EUROPEAN AFTERMATH.

M. Sarcey on the Visit of the Comedie Francaise to London.

ON EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Spain's Summer—Kossuth and Hungaria's Lost Opportunities—Hugo on Youth.

Dr. Falck's political work, "Nach Canossa Gehen Wir Nicht" ("We Go Not to Canossa"), which is expected to be the most important contribution of this generation to the literature of the Church and State problem, will shortly after its appearance in Germany be translated into English.

Apropos of Dr. Talmage, who found England such a profitable preaching ground, some one asked him the other day what he went there for. "I guess I went to get money," replied Talmage. "But," said his questioner, "I thought America was the place to make money?" "Yes, but in England it's already made," was the answer.

Giuseppina Raimondi, from whom Garibaldi is seeking a divorce, has written to a Milan paper denying the charge made against her. This oft-repeated allegation was invented, she says, as the only means of obtaining a decree of nullity of marriage; but, though she desires the dissolution of the abnormal tie, she cannot allow it to be effected except on condition of respecting honor, truth and legality.

The *Pesther Lloyd* declares that the tale that Prince Bismarck has worked out an army system to unite the armies of Austria-Hungary and Germany into a whole, for defensive purposes, is a pure invention of the English journalists. It denies that the German Chancellor during his stay in Vienna subscribed a convention guaranteeing the integrity of Germany, Austria-Hungary and even the occupied provinces of the Turkish Empire.

The Chevalier von Ofenheim, the hero of the great railway trial of some years ago, has been elected member of the Austrian Parliament for a constituency in the Bukovina. His election, however, has been objected to by the members of the Parliamentary section to which he belongs on the ground that he obtained votes by lending money without interest to the communes of his electoral district. An official inquiry has been instituted into the subject.

General Skobeloff, the younger, who, like the late General Diebitsch, deserves the honorary appellation of "Sabal Kanski" (he who crossed the Balkans), on his return from the manœuvres of the German army, in which the General, as special representative of the Czar, took part in His Majesty's staff, left Petersburg for Livadia, whither he was summoned to report to the Emperor Alexander on the course of the German manœuvres and his intercourse with his Imperial uncle.

The Pope is said to have decided on making a wedding present to the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria on the occasion of her marriage with the King of Spain, but what form it will take is not yet fixed. Leo XIII. will be represented at the ceremony by the Apostolic Nuncio at Madrid, Mgr. Bianchi, who has already received the necessary instructions. In case the marriage should take place without any great solemnity his Holiness would delegate another personage, leaving to the Court of Spain the privilege of selecting him.

Among the portraits of Victor Hugo that are *rarissime* is one in which the poet is represented nude. The explanation is this. Louis Boulanger, who was the intimate friend of Victor Hugo during the romantic period, asked him to pose for a figure of Christ for a "Jesus on the Cross," that he was then painting for the église St. Paul. The resemblance was striking and the picture was sent to the church, where it remained hung up for several years. When the Empire came the painting of Louis Boulanger was taken down and rolled up, and it is probably now stowed away in some garret or loft. It is a thing to be sought for.

A movement has been started for the celebration in England, in June next year, of the centenary of the establishment of Sunday schools, and with that object in view the committee of the Sunday School Union are already taking active steps. The programme, so far as it can at present be decided upon, will include a great international convention of Sunday school workers and friends, to which meeting representatives from all parts of the world will be invited; the unveiling of a bronze statue of Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, the founder of the movement; gatherings of teachers and scholars at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere and a musical festival at the Royal Albert Hall.

An English society journal learns from Berlin that the Guelph partisans in Hanover hardly know how to express their joy over the little Princess just born to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who, for those enthusiasts, are the only rightful owners of the royal throne of Hanover. Congratulatory telegrams and addresses were immediately despatched to Gmunden, where the Queen of Denmark watched at the side of her beloved daughter, and whither Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, as the representative of the Queen of England, went to perform the formalities incident to the birth of a British princess on foreign soil. A certain estrangement is noticeable between the Duke of Cumberland and his widowed mother and sisters, who, forced by pecuniary distress, had to come to terms with the Prussian government, without, however, the least infringement of their royal dignity.

It was mentioned a short time ago that a marvellous remedy against tuberculosis had been discovered in the *Natron benzoicum*. A medical journal, published in Vienna, states that since the promulgation of this tidings the Vienna apothecaries are scarcely able to satisfy the numerous and increasing demands for this drug, which is being applied in the wildest extent, and without consultation of medical advisers. The same journal prints an article by Dr. Kroczak, of Innsbruck, the assistant of Professor Prokopius Rokitanski, who first announced the value of the *Natron benzoicum* as a specific, and has continued its use with such remarkable success. Dr. Kroczak warns the laity against using it except under medical control, as it is only given by the profession in a most attenuated solution and by means of an inhaler of the Siegle construction. Seven weeks of inhalation, several times in the day, are said to have produced results which would have been thought incredible beforehand.

A shocking occurrence is reported from the little town of Genijesk, in the district of Melitopol, in South Russia. The annual fair was held there on September 22, and as usual was attended by a multitude of peasants. A number of persons dined at an eating house, where among other articles a species of white fish, salted and prepared like herrings, was served. The consequences of the meal soon manifested themselves in an appalling fashion. Thirty persons who had eaten some of the fish died within an hour, after suffering excruciating torture. The number of others who were lying ill was not known, but was believed to be considerable. Eight peasants, three peasant women and three children, who had partaken of the fatal meal before quitting the town, were seized on the way home with such atrocious pains that they lay down on the road and died. An official investigation has been ordered. There is no suspicion of any poisonous drug having been designedly introduced into the food. Either the fish must have been putrid, or some poisonous ingredient had been mixed with the salt in curing it.

A new pack saddle for bat mules or horses has been invented by an officer of the French military train, and is highly spoken of by the military papers in France. Each side of the saddle is composed of five long and narrow and quilted strips of wood, placed parallel to one another and longitudinally under the load. The two top pieces, which run along the top of the back of the animal, one on either side of the backbone, are again divided into several sections. With a saddle thus constructed sore backs, it is claimed, will be infrequent; and should, perchance, a sore be created, the strip bearing upon it, or if, as is generally the case, the wound is situated on the top of the back, the section of the top piece pressing upon it, can be removed until the excoriation is healed. Experiments, the results of which are stated to have been very satisfactory, have already been made with this ingeniously designed saddle, and in one case, where it was used on an animal which had a sore on its back (about 1½ inches wide by 2¾ inches in length), the excoriation healed in eight days, although the horse was kept uninterruptedly at its usual work.

Every one who has been to Naples and has not died in consequence must have visited La Favorita, that earthly Paradise where the old Bourbon kings used to take their villeggiatura before Giuseppe Garibaldi came to turn them out. Indeed, to go to Naples without spending a day or more at La Favorita was like going to Paris without seeing Versailles, to Vienna without picknicing at Laxenburg, or to Constantinople without strolling about the Sweet Waters—only that the Neapolitan place "to spend a happy day" is incomparably superior to any of the rural retreats that are to be found near most of the Continental capitals, and I shall even say—though at the risk of being thought unpatriotic—to Rosherville itself. Bomba and Bombalino were very partial to La Favorita, as was also the pretty and gentle Queen Margarita when Crown Princess of Italy. This residence has now been handed over to Ismail, ex-Khedive of Egypt, but the grounds surrounding it are a perfect Garden of Eden, with the advantage of having the panorama of the Bay of Naples spread out in front of it, which the Garden of Eden had not. The only drawback to nervous people, perhaps, is that it is rather too close to the crater of Vesuvius—only about half a mile from the ruins of Herculaneum.

The retiring Count Andrassy has managed to pay an indiscreet compliment to himself and to give something like a patronizing snub to the advancing Baron Haymerle. The old and the new Ministers met at the Foreign Office, in Vienna, and the officials handed "an address of condolence and gratitude" to the retiring Minister, in which they deplored the fact that, "on the ground of his health," he felt compelled to give up a post which he had filled with such glory and such profit to the monarchy. His successor, Haymerle, stood at Andrassy's side and listened, with the best expression of face which he could command, to this inverted form of telling him that his predecessor is a better man than himself. Count Andrassy hardly mended matters when he replied to his late subordinates. "His successor," he observed, "had fought under the same flag, and represented the same idea. But for him," Andrassy went on to say, "the task will be mere child's play in comparison. The dangers which threatened the monarchy have all been turned aside; for my successor as Minister normal times have returned." Hereupon the ex-Minister introduced the officials to the new Minister, who could find nothing better to say than that he would attempt, in his small way, to tread in the glorious footsteps of Andrassy.

Victor Hugo, as honorary president of a secular education congress, has addressed to it a rhapsody in which he says:—"Youth is the future. You teach youth, you prepare the future. This preparation is useful, this teaching is necessary to make the man of to-morrow. The man of to-morrow is the universal republic. The republic is union, unity, harmony, light, industry, creating comfort, abolition of conflicts between man and man, nation and nation, abolition of the law of death and establishment of the law of life. The time of sanguinary and terrible revolutionary necessities is past. For what remains to be done the unconquerable law of progress suffices. Great battles we have still to fight—battles the evident necessity of which does not disturb the serenity of thinkers, battles in which revolutionary energy will equal monarchical obstinacy, battles in which force joined with right will overthrow violence allied with usurpation—superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the issue of which is not doubtful, and which will be the Hastings and the Austerlitz of humanity. Citizens, the time of the dissolution of the Old World has arrived. The old despotisms are condemned by the Providential law. Every day which passes buries them still deeper in annihilation. The republic is the future."

According to the *Dziennik Poznanski*, a Polish national organ well affected to and upon excellent terms with the Austrian government, Dr. Ziemialkowski, at present Minister for Agriculture in Vienna, is a Persian by extraction. The strange story of his Oriental origin runs as follows:—The celebrated Eastern traveller, Count Jean de Potocki, after whom a bay upon the Pacific Ocean is named, undertook nearly a century ago a journey through the Persian Desert to the khanates of Central Asia. On his way over the dreary wastes that have since been so graphically described by Vambéry he came across a half-starved little boy, who had been lost or purposely abandoned by a Persian caravan traversing the desert a couple of days in advance of Potocki. The Count adopted this forlorn little waif, and took him back to Europe with him. Arrived at his estate in Galacia, he put the boy to school, giving him the name of Ziemialkowski—"offspring of mother earth," from the Polish words "*zie*" and "*mia*," supplemented by the terminal that corresponds in that tongue to the Celtic "*ap*," the Hebrew "*ben*" and the Norman "*Fitz*." His Excellency the actual Minister for Agriculture, is the great grandson of the stray Persian lad picked up by the ancestor of the late Austrian Premier, Alfred Potocki, in the barren and desolate border steppes of Persia a hundred years since!

The bearer of one of Hungary's most illustrious names, a "cavalier" almost as well known in the drawing rooms of London and Paris as in those of Pesth, has just made a will about which we may expect a *procès célèbre* in Vienna. The noble Magyar, who had been passing the summer at a "bad" in the Tyrol, was last week struck down by apoplexy. His condition was so precarious that his friends decided on taking him to Linz, where a private steamer was engaged to bear the dying man to Pesth, where he insisted on going. Arrived in Linz, however, his state became so much worse that a lawyer was called and the patient made his will, after which a doctor was engaged and the ship started for Pesth. In Vienna a consultation of doctors was held, and, as the patient was sinking fast, a priest was fetched to administer spiritual consolation, a luxury the sufferer had not allowed himself for many a year, having, indeed, always been remarkable for the bitterness of his abuse of religion in general and Roman Catholic priests in particular. The "Pfarrer," however, found him very tractable—so much so that a lawyer had to be sought, who was ordered to append a codicil to the Linz will, which codicil made over the testator's immense fortune in one heap to Mother Church. Needless to add that the relations protest and assert that coercion and intimidation have been resorted to—a point which the law will have to decide.

THE POLISH FESTIVAL AT CRACOW.

A correspondent at Cracow says, writing on the 11th inst.:—"The festival in honor of the Polish writer Kraszewski is now over, and it may be said to mark an epoch in the national life of the Poles. Before the festival there were some who feared that in the general excitement there might occur some indiscreet manifestations. The reminiscences which would be awakened by the ancient monuments of the Polish kings, the importance of the festival as a triumph of the Polish spirit and Polish literature over the bonds which fetter them in Russian Poland, and the protection and encouragement given to the intellectual life of the Poles in Austria, would, it was thought, naturally elicit some strong expressions of political feeling. Nothing of the kind, however, actually occurred. The speeches made on the occasion only expressed the joy and pride of the Polish nation at possessing a writer who in talent and fertility is not surpassed by any foreigner. A slight discord in the general harmony was produced by a guest from St. Petersburg, the famous Polish advocate Spassovitch, who pleaded for the union of all the Slavs—a Panslavist sentiment which excited general disapprobation. As a fitting conclusion to the festival, several collections were made for national objects, such as the maintenance of the Polish theatre in Posen, the erection of a monument to the great Polish poet Mickiewicz, and so on. The celebrated Polish painter Siemiradzki, too, presented to the city of Cracow on the occasion his well known picture of 'Nero's Torches.' Kraszewski has now gone to Vienna to thank the Emperor for the decoration he has received from him, and will then pass the winter in Italy."

RESULTS OF THE PRUSSIAN ELECTIONS.

The detailed returns for the several constituencies of the Prussian elections, held on October 7, have been published. Their examination shows how much the popular favor in every district of the monarchy has deserted its former liberal idols and gone quite over to the conservative politicians who are pledged to support Prince Bismarck. In order to illustrate this result more completely the following summary, prepared according to provinces, the returns at the general election of October, 1876, so contrasted with those of 1879, will be useful:—Of the entire 433 members of the new Landtag only 228 sat in the late Assembly, and 205, or little less than half, are new to parliamentary life. Six Deputies have been returned for two constituencies each, consequently there must be six supplementary elections. It is pretty certain these elections will still more increase the conservative strength. The following tables will enable a good view to be formed of the political contrast between the constitution of the late and of the new Landtag:—

1876.	Conservatives of all Shades	Centre	National Liberals	Unattached Liberals	Progressists	Poles	Danes
East Prussia	0	4	3	0	25	0	—
West Prussia	3	0	12	0	4	3	—
Brandenburg	14	0	18	0	13	0	—
Pomerania	16	0	9	1	0	0	—
Posen	8	0	9	0	0	12	—
Silesia	12	20	30	0	3	—	—
Province of Saxony	6	2	27	0	3	—	2
Schleswig-Holstein	4	0	9	0	4	—	—
Hanover	3	4	29	0	0	—	—
Westphalia	2	15	4	4	6	—	—
Hessen-Nassau	1	3	15	0	7	—	—
Rhine Province and Hohenzollern	4	42	13	3	2	—	—
Totals	73	90	178	8	67	15	2

1879.	Conservatives of all Shades	Centre	National Liberals	Unattached Liberals	Progressists	Democrats	Poles	Danes
East Prussia	15	4	2	—	11	—	—	—
West Prussia	8	0	6	—	4	—	4	—
Brandenburg	31	0	3	—	11	—	—	—
Pomerania	25	0	0	1	0	—	—	—
Posen	10	0	3	—	1	—	15	—
Silesia	30	22	13	—	0	—	—	—
Province of Saxony	22	2	14	—	0	—	—	—
Schleswig-Holstein	6	0	7	—	4	—	—	2
Hanover	4	3	29	—	0	—	—	—
Westphalia	6	16	4	4	1	—	—	—
Hessen-Nassau	10	4	8	—	3	1	—	—
Rhine Province and Hohenzollern	7	46	10	—	1	—	—	—
Totals	147	97	99	5	36	1	19	2

The views of the different Prussian journals on the utter change in the political physiognomy of the new Landtag, and on its probable legislative action, are curiously contradictory even in their congratulations of the dictator who has achieved such a victory. Both the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of North Germany and the *Provincial Korrespondenz* rejoice at the defeat of the "Manchester-lichen Opposition," as they name the free traders. The pietist *Kreuz Zeitung* anticipates "a revision of the entire disastrous series of liberal law making." The Vaticanist *Germania* expresses a hope of the "speedy condemnation of the Kulturkampf episode," and "promotion of religious liberty!" The *Post* does not quite like the "triumph of Pfaff and Junker," but thinks that the time had arrived when the Right had fairly earned a legislative inning. The old, original *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is a Bavarian and not a Prussian journal, believes that the co-operation of so many discordant elements, in spite of the common political tie of "conservatism" which seems for the time to bind them so harmoniously, will not last long.

THE JEWISH QUESTION IN ROUMANIA.

The Jewish question in Roumania still drags its weary length along. The Roumanian Ministry have not been wise enough to take seriously in hand a fair and satisfactory settlement of the question, and have tried to stave off the evil day by giving a sop to Cerberus with which Cerberus will have nothing whatever to do. The principal Roumanian organ, the *Romanul*, has all along argued for a genuine and complete measure, so that the present attitude of the Ministry is all the more lamentable and ill advised. It is certainly obvious to an outsider that the great body of Roumanian Jews must be emancipated from their present condition of social and political inferiority before many years are over. We suppose that even the present Ministry realizes this fact, and, this being so, it seems strange that they should not take heart of grace to act with a courage which would be as creditable to them as their present timidity is the contrary. All that the Ministry will at present propose is the enfranchisement of 1,500 Jewish individuals. They have tried to put a good appearance on such a proposal by giving it the semblance of Jewish sanction, but the small number of Jews who were invited to confer with the government on the subject have been repudiated at large Jewish meetings as having no right whatever to speak for their co-religionists on the subject, and the upshot of the recent action of the Ministry has been to greatly exasperate the Jews, without succeeding in hoodwinking Europe. When it is considered that at the lowest computation the Roumanian Jews are not below 200,000 the full absurdity of the present proposal will be manifest. Europe, says an English journal, has never pressed for an emancipation of these Jews *en masse*. They are not all as yet fit subjects for such treatment, and the exceptional circumstances of the country protest loudly against such a course. But, short of this, the Roumanians will be sadly mistaken if they imagine that they can get into the good books of Europe—and no nation, however great or however small, can afford to be permanently out of those good books—by bringing forth from the mountain of their protestations such a very ridiculous mouse as this.

WHAT LOUIS KOSSUTH THINKS.

The correspondent of the *Soleil*, who recently interviewed Prince Gortschakoff, has had an interview with Kossuth and supplies us with his opinions on European politics. Kossuth began by a fierce attack on Count Andrassy, whom he considers nothing better than a docile instrument of the House of Hapsburg. He himself had tried to arouse the Magyars to oppose the policy of the Austro-Hungarian government, but in vain. The Hungarian nation, contaminated by twelve years of the corrupting *régime* of men like Count Andrassy and Herr Tisza, had no longer any manliness. The Diet was now simply a kind of registry office. Material interests had supplanted everything else in the mind of the Magyar. In short, Hungary was doomed to perdition. She might vegetate a few years in the train of Germany, and that was all. Of course she would fight against Russia, but supposing the latter was beaten she would gain nothing, as all the spoils would be seized by Germany and Austria. As regarded France and the Austro-German alliance, Kossuth warned France to keep her eyes open. He considered the recent compliments of Prince Bismarck to the French Ambassador at Vienna as so much honey to catch flies. Prince Bismarck, although he professed the contrary, had his eyes always on France. If French statesmen gave any credit to his protestations they must be blind indeed. Prince Bismarck, who thought he had crushed France in 1870, had made a mistake, and now that he saw she had recovered her strength and was the most serious obstacle to the accomplishment of his designs his chief occupation was to find out some means of annihilating her. Talking of the probability of a Franco-Russian alliance, Kossuth said that were he a Frenchman he would accept any assistance against Germany. He then turned to the Eastern question, and said:—"Fortune recently presented us with a magnificent opportunity to secure the future welfare of our country, but we let it slip. Instead of allowing Turkey to be dismembered we ought to have interfered at Plevna, obtained from the Porte the abandonment of its useless rights over Roumania, Servia and Montenegro and forced it to grant provincial autonomy to Bulgaria. This done, we ought to have told Russia to recross the Roumanian frontier. One hundred and fifty thousand men concentrated in Transylvania and Bukowina would have been sufficient. Russia would in all probability have obeyed. She would thereby have suffered a moral check equal to a sanguinary defeat. The populations of the Balkans would not owe their emancipation to Russia, and Turkey would have remained as a bulwark on the Danube. In the contrary case war would have been the consequence, and then in a few weeks, with very little military force, we should have inflicted on Russia, who was badly prepared and barely in a condition to hold her ground against Turkey, a disaster which would have delayed her march for a century. It may be objected that Germany would have intervened. That is mere folly. Germany, rendered immobile by the fear of a coalition between France, England and Austria, would not have stirred. Besides, supposing the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck had dared to risk a general conflagration in order to help the Czar, I feel persuaded that the majority of the German States would have refused to follow them; they would have objected to sacrifice their blood and money in the exclusive interests of Russia. This is what common sense and patriotism commended, but such a policy was not that of the House of Hapsburg, which, on the advice of Prince Bismarck, hankered after some of the Turkish spoils and dreamed of recovering in the East the prestige it lost on the battle fields of Solferino and Sadowa." Kossuth, in conclusion, said that Russia would be at Pesth before the Hapsburgs had finally installed themselves at Buda, and that it was France who would pave the way for her.

INDUS OR HINDOO KOOSH.

London *Standard*:—"General Kaufmann claims and not without a show of reason that Russian diplomacy has been brilliantly successful in Central Asia, and that the war which he forced on between Shere Ali and England is a triumph of which he may well be proud. The dissolution of the barrier having commenced it seems impossible to arrest the process of decay, and before long the Russian and English possessions will be brought into actual contact. Whether the frontier will run along the ridge of the Hindoo Koosh or through the valley of the Oxus; whether Abramoff will be allowed to annex Badakshan and the Pamir; whether Russia will succeed in securing Herat as well as Merv, remains to be seen; but the one broad fact stares the English statesman relentlessly in the face: Within a few years, perhaps within a few months, the Cossack and the sepoy will be brought into sight of each other. When this is accomplished Russians believe that England will tremble at their nod. We may be inclined to laugh at this belief, but to them it is perfectly monstrous to suppose that 100,000 Englishmen can remain dominant among 250,000,000 discontented natives, if Russia chooses to stir them up against us. The ease with which Tchernaieff and Kaufmann toppled over the thrones in Central Asia makes Russians believe that similar success awaits her in India, and it is only persons profoundly ignorant of Russia who can affect to despise the prevalence of this belief. The mere fact of our treating the belief as an idle chimera will not prevent Russia from trying to realize her dream, and she has this circumstance in her favor, that, whereas the defeat of her invading troops would not occasion her any particular harm, the defeat of our own army would probably lead to the collapse of our Empire. The delimitation of Anglo-Russian frontiers having been accomplished, the Emperor will be free to pursue his designs in regard to Constantinople. As to what allies we may expect to have on our side when the conflict takes place it is useless to attempt to speculate, as the relations between the European Powers are so very uncertain. The experience of the late war, however, should warn us that neither Germany nor France are likely to oppose the Emperor's wishes, while the vacillating manner in which Lord Salisbury treated Count Andrassy last year, by signing the Anglo-Russian agreement without his knowledge, forbids us to hope for an Austrian alliance. Persia, whom we have treated so unceremoniously for years, cannot be expected to relinquish the affectionate friendship of Russia for the colder embraces of England, nor can we be astonished if jealous continental nations look unkindly on our dilemma. What with the army of Turkestan penetrating the passes of India, the army of the Shah invading Turkey or Afghanistan, and the armies of Armenia and Bulgaria advancing simultaneously upon the Bosphorus, our English soldiers will have a terrible time of it, and Russian statesmen devoutly believe we shall collapse.

A SPANISH SUMMER.

THREE RAINLESS MONTHS—HOW THE FORESTS AROUND LA GRANJA KEEP THE SNOWS AND THE COOL WEATHER—BEFORE THE FLOODS.

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

LA GRANJA, Oct. 2, 1879.

The author of the well known nursery rhyme, "Rain, rain, go to Spain; when you're wanted come again," seems to have had a correct knowledge of the ordinary laws and vicissitudes of the atmosphere in the various climates of Europe. All the private and public information that reaches us from the various points of the compass tends to establish the fact that Spain, at least south of the Guadarrama Mountains, is the only region between the North Sea and the Mediterranean that has this year been blessed—or punished—with a real summer. There has not been a drop of rain in Madrid or at the royal seat of La Granja de San Ildefonso for these last three months, and extremely rare have been the instances even of thin and evanescent clouds tempering the ardor of the blazing sun or veiling the brilliancy of the moon and stars. In some of the southern provinces, as well as in large districts of the Castilian and Aragonese table land, the crops, denied all moisture, have been a failure, and oidium, phylloxera, locusts and more plagues than were known in Pharaoh's Egypt have ravaged vineyards, orchards and olive groves, so as to blight the most sanguine hopes of the kindly fruits of the earth. There is much cause for complaint and more for anxiety. Spain has long been scourged by the dryness of her climate, and hundreds and thousands of her lustiest laborers are quitting a soil which has been vainly bathed with the drops of their toil and with the tears of their half-famished families. To escape from the summer heat at Murcia and Almeria by emigrating to Oran or Constantine may seem like falling from the frying pan into the fire. Not less than forty thousand jaded persons, one tithe of the Madrid population, have gladdened the hearts of the keepers of hotels, boarding, gambling and other houses clustering round the Bay of Biscay, at Biarritz, San Juan de Luz, Bayonne and the other haunts which throughout the period between June and October bear the name of "Little Spain." But even Spanish towns, even dreary Madrid, rising as it does between two thousand and three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is fresher, healthier and more habitable than either Rome or any other Italian city. Its site was ill chosen in many respects, but it was once the centre of a vast forest, and at the Buen Retiro, at the Casa de Campo or the Pardo the reigning dynasties have contrived to coax up as much shade as will neutralize the sun's heat for many hours of the day. Away from Madrid the avenues at the baths of Alhama, in Aragon, the waterfalls, grottoes and groves of the neighboring Monasterio de Piedra, the deep gorges of La Puda, and many other watering places in Catalonia, and the sea bathing at San Sebastian, at the Arenas of Bilbao and all along the northwestern coast, supply the natives with charming summer retreats, where at sunset it is deemed an imprudence to go about without an abrigo or top coat. And even without travelling further from Madrid than the thirteen leagues which separate the Royal Alcazar in Plaza de Oriente from the royal seat of La Granja de San Ildefonso, one can live for the four hottest months—June, July, August and September—enjoying all the blessings without any of the drawbacks of the summer heat.

UNDER THE GUARDIANSHIP OF SPANISH FORESTS.

There has been, I repeat, not one drop of rain at La Granja from the beginning of June. Yet the trees in the square before the palace, the shrubs of the parterres of the King's garden or park have not one leaf parched or shrunken, and the turf looks as fresh and verdant as it may be on the slopes of Windsor or the flats of Hampton Court. We are here 3,800 feet above the level of the sea; the mountains all round, clad with their primeval pines, have not even yet, in mid August, let down all the snow nestling in the hollows of their deep gorges; the brawling of rushing streams gladdens the ear under the green garden avenues, supplying the luxury of the score of fountains which royal munificence has laid out with consummate taste, some of which, like that of La Fama, send up in festive days sparkling spouts rising so many hundred feet in the air that their rainbow crowned spray may be seen all across country as far as Segovia, six miles off. All round, outside the Royal domains, are splendid drives shaded by lofty avenues and fine bridle paths across wild heaths covered with brushwood, along tumbling trout streams leading to sylvan spots of unsurpassed Alpine loveliness, to the Boca del Asno, to the Cass de Vacas, to Robledo, to the ruins of the old castle of Valsain, with more rugged ways into the heart of the Sierra, to the Reventon or cleft in the mountains, and to the hoary solitude of El Paular. What spot on earth can imagination conjure up for a more bracing and invigorating summer abode? The sun is burning fiercely for a few hours of the day away from the shade of the trees and from the relief of the mountain breeze. But the breeze is seldom failing, and for shade we are nowhere at a loss; and at the rising or setting of the sun the elasticity of the air, its purity, the fragrancy of the wild thyme and of the pine foliage with which it is impregnated, have a softness, sweetness and balminess which the Alps themselves cannot rival. No dew falls here, yet there is moisture in the air, the comparative length of the night in this southern latitude tempering the parching influence of the day's drought. The peasant in the field, the soldier at parade or drill, the sportsman in pursuit of game, can thrive in the noontide glare; and the lounge of the Court and fashionable circle is taken here before lunch time, between eleven and one o'clock, little inconvenience being felt from the heat even by the children and nurses playing with hoops and skipping ropes in the sun on the palace terrace. And yet, with all those natural charms and several score of fine houses with gardens and two country inns, La Granja seems to have little attraction for the Spaniards, and was this year little better than a desert till the King graced the place with his presence. Hardly anybody but those for whom the only alternative lies between this and Madrid are here even now. And of those whom duty chains to the spot many are panting for Biarritz, and some are off to that darling spot whenever health or pressing private affairs supply a pretext for their absence. In those that remain it is pleasant to study some of the peculiarities of Spanish summer life.

KING ALFONSO'S COURT.

La Granja, when the King is here, of course, becomes the Court. We have here the King's Cuirassiers, his troops, his Halberdier Guard, the attendants, honorary and salaried, about his person, or those of the Princess and of the Royal Infantas, some of the Cabinet Ministers, incessantly on and off, and a sprinkling of the diplomatic body. The King lives here almost patriarchally; the gardens are opened throughout the day, and even the parterre round the palace, close to its windows, is liberally accessible to every class of persons. Before domestic mourning broke in there was an open theatre, a musical band and the *grandes eaux* playing in the afternoon, the King and the Princess of Asturias taking their pleasures with their subjects, mixing and conversing with the groups seated on the marble benches upon slight acquaintance and with unaffected amiability and cordiality. To all outward seeming the gathering of the people at La Granja suggests the idea of a happy family. Democracy has for many years established equality before the law in Spain, and there is nothing in men's or women's apparel, and not much in the way of culture or manners to mark any distinction of social rank. Yet even here one may discern forces of attraction and repulsion busily at work, and a tendency in birds of a feather to flock together. The latent *morgue*, the exclusive instincts of which royal personages show no trace, are still at work, and unconsciously, as it were, betrayed by some of the titled servants in waiting upon them. But familiarity and even friendship between the men do not always in this country imply intimacy or even acquaintance between their families. Women stand their ground with polite determination and ignore each other with easy nonchalance. Where the greatest noblemen and the King himself move about in shooting jackets and straw hats the ladies display a finery characterized in the highest rank by simplicity and elegance, among the middle orders by gorgeousness of colors and a profusion of flounces and furbelows. There the fair ones sit in long rows on the benches or in clusters on iron-wire chairs, one group scanning another, taking stock of the rival attire, whispering confidential remarks, while the men, all to themselves, flourish their Madrid papers, discuss threadbare politics, watch the King's movements to be ready with their obeisance as he passes, yet breaking out into loud disputes or bursts of noisy merriment without a shadow of restraint. Thus, between checks on friendly communion and freedom of country habits, La Granja constitutes a very curious kind of watering place. It is simply Madrid and the Court out of town, the same classes in their usual antagonism, every man known to his neighbors, animated by old likes and dislikes, mindful of precedents, swayed by prejudices. With little pleasant but unexciting incidents of this kind the even tenor of Spanish summer life at La Granja is varied. The usual way of getting rid of the day consists in lying abed till between ten and eleven, coming to muster on the Palace terrace till one, going home to lunch, taking a siesta till five or six, then a drive, ride or walk down the avenue to Segovia, where a score of carriages cover with dust as many groups of nurses and children, of priests and priests' cronies, and ladies in long, trailing dresses; the pedestrians seldom stretching beyond the Campo del Tomillo, an open heath where wild thyme grows, and where the enjoyment consists in sitting on rocks and watching cardboard kites, in the shape of veritable hawks or eagles, flying in the air, and driving little live birds scared and fluttering out of sight; or a little further off to the Valsain Brook, where the amusement is supplied by Newfoundland dogs plunging in the rushing stream, breasting the current, fetching sticks and diving for stones to the great delight and gratification of their proud owners. In the evening, after dinner or supper, there is the theatre with the Spanish play performed before a thin audience—a play told twice over, the actor's part being merely a perpetual echo to the prompter's voice. Even with so limited a stock of the world's enjoyment the Spaniards contrive to tide over the summer; for, after all, whether in town or country, the thing they most delight in is talk, and there is plenty of room between heaven and earth at La Granja for every variety of grave or light, improving or trifling conversation.

SARCEY ON THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE.

THE CRITIC OF "LE TEMPS" REVIEWS THE LONDON SEASON—REFINING THE ART OF DAMNING WITH FAINT PRAISE.

M. Francisque Sarcey, the kingmaker of the French stage, whose word is law on all dramatic matters in France, has been delivering a lecture at the Salle des Conférences, Paris, on the London visit of the Comédie Française. The lecturer began by referring to the irritation that had been felt at Paris at the fact of the Comédie going outside France. The same feeling had been felt, he said, in 1867, when the Comédie was obliged to leave its theatre temporarily and went to play at Lyons, Nantes and elsewhere in the provinces. A similar polemic had arisen in the newspapers at that time. After all, why should not the Comédie Française have gone to London? In the first place, there was a debt of hospitality to be paid! After the Commune the Comédie Française had found itself without money to meet its payments. Its director, Mr. Thierry, saw nothing before him but bankruptcy. But that was impossible. The Comédie Française, with its centuries of glorious tradition, could not fail like an ordinary tradesman. Its wealth of costumes, of curiosities, of works of art, were priceless. You could not sell the statue of Voltaire or the portrait of Molière. It was then that Got conceived the idea of going to London. He hired a miserable theatre (the Opéra Comique), which was approached through a series of cellars and sombre passages—*une espèce d'Assommoir*, as the lecturer described it. Nevertheless, the Prince of Wales and some members of the aristocracy consented to risk themselves in this den, and finally, thanks to their patronage, Got saved the Comédie Française. The Comédie, the lecturer continued, was particularly indebted to the English aristocracy, and it was quite natural that it should go to London. Mr. Sarcey then referred to the figures that had been published by the managers of the Gaiety Theatre relative to the recent performances. These figures, he said, were false. Tickets were sold through the music sellers at fabulous prices, and the receipts were double and treble what the managers stated. The company used to complain. They said:—"We are paid only 6,000f. a night, and we bring in 45,000f. to 50,000f. It is unjust." To this Mr. Perrin replied:—"That is what saves us from criticism. The Comédie cannot undertake a commercial speculation. This excursion to London has not been undertaken for the purpose of making money." There were, said Mr. Sarcey, two difficulties that presented themselves relative to this visit. First—Would the public understand? Would the public come, even although it had paid for its seats? Second—The repertory was entirely accepted at Paris, but would it not scare English prudery? The actors discussed these questions with much anxiety on the way to London. "Supposing," they said, "that out of an audience of 1,200 there were 800 who did not understand what was said. Would those 800 come a second time?" Ah! with what fear and trembling the first performance was looked forward to, and what grumbling there was when the actors saw the miserable arrangements for dressing rooms at the Gaiety Theatre and the nameless and abominable staircases that led to them! Then there were no properties, no accessories, and the managers would not spend a penny. During the few days that Mr. Perrin was over he obliged them to spend with a reluctant heart a few shillings, but as soon as he left it was the same as before. And Mr. Got often complained that he could not get them to spend a sou. The lecturer referred to that unfortunate easy chair in "Le Sphinx" which was not of Mlle. Croizette's capacity, and to a passage where Croizette says, "*Ouvrez la fenêtre, j'étouffe*," but there was no window to be opened. Well, in spite of all that, the lecturer pronounced the audience on the first night to have been one of the finest that he had ever seen. He took exception to the little caps that the English ladies wore; they became them well enough, but he had been accustomed to see that headdress exclusively worn by chambermaids. Still, he had never seen such an expansion of enthusiasm and never heard such applause. The lecturer then gave some of his views about the English. They were, he said, the most tenacious people in the world; they had a capacity for being bored which was altogether unparalleled. In going to see the Comédie-Française they felt that they were accomplishing a 'sacerdoce.' They said to themselves:—"We must go every night and we must see those pieces. Whether we understand them or not, that does not matter. We must go because it is our duty to go." And so they went and they sat there like statues, women and all, and they listened and looked and looked and listened, but there were few that had any reward for their patience.

PRUDERY AND PRIGGERY.

Plenty of people in the audience, said Mr. Sarcey, knew how to talk French slowly, but to talk and to understand were two different things. Still we must not imagine that all the audience attach the same sense to the same phrase or the same value to the same tirades. At the theatre there are always people who do not understand what is said, not because they do not understand the language, but because they are carried away by the movement of the piece, and by the play of the actors. They do not know what is said and they do not care. There are anecdotes by the dozen of actors having substituted one phrase for another and one tirade for another, and the fact having passed unobserved. A very material instance occurred in the new piece now being played at the Vaudeville, "Lolotte." In that piece Mlle. Chaumont is explaining the sort of verses that authors write for her. For instance, lately this couplet was given her in a new piece:—

Mon père joue du trombone
Mon frère jou du piston.
Quant à moi je ne suis bon
Qu' à manger du miroton.

Mme. Chaumont asked the authors what such stuff meant. They admitted that it did not mean much, but said that they expected her to give it a meaning. Then she says:—"*J'