little bark of life is gently speeding
 Adown the stream, midst rocks, and sands, and
 eddies,
 And gathering storms, and darkening clouds,
 unheeding,
 Its quiet course through waves and winds it
 steadies.
 My love is with me, and my babes, whose kisses
 Sweep sorrow's trace from off my brow as fast
 As gathering there, and hung upon the mast
 Are harp, and myrtle flowers that shed their
 blisses
 On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path ?
 There beams bright radiance from a star that
 hath
 Its temple in the heaven. As firm as youth
 I urge my onward way. There is no fear
 For honest spirits. Even the fates revere
 And recompense love, minstrelsy, and truth.

[The following canzonet is from Alexander
 Kerfaludy, (born 1772) the Hungarian Pe-
 trarch :—]

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

[The following, from the Ode entitled "My
 Portion," written by Beizsenyi, who is still
 alive, possesses both originality and fervency :]

Peace has returned, I drop my quiet anchor,
 Beautiful visions have no power to charm me ;
 Welcome the wanderer to thy native bosom,
 Land of retirement.

Are not my meadows verdant as Tarentum ?
 Are not my fields as lovely as Larissa ?
 Flows not the Tiber, with majestic bearing,
 Through my dark forest ?

Fate may indulge its infinite caprices,
 Shelter'd from want, unconquerable courage
 Train me to look secure, serene, contented
 Up to the heavens.

Place me among th' eternal snows of Green-
 land ;

Place me among the burning sands of Zaara ;
 There shall your bosoms warm me, gentle muses,
 Here your breath freshens.

From the British Magazine.

BOYHOOD.

BY CHAS. SPENCER.

The dreams of early youth,
 How beautiful they are—how full of joy,
 When fancy looks like truth,
 And life shows not a taint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears,
 The temple of high thought and noble deed ;
 When our most bitter tears
 Fall o'er some melancholy page we read !

The summer morn's fresh bours,
 Her thuds, and woodland songs—her glorious
 hues—

Oh ! life's so full of flowers,
 The difficulty *then* is where to choose.

The wonderful blue sky—
 Its cloudy palaces—its gorgeous fanes—
 The rain-bow tints which lie
 Like distant golden seas near purple plains.

These never shine again
 As once they shone upon our raptured gaze ;
 The clouds which may remain,
 Paint *other* visions than in those sweet days !

In hours thus pure—sublime—
 Dreams we would make realities : life seems
 So changed in after time,
 That we would wish realities were dreams !