

HUNGARY

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Hungarian Art at the St.-Louis Exhibition.

Motto : Every man must do his duty to his country . . .

II.

IN THE XVII. century we find the Hungarian *Adam Manyóki* as court painter and favourite of the electoral Prince of Saxony. In the XIX. century *Charles Bocky* was the court painter and favourite of the Victorian Court. — *Michael Zichy* was held in high honour by the third Czar of Russia and is highly celebrated to this day. Then we have *Benczur, Wagner, and Liezen-Meyer* who were appointed professors of the Munich Academy of Art. *Charles Markó* roamed in Italy, *Viktor Tilgner* in Vienna, and *Michael Munkácsy* settled in Paris. And these names represent a loss of blood and artistic vitality to the nation.

After a thousand years of strife we now breathe more freely. Hard work and a period of creation followed the era of war. With feverish hurry the loss had to be made good, and foundations for future developments laid. The Hungarian artists have taken a conscientious part therein and have proved their worth and ability.

During this short space of time a complete and separate «Hungarian School of Art» could not be created.

There went forth talented artists who have developed individuality, and, scattered throughout the world, have worked, isolated and independent of each other. As for instance, *Mészöly, Paul Szinyei-Merse, Michael Munkácsy, László Paál, Bertalan Székely.*

It is a curious and, to art historians, an interesting fact that not a single one of these really great



MR. CHARLES DE HIERONYMI MINISTER OF COMMERCE.

artists has created such schools as were founded in England and France under similar circumstances. Such institutions as the *Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* or the *Barbizonian* we could not even imagine here as not only the social condition of our country but also the temperament of the Hungarians would stand in the way.

Our race inclines very much to individual independence. Never has an artist become famous in Hungary by reason of faithful collaboration with another, nor because he has developed an idea founded by another.

This trait of national temperament reflects upon Hungarian art. There is not the slightest resemblance between the painters mentioned, although some of them were connected by the closest ties of friendship. In the principal questions of art they were never *one* but each went his own way. Of these curious facts we give some examples.

One of our first landscape painters who tore himself free from the Academies to work with the spirit of modern times was *Géza Mészöly* (1844—1887). When he appeared the taste of the public still favoured the Italian «*veduta*» as the correct form of landscape painting. A picture was considered good only when it fulfilled every requisition as laid down by the unswerving laws of the Academy. That the painter had not only brain but also heart was left out of reckoning. This heart, however, became a mighty factor and drew him with irresistible force to poetical

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and simple pictures of Lake Balaton. While the great stagelike scenes left him indifferent, the soft colour reflections of the lake, the picturesque huts, the still rushes had a charming and fascinating effect upon him. These attracted him and these be painted. And behold! instead of the broad heroic «*veduta*», there appeared the first *intime* landscape painting, which, springing from the temperament of a Hungarian, may be called the *first Hungarian landscape painting*.

Mészöly, however, could only reach a certain stage with his modernizing work. He opened to Hungarian art the Hungarian country and its most intimate traits of character; fineness of drawing and tone serving him for this purpose. Colour received only secondary attention. A contemporary of Mészöly, who took an altogether different direction with a new aim, cultivated and solved the problem of *colour*. This was *Paul Szinyei-Merse*, (born 1845).

As a student of Piloty in Munich, in his earliest youth he, diverged from the beaten path which the Munich painters then followed. Literary subjects and operatic scenes were not to his liking. For him the *punctum saliens* of painting consisted in what colour effects Nature offers us. He strolled in the meadows and observed how the wild red poppies flamed in the luxuriant green grass. This was the artistic theme he strove to solve. It was long before he became an intimate friend of Böcklin, that he took up this colour-problem, which, later, made the Swiss master so famous. His artistic conception and execution were based upon accentuating above all the power and strength of colours. Szinyei-Merse in this point stormed the bastions of nature. The artistic process which he invented for himself, is in itself interesting and purely picturesque.

When upon his canvas the flaming red of the poppy clashes with the green of the grass, he does not soften the red as it was customary at that time, but heighten the intensity of the natural green. Thus in his pictures the energy of the colours battle, until each part has reached the climax of its potency. At the sight of these glorious works one must inadvertently think of the phenomenon of electrical tension.

At any rate it is a characteristic fact that the power of temperament is a kindred trait of most of the eminent painters of Hungary. We believe that a close observer will find this trait in many of the pictures of the Exhibition.

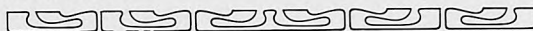
Szinyei-Merse was with his unique art a kind of self-made man. Not only with his colour problem, but also in his other qualities he ranks high above most of the foreign masters.

Naturally, Szinyei-Merse had to taste the bitter lot of a pioneer. Neither in Budapest nor in Vienna was his artistic progress valued or honoured. He had no fighting nature and so withdrew to his estates. And thus it came about that he created no *school*.

Nor did Michael Munkácsy nor László Paál though kindred in spirit produce apostles. The art of both was rooted in individual temperament. And it is this temperament of theirs which inspires us. Paál who died in his thirtythird year was, during his short career, always to be found close to the Barbizonian masters. Michael Munkácsy who long outlived his friend (1844—1900) is also well known in the United States. Many of his famous works are to be found in Transatlantic galleries and several of his studies may be seen at the Exhibition. His great historical compositions, his landscapes, his portraits all serve to show one purpose: the expression of a special unbound fresh temperament. He plied his brush with broad gestures in the inspiration of the moment, independently of the object which he painted. This sudden flashlike determination lies in all his lines, — a certain artistic excitement, which is a sign of soul. Think as one may of the historical subjects chosen by him, the deep artistic trait captivates the interest.

It is no wonder that Munkácsy could not transplant his imponderable, purely personal art upon his scholars and successors. His was an exclusively personal autochthonous art of the individual.

These explosive temperaments show the Hungarian peculiarity. But many other traits of race-character are prominent in the latest history of national art.



Alexander Petőfi.

The Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence.

By DR. ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.

THE MORE closely we become acquainted with Petőfi's views of life and ways of thinking, as revealed in an unmistakable manner in his poetry, the more clearly can we see that he was heartily convinced of and disgusted with the irreality of this life, the difference between the beautiful shell and the rotten kernel: young as he still was, the poet had already passed through many bitter experiences: it was this that made him cry in an outburst of contemptuous rage; —

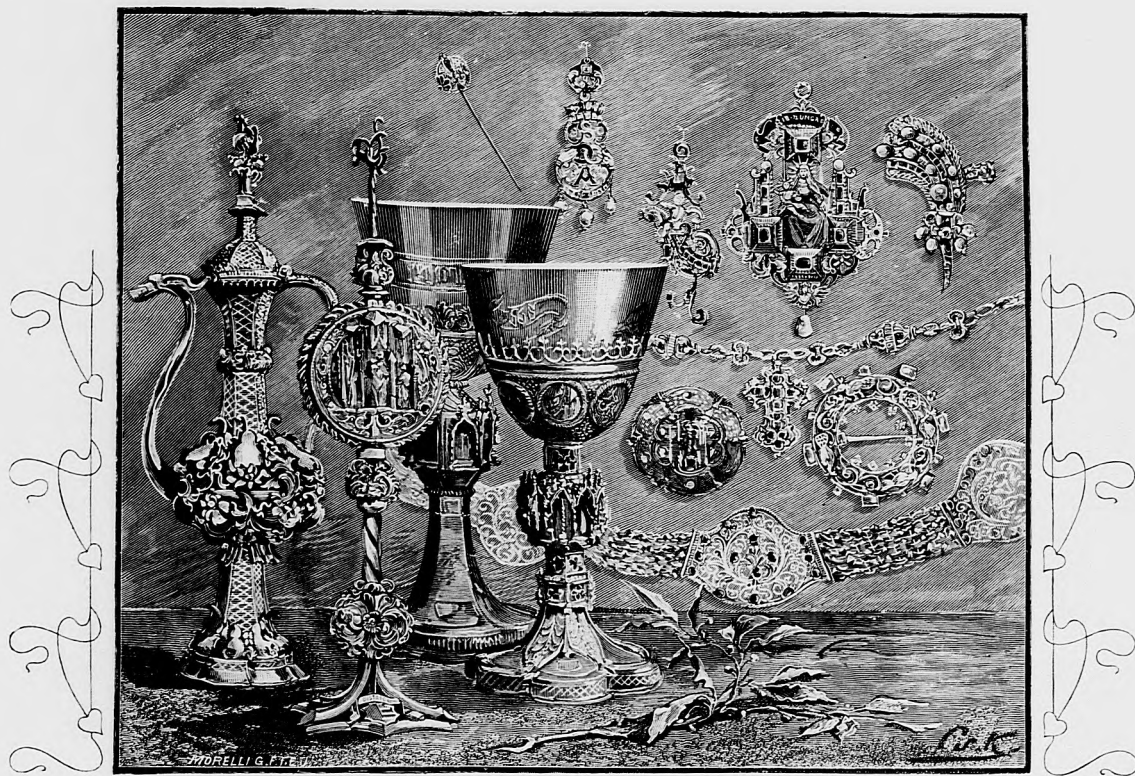
«Object of my disdain and disgust
Vile reptile, *man* by name!
Thou art the scum of nature,
But not its ruling king!
On the last day of creation
God only created thee,
When tired with His labour»;¹

¹ From «A világ és én» (The world and I) written at Pest in 1845, and published in the «Pesti Divatlap» (Fashion Journal), Feb. 9. It was an answer to a violent attack made by one Louis Nádaskay in a criticism on Petőfi's poem entitled «A helység kalapácsa»: this unjust, virulent attack on a rising poet reminds us of the similar fate of Byron, the determined answer of Byron's answer in «English Bards and Scotch Reviewers».

every word-reminds us of Byron's disdain of humanity.

After the examinations were over, Petőfi went with Orlay to Komárom, on a visit to Jókai, then to Pest and finally to his parents at Dunavecse. His father, who was very poor, kept a small inn at Dunavecse, whither he had retired in 1838, when «the floods swept away his house, the hail destroyed his corn, and one of his debtors, in whom he had unbounded confidence,

Lowlands am I living in contentment,
For my days are spent happily, gaily.
In a village inn I dwell . . .
Lodging have I here and food, drink, gratis,
Never was my lot cast in a better groove.
I must wait for nobody at dinner
But, if I am late, they all wait for me
Only one thing grieves me; the good old landlord
Sometimes quarrels with his good wife;
But, the quarrel scarce begun, he makes peace . . .
Heaven above shower untold blessings on him!¹
Sometimes we converse of bygone days.



HUNGARIAN GOLDSMITHS' WORK.

ran away with a considerable sum of money.¹ The love and devotion which Petőfi bore to his father, despite the harsh and unjust treatment he had received from his hands (v. supra), is best displayed in a poem written in 1845 (September) at Szalk-Szentmárton, where the old man was then keeping a small inn. This poem is entitled «*The good old landlord*»,² and displays the full warmth of the young poet's heart:

«Here, a long way distant from the regions,
Where you can see mountains, on the beautiful

¹ V. «*Adatok Petőfi életéhez*», published in the «*Buda-pesti Szemle*» (Budapest Review) XIX. 4.: and see reference in poem.

² «*A jó öreg korcsmáros*», first published in the «*Pesti Divatlap*» 1845 (Nov. 13.).

Oh, those days of yore were happier for him!
House, garden, corn-fields, all he had in full,
Could scarcely count his oxen, horses.
Faithless man's deceit filched all his money;
His house the Danube's waters swept away;
Thus the good old landlord became pauper . . .
Heaven above shower untold blessings on him!
But now the sun of his earthly life is setting,
— At such a time every man yearns for peace, —
And on him, poor man, sad misfortune
Has just now cast a world of grief and care.
He toils till evening, has no Sunday rest,
Goes late to bed, and rises with the lark;²
O, how I pity this good old landlord
Heaven above shower untold blessings on him!
And I will comfort him — «'twill soon be better», —
He shakes his head, my words will not believe.
«But yes», he says later, «'twill soon be better

¹ Lit: «God bless him with both His hands!»

² Rather free translation; lit: «rises always early».

For I am standing on the brink of the grave».
Sorrowful, I turn and embrace him
And bathe his cheeks with my eyes' tears,
For the good old landlord is my father . . .
Heaven above shower boundless blessings on him !»¹

(To be continued.)



Dora d' Istria.

By COUNT GÉZA KUUN. Translated from the German

By: MARGARET SÓLYOM FEKETE.

HER PRODIGIOUS activity in the fields of science, art and philanthropy excited a universal admiration and was rewarded by numerous conspicuous distinctions. The Greek Parliament elected her «citoyenne d'honneur» of Hellas, in the year 1868; the communities of Oratino, Castelli and Carovilli invested her with the rights and title of a citizen. The Syllogos of Greek women, the President of which had been the Queen Amelia in person, elected and appointed her Vice-president. The greatest of all existing Roumanian distinctions was bestowed upon her, she being at the same time member of several literary, philanthropic and scientific societies. Some years previous to her death, she traversed the northern states of America, in order to become acquainted by personal experience with the healthful institutions of social life.

Dora d' Istria could display such an extraordinary activity, only by means of a strict division of her time. The hours of recreation and reception were punctually observed by her and after the expiration of a certain fixed time, the visitors hastened to take leave of her, wellknowing that her industry suffered no delay.

At Florence, she purchased the villa of Angelo de Gubernatis, called in honour of her, Villino d' Istria, in the Leonardo da Vinci street. The town on the Arno is rich in Princesses, who have retired from the world and lead a contemplative life in the shadow of the olive groves. Dora d' Istria did not retire from the world: on the contrary, she endeavoured to enrich it with her talents, genius and wisdom. The garden round her villa was transformed by her care into a very Paradise and in her drawing-room were to be found the most illustrious men and women of Europe. There I frequently met Albanians, Roumanians and Greeks, with whom she

¹ This poem has been translated into English by Bowring (wretched: he calls the «inn» a «hut» etc.) and Loew (this translation «Gems from Petöfi and other Hungarian poets», New-York 1881, is unfortunately not at my disposal).

conversed for the most part in their native language.

Such was this eminent woman and such the life she led, venerated and admired by the élite spirituel of East and West, named by the poet Rudelesco the angel of beauty and declared by Angelo de Gubernatis to be the most erudite authoress in Europe. An Albanian deputation put the crown of that land at her disposal, an offer she rejected without hesitation, preferring the laurel to the golden crown.

We who loved and honoured her, were of opinion, in consideration of her robust and vigorous constitution, that she was destined to reach a very great age. The news of her sudden decease was the more touching and afflicting, She desired in her will, to have her body burned, and left her villa by her last will to the town of Florence, for the foundation of an establishment for the deaf and dumb.

What a most extraordinary coincidence, that the house of the most eloquent woman of our age was destined to be the asylum of poor deaf-mutes! It is reported, that the direction of this establishment has collected and exhibited the manuscripts, books and in fine all the objects Dora d' Istria cherished, in a certain part of the villa — under the name of Museo d' Istria. Dora d' Istria however erected for herself incomparably a more durable monument, by means of her literary creations. (The End.)

Notice to Subscribers.

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Early Hungarian History.

(Transylvanian Recollections.)

By Rev. ANDREW CHALMERS.

I.

WERE it necessary to justify the publication of the following sketches of Hungarian life and history, I might base my claims on the fact that my interest in Hungary is not of recent date. Indeed, metaphorically speaking, my first «Transylvanian Recollections» belong to the earliest part of my career. So long ago as the autumn of 1849, I looked on with a child's curiosity and wonder, while a company of Scotchmen drank to the toast of «Hungarian Liberty», and the phrase, mysterious though it was, imprinted itself on my memory. In the years that followed, when an ominous silence had fallen

like a pall over Hungary, I groped after the meaning of Kossuth's impassioned appeals, and vaguely learned that men who loved the darkness were at work. Long after, when well nigh twenty harvests had passed over the revolutionary battlefields, and Hungary had again become something more than a geographical expression, my interest in her fate was intensified through friendships formed with the students who came from the banks of the Szamos and the Küküllő to sit at the feet of the greatest theologian of the age. Through them, I learned to feel a deeply sympathetic interest in the liberal Church, which for three centuries has existed like an almost unknown oasis in the religious wilderness of Eastern Europe. My recent visit to Transylvania, as the guest of that church, gave me a still better opportunity of observing its power to build up a noble life in the hearts and homes of its people.

It showed me also how influential it is in teaching the Magyar nation, that its long-anticipated golden age cannot be reached by the royal road of brilliant martial achievements or by the devious paths of astute diplomacy, but only by the slow and toilsome ascent to a true Christian civilisation.

The friends whose hospitality I enjoyed have their homes mostly in Transylvania, which is to Hungary proper very much what Scotland is to England. With an area of twenty-one thousand square miles, and a population of nearly two millions and a quarter, this beautiful country is rich in all

the blessings of soil, climate and scenery which render life enjoyable. Hungary itself is a highly favoured land, but Transylvania, were it not for race divisions, would be divine. Along with all that contributes to health and wealth, the principality has the further charm of profoundly interesting historical associations.

Indeed, it can boast that one of the most magnificent monuments ever raised by human hands, was erected to commemorate its full enrolment on the page of history. The column of Trajan at Rome, with its wondrous spiral band of bas-reliefs, tells to this day of the desperate struggle which broke the power



TEMPTATION.

By M. Zichy.

of the ancient Dacians, and led to the stately city of Ulpia Trajana rising on the ruins of the capital of Decebalus, the last Transylvanian king.

For a century and a half the «land beyond the woods» became to the Romans, what Mexico afterwards was to Spain. Much of the gold that glittered on the tables of the wealthy patricians, or adorned the reigning beauties at the gladiatorial shows, was dug from the hills of Abrudbánya, or washed from the sands of the Aranyos and other streams. During the culminating epoch of Roman luxury Transylvania was regarded as a vast treasurehouse to be ransacked for wealth, and not only its mineral stores, but its rich harvests were easily transmuted into gold. But as the great stream of barbarian life flowed from the north and east, the Roman dominion beyond the Danube, after being rudely shaken by the Gothic hordes, was, a century later, uprooted by a mightier hand.

Attila, the «Scourge of God», sweeping westward from Scythia, drove the feeble inhabitants before him, and seized possession of Transylvania and the neighbouring lands.

But this meteorlike career of conquest was checked by the terrific battle which turned the plain of Chalons into one great charnel-house, and all that remained of his evanescent power speedily vanished after his sudden and mysterious death. But though Attila had neither predecessor nor successor and though his work was mainly destructive, his invasion led to at least one remarkable result. It brought about the settlement in eastern Transylvania of those Szekler freemen, who still constitute an important element, in the social and political forces at work in Eastern Europe. The exact manner in which this occurred cannot now be definitely ascertained. In all probability a fragment of Attila's host, instead of returning to Asia after

his death, found its way up the Valley of the Maros, and settled in the elevated and broken country, towards what is now the Roumanian border.

There they have remained ever since, holding their own against all comers, and until recently voluntarily guarding the frontier passes, and fighting under their own officers in the national army.

At the present time they number scarcely 400,000 souls, but quality atones for lack of quantity, where a people bears the genuine stamp of nature's nobility.

And doubtless their numbers would long ere now have been greatly augmented, had the battle-fields on which they have rendered heroic service been fewer, and less thickly strewn with dead.

When the Magyars over-ran Hungary in the ninth century, they

fraternised with their Szekler kinsmen amongst the Transylvanian hills, but though closely allied by ties of race and language, the two peoples have never been quite merged in one nationality. In which stage of development the Szeklers then were, it is impossible to say, but it is clear that the early exploits of their Magyar brethren were not of a kind to qualify them for canonisation. Sweeping like a tornado over Northern Italy and Illyria, they left behind such a terror of their arms that for ages afterwards the pathetic prayer rang dolefully through the aisles of the churches — «O deliver us, thine unworthy servants, we beseech thee, from the arrows of the Hungarians».

Nunc te rogamus, licet servi pessimi,
Ab Ungerorum, nos defendas jaculis.

They even poured across the Meuse into the very heart of Flanders, and had it not been for Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great, the Magyar tongue might have been spoken to-day in the Rhineland instead of along the Danube.

(To be continued.)



PETÖFI.

❧ PETŐFI ❧

TODAY (July 31) it is just 55 years since Petőfi perished in the massacre at Segesvár. What became of him, we shall probably never know, for his body disappeared, being probably buried in a common grave with hundreds of his compatriots. His wish to die «not in a bed, amidst pillows», but

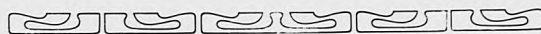
«on the battle field
There flow the young blood from my heart,
And when the last joyous words of my lips ring out,
Let the clash of steel drown them,
The trumpet blast, the cannons' roar
And o'er my corpse
Snorting steeds
Gallop to the triumph won,
And leave my crushed body there —
There let them gather my scattered bones,
When the great day of entombment comes,
When with solemn and slow funeral dirges
Under the shade of veiled banners
The heroes in one common grave are laid,
Who died for thee, holy world-liberty —

the poet's wish to die the death of a hero was fulfilled. Every year pious offerings are laid on his statue — for tomb he has none, though he is probably sleeping his last sleep in the «com-

mon grave» he so longed for. Every true Hungarian must think today of that great, immortal spirit, who wrote

«Liberty, love!
These two I long for.
For my love I would sacrifice
Life itself,
For liberty I would sacrifice
My love».

We English loved and admired Kossuth, the Pausanias of the Hungarian war of Independence; we should love and admire Petőfi, its Tyrtæus.



Chipp's: Insurance Agent.

I HAD such confidence in Chipp's powers that I firmly believed he would soon be able to turn the word of refusal into one of consent. But a new factor appeared which had to be taken into account. Like a dutiful daughter, Miss Strong told her mother of Chipp's confession of love. It was then that his real difficulties began.

Mrs. Strong was a lady, strong in body and mind, as well as in name. She was a big wo-



M. MUNKÁCSY IN HIS STUDIO PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

man, conspicuous in body and conspicuous in speech, who believed in the equality of men and women, who took frequent opportunities of saying so in public, but who acted in a manner that seemed to indicate that her opinions were the exact reverse of what she advocated. Chipps said that she went on something dreadful when she heard that he had actually proposed to her daughter. Chipps considered the situation, and promptly decided what to do. He went to the house of his lady-love and interviewed the angry parent. I should like to have watched the proceedings. He told me afterwards that he came away respecting her a good deal more than before he went, for she was the only person who had really discomfited him in the many encounters he had had in his very varied experience. But despite the fact that he put on so good a face, I could see that inwardly he was very much troubled, and personally, I felt very sorry at the defeat and disappointment which had come to him.

As to the young lady herself, while in deference to her mother's wishes apparently, she did not give Chipps the same opportunities of meeting her as formerly, she made no difference in the kindly greeting she gave him when they did meet. When Chipps and I were going home we often passed her, and it seemed to me there was just a trace of wistfulness in the smile she gave him. Perhaps Chipps noticed it too, for he told me that he intended to make another call on Mrs. Strong at an early date.

What the result of that call was I did not then hear. Before it was made I was transferred to another part of the State. I had only time to bid him a hurried goodbye, and wish him success in business. As to the other matter, I had so little hope of its turning out satisfactorily, that I never even mentioned it, but avoided it as a painful subject.

It was fully three years before I again met Chipps — in the interval I had heard nothing of him. The separation, together with my changed surroundings and new duties, had driven his love affair out of my mind, and I had almost forgotten him at the end of the interval. At the usual Christmas vacation I determined to take a run up to my old town. Strangely enough, almost the first person I met was Chipps — the same old Chipps, not a whit stouter in face or body, and his eye contrary looking as ever. We had a pleasant chat together, and he told me what of course I was quite prepared to hear, that he had done very well out of the insurance business. He was expecting, however, to start in business for himself shortly.

«But by the way, Chipps», as I suddenly recollected, «what about that girl you were after last time I saw you? Did — did you get her?»

He performed a manoeuvre with that strange eye of his, which was doubtless intended for a wink, and a grin appeared on his face.

«Did you get her?» I repeated.

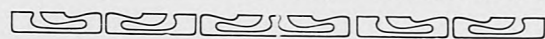
Chipps grinned again, then took hold of me by the coat collar, and said gently:



HUNGARIAN PEASANT WEDDING — THE BRIDAL DANCE.

By Ignác Roskovits.

«We are living at 40, Jones Street. Drop in some night and see the baby». WILLIAM GRÜNER.



Letter from St.-Louis.

St.-Louis, July 1st, 1904.

THE World's Fair committee here is somewhat dissatisfied at the small crowds visiting the grounds. At first it was ascribed to the bad weather we have been having, but since two weeks and more the weather was perfect, and still no increase of visitors.

The ground, spoiled somewhat by the heavy rains, are now again brought into shape, and look a veritable «Garden of Eden», special preparation being made for the great American holiday, July 4th.

Even to day the Exhibition is not complete. The inside of many of the buildings are still unfinished. Numberless objects have failed to reach their destinations. Thus for example a locomotive from Germany — claimed to be the

river, together with that of its final station in New-York.

A favourite among the Exhibition buildings is that of the state of North-Dakota, not so much on account of the excellence of the exhibits — which undisputedly are of the first class — as on account of the excellence of the delicious cookies, wafers, sandwiches, crockers etc., made of the produce of that state and distributed among the visitors. It vividly reminds me of the «Heinz's» Pavillion at the Paris Exposition four years ago, when that firm offered free samples of its delicacies to its visitors. Here however the throng is so an unwieldy one that it is impossible to keep order and this free distribution will have to be suspended from time to time. The Agriculture Building, which was sadly neglected at first, has now become the most splendid building on the grounds. It is the largest but apart from size it is a work of art.

Among the exhibitors that is to say foreign exhibitors there is great dissatisfaction not to speak of indignation. Namely, the management some years ago invited the whole world to take part, offering and promising the most favourable conditions to producers, manufacturers, tradesmen etc. It seems however that these promises did and do not come up to the expectation of the above named exhibitors, in fact the bitterness has risen to such a degree, that several countries have threatened to close up their exhibits. The chief trouble lies in the fact that foreign exhibitors have to pay heavy duty on all things imported sometimes amounting to 50% and more. Now, the management has levied an additional tax of 25% of the price of all articles sold. It is this last that the foreigners mostly object, it being impossible to compete with native manufactures under the above mentioned condition. It is rumoured that a petition is to be handed to Mr. G. B. Cortelyou, the Secretary of Commerce, with the hope that he will do something in the matter.

The Fishery Department just received a valuable acquisition to its tanks from the Bermudas. It consists of a collection of over three hundred of the rarest kind of fish of the tropical regions. Special tank-cars were built to this exhibit which will make one of the most interesting sights of the World's Fair.

The weather keeps on being fair, the management expecting big things in the near future, shortly after harvest time, when farmers and those connected with farming will be free to spend some time away from home and enjoy the sights of the Exhibition.

fastest in the world — stands already several weeks in the East St.-Louis station, — and is there yet, to stay perhaps several weeks more before it will be brought to the Transportation Building.

In the latter there are to be seen models of all the existing flying-machines, models of the biggest of the American harbours, models of the German, English and American commercial fleets, especially conspicuous being those of the English companies. The Pennsylvania R. R. exhibits a miniature of its new tunnel under the Hudson

The Archduke Otto and Archduchess Windish-Grätz have gone to Gmunden on a visit to the Duke of Cumberland. *

The Crown Prince of Saxony has been staying since several days with his children in the High-Tátra under the name of Baron Rochwitz.

The rumour that Countess Montignose has asked, and obtained permission to visit Tátrafüred in order to see her children is without foundation. *

The members of the Hungarian section of the Interparliamentary Congress are starting for the United States on the 12 of August.

We are glad to learn that Count Albert Apponyi Ex-President of the Lower House of Parliament and present Leader of the opposition party will after all join his colleagues, and act as President. *

The visitors in the High-Tátra including the watering place Daruvár amounted to 2010.



Sport and Pastime.

THE ANNUAL Army Fencing Match which came off the other week was as usual a grand success. The jury was about the best that ever presided over a match for, considering the difficulty of judging a fencing match by points, where wrong decisions are often given quite unintentionally, wonder of wonders, everybody was quite satisfied.

The first prize in the foil fencing match was earned and won by Lieut. M. Zaeckel whose tempo and defence were admirable.

Agreeable surprises were the nice work presented by Lieuts. Kaunzl and Stohanzl who won the second and third prizes respectively. Lieuts. Zaffanek, Klettlinger and Chimany, who took no place, fought well, especially the first, who however showed lack of training. It is our opinion that the foil fencing of this year's match did not come up to the usual quality of fencing put up in past years.

In sword fencing Lieut. Stohanzl came out first and showed up much better form than in foil-fencing, His second attacks, his defence and retreats are excellent Lieut. Klettlinger took the second prize.

In the amateur foil fencing match Lieut. Ervin



By M. Than.

OIL PAINTING OF A CEILING.

Mészáros took off first honours. His style was surprisingly perfect. If this young fencer is open to any criticism, it is his excessive coldness and one-sided — not enough change. His action is faultless but always the same — quarte-parade, and cavacio or ripost. Had Mészáros fenced in his present style he would have easily won the Amateur Championship

match. A good second was Lieut. *Mühlberger* whose fencing is first class whereas Lieuts. *Zsifkovics* and *Friedrich* showed lack of routine.

Among the *masters* in the army *Neralic* won both the sword and foil events in a walkover. With the foil he is a phenomenon and we consider him every bit *Kirchhoffer's* or *Greco's* equal. *Neralic's* foil fencing is a veritable poem. His sword fencing comes nowhere near to his ability with the foil. He thrusts too often, his attacks always contain a thrust; his defence is wonderful, when he catches a blade, his ripost is indefensible.

Leszák another master of high standing was in great form and received well earned acknowledgement of his ability.

The management of the match was faultless, and from year to year we can see the enormous strides with which the army advances in fencing.

„St. Amant Wins.”

I've often seen the Derby run,
Though not a judge of form;
But never heard till now of one
Run in a thunderstorm!
And memory brings back too well
Those days of hopes and fears —
Hopes that one never dared to tell,
Long vanished through the years.

And memory, Alas! brings too
The thought of many losses,
When trying Fortune's smile to woo
In picking winning «*osses*».
My hopes have long been cold and grey,
But while I this deplore
Another loss I mourn to-day —
My sovereigns are no more.

Friend after friend the same tale told —
«Oh, *Gouvernant* will win».
On *Gouvernant* I staked my gold.
Alas! and did it in»!
For not to back a Frenchman's horse
Because unpatriotic
Appeared to me to be a course
Distinctly too Quixotic.

Besides, suppose the Frenchman won,
And all our horses led —
(A thing quite likely to be done —
So everybody said.)
The Gallic cock would sweetly crow
A brotherly finale;
And henceforth evermore would grow
L'entente cordiale.

'Twas otherwise ordained by Fate,
And when the race was done
The Frenchman's horse got home too late —
An English horse had won,
Yet after all, 'tis like our race,
In life as on racecourses;
A Briton won't take second place,
Nor yet a Briton's horses.

—And if in friendly contest yet
With us the Frenchmen strive,
Fair play they know they'll always get,
And every chance to thrive.
But «governing's» a Briton's right —
As now the French are proving;
And still we'll conquer, not by might,
But rather win by loving.

London, June 19, 1904.

Madge St. Maur.



English Fashion For Ladies.

London, July 20, 1904.

THE SUMMER fashions are most lovely this year. Dainty and fairylike fabrics are ready and waiting to garb sweet femininity; supple, delicate textures fine as a spider's web, such as silk muslin, silk linen, transparent étamine, with dyes of pale colouring on foulard, which seem to have mixed all the colours of the rainbow in their silken folds, glacé taffetas, the dreamiest of muslins, spotted, striped, corded, embroidered, and a host of chinze-patterned mercerised sateens, as cheap as they are smart.

Book muslin is all the rage, and for young Ladies nothing will ever equal it. Worn over blue, pink, mauve, or apple green, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, it makes the prettiest of frocks for day or evening wear. The bébé bodice or slip blouse bodices are the best for muslins.

This is, indeed, a season of frills and furbelows. Frilled and flounced are the muslin skirts, sleeves, and fichus, for many of the muslin frocks are provided with a muslin cape or fichu, when the scarf is not preferred. Quite an old-world affair is that same scarf, with ends trimmed with lace or fringe. It can be made in muslin, silk, net, or lace.

Tailor-made cotton dresses are most useful, and one City tailor makes a speciality of linen costumes made to order for 28s. Such a useful frock ready to get into is a boon. A muslin means money and trouble. It has to be ironed constantly to keep it fresh, and it looks lamentable in the rain, but a linen tailor-made is the equivalent of a serge gown in colder weather.

The great point in dress is to study one's ways and means. What is suited to the one is unsuited to the other, and we have to dress according to our various modes of life. The woman who can jump into a hansom to save her dress from a shower views dress from a different standpoint to the woman who has to wait for an omnibus. Ladies would save themselves many heart-burnings if they would think of this.

A black chiffon picture hat is not the thing to wear with a linen tailormade costume, but a smart Manilla hat trimmed with black velvet ribbon and cherries, or a Marquise hat, which is somewhat of the three-cornered type, in cream, fancy straw, trimmed with blue tulle and a bunch of apricots or red currants looks very smart. If the tailor-made

linen costume is blue, there are charming American sailor shapes with low, broad crowns, which, trimmed with shaded blue ribbons or blue ribbons spotted with white, or a wreath of yellow roses or corn-flowers, look perfectly bewitching. With such a dress brown shoes and a smart muslin blouse look very smart.

Men admire a neat tailor-made dress more than anything else. At the same time, there are certain types of women who can never wear this style to advantage. They require the soft, fussy, and feminine frou-frou of frills, chiffon, and lace—the picture hats and fichus that frame their delicate blonde beauty best.

As we dress to please those we love, and who love us, a little vanity may be forgiven to the daughters of Eve. Vanity should spell economy, for the study of dress, properly understood, has its serious, as well as its frivolous, side.

MARGARET.

The Heat in Hungary.

THE AFRICAN heat keeps on without any rain for nearly two months. The tropical heat of the suns ray fairly melts the asphalt of our streets and in the suburbs evrything dries and grows yellow. The leaves of the trees are actually roasted, man himself can find no shelter even in the parks.

Bewildering are the sights at the provinces. The

noon rises *above 41° R.* and is still felt in the evening, is unbearable. The most impossible and unconventional toilets and costumes are to be seen everywhere: perforated Panama hats, white shoes, open collars, unbuttoned vests etc., to help to cease the heat better. From day to day the number of reported cases of sunstroke rises alarmingly. *O for rain!*



Important notice.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the increasing number of inquiries from the travelling public, The «Hungary» has established a special Department for the use of English and Americans visiting this country.

A register is kept exclusively reserved for Hotels, Pensions, Schools, Business Houses etc. in all parts of Hungary.

Strangers are therefore invited to apply personally or by letter, when every information and assistance will be afforded them free of any charge whatever.

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Stranger's Guide to Budapest.

BRITISH CONSULATE. Váci-körút 26. 10 to 3. — American CONSULATE. Mária-Valéria-utca 15/a. 9:30 — 12:30 P. M.



FISHERS ON THE RIVER «TISZA».

fields have all become yellow and burnt, one can hardly find a green spot to rest his eyes. The fear is general that should this awful heat keep up much longer we will hardly hold a vintage this year.

At the capital this infernal heat, which towards

Places of Interest.

Hungarian National Museum Archaeological Division: Tuesdays and Fridays from 9—1 o'clock. Natural history department Mondays and Thursdays from 9—1. Picture Gallery: Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9—12

a. m. Other collections may be seen on Sundays and holidays. These collections can be viewed on days not officially open, by an entrance fee of 1 crown (10a). Full details will be given in the Tourist season of this Interesting Museum the Library of which contains over 400.000 volumes mostly Hungarian. 16.000 manuscripts, 230.000 documents and 14.000 newspapers.

Industrial Arts' Museum. Üllői-út Admission free Sundays and Thursdays from 9—12 a. m. Interesting building. Hungarian style of building shown in the ancient Hungarian ornament and decoration. In its shape and form the magnificent building inclines to the Oriental style. The facade is laid out with artistic coloured tiles throughout.



HUNGARY

Budapest, Monday August 1, 1904.

«Hungary» is published on every 1-st and 15-th of each month.

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All advertisements should be addressed to the *Manager* of this paper.

On referring to or answering advertisements the number should always be stated.

Excursions to the High Tatra.

The Traveller's Bureau (Central Ticket Office of the Royal Hungarian State Railway Budapest Vigadó-tér 1.) arranges daily interesting excursions to the Tatra Mountains. The excursionists go with the mountain railway from the *Csorba* station to the *Csorba* Sea, cross the romantic beautiful roads among the Tatra mountains in a carriage, touching in their course *Tátrafüred*, *Tátralomnicz*, and a visit to the *Barlangiget Cave*.

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Principal Contents.

1. Hungarian Art at the St. Louis Exhibition. By the Editor. — 2. Alexander Petöfi. The Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence. By Dr. Arthur B. Yolland. — 3. Dora d'Istria. By Count Géza Kuun. Translated from the German by Margaret Sólyom Fekete. — 4. Early Hungarian History. Recollection of Transylvania. By Rev: Andrew Chalmers. — 5. Petöfi. — 6. Chipps: Insurance Agent. By William Grüner. — 7. Letter from St. Louis. — 8. Theatre and Music. — 9. Court News, Fashionable Society. — 10. Sport and Pastime. 11. English Fashion for Ladies — 12. The Heat in Hungary. — 13. Important Notice. — 14. Our Illustrations. — 15 Notice to Contributors. — 16. Answers to Correspondents. — 17. Visitors in Budapest. — 18. Visitors left Town. — 19. Advertisements.

Our Illustrations.

1. Our Frontispiece is a portrait of His Excellency Charles de Hieronymi our Minister of Commerce.

2. Hungarian Goldsmiths' work of Art of various designs.

3. «*Temptation*» a charming sketch by our famous artist Michael Zichy who has been the painter of the Russian court since several years.

4. The portrait of Alexander Petöfi, our great Poet, taken in 1848.

5. *Michael Munkácsy* with his wife in his Studio (painted by himself).

6. The «*Bridal Dance*» an interesting picture of the Hungarian peasants. On such occasions the Hungarians good humour, «*Jó kedv*» as he calls it is at its height. This excellent picture is after a painting of Ignác Roskovicz.

7. *A Tomb-Stone* by George Zala an ingenious sculpture who died a few years ago while yet in the prime of his life.

8. A fine painting representing «*Communication*» of the ceiling of the main hall of our Central Terminus by the eminent painter Maurice Than.

9. «*Fishing on the Tisza*», a typical Hungarian river fishing scene, after a sketch by Lajos Ebner.

Notice to Contributors.

No MS. can be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope.

Prof. K. M. Vienna. The nature of the subject has no interest for our journal.

C. J. Kecskemét. We are very sorry but we cannot publish it. Send us something better — in good English.

M. S. F. Déva. Hope you have received the tickets safely.

Dr. B. R. Siófok. The topic you sent us is for a daily paper.

Prof J. K. Kolozsvár. Yours to hand. We will do our best to derive success. Thanks much for goodwill.

Miss B. V. Császárfürdő. We have had too much on our hands of late, but it will soon be published. Thanks, and waiting for more.

W. H. S. London. The matter right through was — we are sorry to admit — an unfortunate one. Let us drop the subject, and carry the mission we have both at heart to victory.

Answers to Correspondents.

This Journal is not intended to take any position with relation to party politics, Hungarian or otherwise. It will maintain a perfectly impartial attitude in all such questions. But the Editor is open to accept signed contributions from individuals of all shades of opinion; each writer taking the full responsibility for the expression of his views.

Nothing personal will be admitted.

Visitors in Budapest.

Staying at the Grand Hotel Hungaria.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn Mostyn, London. — Mr. and Mrs. H. Morris, Washington. — Corbeth Smith, London. — Charles Wisstes, London. — Henry Dottenheim, New-York. — Mrs. May Goldsmith, New-York. — Raymond Mixell, Boston. — A. Ashton, Philadelphia. — E. Taylor, London. — G. Morgen, London. — G. Sharp, London. — Thomas Powers, London. — Henry Dugro and family, New-York. — Noel Fleishmann, London. — Louis Cahn, New-York. — John Mil, Washington. — I. L. Alton, New-York. — Albert Wool, New-Orleans. — Charles Jewell, Washington. — Ralph Gray, Boston. — Janner Morrison, Boston. — M. L. Weller, Washington. — John Priess, Philadelphia. — Mrs. N. A. Barclay, New-York. — Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, New-York. — I. C. Rocgnel, New-York. — I. H. Fortescue, London.

Visitors left Town.

Mr. C. W. Ward, Washington. — Miss J. Center, New-York. — Mr. A. Murdock, Boston. — Mr. G. Wilcox, New-York. — Dr. E. Hoods, Pittsburg. — Mrs. Hill, Mead-Rutherford, New-York. — Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith and daughter, Nottingham. — Mr. John Wrenn and Son, Chicago. — Mr. and Mrs. James, London. — T. Lodge, Huddersfield. — H. G. Gums, Baltimor. — A. Stuart, London. — I. Robertson, London. — F. Hinds, Coventry. — W. S. Byers and daughter, Sunderland. — E. C. Barker, Boston.

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Budapest, 1904. július 17.

M. k. államvasutak igazgatósága.

(Utánnnyomás nem díjaztatik.)

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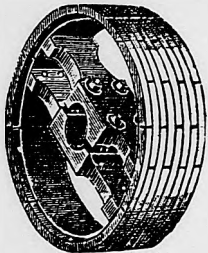
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