THE NEW JEWISH EXODUS.

BARON HIRSCH—PORTRAITS AND PEOPLE.

Westminster, September 2.

It is curious to find Baron Hirsch occupying himself with a project which at one time absorbed the mind and energies of a very different person. Nearly twelve years ago the mind and energies of Laurence Oliphant were absorbed by a plan for the transplantation of the Jews. But whilst Baron Hirsch proposes to carry his persecuted brethren across the Atlantic, Oliphant's scheme was to carry them back to their fatherland. Just before the general election of 1880 Oliphant went to Constantinople, making for Beyrout, whence he set forth, a modern Moses, in search of the Promised Land. He found it in a district east of India, at the upper end of the Dead Sea, among the most fertile plains of Palestine, girdled by the blue hills of Moab. With the curious compound of business aptitude and poetical fervor that distinguished him, Oliphant saw in his scheme not only deliverance to the Jews, but large profits on the founders' shares in a joint stock company. To his fancy, the valley of the Jordan smiled with harvests of cotton, indigo, sugar and rice, whilst he was going to draw no less than 200,000 tons of chlorade of potassium out of the reluctant Dead Sea. Whilst Baron Hirsch proposes to deliver the Jews from the tyranny of the Czar, it was for the tribes lost in Roumania that Oliphant's sympathies were moved. Having settled all preliminaries, he went to Constantinople in order to obtain the approval of the Sultan. "Both Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury are very favorable to my scheme," he wrote on the eve of his journey. But somehow it came to nothing, its failure Oliphant seeming to suspect being in some tortuous way traceable to "Gladstone, a sort of Moody of politics, whose powers of canting revivalism are unsurpassed." It will be interesting to see whether Baron Hirsch will succeed where this singular enthusiast failed. He has at least more money at his disposal.

Meanwhile, the Baron is at Carlsbad, which is odd since the Prince of Wales has been at Homburg. There is a considerable difference in the properties of the two waters, but it is probable the Baron would not have stuck at a trifle of that kind if his company had been acceptable to his royal friend. William Mackenzie, of Kintail, into whose shoes the Baron is assumed to have stepped, always went to Homburg with the Prince of Wales, and spent money like handsful of grain in ministering to his pleasure. Since the Baron did not go, society, which looks askance at these royal indiscretions of friendship, though it is not above profiting by the fetes they promote, chuckles over the idea that the Baron has been snubbed. Another report which brings comfort to the same circles is one to the effect that Hirsch has been sorely hit by a current depreciation of securities. That is probably true enough, though the effect may be only temporary. There are very few people in or out of the city who if they were to realize their investments at prices current to-day would not find themselves seriously impoverished. But Baron Hirsch will doubtless ride out the troublesome time. He is not only a man of remarkable shrewdness and business capacity, but has the "luck" of which less capable men speak with envy. His first step on the ladder of the colossal fortune he has built up was, like some others, taken in Turkey. He obtained a contract for builing a lighthouse at the Dardanelles, and made a pot of money out of it. Then he made some railways in Russia, adding enormously to his pile. Since then everything he has touched has turned to gold and he can afford to be on terms of personal intimacy with the Prince of Wales.

Last year there was shown at the Royal Academy a portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Sir John Millais. It was one of a series by the same artist, who has frequently painted Mr. Gladstone and always with success. He is, indeed, so familiar with his subject that four or five sittings suffice for the completion of his work. This picture of 1890, presumably the last, was also intended to be the best. It was, in its way, to be an illustration of Coleridge's beautiful contrast of Youth and Age. Mr. Gladstone's little grandson was to have immortality bestowed upon him by being brought on to the canvas standing at the knee of the octogenarian statesman. All this was done, and the picture turned out an astounding and lamentable failure. There sat on a chair a wooden-backed, sallow-visaged old gentleman, staring straight before him, and at his knee stood an exceedingly commonplace little boy, gazing upon the other wooden figure in a condition of almost cataleptic astonishment. Sir John has had the picture back at his studio awaiting opportunity to alter it. Mr. Gladstone has at length found time to give him the necessary sittings and there is much curiosity to see the result. It is difficult to conceive that the thing of last year could be tortured into anything resembling a success, and it is whispered that Sir John, acknowledging his failure, began again on a fresh canvas.

It is to be hoped that the failure may be corrected since Mr. Gladstone is immovable in his determination never to sit again. Five years ago, just after the split in the Liberal party opened, the Dissentient Liberals in the Reform Club set on foot a scheme to present the club with a portrait of Lord Hartington. Thereupon the Home Rulers opened a subscription for a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Subscription was limited to a guinea, and the list of course open only to members. An interesting and occasionally an exciting race followed. Lord Hartington, having got the start, kept it for a few weeks. But the Gladstonians doggedly forged ahead, till the two favorites were running neck and neck, finishing, as a sporting member put it, so that an umbrella would have covered both. Then a fresh and unexpected difficulty arose. Lord Hartington consented to sit for his portrait to the artist nominated by the subscribers. But Mr. Gladstone steadily refused. He had not time, he said. The consequence has been that the Gladstonian committee were driven to pick up a portrait wherever they could find it. When Mr. Gladstone was last in Florence a local artist made some fugitive sketches of him which he elaborated into a full length portrait. With this, a melancholy, almost unrecognizable portrait, the Reform Club has now been endowed.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, as he took occasion to say at Plymouth the other day, has not much in common with Mr. Gladstone. But he has of late shared his misfortune in the matter of portraiture. Last year he sat to Alma Tadema, and the portrait had a place of honor in this season's show at the Royal Academy. Oddly enough, Tadema failed with the rising hope of the Tory party as completely as his fellow R. A. had failed with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour was discovered seated on a sofa, and, looking at the figure half starting to rise and the flash of pained astonishment on the face, the observer could not resist the suspicion that a pin had somehow found its way into the sofa seat. Mr. Arthur Balfour is the very flower of graceful demeanor, and it will be perceived how incompatible with gracefulness of posture or ordinary facial expression is the circumstance hinted at. The Chief Secretary has been much more successful this year in a far less ambitious effort. He has been giving sittings to a rising young artist, E. A. Ward, who has just completed a work which Mr. Balfour declares to be the best portrait ever painted of him. He is indeed so delighted with it that he has ordered a replica, which he intends to present to his sister. The original picture was a commission for a private collection, which includes portraits of some of the best-known men of the day, of widely differing individuality. There are Lord Rosebery, Mr. Henry Irving and his dog, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burnand, Mr. John Tenniel, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Joseph Cowen, at one time Member for Newcastle, a man who for a period revived in the House of Commons the ancient standard of Parliamentary eloquence and has now deliberately drifted into obscurity. Mr. Balfour's portrait, to which the finishing touches are now being given, will be on view next season in one of the picture galleries.

H. W. L.

FREDENSBORG.

THE FAMOUS FAMILY MEETING-PLACE OF ROYALTY.

Copenhagen, August 24.

Fredensborg, where the children of the royal family of Denmark meet every year for their vacation from cares of State and the demands of society, is less a castle than a large chateau. It is a comparatively modern structure, dating from the first half of the last century, and strongly suggests, both in its situation and in the style of its architecture, beautiful Versailles. The village of Fredensborg is a pretty little place about six leagues—one hour's journey by rail—from the capital. The population is four thousand. It is rapidly becoming the favorite summer home of the Danish aristocracy, the great attraction, of course, being the presence of royalty in the neighborhood.

The chateau is built on a wooded hill, at the foot of which lie the rather melancholy waters of Lake Esrom. On the other side of the lake is the forest of Gribskov, where the Czar and his brother-in-law, Prince Waldemar, spend considerable time in shooting. The park surrounding the chateau was planned by the celebrated French landscape gardener Jardin, and is in the style of the eighteenth century, with allegorical marbles, monuments and fountains. There is an immense terrace in front of the house, from which is obtained one of the finest views in the world. Directly above and overlooking the "French Terrace," as it is known, are the apartments of the Czar and Czarina. Entering the chateau one passes through a large ante-chamber into the most imposing room in the house, which is not a room at all, but a great hall with a ceiling eighty-three feet high. The walls and doors are of Florentine marble. From the ceiling hangs a magnificent luster, brought from Paris by the Queen. A gallery with a carved balustrade extends entirely around the room. The walls were painted by the best Danish artists with scenes from the Trojan War. In this room are served the court dinners.

The chateau contains about four hundred rooms, beautifully decorated, most of them with pictures from Greek mythology. The room opening on the sunny garden of Havesal is the favorite resort of the royal family. The ceiling is ornamented with a great picture of Dania, the patron of Denmark, imploring the protection of Jupiter, who sits enthroned among the other gods and goddesses on Olympus. From the windows there is a fine view of the park and gardens, including the famous avenue of lime-trees, called "the avenue of sighs," for its melancholy aspect. The window-panes are scratched over with names and observations of the various members of the family. In this room the most informal gatherings are held: tea is served, and the Queen of Denmark, who is an ardent musician, plays duets on the piano with her daughters, the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia.

Large as Fredensborg is, it is more than crowded when all the fifty children and grandchildren have arrived with their suites. The Czar and Czarina of All the Russias have an apartment of three rooms and a small ante-chamber. The salon is also the Czar's study. It is furnished in walnut, with hangings of green silk. There are a number of very fine old Dutch pictures on the walls. Near one window stands the modest writing-table of the Czar. Opposite hangs a portrait in oil of Catherine II of Russia. From the window the Czar has such a view of park, terrace and lake that without much trouble he might fancy himself in France. The Czar is said to be a hard worker, often sitting at his desk until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, even while at Fredensborg. Twice a week he receives couriers from the Department of State in Russia.

The salon contains an extensive library, including all the favorite books of the Czar and Czarina. Most of them are French: Zola, De Maupassant, Cherbuliez, Andre Theuriet; a few English novels—all of Scott's—and some Danish works. The Czar has a great fondness for French newspapers, and files of them are always kept near him.

The apartments of the Princess of Wales and her children are furnished in Empire style; those of the royal family of Greece in Louis XVI, etc. The finest suite is that of the Queen of Denmark. Her boudoir is especially luxurious; it is the favorite morning room of the older members of the family, particularly the Princess of Wales, Queen Olga of Greece, the Czarina and the Duchess of Cumberland. The Queen of Denmark is a remarkably amiable and intelligent woman, and is much loved by her children.

Another much-frequented place is the pavilion in the park, about fifteen minutes' walk from the chateau. This pavilion was a gift to King Christian from the Czar, by whom it was originally built for the Exposition at Copenhagen in 1888. After the Exposition closed the Czar had it transferred to Fredensborg. It is made of wood and exquisitely carved. The interior is a bewilderment of unheard-of luxury, especially the tea-room, which is furnished in old Russian style. The walls are covered with inscriptions in Russian, and on the table is a tea service with a samovar of solid gold. When the weather permits of walking it is customary to serve 5 o'clock tea in the pavilion.

In spite of the rain which fell in torrents the crowd that assembled to greet the Royal Russian yacht, the Polar Star, was as large this year as usual. The Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal of Denmark, the Danish Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, and all the dignitaries of the court were present at the quay. The Czar wore the uniform of the Danish Royal Guards, and the Kings of Denmark and of Greece wore Russian uniforms. The Czar seemed in unusually high spirits; he probably enjoys the short sojourn at Fredensborg, more than any one else; it is the only relaxation he has. The Czarevitch appears to be in excellent health, a slight scar on his forehead being the only remaining evidence of his adventure in Japan. The royal visitors were enthusiastically welcomed by the populace; especially numerous were the Czar's admirers, and the Russian flag formed a very conspicuous part of the decorations.

A NORWEGIAN DINNER.

From Murray's Magazine.

A neat maid, with a beautiful complexion, announced dinner, and Professor Helberg offered me his seat at table, said, "Velkommen til bordet," welcome to the board, a pretty way of expressing hospitality.

The table was charmingly arranged with quaint old Norwegian silver and beautifully fine embroidered linen. The silver drinking-cups, of various shapes, had usually little round, tinkling things hanging from them as an ornamentation; these dangles give a light and pretty effect, and are quite old Norwegian style. Some of the spoons, with their quaintly twisted handles, were also very pretty.

The menu was excellent, and in our honor had been composed of purely representative foods.

First of all we had a delicious white soup made from cod, in which floated small balls of the fish, along with French beans that had previously been prepared by being soaked in vinegar and sugar. This soup sounds a curious melange, but it was really excellent. Next came a prepared fish served in a souffle dish, something like Kegeree only without any rice. A white sauce was handed with this, and the capers served separately. Wonderful to relate, we had fish-knives, still a great luxury abroad.

Cold ham, tongue and peas, prettily arranged together on one dish, were next handed round, and then came hot ptarmigan, which in its native land, well larded, and with a thick Norwegian sauce, is an excellent dish. With this we had compote of raspberries, red-currant jelly and preserved ginger.

Multer are delicious. They are yellow fruit about the size of mulberries. They grow on low bushes in the Norwegian mountains, the fruit and flower bearing simultaneously. They are picked in October, and preserved, and served cold with cream. They have a slight flavor of pine-trees, if such a thing is possible, but they are fascinating food.

Two or three kinds of bread were eaten; the white rolls, black bread, which closely resembles German "pumpernickel," and "flat brod," a bread or cake made from rye, and first cousin to Scotch oat-cake.

Hock and claret were drunk during dinner, and sweet champagne served with the pudding and dessert.

After dessert we had cheese, and the meal ended.

"Skole" is really a Swedish word for drinking your health, and almost every time any one drank anything they smilingly skoled across the table to some one, who thereupon had to bow, and drink, and bow again before putting down the glass. We, as guests, were skoled by every one in turn, until at last this health drinking became quite alarming, and we merely bowed in self-defence.

With many thanks from our host for kindly dining with him, and many invitations for the future (a universally pretty form of politeness), our host offered me his arm, and we walked back to the drawing-room. After a few minutes' conversation the gentlemen left us, to smoke.

Excellent coffee, with scalded cream, was then handed, accompanied by Swedish punch, a delicious, although somewhat sweet liquer. Our hostess produced a large, handsome cut-glass bottle of eau-de-Cologne, to which her friends liberally helped themselves. Every one was kindness itself, and every one wanted to know if there was any service they could render us; if so, they were quite at our disposal, etc.

GUESTS OF THE QUEEN.

ADMIRAL GERVAIS ON HIS ENGLISH VISIT—BICYCLES AND PIGEONS IN WAR.

Paris, August 28.

Admiral Gervais arrived last night in Paris and gave to-day an account of his mission to the Marine and Foreign Ministers and to M. Carnot, whom he went to see at Fontainebleau, and with whom he remained to dine. His visit to Portsmouth he described as "enchanting." I give the words as they fell from his mouth: "The Queen was perfect. Only a woman could have managed to be so nice without loss of dignity." One of the gracious things she did was to ask the Admiral to write his name in her birthday book. "Could a king have done this? Certainly not. She stood when La Marseillaise was being played at the banquet she gave at Osborne and said it was an old friend." She had often at Aix, Biarritz and Grasse asked the military bands the French Government kindly sent to play under her windows, to give it.

The nicest tact was shown in the ordering of the festivities of Osborne and Portsmouth. Being a son-in-law of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Duke of Connaught, although Governor of Portsmouth was less put forward than the Duke of Cambridge. The ostensible pretext for giving more prominence to the latter was his being Commander-in-Chief of the British Army and the fact of his having served with the French in the Crimea. Admiral Gervais had known him when a military attache in London, and speaks of him as a bluff, hearty old gentleman. The Duke of Cambridge alluded to the Crimean episode in his life with a voice quivering with feeling. Though the Duke of Connaught was not placed on a line with the Queen's first cousin, he came forward enough to be thoroughly polite and was amiable and attentive. The Duchess was at Aix, whither he has gone to join her.

I am in a position to state that the Boulangist fever was the excuse put forward by Her Majesty's Government for having favored the Triple Alliance. Like most of the other Powers, they attached to it undue importance, and saw in it a symptom of the old military spirit which enabled Napoleon to sweep Europe. Lord Salisbury would now make believe that he was seriously frightened by Boulangism, and that hence his intimacy with Crispi when that statesman was in power. His Lordship did not see Admiral Gervais. But before the Queen invited the squadron to Osborne he called on M. Waddington to convey her gracious intention, and seized the opportunity to intimate how glad he was that the misunderstanding was at an end. Her Majesty professed to be overjoyed at the declaration of peaceful intent which the Admiral was charged to make. She "loved France and never felt so well as during her visits to that bright and pleasant country." Of course Germany was endeared to her by family ties and affinities of blood. A beloved son was married to the only sister of the Czar. Why should she not rejoice to hear from Admiral Gervais's lips of the peaceful aims of President Carnot and his Government and of the kind French people?

Why did Admiral Gervais go on his cruise? To say to England and Sweden: "It will not be our fault if the peace of Europe is broken. Your Governments may take this message to the German Emperor." He wanted also to say in substance, though not in terms, to Russia and Denmark: "We shall be with you in the event of an attack on either of you if you agree in standing shoulder to shoulder with us, should all or any of the three allies invade us."

Denmark and Russia see with anxious eye the Germans making Kiel their Portsmouth, and cutting a ship canal across the Duchy of Holstein to the German Ocean. Such a waterway in connection with that port must give the German navy an immense advantage over Russia, which has claims on Holstein that she means at a convenient season to assert. The Imperial family of Russia is known as the House of Romanoff. It is really the House of Holstein, the husband of the Empress Anne Ivanovna and father of Peter II, the successor of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, and common ancestor of every living Romanoff, having been Duke of Holstein. He was a nephew of Charles XII of Sweden. The Empress Catherine II was his cousin. Elizabeth Petrovna, who succeeded Anne, ceded the Holstein Duchy to Denmark in return for six ships of the line. This payment was never made, though often claimed. Nicholas I, who was the great patron of the actual King of Denmark (when the latter was a poor younger scion of a poor junior branch of the House of Holstein) agreed to waive his claim to the Duchy in favor of Denmark, should the conference that met in London in 1852 settle the Danish crown on Christian, to the exclusion of his elder brothers. This was done. But M. de Martens, the Russian jurist, holds that, Germany having torn the Duchy from Christian, the cession made by Nicholas is as though it never took place. An undercurrent of diplomatic bickering has been going on about this matter ever since the Emperor William obtained Heligoland from Queen Victoria. The Czar worships his wife and she loves her native land, feeling most happy under her father's roof with husband and children round her. Both family affection and policy urge him to watch for an opportunity to make good this old right, or that of Denmark to Holstein, and to prevent a strategical ship-canal for the exclusive use of Germany being cut across it. He would not object to a canal which all the Baltic States would be free to use and which would be under their joint care. Copenhagen and St. Petersburg are of one mind. The same may be said of Sweden and Germany, the former being apprehensive of Russia seizing on West Fiord near the Loffoden Islands. This is one of the greatest natural ports in the world. Though high up in Norway, it is never frozen.

Herr Liebknecht, who is now here to see his imprisoned Socialist friend, M. Lafargue, admits that the Franco-Russian entente or pact was brought about by the German Emperor. When Frederick died, his successor went to Russia to urge the Czar to promise friendly neutrality if Germany and France came to blows. There was then a tense situation owing to the Alsace-Lorraine passport decree of the Emperor Frederick. The Czar refused. The German Emperor determined then to court the 1,500,000 Socialist electors, and (no doubt) to try and bring round the French Socialists. Hence the Berlin Labor Conference and his anxiety for a renewal of the Triple Alliance. The admission of Herr Liebknecht is one which those who wish to do justice to M. Ribot's motives in promoting a Franco-Russian entente should bear in mind.

It is extraordinary how many things are changed when one crosses the silver streak in travelling from England to France, and how much longer a custom takes to make the journey than a shipload of heavy goods. I am thinking of the cycling craze which paused for ten years on the Dover brink of the Channel before it was transferred to Calais, to take the leap to Calais and thence to Paris. This year it has come upon us with a rush. What has given this stimulus to the business is the indulgences allowed to soldiers who know how to cycle and can provide themselves with steel horses. Special cycle corps, which stand on a favored footing, are being created in the regular army and in the militia. Now, as every valid Frenchman must serve his country as a soldier, the furore is tremendous. "Veloce men" (and often "veloce women"), spring up in all directions. The machines come generally from England and pay heavy duties. The theatrical taste of the Nation is shown in the costumes of the veloce men and veloce women. Both wear jockey caps and elegant top-boots. But the knickerbocker suit of striped flannel in which the masculine cyclist rejoices in replaced in the ladies' case by a silk blouse, held in at the waist by a leather corset-girdle, and a divided skirt, which, however, is more trouser-like than Lady Harberton's famous garment. A short cape arranged so that it cannot flap about completes the costume. Waterproof overalls are being made for veloce women, and are not devoid of coquettish elegance. One of the consequences of this pretty dress is that cyclists like to go at a slow pace and often try, to say the least, the tempers of coachmen, their machines being less under control than if they ran rapidly.

The French love not silence. The late Prince Consort charged them with not being able to do anything unless with noise and fever. The more noiseless the india-rubber tires make the iron horse, the noisier the rider grows. He provides himself with a horn to warn persons on foot and drivers. The public rather favor "le veloce" sport, and the police wink at a breach of ordinances by wheelmen. Inexperienced veloce men were forbidden to ride in streets of towns or cities. But the bagman, the shop porter, the militiaman, and even the mechanic now ride the steel horse. The postal service has adopted it. So have the newspaper managers for reporters and messengers. It supplements the telegraph and telephone and it is becoming a steed of Bellona. All the staffs of army corps have their cyclist brigade. At the next autumn manœuvres the different military bodies, from the highest to the lowest unity, will be placed in communication by means of cyclist estafettes riding on noiseless machines. These messengers will wear special stripes on their arms, and no doubt the uniform in time will be modified to suit the steel horse. M. de Freycinet intends to extend cycling practice to every infantry regiment, teaching them, company by company, in rotation. There are few soldiers, he thinks, who cannot by hook or by crook provide themselves with machines. What an advantage this will be in forced marches, or to operate rapid evolutions. The War Minister is going to modify the uniforms of the cyclist corps to suit their machines.

Pigeons will be widely utilized in the next autumn manoeuvres. Pigeon vans have been sent to the headquarters of the Fifth and Sixth Army Corps. They externally resemble police vans, and internally are arranged like aviaries, and have trained carrier pigeons for tenants.

E. C.

ARGENTINE TROUBLES.

THE STORY OF ONE CITY'S RECKLESSNESS AND ITS RESULT.

Buenos Ayres, July 23.

The finacial troubles of the Argentine Republic have for some time been a topic of leading interest to the financiers of the world, and the fluctuating but always high premium on gold is quoted daily. Seldom indeed has any comparatively new and growing country been in such a desperate plight as this. And the curious feature of it is that the distress was not brought about by an exhausting war or by any general national calamity. It all came from the reckless extravagance of a single city—Buenos Ayres—and that extravagance, in turn, was prompted not by mere wantonness, but by a mistaken idea of progress. The city was merely trying to provide for a future growth that was not to come so soon as its rulers imagined. It is the story of a collapsed "boom."

Ten years ago this city had about a quarter of a million inhabitants. It had recovered from the bad times that followed the revolution of 1874, and was growing steadily and substantially. All its public affairs and its private industries were on a sound and healthful basis. Credit was good, business was good. But this admirable state of affairs unfortunately tempted people to try to improve upon it. They were not content to "let well enough alone." Speculation became rife. At first it was successful. Fortunes were made on every hand. Strangers began flocking hither from all parts of the world; and thousand of people flocked to Buenos Ayres from other parts of the Republic. "Go to Buenos Ayres and get rich," was the cry everywhere. The result was a sort of mushroom growth of the city. In 1889 there were more than 550,000 people in the city. In seven years its population had more than doubled. And the authorities were foolish enough or careless enough to act as though this were an assured, permanent increase, and they entered upon public works and the spending of public money accordingly.

The prices of real estate rose to fabulous sums. Lots sold for higher prices in Buenos Ayres than they ever brought in New-York. And estimates were based on these abnormal prices. The municipal government bought land at such figures for new streets and parks. Expenses were based on the supposition that such values would be permanent. More than that, they actually reckoned that the city would keep on indefinitely growing at that pace, doubling its population every six or seven years. So huge debts were contracted. In 1884 there was a loan of $4,600,000, on which the yearly interest is $332,700. Two years later there was a loan of $10,000,000, with $700,000 yearly interest. In 1888 a third loan of $10,000,000, was contracted, with yearly interest of $550,000, and a fourth of $10,000,000 in 1890, with $600,000 interest. And at the same time a floating debt of about $13,000,000 has been incurred. Besides all this, there was year after year a deficit, so that about $2,000,000 more is due for unpaid salaries and other accounts.

A crash had to come. When it came the vast scheme of public improvement was not half executed, and the works to-day lie in an unfinished state. So that the public gets no benefit from the millions that have been spent. There are splendid avenues only partly opened. The government has no money to buy the rest of the land needed, and the owners will not sell without ready cash. Other streets are half paved with expensive wood pavements. But there is no money to finish the work, and so the streets are impassable, and the pavement already laid is going to ruin. Moreover, as soon as it was seen that the "boom" was beginning to subside, the multitude of fortune-seekers fled like rats from a sinking ship. The population is now 100,000 less than it was a year ago, and at the present rate of diminution it will be decreased by 50,000 more by the end of the year.

All this would have been bad enough had the effects been confined to this city. But they were not. The disaster was felt in every province and every town in the whole Republic. Trade was almost paralyzed. Business came to a standstill. In Rosario, Cordoba, Santa Fe, Mendoza and elsewhere the distress was as great, almost, as in Buenos Ayres itself. They had been doing business on the basis of its business. When its business was brought to a standstill theirs was likewise. Moreover, they had caught the infection of speculation, too, and had been developing themselves too rapidly. The result was ruin. And to-day in every large provincial town there are rows of empty houses, which were built in the days of speculation for prospective tenants that have never come to them.

A remarkable illustration of the paralysis of business is to be seen on the Uruguay River. There is a fine line of steamers connecting this city with the province of Entre Rios. Two years ago it was doing a splendid business. The boats were crowded with passengers and loaded with freight on every trip. One had to secure his berth a week or two in advance. But now it is unusual for one of the boats to have more than fifteen or twenty passengers, or more than enough freight for ballast. And the company has gone into liquidation. It is so everywhere. The provincial banks have gone to smash. The railroads are not paying expenses. Manufactures are largely at a standstill. The army of men out of work is enormous.

It is to be observed, however, that the farmers are suffering less than any one else. Indeed, the financial depression has been in many respects a good thing for them. The price of land has gone down, so that they have been able to enlarge the area of their farms by purchase. Sugar plantations and vineyards, especially, have been greatly extended. Farm labor, too, has become cheaper, because of the many men thrown out of work by the stoppage of government enterprises. Wages are probably lower here now than in any other American or European country. And the farmer has another great advantage. He gets for many of his products—for wool, and hides, and sugar—not the depreciated currency, but gold.

In this latter fact is really the most deplorable feature of the whole situation. For it evidently is now to the farmers' interest to have the present financial condition continue. A lowering of the premium on gold would mean a loss to the farmer. So the abnormal spectacle is presented of the very class who are the bone and sinew of the nation being opposed, through personal interest, to any measure looking to an amelioration of the troubles with which the government is contending. How the problem is to be settled is difficult to imagine. Any sudden and radical stroke would probably do more harm than good. Gradually, if left to themselves, matters will adjust themselves, so far as the internal economy of the nation is concerned. But the trouble is that the claims of foreign creditors will keep on augmenting at a terrible rate, so that it will be impossible for them ever to be met in full. In whatever light one views it, the situation is extremely difficult and menacing.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.

"LOHENGRIN" IN PARIS—EARLY FORMS OF THE LEGEND.

Paris, September 1.

The rehearsals of "Lohengrin" go steadily on, and it is expected that the opera will certainly be produced on Friday, September 11. Measures have been taken to prevent the League of Patriots from disturbing the performance, and it is not likely that any serious demonstration will occur. It is fifteen years since the first proposal to mount "Lohengrin" at the Opera. The idea was then greeted with such a storm of disapproval that it was very hastily abandoned. Six years later M. Carvalho announced his intention of producing it at the Opera Comique, but again opposition was too strong, and "Lohengrin" was once more shelved. In 1887 M. Lamoureux leased the Eden Theatre, and began active preparations for a series of representations of the opera. Madame Fides Devries and M. Van Dyck, who had already sung in two of his concerts the first act of "Tristan and Yseult," were engaged, with other singers of note. The most elaborate costumes and scenery were ordered. For six months the carefullest preparations were made, and at the end of that time one performance was given. The rioting in the street and at the doors of the theatre was so bad that the authorities, panic-stricken, ordered the opera withdrawn. Later Messrs. Rhitt and Gaillard, directors of the Opera House, determined on another attempt to produce "Lohengrin," but their contract expressly forbade them producing any foreign opera without permission from the Government. Permission in this instance was impossible as a matter of course.

The idea next took possession of provincial managers. The theatre at Toulouse went so far as to purchase of M. Lamoureux much of his old scenery and costumes. Fearing to be distanced by provincials, Messrs. Rhitt and Gaillard had the courage to give at a benefit performance at the Opera House one act of "Lohengrin." It was so well received that they were emboldened again to petition the Government to allow the entire opera to be heard. Permission was granted, conditional on the success of the attempt in Rouen, Toulouse and Lyons. In the meantime applications for the directorship of the Opera House were being made, Messrs. Rhitt and Gailhard's contract having expired. M. Bertrand received the appointment, and "Lohengrin" was the first opera he announced. Messrs. Rhitt and Gailhard, however, protested that it was their right to produce it first, and the Government approved their claim.

That was three months ago: and no time has been wasted. M. Lamoureux, who knows every line of the opera by heart, is directing the arrangements. Not only his old stage settings, costumes, etc., are to be used, but many have been obtained from the provincial theatres. M. Gailhard has a unique method of establishing the proper stage directions. His scores are all made with every other leaf blank. On this blank leaf the "business" is noted, down to the very smallest detail. Every passage has thus its directions on the opposite page. The position of each character, of the chorus and supernumerraries, the stage effects, the arrangement of the scenery and lights, are all plainly marked, in little squares of different colors.

The "Lohengrin" score was sent to Madame Cosima Wagner, who added a multitude of directions, in her small, German handwriting. She has an excellent command of French, and her notes were very clear, very brief and pointed. The score, with her comments and directions, forms an extremely interesting and valuable document.

M. Gailhard also came unexpectedly into possession of certain letters of Wagner concerning the interpretation of Lohengrin. He was particularly anxious, it appears, that the opera should not be sung slowly. Often in the recitativos the more unimportant words are omitted altogether as if the composer wished to remind the singer that it was necessary here to guard against any tendency to slacken the movement. The duo between Ostrud and Frederick, for example, ought to be rendered quickly and in a manner best to convey the idea of a hurried, panting conversation. These important letters, by the way, have been promised for publication in the near future. The same scrupulous care has been expended on every detail of the performance. The costuming is said to be magnificent. In short, the management bids fair to justify the celebrated statement of Wagner; that "Lohengrin" would never be perfectly given until it was produced at the Paris Opera House.

Is it generally known that "Lohengrin" is almost fifty years old? The original MS., once the property of Liszt, to whom the work was dedicated, but now in Madame Wagner's possession, bears the following dates: Third act, begun at Dresden September 9, 1846, finished March 5, 1847. First act, begun May 12, 1847, finished June 8, 1847. Second act, begun June 18, 1847 and finished August 2. The celebrated prelude in which the angel descends from Heaven bearing the Holy Grail, then mounts again into the ether, was written in a single day, August 28, 1847. The entire opera was begun and finished in less than a year. Wagner's method of composition was peculiar. The libretto of an opera was completed before a note of music was written. However, it is only natural to suppose that while each song was in process of construction the accompanying music was gradually forming in his mind. Thus when the poet had finished his work, the composer was in possession of many pages of music. Wagner's grasp of the entirety of things was phenomenal. There are no little scraps of unformed melodies, no sketches, as one might say, of larger works. His least morceaux were written with their harmony complete, definite, perfect; even the different instruments in the orchestral accompaniment were designated by initials; every line bore its proper musical signs, etc. It was only necessary to arrange these morceaux to form the complete score.

"Lohengrin" was first given on the 28th of August, 1850, at Weimar, at the Grand Ducal Theatre, of which Franz Liszt was director. It was received with the greatest enthusiasm and soon was put on at all the larger theatres in Germany. It was heard in 1853 at Weisbaden; in 1858 at Munich and at Vienna; in 1859 at Berlin. It did not reach St. Petersburg until 1868, nor Brussels until 1870. One curious detail is that Wagner himself never heard it sung until 1861, when he appeared unexpectedly in the Opera House at Vienna just as the curtain was going down on the first act. He was quickly recognized, and the entire house rose to its feet with shouts of applause. Wagner was borne in triumph to the stage, where he made a brief acknowledgment of thanks, adding that this was the first time he had ever heard the opera. The ovation continued until the rising of the curtain.

Apropos of the first representation of "Lohengrin" in Paris, M. Maurice Kufferath publishes a highly interesting article on the legend which forms the motif of the opera. The adventures of the "Knight of the Swan" figure largely in the romances of the Middle Ages, each time and clime making its own variations and adaptations of the original. The old story of a young wife calumniated by her mother-in-law, repulsed by her husband, and at last proven innocent—the story, in short, of all the Saint Berthas, the Griseldas, etc., of history—in the original of the Lohengrin legend relates how Lothaire, who ruled over one of the provinces of Hungary, while hunting in the forest, met and fell in love with a ravishingly beautiful young woman named Elise. She became his wife and returned with him to the palace. Elise had certain powers of divination, and she predicted that of their marriage would be born the conqueror of Jerusalem. She also stated that she would bear two other sons and a daughter, all of whom would be born with necklaces of gold about their throats. Shortly after the marriage Lothaire was obliged to set out for the wars, and during his absence the young Queen died on giving birth to seven children! The wicked mother of the King gave the children to a servant, with directions to abandon them in the forest. The man instead of executing the barbarous order was moved to leave the helpless babes at the mouth of a grotto in which lived a venerable hermit. The kind-hearted recluse received the children and took care of them for seven years. Lothaire returning to his realm, the wicked Queen-mother made him believe that Elise had borne him seven dragons, which had immediately flown away.

Some years afterwards one of the seneschals, Rudemard, wandering in the forest, chanced on to the retreat of the hermit, who gave him entertainment. Rudemard saw the children with the golden chains about their necks, and on his return to the palace told the Queen-mother. She dispatched him in all haste to the grotto with orders to bring back the necklaces. This he did, but no sooner had the chains been removed than the children were transformed into swans. The only one who retained her original form was the girl, whose chain, for some reason, had been untouched. The six brothers flew off to the palace and alighted on the shores of a small lake. Their sister followed and remained with her brothers, covering them with her tears and caresses. The seneschal, seeing her and being filled with remorse for his share in the wickedness, went before the King and related the whole story. Lothaire, who had suspected a little of the truth, sent for his mother and compelled her to confess her crime, and to restore the chains of gold. These were thrown around the necks of the swans who instantly became relieved of their enchantment. One necklace, however, had been destroyed, and one of the brothers remained a swan. He acted as the steed of his brother Helias, the "Knight of the Swan."

The fable of children changed into swans, revived in the pages of Rabelais, is undoubtedly of Germanic origin. The Germano-Scandinavian tradition of the Valkyrs is especially familiar. They are represented in the ancient Skalds as having not only the power of flying, but of swimming and living under water. Their favorite metamorphose was into the form of swans. Nothing of this kind appears in Greek or Roman mythology, but is common in all Northern legends. It is difficult to determine exactly how the Valkyr myth became introduced into the history of Godfrey of Bouillion and the events of the first Crusades. Certain it is that in the vast collection of verses composed during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, relating to the conquest of Antioch and Jerusalem, it plays an important part. Apparently it was applied to the origin of Godfrey of Bouillion to fill up in a graceful manner the gap in his genealogy as a descendent of Lothaire. It is not an uncommon proceeding with historians—when documentary evidence is wanting to supply the deficiency with material of their own.

Most of the poetry relating to the first Crusades is the work of four poets whose inspiration was drawn more or less from Germanic sources. The first one was a monk of Saint Trond and his original poems are lost. The second was a page of Raymond of Poitiers, killed by the Saracens in 1136. He was known as Richard the Pilgrim, and his poem, composed during the siege of Antioch, contains over 20,000 verses. The name of the third poet has been lost with most of his writings. The fourth one also is unknown, but it is certain that he lived in the last half of the fourteenth century and was the author of a great epic poem on the "Knight of the Swan, and Godfrey of Bouillion." This poem, restored by Baron Reiffenberg, was published by the Belgian Government in 1846. There are also extant various ancient manuscripts relating to the legend. No less than six different versions of the adventures of Helias are given.

One account, set forth in a celebrated poem of the thirteenth century has been translated into German, English, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, and even in modern Greek, Persian, Hebrew and Syriac. Hans Andersen's beautiful story of "Elise and the Swans" is undoubtedly an adaptation of the old legend. In this thirteenth-century version, however, the names are not given. The characters are simply "a damsel," her mother-in-law—who is a wicked fairy, and the old hermit who received and cared for the children. The poets of the Crusades naturally made a religious application of the legend. The necklaces of gold or silver became talismans of virtue and piety. There was no fairy in their stories: the young Queen is a noble lady who married a King. The wicked mother is called Matabrune, and her son is ruler of an island, Lillefort or Islefort. The young wife's name is Beatrix. Helias, the Knight of the Swan, is sometimes represented as being the only one of the children to recover his original form. He was the most beautiful and vigorous of them all, and the old hermit, with whom he was the favorite, had bestowed upon him at baptism, his own name. He was the one whom his mother had predicted would become the conqueror of the Holy City. He cared for his unhappy brothers and sister for six years, and at length set out to Lillefort to avenge the injury done his mother, Beatrix. Matabrune's champion, and old accomplice is a wicked knight, Macaire who boldly offers to establish the guilt of Beatrix in open combat. Of course he is vanquished by Helias, the Queen-mother is burned alive, and Macaire is hanged. Next Helias appears at the court of Nimegue, before the Emperor of Germany, at the moment when the widowed princess of Bouillion, accompanied by her only son, is imploring him to assist her to regain her realm which is occupied by a usurper. The Emperor acknowledges the justice of her cause, but he is not strong enough to protect her, or to become her champion. Then appears in the distance a white boat impelled by a swan, and at the same time are heard the bold notes of the horn of Helias. With glistening arm, lance in hand, a sword by his side, with his horn over his shoulder, he alights from the boat, enters, salutes the Emperor, accepts the challenge of the Saxon usuper, offers to defend the duchess, whom he afterward marries, and thus becomes Duke of Bouillion.

PECKSNIFF OF BONN.

Justin McCarthy in Black and White.

At Bonn I went to the table d'hote, as I could not otherwise get anything to eat, and I had nothing but some Bread all day. I sat next an old gentleman, enormous, and gobbling like a giant. He entered into talk and told me he lived in Bonn, but came to the table d'hote because the food was not good enough at home that day; also that he studied theology. Did I study theology? I said, "No, never." Whereupon the old glutton looked at me over a mountain of roast goose and cherries, and said, with his mouth full, but with the sternness of a St. Francis or a St. Simon, "Do you mean that you think of nothing but your material comforts?" I, who was sipping soda-water and eating dry bread, felt gross under the rebuke of my spiritual neighbor.

A GREAT LACQUER ARTIST.

From The Japan Mail.

Artistic Japan has suffered another great loss in the death of Mr. Shibata Junzo, commonly known as Zeshin, who expired on the 13th of July at the ripe age of eighty-five. A greater worker in lacquer probably never lived than this remarkable artist. Everything that came from his hands was of the most beautiful and refined character, and repeatedly during the last ten years he gave practical demonstrations of the fact that the capacity of modern Japanese artisans to produce lacquer of the highest quality is in no respect inferior to the capacity of the great masters of former times. Zeshin was among the ten artists chosen last year to receive the special protection of the Imperial Household, and he had obtained more than a dozen gold, silver and copper medals for work shown by him at various exhibitions. He was a finished expert in every process of lacquer manufacture, and his decorative skill, exercised chiefly after the fashion of the Shijo school, perpetually furnished novel and exquisite examples.

THE DIVINITIES OF INDIA.

From The Pioneer.

"The gates of the Hindoo Pantheon are never shut," Sir John Strachey has finely observed. The truth of the remark is likely to receive a curious illustration in the results of the recent census in the Northwest provinces and Oude. A novelty of the census was a separate classification for the various sects of Hindoos and Mahometans. Sect, however, implies a definite religious creed with distinctive tenets, from which a limited number of schismatics have diverged; but so far as Hindooism is concerned at all events, we have no such creed, and if we are to apply the term sect to the heterogeneous groups of worshippers who call themselves Hindoos, we must materially modify its ordinary signification. As a matter of fact, the census enumerators found that the ordinary Hindoo did not know what was meant when he was asked what his sect was. All he could say was the particular god he worshipped. The consequence is that the census papers are crowded with a vast number of tribal and local gods and deities, many of which have never been heard of before, and will, in all probability, never be heard of again. Sir Alfred Lyall was the first to show, in his Asiatic studies, how ready Brahminism is to assimilate all sorts of strange gods and demons, and the recent census will afford a remarkable proof of the accuracy of his observation. The gods of the present census, however, will not be the gods of the next; many will have disappeared, and many will have appeared for the first time; so that if the sect classification is kept up, the census records will in process of time become a lumber-room of dead and mouldering divinities. Not without reason does the idol Bumbo, in the new Savoy opera, grumble at the fickleness of the Hindoo worshippers. "They have found another idol—that one's put upon the shelf" is a refrain which might be chanted yearly as the procession of discarded demons, demigods and deified saints, household gods, tribal gods and local gods passes out of the spacious Hindoo Pantheon into oblivion, their places to be taken by other destined, with the rolling of the years, to meet a similar fate.

An Unlooked-for Danger.—Captain Lovelace: How is Miss Muldermare this morning, Miss Katie? (Miss M. is Miss K.'s chaperone, chosen for her habit of invariably and of necessity remaining below whenever she goes to sea.) Katie: I'm afraid she's a little better this morning. Captain L.: By Jove!—(Fun.