

HUNGARY

Budapest Monday January 15, 1906.

An Illustrated fortnightly Society Journal.

VOL. IV. No 4.

The Army question in Austria and Hungary.

By Count A. APPONYI

F. C. M. P. Ex-President of the Hungarian Lower-House.

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

XX.

WE CERTAINLY adhere to the legal connection with Austria, as from country to country by collective will of the nation but we cannot admit that individual citizens of Hungary should enter into any direct relation to an empire, real or imaginary which is not Hungary which is even meant to be placed above her; by such a process connection would be transformed into absorption. Still, we could understand the pertinacity with which our opponents the faithful courtiers of pan Austrian imperialism, cling to such moral agencies if positive results in the enlisting of recruits on behalf of their pet idea were possible to any appreciable extent. But they are not, powerful as the influence of military training is to put a final stamp on minds worked upon by other convergent forces; it can hardly ever succeed in a positive sense, when quite isolated, perfectly unsupported, or when counteracted by every other influence is no other school of pan Austrian patriotism in Hungary, that plant cannot thrive in a soil so unprepared. The «something else», then, is none the better for



Photo by Strelisky.

COUNTESS MARY SZÉCHÉNYI.

the authority of the Hungarian State in the eyes of its own citizens, and in that negative sense her combined action is full of peril. Who knows in how many young souls among those our fellow citizens the waverings between patriotic and unpatriotic influences have been decided in favour of the latter by the psychological action of military institutions where Hungary is present only in fiction, but almost entirely absent in reality? And who is it who wins by our loss?

It is a dead certainty that, speaking of the masses, not of a few exceptional cases, who ever in Hungary looks

this last effort. But as a perturbing force and in a negative sense, such military training may yet be efficient. The plant cannot thrive, it is true, but still its sickly shootings weaken the good seed, and where its pollen falls on some kindred bloom, it breeds fruit, bitter to all tastes. To speak without metaphor, in the minds of those our fellow citizens who do not belong to our race, military training, such as it is meets with one congenial negative influence: the influence of anti-Hungarian agitators—it matters not whether intentionally or not tends to lower

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A Vend Peasant.

not to Budapest as his metropolis is casting sidelong glances towards Belgrade, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, or Berlin even if the tactics of his seducers teach him hypocritical bowings to Vienna.



Great Men of Letters.

Paul Gyulai.

PAUL GYULAI is one of those writers who are poets and critics at the same time. In this respect he may be compared to Sainte-Beuve: though, while the latter's poetical activity was later thrown into the shade by his work in the field of criticism. Gyulai has never deserted poetry. His poetical activity has accompanied him throughout his whole life: and the fact of his being able, as critic, to understand and to make intelligible to others so many literary lights of Hungary is doubtless due in no small measure to his fine poetic instinct. His literary and critical treatises often teem with passages of poetical beauty. Gyulai owes these traits to Macaulay and our literary historians rightly regard him as the Hungarian disciple of the great British critic.

Paul Gyulai was born on January 14, 1826 at Kolozsvár: consequently he celebrated his eightieth birthday yesterday. Educated first at the Protestant College of his native town, from his earliest days he cultivated a taste for literature and very soon attracted the attention of his masters by the extensive and varied knowledge he displayed

in conversation and writing. At the age of fourteen he lost his father; and was in consequence obliged to fight for himself. Among the many poets with, whom he was personally acquainted none made more impression on him than Vörösmarty, whose biography he has written (v. infra). He is a good linguist, and has translated some works of Goethe and Schiller. In 1858 he married the sister of Petöfi's widow: and in the same year became Professor of Hungarian and Latin Literature at Kolozsvár. Since 1862 he has been in con-

tinual residence at Budāpest. He is a member of the House of Magnates and the greatest living authority on Hungarian Literature. To the many tributes awarded him at home and abroad on the occasion of his eightieth birthday we would offer our own modest «many happy returns of the day».

This is not the first Jubilee in Gyulai's life; for in 1894 he celebrated the 50th year of his literary activity. But whereas the Jubilee of 1894 was a celebration of the writer, today we have an opportunity of paying tribute to the man. Mr. Gyulai's life has been as plastic as his literary work. Fate has, indeed, been unkind to him robbing him in quick succession of his dearly beloved wife and a grown-up daughter and finally tearing from him his only son: but he bore the chastisement of fate with calm forbearance. He has always shown the love and forbearance heralded by his poetry, in which he has raised many an immortal monument to his lost ones.

Gyulai has written very many exceedingly beautiful satires and descriptive poems. Of the four seasons autumn is his favourite: of which he says «spiteful artists and melancholy poets have calumniated it». He looks upon nature with the eyes not of the poet but of the artist; for those nice details of the beauty of nature which Gyulai remarks generally escape the poet's notice and are left for artists to discover. Gyulai's poetry is characterised by refined feeling and a perfection of construction.

His collective poems have gone through many editions and there is no educated man in Hungary today who does not know at least one of Gyulai's beautiful lyrics by heart.

Of Gyulai's literary treatises the most eminent is his *Biography of Vörösmarty*, in which he describes in masterful language the regeneration of Hungarian Literature as well as the previous literary and social developments that brought about the same. The «*Biography of Vörösmarty*» gives us an insight not only into the mental life and poetry of Vörösmarty but into the state of Hungarian society in the first half of the XIXth century as well, and makes us familiar with those men who



Selling Seed.



A Palina Peasant Woman.



A Poultryman.



A Vend Couple.

were nearest and dearest to the great poet. — Another great literary treatise of Gyulai's «*Katona József és Bánk bánja*» (Joseph Katona and Bánk Bán) is a tribute to the best Hungarian tragedy and its author. *Bánk Bán* is not only itself a tragedy of the highest class, but its fate too was tragical; for it was unnoticed for a long period. It was Gyulai who

dramatists to follow Shakespeare in dramatic characterisation and diction but in the matter of strict dramatic construction to follow in the steps of Corneille and Racine.

Gyulai, further, created an entirely new genre of composition in Hungarian literature — memoirs. These are not panegyric like those of the French



PAUL GYULAI.

drew the public attention to it and proved that *Bánk Bán* is a true Shakespearian work. In this treatise Gyulai displays his thorough knowledge of Shakespeare. No Hungarian critic has been more eloquent in proclaiming the traditions of Shakespeare than Gyulai. He followed in the steps of Lessing without, however, being so unjust to the French classical drama: on the contrary, in his younger days he wrote a brilliant essay on the French classical drama, in which he advised the Hungarian

nor collections of dry biographical data as those of the Germans, but artistic character-sketches, written in beautiful, spirited, oratorical language similar to that of Macaulay. No-one in Hungary can fathom the soul of the writer as Gyulai does; no-one can analyse in finer language the individual and social preliminaries to the production of a literary work. He looks at everything from a literary point of view: he is never slave to any onesided aesthetic or philosophic tenet, but always judges the works from

the writer's own standpoint. He is moreover an unflinching guardian of the traditions of older Hungarian literature and has always been a foe to the perverseness and errors of modern taste.

Even at the age of eighty Gyulai has escaped falling into the error committed by so many old men of letting their views and tastes stagnate. Gyulai understands and appreciates newer tastes and tendencies; he is fond of the younger generation and has been the means of helping many a younger genius to a successful career. For twenty years professor of Hungarian Literature at the Budapest University, he enjoyed no small popularity and affection among his pupils, many of whom cherish with deep gratitude the memory of his magnanimity and kind-heartedness.

Gyulai has written novels too, — as he himself says, «only by the way», of these excellent productions of Hungarian Literature many have been translated into English and some have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. They have been translated into other languages too, e. g. French, Danish, German and Serbian. Gyulai's novels may be compared to the «nouvelles psychologiques» of the French; for each one of them is an attempt to solve a psychological problem. The best of them is «*Egy régi udvarház utolsó gazdája.*» It was written early in life, and in his old age Gyulai himself is astonished at his having fathomed the soul of the old man so well. «Today I can study the old man in myself», he adds with the inimitable charm that is his own.

Yet even at the age of 80 we cannot call Gyulai old. With uniring zeal he does his work as the permanent secretary of Class I. of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, as a member of the Directorate of the Franklin Press and — a fact which should perhaps have been mentioned first, as the post involves an enormous amount of labour — as the Editor of the most prominent Hungarian Review, the *Budapesti Szemle*. As Editor Gyulai is like a perfect speaker; he gives every shade of opinion a hearing. In his review long scientific discussions are often carried on to the great benefit of Hungarian scholarship. The *Budapesti Szemle* is the preëminent school of good taste and formal correctness and has been in the service of Hungarian scholarship for the last 33 years. As it is preëminently a literary organ, it may be compared to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but it has many traits in common with the English Reviews, as it endeavours

to solve many problems of foreign and home politics and above all has won laurels by clearing up the conception of Parliamentarism.

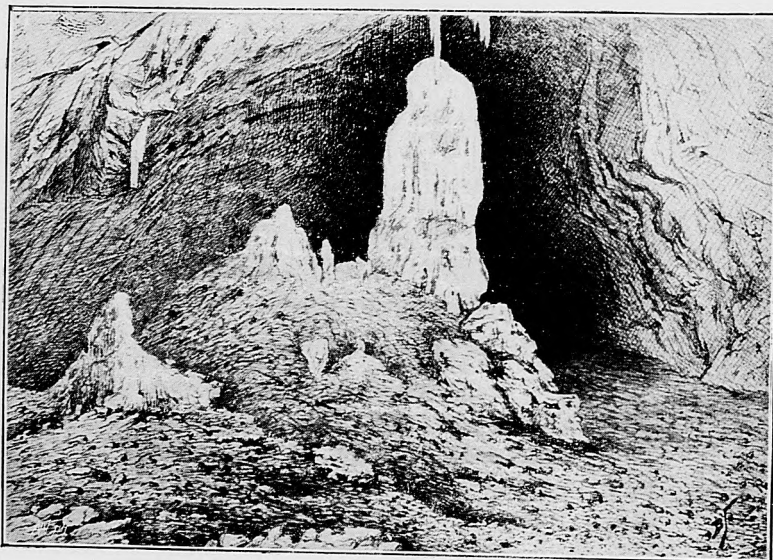
DR. MIKLÓS BERKOVICH.



Hungarian Life Through English Spectacles.

I. The "Kávéház". (Copyright.)

EVERY country is able to boast of some speciality. Some revel in their ancient buildings; too often are they mere shapeless masses of a historic episode, others grow eloquent in remembrance, passionate in meditation over some rich and valuable paintings the product of an old master of



THE NEEDLE ROCK.

the palette: sometimes it is music and song, beauty of landscape, charm of manner, richness of literature, untold wealth, triumphs of science, thus is it, and of such, that one in moments of mental exuberance is led away into boastfulness.

These are what I would call the inevitable or natural specialities of all great nations and it is not of these that I desire to write just now, for there is something more indicative and even more national that impresses me and of which I think English readers for the most part are unacquainted.

If one would understand anything of the real magyar temperament, one must watch the national traits peep out during the fleeting moments of restfulness; during those moments when so-to-speak man unloosens himself. Let us visit a *Kávéház*. The *Kávéház* has an atmosphere peculiarly its own; it is — in Hungary — unlike anything of its kind I have ever encountered in my travels. What is this subtle, suggestive and special something? Is it found in bizarre decoration, in quaint spardrils, in volup-

tuous architecture and design, or in prodigality of colouring? No! These externals however make their requisite contribution to that seductive speciality which haunts these habitations of the sexes. Luxuriance fosters sensuousness, and without that impulsiveness and impressionableness which borders upon error yet remains aloof from it, one is unable to adequately apprehend the full mystery of the magyar spirit.

You enter for coffee after having dined, perchance in some more humble abode of man. The conversation at that dinner is invariably political and as such invariably ambiguous. It has simply been the movement of the same old Knights and Kings and their pawn-ing underlings, on the same old board. You grow excited, then become annoyed, finally reaching the anger stage when the last

your cigarette smoke, and imagine you are thinking out some huge problem for human amelioration or personal aggrandisement; on the contrary; you know not what you think. While musing thus, the clatter of falling dynasties, the desertion of parties, or the shrieks for reform which the uneducated emit in lightning form, disturbs you not.

It is the appeal of the Eastern in the place that so captivates you, an appeal not made in the ineloquent forms of the written or spoken word, but in that graceful perfect form employed by the pervasive spirit, that penetrating, absorbing sense of invisible personality.

Leaning heavily upon the marble table mundane things disappear and the utopia, vague and mysterious appears. A puff of smoke, a sip of coffee, physical movements it is true but all accomplished with a delicacy bred of association with a unique atmosphere.

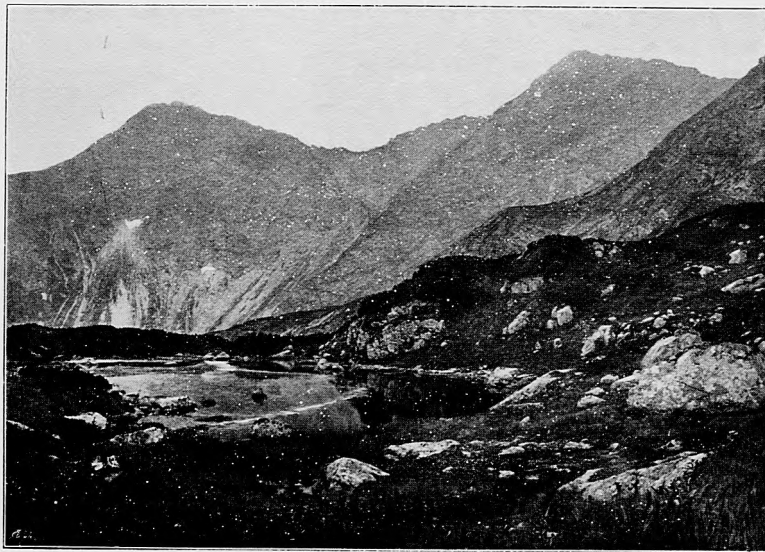
Whilst thus unemployed, for there is an employment which involves unemployment; the whole scene changes leaving but a shadow of the Eastern cloud behind, as if in remembrance, a kind of spiritual token of presence.

A breath of the new spirit passes through the rooms as the orchestra strikes decisively the opening notes. It is a long note, and you breathlessly wait for its companions. The conductor is one of those souls who with closed eyes is able to see pictures. The bard knows not the black uniformity of notes and bars; and it has but one cue — the conductor.

With violin he leads as one inspired, his companions following with notes instinct with national harmony and palpitating with the real magyar temperament.

On the crest of the soul-lifting crescendo you behold scenes hitherto not disclosed to the Western imagination, and you feel as in the presence of a god. Feeling widens into wonder then into worship, until finally enchantment of heights is broken by Danteor descent to life's minor; and the reverberating roar of struggling groaning creation is heard.

Staccatoed musical ejaculation now challenges the sensations, and the feet once motionless and reposeful now become agitated, whilst the fingers take on an elasticity undreamt of. So is it ever with the appreciative soul. Romance now appears and with panoramic skill you see Louis the Great, Matthias Corvinus, under whose reign Hungary attained to the pinnacle of fame, prosperity, civilisation and power. You seem to see him defeating Podiebrad of Bohemia, dispersing the Turks at Kenyérmező, and



UPPER ROHÁCS LAKE.

dish — cold — arrives. Heated arguments always disturb the kitchen. You have dined early, that is before 8 o'clock, and you experience nothing of the healing attributes of Cigane music. With your wind whirling with indignation against Hapsburg authority, or Hungarian indolence; you stroll along some busy thoroughfare and finally succumb to the seductivity of magyar music. You enter for coffee; you are given an inspiration. What in most places in Europe is a commonplace is in Budapest a speciality. It is yet early, and civilisation does not trample on one. With your coffee comes delightfully clear cold water. You gaze at both for a moment, light a cigarette, look for a newspaper — if you can — then settle down for the evening. These places know nothing of wretched Western hurry, hence, before you are aware of it you indulge in a mental liqueur. There is something autocratic in the atmosphere of a Hungarian *Kávéház*. It demands your entire allegiance, it thrusts its influence upon you and you do not desire to resist it. You peer through the ringed circlets of



WINTER SPORT.

capturing Vienna. A change of movement and with kaleidoscopic subtlety you behold, Bocskay, Gábor, and George Rákóczy securing toleration for Protestants, when the conductor with his historic song breaths forth the stirring music of 1848. Grey bearded Kossuth Lajos, a hero amongst Hungarians, that daring martyr Count Louis Batthyány, both seem to appear, and the head bows its allegiance to a name and a memory.

Thus is the true patriotic sense, of the magyar nation stirred to its best national endeavour. Sometimes ballads of love, quaint romance, or superstition the mind and being of the conductor; but there is one certain fact, that directly he recognises the presence of a grave national crisis, he seaches within himself for that potential something which welds the whole nation; and is moments such as these the musical production of Western Europe are boldly ignored.

The imagination is regulated by art alone, and the Hungarian *Kávéház* is never inartistic. To see with the eyes of the others is an impossibility; to enjoy experiences in the same rigid form line by line as another also remains outside the radius of human possibility; but there is a suggestiveness, a peculiar imaginative fertility resultant upon the discharging of one's mind, and it is this possibility which prompts these impressions of Hungarian life and character.

It is always advisable to remember that «all things have two handles», therefore one must beware of the wrong one.

VILMOS.

The Castle of Vajda-Hunyad.

BY MARGARET SÖLYOM FEKETE.

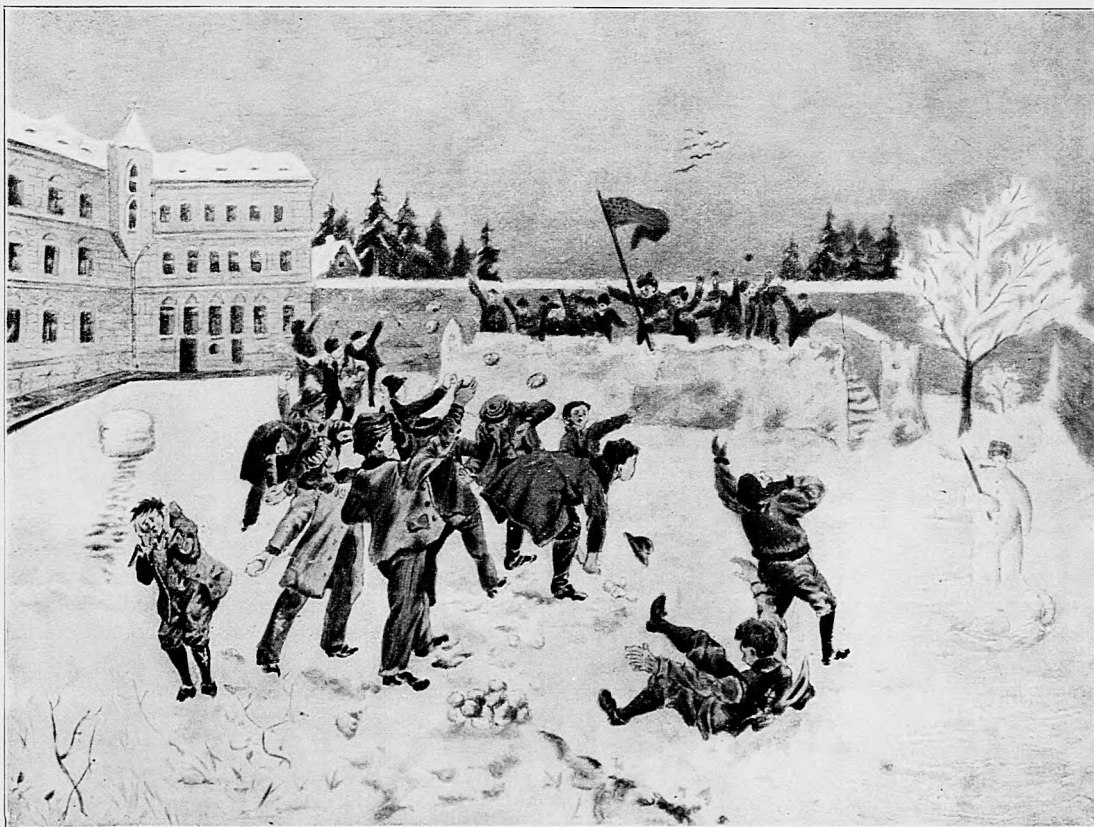
XXX.

A PUBLIC service was held in presence of Báthory and his whole army, each warrior being ordered to put a clod of earth on his bosom, which ought to remind him, that he girded on his sword in service of the fatherland, and must be ever ready to spill his blood in its protection. How brightly broke the day, as the standards were unfurled, as the troops uttered three times the war-cry of Jesus, when suddenly the tramp of hoofs and the sound of bugles was heard in the valley. The Turks approached from Alvincz, lead by Ali Bey, who left 30.000 prisoners behind him in strict confinement. Báthory however ordered his army in line of battle, placing the Saxons on the left wing, on the right the Széklers, he himself being posted in the centre with the Transylvanian banderols. Then rose a mighty clamour of furious wrath as the fiery Wallachs and Saxons outstripping the tardy movements of military operations, burst upon the Turks. Báthory, ordering the centre to advance fell with a sudden jerk from his horse, all the bystanders considering it a bad omen, being deeply affected by this incident, but Báthory, though at first, turning pale, soon composed himself

and crying aloud: «There are no good or bad omens to those, who wage war in service of the fatherland». Pushed forward against the enemy. The battle soon raged with an unrelenting fierceness, as the ranks of the two armies mingled with each other, the men fought hand to hand with their swords with a fury, sharpened by the ancient rivalry of the nations making the whole a contest of physical strength rather than skill. The standards were torn to shreds in the attempt to seize them on the one side and to preserve them on the other. Báthory was seen on that day in the thickest of the melée; he fell severely wounded and over his body dashed the Turkish warriors. This was the most perilous stage of the combat, when the sudden appearance of Kinizsi, coming to the rescue of his friend gave a new turn and complexion to affairs. Kinizsi's army rushed forward with drums beating, bugles sounding; his eyes sought Báthory, he shouted his name and at the sound of his thundervoices, the hero, though severely wounded, rose from amidst the heap of fallen warriors, by which he was surrounded. «Báthory lives, Kinizsi comes», these cries were repeated and spread joy and hope far and wide throughout the whole Hungarian army. Kinizsi succee-

ded in turning the flank of the Turks, while they were vigorously pressed in front by Báthory, completing their disorder and soon converting their retreat into a rout. Some attempting to cross the Maros were drowned and many, who were entangled in a narrow defile fell by the swords of their pursuers, or miserably perished in the river, which bore away their mutilated corpses. The success of the Hungarians was complete, the inanimate bodies of 30,000 Turks, strewn the plain of Kenyérmező. The victorious Hungarian army took a night's rest on the very scene of the battle, where at the sound of the «tárogató» an original Hungarian musical instrument, Kinizsi, holding a Turk firmly with his teeth, danced with him the «toborzó». Báthory recovering from his wounds erected a chapel on the site of the battle.

Mohamed, the conqueror of Stambul left two sons Bajazid and Dzsem of a widely different character. Mohamed himself commanded and influenced everyone by the magic of a mind, long accustomed to awe and to subdue. He seemed with his chilling and lofty aspect like some eminence which casts a shadow over the sun, a being above mortality and endowed with supernatural gifts.



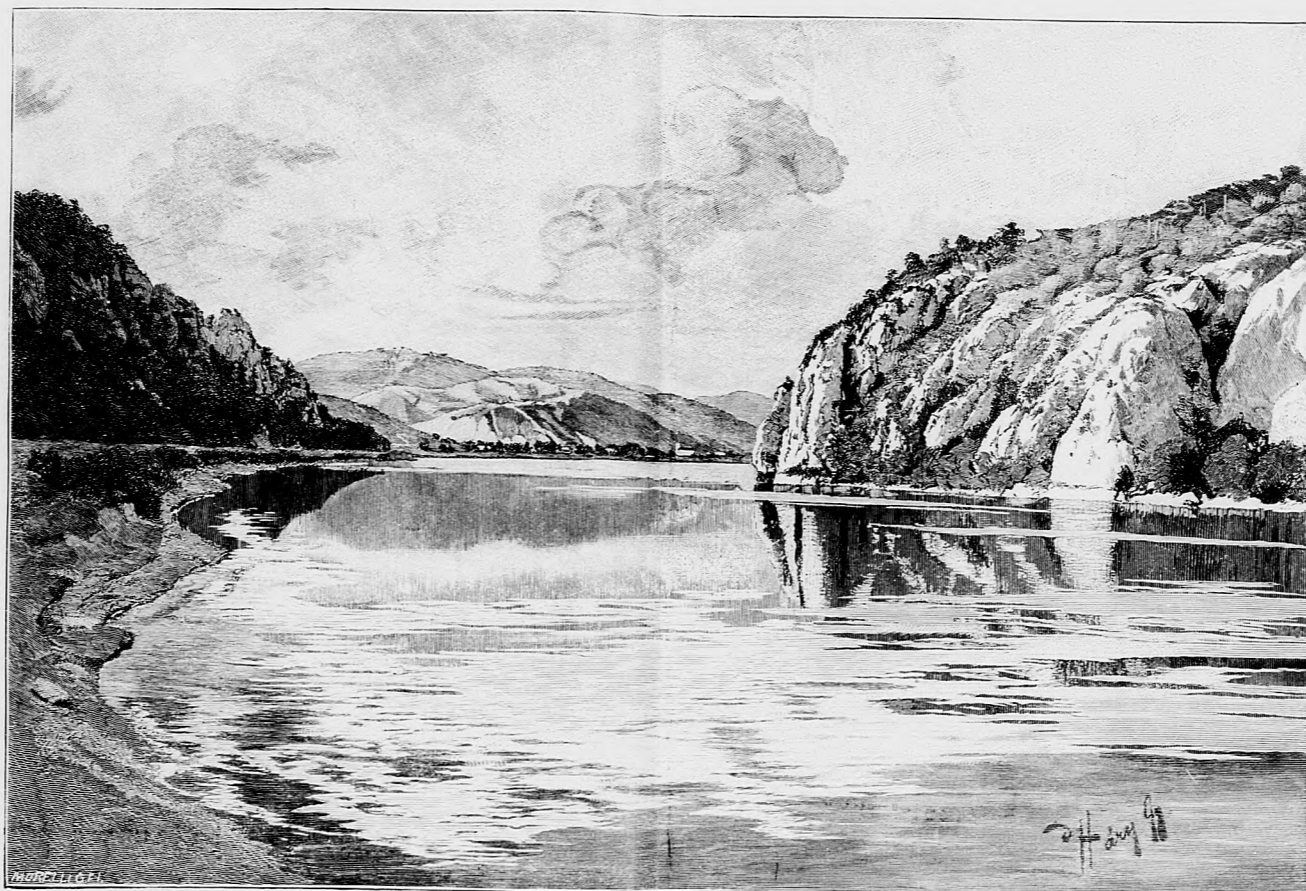
THE SNOW WAR.

A Christmas-story.

THE MINISTER'S wife, I heard someone say behind me and looking up, I saw the gate of the ivy clad mansion opened and a frail little figure with fair curls waving round the face and a pair of laughing, big blue eyes in the doorway. Amazed, stepping back for an instant when she beheld the stranger before her. I took off my hat and a haughty little bow was the silent reply; offensively haughty I thought before I caught sight of the smiling corners of the little mouth that smile made up for the coldness with its heart touching kindness and the innocence of the fresh white clusters of the appletree about it the laden branches of which hung over the golden head. It was the picture of the fairy-queen, the dreams of my boyhood that came back to me as I slowly walked along the path that led to the church where I was to take office as the new-organist of the parish.

That was in the early morning and when in the afternoon my new master took me home to his wife for tea, the woman that received me was the kind mistress of the house, with no trace of haughtiness about her, trying to make the stranger comfortable on her hearth; and well succeed she did; in five minutes I had forgotten that I spoke to the woman I only saw the second time in life, and told her the stories of my childhood; of the gloomy old house with the taciturn, pale blackrobed woman that was my mother walking about it, of the tender sister that tried to spoil the youngster, but whose attempts were checked by mother's laws that were all severity, and severity and hardship only life had brought me afterwards at Eton, where I so often felt tempted to leave Algebra problems and Newton's theories for a stroll in the woods where I could listen to the sounds of birds and animal's throats that seemed so much easier to be understood, she really was interested in all that and told me laughing she would have felt just the same in my place. But when I came to the part, where I had to tell her about my sister's death, the only being that ever loved me, when I vividly painted her the lonely state I was in after I had been obliged to sell the estate in order to save my forefather's good name, and there was nothing left when we got finished with paying the debts, but a small sum, just enough to set out an annual income for my mother on which she could live like a gentlewoman in the apartment the new owner of the castle had left her, — when she saw me leaving the house that had never been a home to me with nothing in my pockets but the decree of my yet unfinished studies, the great love for music in my heart and the little scroll of playing the organ in my hands, her smile grew sad and the blue eyes looked so pitiful upon me, with just that look my sister used to give me, when mother was taking the riding whip to make me say my lesson instead of maltreating my poor old schoolmaster's violin for hours. And when I had finished the narration, I felt

that I indeed had cast off the shadows of the past, a bright and happy life had begun in that low room with the whitewashed walls the flowerframed windows, the oldfashioned cottage-piano in the corner and the big table, covered with the beautiful Irish linen and all the quaint, old tea things upon it that made it look so inviting even without the charm of the little woman that kept herself so gracefully busy about it.



THE BEGINNING OF THE IRON GATE.

By Julius Háry.

The cool refreshing days of the month of May had passed into sultry hot, sunny summerdays; we were walking together on rough lanes small paths on the edges of the field, talking merrily about trifle things, rejoicing when we found some full grown silky poppy-heads and running like children when an especial gay coloured butterfly happened to cross our way, chasing the poor creature till we stopped a little out of breath, looking shame facedly at each other, only to begin the game anew a few minutes after, till hot and tired we dropped under the shade of one of the mighty oaks, that marked the borders of the neighbour's fields, there she began to unwrap her ever so carefully equipped lunch-basket and fed me as if I were the

schoolboy, just got home for holidays. Never once it occurred to me that it was the wife of my superior, the mistress of the mansion when I looked at the trim, slender figure and the pretty face flushed with the vigour of youth; we were an unsuspecting, innocent boy and girl, feeling happy in each other's presence, thinking life charming and the hours we spent together the best of the day; no more, till one morning the master came up to the choir where

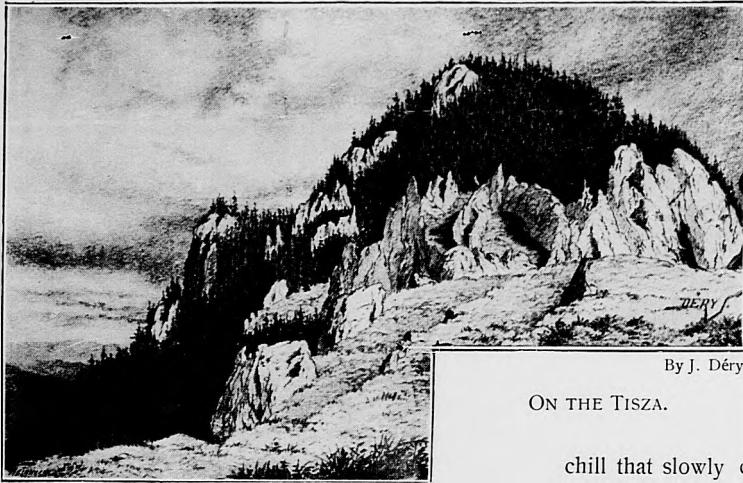
muring some words of excuse I left him, where he wondering stood: Why, she behaved just as you did; I heard him say in a surprised voice, I didn't think, it was something so dreadful to be a mother.

I never knew how I passed that day I only remember the next morning I saw that a storm had swept away the dry leaves of the trees, the flowers had drooped their heads in the cold morning wind, the sunshine had gone and with it the gaiety of summer a gray sky hung over the village and made the little houses look so bare of all comfort and the unpared street so miserable with the cover of mud happy hours of life, autumn had set in and with the spread over them; summer was gone, the bright days, the cold chill of desolation and hopelessness. I did not dare look at her lest my eyes should betray me, and I was silent, lest I should tell her. But I must not! Once I nearly spoke; it was when I saw how her steps grew more and more heavy and the bloom of her cheeks began to die away. «I used to be a field lark» she said smiling a pitiful little smile: soaring high up in the air singing my untaught little songs, just as they pleased me but now I am tied to my nest with heavy wings, that hardly allow me to rise a little above the ground.» Then I opened my lips to tell her — but a scene came back to me, in a large summerhouse of the garden, where on the table the cloth was spread for the children of the village that had their feast to day in the mansion. There was plenty of sweet cream and chocolate, home made little cakes and wafers, and the brown and blond-haired little ones were crowding round the matron eager to kiss the fair cheek that she affectionately bent down to them and to receive a piece of the sweet-meats, a whole big box of which was in her lap. There was a flax head of about I year, with eyes as azure blue as hers and with that rare softness about the features that made her face never-to-be-forgotten though it wasn't of a marvellous beauty. That little girl received an extra kiss and an exceedingly big apple and patting the childish arms that were round her neck she told me: I must have looked just like her when Cousin George came and carried me away from my father's death bed and took care of me till he made me his wife: he has been so kind to me ever since. I ought to be very, very grateful. I remembered the firm look in the eyes and the tightly drawn corners of the mouth and I knew the woman would never wince for a moment but strive forward on her way of duty, without turning back for once at the Garden of Eden she left, be it as tempting and beautiful as human mind could imagine it. So I never answered, but merely asked something about the old dog that lay by her side and went away still heavier than I had entered.

And then it got winter; Xmas approached and with it the hour of trial. I knew it by the packages that were handed in by grateful hands; some self knitted pairs of tiny stockings some little bits of bonnets and jackets from the rich she had nursed

I sat practising, and told me blushing like a girl; «we had the doctor up at our house yesterday and he told me I had better leave my books and take care of my wife, she is going to be a mother».

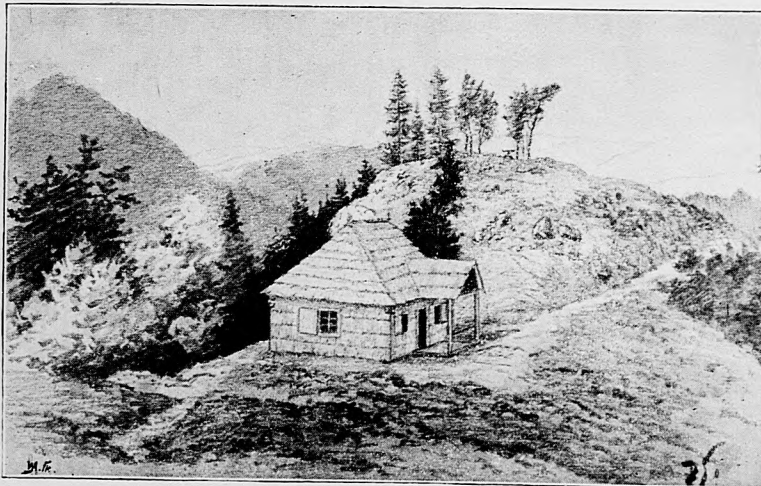
I stared at him blankly for some time and then suddenly I felt a stream of cold blood rush to my heart; the woman I adored a mother another's wife! Yes, I adored her, nay it was more. I loved her, loved her with that unsparing great love that knows no other thought but to say: mine of the beloved, and she was a wife, the kind old man's wife, whose life was taken up in his books and his parishioners. «What's the matter with you my boy?» he said now, you look like a ghost. I wildly grasped my hat that lay beside me on a chair and mur-



By J. Déry.

ON THE TISZA.

in her better days, some first trials of unskilled children's work from the little ones for their auntie that had been as gleeful a child with them as they were themselves. A stately woman had arrived from town and made herself so dreadfully comfortable in just that corner of the wide, soft old sofa where I used to have my place, opposite of her, listening to her pretty little speeches that seemed so wise and thoughtful to me, of that meaning that we always find in the simplest words are they said by the woman we love. At last it was Xmas eve; a bitterly cold, lonesome, miserable Christmas, with pale faces round me all trembling with me for the «Parish's» best woman! for whose life the doctor had given us such little hope. And when darkness had set in and the stars were twinkling with just that brightness that's their Xmas gown, people at church had to kneel down and send up their beautiful old hymn. «Christ has arisen» without their preacher that had sung it with them for twenty-two years and without an organist who accompanied their song with the powerful sounds that made them sure for them to reach Heaven. They were sitting at the deathbed of the little mother who bravely battled against the



SHELTER ON THE FÁTRA MOUNTAIN.

By J. Déry.

blackness that thicker and thicker sank upon her. A bundle of white linen and laces and pink babyribbons was laid into my arms and within a little being that seemed bone and flesh; its my Christmas gift to both of you», she said and once more the happy old smile broke over her face. Cousin George will take care of it till it is a woman and then you will take her to your home, The smile grew faint and with it the light of her life that was feebly flickering under the icy

chill that slowly crept over the bed. There was a soft sigh and again the hush of the voice. «Put the baby on my breast» and she made us link our hands in her little one. Be friends she said, and love her and when we silently bent our heads the gleam came back to the beautiful eyes for the last time. I am very, very happy she murmured and with that murmur and the content look upon her face, death claimed his precious prey and left the still white figure on the bed with the man and the boy breaking down over her, weeping hot tears of despair for the woman they had loved, both of them with so different a love.

Many happy Christmas' passed since then; there is Granny in his arm chair at the head of the table with the' children on his knees and a female figure standing before them just as slender and well shaped as her mother's; now she is turning round and as the light falls upon the face' I can see the beloved features of the deceased. She had trodden her mother's path from the day she had brought the first May-flowers and ripe strawberries that were to be found in my lonely room «to make uncle smile a little», till a beautiful young girl she had consented with tender grace to be my wife. Now she is coming up to me and is gently leading me to the windows, where I can look across the church yard and just opposite of me at a large white stone that is covered with fresh flowers to-day. She'll be content my wife is whispering and I take her in my arms and with the heart of the living beating against mine I send up a prayer to the dead who had known how to render me a happy man for life by the precious Xmas gift, that grew so inestimably dear to me. M. COGLAR.

~~~~~  
 "Hungary" is the best medium for advertising.

### Journey of a Debreczen Professor to the United States of America.

FOR A LONG time it has been the great desire of the Hungarian Evangelical Reformed Church to turn one of her high schools into a University, so that it would be possible to teach her sons from the very beginning, she might also be able to supply the full course not only in Theology, but in Juridical and Philosophical subjects. She has never dreamed of including the Medical Faculty for lack of the necessary funds.

Everybody is agreed that the Debreczen College is the most suitable highschool for this purpose. It is as old as the Reformation; it has a good name; its Academies of Theology and Law are well frequented; its Gymnasium with 12 classes, four of which are of course parallel, and its Normal School enjoy good fame in the land. This high school has the greatest number of students of all the schools of the Hungarian Reformed Church, and Debreczen itself is a large city capable of providing opportunities for the youths who foregather there.

The Professors of all save the Theological Faculty, must be selected naturally, from among those men of learning, who have finished their studies in the State-Universities, who are therefore not imbued with the spirit of teaching in our old Calvinistic Colleges. It is one of the greatest aims of our Church to be able to give Professors, taught in her spirit, to all middle and high schools, supported by herself.

The writer of these lines knows very well, that in Great Britain there is a very strong movement against those institutions that wish to force denominational teaching. But he asks freely and honestly, whether in Europe the Universities, founded and supported, by the States, such as those of England, Scotland, Germany, Holland and Switzerland; and many of those in the United States are not Univer-

sities with a distinct Protestant, Anglican, Presbyterian, that is, Reformed, or Lutheran spirit and bias? And again are there not Roman Catholic Universities in Ireland, Belgium, Bavaria, Spain, and in the Roman Catholic parts of the New World, let us say in Brazil? Is it not true, at least in our time, that the spirit, of a country in many cases determines the stamp of its Universities?



DO YOU REALLY LOVE STEPHEN?

If this be the case in most of the University towns, why might it not be so at Debreczen? If we have a University in this town, its spirit will surely follow the sacred traditions of the true Calvinist Protestantism. Everybody must acknowledge that it may and will serve in this spirit the interests of Science, as Calvinism has always gone hand in hand with the progress of culture and civilisation.

The Hungarian Reformed Church especially the Transtibiscan Superintendency, to which Debreczen belongs has done much to collect donations for the proposed University, but as yet with indifferent success.

In this state of things *Louis Csiky*, one of the Professors and present year Dean of the Theological Faculty of the Debreczen College, a man of honest zeal, a member of the Order of Francis Joseph, has decided to go out to the United States with the intention, of collecting for the new Hungarian University

among the great Protestant community there, travelling from town to town, from state to state throughout the Union.

He goes there not as a beggar, but as a deputy of the Debreczen College and as true disciple of the Magyar cult. He intends to appear in that far land «as a good son of his Church and nation, as a distinguished foreigner». In his youth he has spent some time in Scotland, and is a ready speaker of the English language. As a Professor of Divinity he is able to conduct public services, and he hopes that the Ministers of this Church will allow him to stand up in their pulpits. As a Theologian he is able and ready to lecture about the history, and the present state of the Hungarian Protestant Church; or about the history and present aim of his Debreczen College. About the history of his land, and her political, national, economical, social struggles in the past and present; the questions of her public law, connection with Austria, and so on.

It will be a great missionary work for Church and land, that he intends to undertake undismayed by the great task, he will spend a year in the United States, and he hopes, that in continual heavy work his voice will be heard in those parts of America, where it has not yet been heard before. He will labour among a people, that has ennobled and has been ennobled by labour.

Professor *Csiky* will begin his journey very well prepared for his great task. He has already got some very good letters of recommendation to the best men in the public life of the United States. Count *Albert Apponyi* is much interested in this undertaking, and has given him letters of introduction to his friends in America. Our ambassador to the United States, the well-known statesman, *Ladislau Hengelmüller*, when last summer he was at home, wished to see our Professor, who visited him at Vienna, and encouraged him to go out, promising to secure him audience of the President.

He has as yet nearly a whole year for preparing himself, as he has got licence from his Ecclesiastical Court to leave his chair for the 1906—07 school-year, and wishes to begin his journey in the latter part of September 1906, when the rich people of



CASTLE RUIN.

America are returning from their holidays.

Professor *Csiky's* undertaking is great and bold, his intention is beautiful and noble, his whole design is well planned. It deserves to be published and noised abroad amongst all friends of Hungary.

C. B. W.

\*

We must point out that there is no movement in England against denominational teaching. The outcry is simply against a policy which forces Nonconformists (and these include Calvinists) to pay for the teaching of Anglican and Roman Catholic doctrines in which they have no belief and to which they are strenuously opposed. *Editor.*

### American Notes.

**J**ÁNOS VITÉZ, the celebrated Hungarian operetta has been performed in New-York. Its appearance was quite unexpected amongst Hungarians here.

The idea of establishing a permanent Hungarian theatre is one of the most splendid aims and most desired of movements, and if success crown the succeeding performances we shall have laid the foundation for future effort. New-York is a cosmopolitan city, every considerable nation has its own theatre in this city, only we Hungarians were fort long without one. True there were always performances arranged by amateurs, but of course this cannot be compared with the real thing.

Concerning the play itself, I can only say that it was the best ever seen here. A large hall, the Palm Garden was rented for this occasion, the only failure was that it proved to be too small, and many visitors were compelled to take their leave. When the first chords of the beautiful Hungarian music resounded, the greatest attention governed the house. During the performance many of the auditors were so agitated that they could not conceal their feelings and gave free course to tears. After the performance actor embraced actor, friend friend, everybody's heart was filled with joy, everybody was happy and content over the result of the first play of the Hungarian Theatre Association. Mrs. N. Virgay Boriska played her role as Iluska, charmingly, Miss Thury Ilona though young, succeeded very well in presenting the old cruel witch; Miss Ferenczi Janette the French king's daughter with her beautiful, clear, sonorous voice, gained the full approbation of the audience; Mr. Rédey István as Kukoricza Jancsi, took his share in the glorious success; Mr. Kolozsi

Jenő as Bagó the trumpeter was excellent; Mr. Nagy Jenő as the French king, with his natural good humour kept the audience in constant laughter. I cannot omit Messrs Heltay Árpád and Miskolczi Jenő and would mention others if space would allow.

Let us hope that the idea of founding a permanent Hungarian Theatre may be realized in the near future.

ALFRÉD K. SCHWABACH.



### TOPICAL NOTES

**H**IS MAJESTY the King has conferred upon Dr. Joseph Stetina, Minister Councillor, Managing Director of the State Railways the Order of the Leopold Cross for his long and valuable services.

\*

The late Sigismund Bródy, member of the House of Lords, Editor of the «Neues Pester Journal», who died last week, has left the sum of 820,000 Crowns for various Humanitarian and Benevolent Institutions. Mr. Bródy throughout his life has given considerable sums in donations to different aid Societies, and he was much esteemed as a patron ready at all times to do good and help the needy.

\*

An Imperial Royal Austrian Exhibition will be held at Earl's Court in London next summer, for the organisation of which the Austrian Government has granted a subvention of £ 20,000.

\*

It is estimated in Tokio, that the balance due to Japan from Russia on behalf of the maintenance of the latter's prisoners of war, is five million pounds.

\*

A promising young English jockey named Lomas was killed at Auteuil while riding Jusque au bout in the Prix La Haye Jousselein, a steeplechase worth £ 1600. The horse slipped, and broke his back.

\*

A gentleman of title in Rome inserted advertisements in a New York Paper offering his hand and heart in exchange for an American heiress. He has received 254 replies.

\*

The girl who doesn't hunt for a husband, but just sits down and waits for him to appear, is getting good practice for what she will doubtless have to do often enough after her marriage.

*Notice to contributors.* All contributions should reach the Editor *not later* than the 10th or 22nd of the month, otherwise it is absolutely impossible to catch the edition.

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### "János Vitéz."

The shepherd piped, and even as he played,  
The twain who else in Fairy land would dwell,  
Grow weary of its wonders: at that spell.  
Its Revelry is stilled, its bright hues fade;  
And robe and crown are doffed, that erst arrayed  
Its king and queen, for lo, those sweet sounds tell  
Again of that far home beloved so well,  
From whose dear peace their wandering feet have strayed  
How much more is this muse's magic strong.  
To stir the hearts that once thy charm hath thrilled.  
O Magyar Land, for listening, do they yearn  
To flee a world where disenchantments throng,  
And in a distant city, tumult-filled.  
Hear in these strains a voice that cries: «return»!

\*

### A Winter thought.

From the Italian of Cesare Rossi.

Over the far off hills a mist is spread,  
A tremulous glint of sunshine quivers above,  
And lo in its blue, the call of a lonely bird  
That swiftly wingeth her flight, and away hath sped:  
So in my heart a solitary hope doth home,  
For the soul of a wintry world still harbours Love,  
And far and faint though it be I yet have heard  
A fugitive echo that tells of summers to come.  
London, Dec. 6. 1905. M. A. V.



### Spencer Tucker.

**T**HE SAD tidings of the very sudden death of the late lamented Mr. Spencer Tucker came as a severe blow upon his numerous friends.

He expired at 4.30 on Wednesday morning, 13th inst, aged 52, and was buried at 4 p. m. the next day in the Kerepesi cemetery. Owing to the inevitably short funeral notice a great many of his compatriots, who would willingly have paid this last tribute of friendship, were prevented from doing so. However, in spite of this, the funeral was well attended, including members of the aristocracy, gentry and other prominent citizens. There was a profusion of choice wreaths presented by his friends in token of their regard and grief for the departed one.

Mr. Tucker came to Budapest in 1876, and through his affability soon became very popular, especially among the upper classes. His straightforward, manly character gained for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

His achievements, through incessant labour, energy and perseverance, in the promotion and spread of lawn-tennis throughout the country are too well known to need much comment here.

The death of his poor brother, which occurred in 1900, caused him so much grief, that he fell into a state of deep despondency, from which, I am told, he never entirely recovered. For years he relinquished all recreation, in consequence of which his health suffered and probably his heart was affected, which no doubt accelerated his premature end.

## Ecclesiastical Notes in Budapest.

### Church of England.

THE ONLY SERVICES of the Church of England in Hungary are conducted by the S. P. G. Chaplain of Budapest, in the Hotel Hungaria at Budapest (by kind permission of the Manager), and in the Church at Tata-Tóváros (by permission of His Excellency Count Francis Eszterházy). Holy Communion is administered on the first, third and fifth Sundays of the month at 8.15 a. m., and on other Sundays after Morning Prayer, which commences at 10.30 every Sunday. During the winter months there is usually evening service at Tata-Tóváros at 4 p. m. on Sunday. — On the great Festivals and on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday special services are arranged. Jan., 1906. M. R. SHARP.

\*

THE CHURCH SERVICES in the English language conducted in connection with the United Free Church of Scotland Mission are held every Sunday at 11.15 a. m. in the Reformed Church, Hold-utca (beside the Cultusministerium). All who understand the language are made heartily welcome.

The Ladies' Bible Class meets on Sunday afternoons at 3.30, and the Ladies' Work Party on Tuesday afternoons at 5 o'clock in the large hall, Hold-utca 17. In the same Hall Evangelistic Addresses or Lantern Lectures in the Hungarian and German languages are given on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. On Friday evenings at 7.30 Bible Lectures, also in Hungarian and German, are delivered in the hall, Kertész-utca 39. The Religious Tract Society's Depot at Alkotmány-utca 15, is open daily from 8 a. m. till 6.30 p. m.

Budapest, Jan. 1906.

JAS. T. WEBSTER.



### Important notice for Tourists.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the increasing number of inquiries from the travelling public, «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.

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TELEPHONE 89—52.

### Stranger's Guide to Budapest.

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

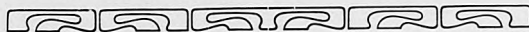
Depot of the British & Foreign Bible Society is at IV., Deák-tér 4. — Agent, Mr. C. Wiederkehr.

Depot of the Religious Tract Society of London is at V., Alkotmány-u 15. — Superintendent, Rev. J. T. Webster.

The Depot of the National Bible Society of Scotland, formerly at Rudolf-rakpart 7, will now be found in the Tükör House, sometimes called the Tükör Palace, in Arany János-utca. *Andrew Moody D. D.*

Church of England in the Hotel Hungaria. Service Sundays at 11—30. a. m.

Scotch Church. Hold-u., Service Sundays at 11—15 a. m.



### NOTICE

THIS JOURNAL has been started with the object of bringing Hungary before the British and American people in order that this country should be thoroughly known and understood by the English speaking people.

\*

After kind perusal, you will greatly oblige by drawing the attention of your friends to the contents of this journal, which possibly will interest them so that they may desire to have the regular issue of the same forwarded.

Back numbers may always be obtained from the publisher of «Hungary».

\*

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\*

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Laptulajdonos és felelős szerkesztő: GOLONYA JENŐ. ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
Printed: by STEPHANEUM St. Stephen's Society printing Co, at Budapest.

### Branch Offices of «HUNGARY».

ENGLAND: Representative C. MAC DONALD *London* 9 Carleton Road, N.

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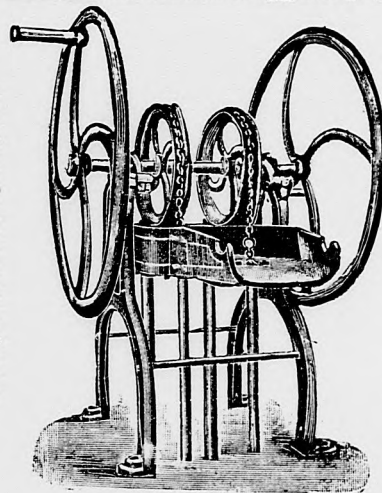
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