

partners" is done in a hundred graceful and ingenious ways, according to the skill and taste of the couples. Sometimes they hold by one hand, sometimes by both, sometimes clasping by the waist, sometimes dexterously eluding and coquetting, or dashing off to other dancers for a while, before the turn is accomplished, but never losing sight of the dramatic idea they are working out. They "turn partners" at last with less and less formality, whirl together wildly for a moment, part, and over and over again approach and recede with graceful, bold, picturesque attitudes and gestures—the man, perhaps, with a grand, martial air, waving his handkerchief gayly over his head, as if in token of victory. It would seem the climax at last, when the strong peasant-fellow seizes his partner and lightly spins round, while he holds her in the air—no easy feat with a robust Hungarian girl. But no, these people have muscle and endurance, imagination and enthusiasm, and when even the gypsies are exhausted after two or three consecutive hours of playing, the amusement seems ever fresh, and the peasants are

still clamorous, and eager to repeat and repeat their bewildering, feverish pastime.

The display of elastic strength, the varied movements, the interlacing of color and costume, the streaming of bright ribbons, the sway of skirt, the ever mounting and untiring zeal, the cries of the men, if the musicians seem to flag, of "*Hogy volt?*" (How was it?) and "*Harom a tancs!*" (Three's the dance!), and, above all, the dramatic character of both dance and music, so fire the imagination and impress the memory that it is no wonder the bare word *csárdás* quickens the pulse of a Hungarian, and sends a thousand pictures of these rude, bright scenes dancing through his brain. Then take from his lips his own enthusiastic words, full of the sympathy of kindred blood, hear him grow eloquent about his people, their virtues, their gracious customs, their fiery yet sensitive temperament, and such an account as this, drawn from a cooler observation and tamer fancy, will show as no exaggeration, or stand probably as a mere temperate analysis rather than a worthy description.

TO CERTAIN BIOGRAPHERS.

I.

SIRS,

Go ye where the artist limns the mountain :
Though he give the gray of clefted scars
Storm-made in the conflict with the ages,
Fissures, woundings, marks of Titan wars—
Doth he dwarf his eye and brush to picture,
At their feet, the chance-left barren spots,
Furze-rings hid among the pine-tree drapings
Here and there, or peer for gnarled knots
Through the serried oaks, and paint their seamings
With a hair-breadth microscopic care—
Seek out rough-edged, garish little clearings
In their homeliness, and blur the air
With the smoke from out their rude-built chimneys,
All his picture blackened ?

II.

Ah ! not so

Doth he use his skill. Yet ye are working
Ever thus, and we are forced to know
Smallest spot upon the royal purples
Worn by leaders of our kind, who rise
Up from men as mountains lift their foreheads
To the empyrean of the skies,
From the range of lower hills. We give you
Scanty thanks for all your labors ; yes,
Doubtless ye write truth, for barren places
Are upon the mountains ; none the less
Are they mountains, and their silent grandeur
Scorns your petty skill, and rises far,
Far above you still when all is ended,
And your picture done.

III.

Despite, we are

Vexed by your pen-points ! The remembrance
Of misshapen knots ye drew and held
Close beneath our eyes, we cannot always
Banish, though we would, ay, though there swelled
In our hearts a passionate protesting
'Gainst such work as yours ; for, ever those—
Born with souls near-sighted—gather gazing
At the inch your microscopes disclose,
And, to our hot scorings, slow they answer,
"Is it not the truth ?" They cannot see—
Born near-sighted—how the mountain towers
Far above them in his majesty,
And—we cannot make them.

IV.

Go ! false workers,

Rend your half-truths that are worse than lies—
Give us all our mountain ; not the veinings
That your close-wrought detail magnifies
Till the gazer sees naught else. Go study
In the distant sky the mighty peak,
Leave a shadow where his shadows slumber
O'er the barren places ; do not seek,
Curious-eyed and near, to find the outlines
Only seen, through largeness, from afar ;
Leave his hidden valleys where they nestle
Far up on his bosom, for they are
His ; nor could ye reach them. Do ye rather
Strive to show his height, his greatness ; bring
To *this* work all powers that God gave ye,
Till the blindest recognize—a king !