UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00070861 0

84/3

Digitized by Microsoft®

Digitized by Microsoft®

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.
From University of Toronto.
May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.
May not be indexed in a commercial service.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Digitized by Microsoft®

GERMANY,

BOHEMIA, AND HUNGARY,

VISITED IN 1837.

BY

THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, M.A.,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

Digitized by Microsoft®

LIBRARY
MAY 22 1973
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

DD
39
G55
v-2

Digitized by Microsoft®

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

Page

CHAP. I. The Gulden Krone—Count Thun's Castle and Grounds—Glorious Scenery—The March resumed—Superstitions of the Bohemians not Idolatry—State of Property—Agricultural Population—Kamnitz—The Cow-herds—Stein Jena—Hayde - - - 1

CHAP. II. Our Landlady and Washerwoman—The Einsiedlerstein—Its Dungeons and Hall—Its History—Inscription over the Hermit's Grave—Lose our Way—Guided by a Peasant—His Conversation—Mistaken for Italian Musicians—Gabel - - 34

CHAP. III. General Appearance of the Place—The Inn—Ludicrous Mistakes—The Public Room—Astonishment of the People at the sight of Englishmen—The Priests—Scene in the Tap-Room—Kindness of the People—Our Fishing Operations—A Chasse, and a Daylight Ball - - - - - - - - 57

CHAP. IV. Our Landlord becomes our Guide—Peculiar Scenery of this part of Bohemia—A Village Beer-house—Travelling Mechanics—The Torpindas—Toilsome March—Marchovides—Entertainment there - 80

CHAP. V. March renewed—Scenery more and more grand—A Population of Weavers—Hochstadt—The Iser—Magnificent River, and capital Trouting—Starkenbach—Kindness of the Inhabitants—Carried to the Chancellor's House—Fish the Iser again—The effect of my sport on a Religious Procession—Supper at the High Bailiff's—Game at Chess—Take leave of our kind Hosts with mutual regret - - 105

CHAP. VI. The Elbe, a Mountain-stream—We Fish it—Dine on our Fish in a Village Inn—The Young Torpinda—Arnau—The Franciscan Convent—Troutenau—The Wandering Minstrels—March continued

Digitized by Microsoft®

Page

—Fish the River—Village Inn, and account of the Torpindas—First Meeting with these formidable People in a Wood—Another Pedestrian Tourist—Aderspach—Excellent Quarters—Remarkable Rocks—The Minstrels again - - - - - - - 128

CHAP. VII. Walk to Shatzlar—Magnificent Scenery—Extreme Fatigue—Our Landlord—Early associations awakened by a Scene in the Market-place—Rest for a day—Ascent of Schnee-Koppee—Halt at a Village on the Silesian side - - - - - - - 161

CHAP. VIII. Warmbrunn—Objects around—Dilemma—Hirschberg—How Travellers may manage when their Purses grow light—Pass for Russians, and derive great benefit from the arrangement—Lang-Wasser—Greiffenberg — The Prussian Landwehr — Golden Traum — Scene in the Village Inn—Bernstadt — Hernhut—The Hernhuters—Agriculture in Bohemia—Schlukenau—Schandau - - - - - 179

CHAP. IX. The Diligence from Dresden to Töplitz—The Field of Kulm—The Battle, and the Monuments that record it - - - - - - - - - 243

CHAP. X. Töplitz—Its Gaieties—Journey resumed—First View of Prague—General Character of the City—The Hradschin—Cathedral—University—Historical details connected with it—The Reformation in Bohemia - - - - - - - - - - 278

CHAP. XI. The Jews' Town—Visits to various Points worth noticing—State of Public Feeling - - 333

CHAP. XII. Quit Prague—Journey to Brünn by Königgratz—State of the Country — Brünn—Its Public Buildings—Absence of the Moravian Brethren - 353

CHAP. XIII. Country between Brünn and Vienna—Vienna—Journey to Presburg—Presburg—The Hungarian Constitution - - - - - - - 372

Digitized by Microsoft ®

GERMANY, BOHEMIA, AND HUNGARY, IN 1837.

CHAPTER I.

THE GULDEN KRONE.—COUNT THUN'S CASTLE AND GROUNDS.—GLORIOUS SCENERY.—THE MARCH RESUMED.—SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BOHEMIANS NOT IDOLATRY.—STATE OF PROPERTY—OF THE AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.—KAMNITZ.—THE COW-HERDS.—STEIN JENA.—HAYDE.

We had quitted home not unprepared for the suspicious looks which innkeepers might be expected to cast upon us, strangely equipped as we were, rude of speech, and so very humble in the style of our travel. We were, therefore, nothing daunted by the somewhat cold reception which our host of the Golden Crown vouchsafed; and boldly questioned him relative to his means of supplying our wants, namely, supper, a bottle of wine, and a good bed-room. The confidence of our tone seemed to restore his; for he forthwith conducted us upstairs; and we

Digitized by Microsoft®

were ushered into a snug little apartment, in which stood two beds, a table, a chest of drawers, and four or five chairs. This was all, in the way of lodging, of which we were desirous; and the next point to be settled was supper. What could they produce? Had they any mutton? No. Beef? None. Poultry? Nothing of the sort. What then? Veal, or, as it is elegantly termed, calb's-flesh, which could be served up within the space of an hour and a-half, either gokocht,—that is, boiled, or grebraten,—*i. e.*, roasted. And here let me observe once for all, that he whose taste or whose stomach cannot be satisfied with veal, had better not travel in Germany. For veal is to the Germans what beef is to us,—the every-day diet of such as devour animal food at all; whereas beef they seem to use only at large hotels as materials for soup-making, while mutton is a luxury. Neither is it difficult to account for this. There are no extensive pasturages, even in the mountain districts of Germany, as there are in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the fens of Lincolnshire and Kent. Wherever the land has been cleared of

Digitized by Microsoft®

wood, it is laid under the plough; wherever the wood continues, the utmost care is taken to prevent cattle and sheep from breaking in, and so destroying what is the principal fuel of the country. The consequence is, that people cannot afford to rear more cattle than is absolutely necessary for working the land, and supplying the dairies,—nor, indeed, if they could afford it, would the means of doing so be attainable. Hence the poor little calves, while yet in that state of innocence which entitles them among the Irish to the generic appellation of staggering bobs, are in nine cases out of ten transferred to the butcher, whose stall, if it contain nothing else, is sure to furnish an abundant supply of dead animals, which you might easily mistake for cats that have perished by atrophy.

Being fully aware of these important particulars, we expressed neither surprise nor regret when the solemn announcement was made to us, that we might have roasted veal for supper; but having ordered it to be prepared, together with an eyer-kuchen, or egg-souffle, as a supporter, we set about changing our attire pre-

Digitized by Microsoft®

paratory to a ramble through the town. My friend, the Honourable Francis Scott, having kindly introduced me to Count Thun, I sent my card by the waiter to the castle, and learned, to my great disappointment, that the family were all in Prague. It is needless to add, that, in the absence of the owners, I was conducted over the castle and grounds by a very intelligent domestic, or that, returning on another occasion, I stand indebted to its owner for much kindness. I do not think, however, that there is any justification for the practice which too much prevails, of first accepting the hospitality of a stranger, and then describing the mode in which it was dispensed. I content myself, therefore, with stating that everything in the household of Count Thun corresponds to his high rank and cultivated tastes; and that he who has once enjoyed, even for a brief space, as I did, the pleasure of his conversation, will desire few things more earnestly, than that another opportunity of so doing shall occur.

The castle of Tetchen is a very noble thing, and its situation magnificent. It crowns the summit of a rock overhanging the Elbe, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

commands, from its windows, one of the most glorious prospects on which, even in this land of glorious scenery, the eye need desire to rest. Originally a baronial hold, it has, in the progress of time and events, gradually changed its character. It now resembles a college or palace, more than a castle. You approach it from the town by a long gallery, walled in on both sides, though open to the sky, and are conducted to an extensive quadrangle, round which the buildings are erected. They do not belong to any particular school, unless that deserve to be so designated, which the Italian architects, some century and a-half ago, introduced, to the decided misfortune of of the proprietors, into Germany. Thus, the schloss of which I am speaking, is not only cut up into different suites of apartments, but each suite, besides being accessible by a door that opens to the court, is surrounded along the interior by an open gallery, into which each individual chamber-door opens. The consequence is, that in winter, at least, it must be next to impossible to keep any part of the house warm, for the drafts are endless,

Digitized by Microsoft®

and the exposure to the atmosphere is very great.

When we visited Tetchen for the second time, the contents of a very valuable greenhouse appeared to have been brought forth into the central court. The effect was most striking; for all sorts of rare and sweet-smelling shrubs were there; and flowers of every dye loaded the air with their perfume. The gardens, likewise, which lie under the rock, and in the management of which the count takes great delight, were beautiful. One, indeed, a fruit garden, is yet only in its infancy; but another, which comes between the castle and the market-place, reminded me more of the shady groves of Oxford than of anything which I have observed on the Continent. Count Thun, moreover, having visited England, and seen and justly appreciated, the magnificent parks which form the characteristic charm of our scenery, seems willing, as far as the different situations of the two countries will allow, to walk in our footsteps. He has enclosed a rich meadow that runs by the bank of the Elbe, and treats it as his demesne. All this is the more praiseworthy

Digitized by Microsoft®

on his part, that even in his own day the castle of Tetchen has suffered most of the calamities of war, except an actual siege. Twice during the late struggle, was it seized and occupied as a post, a garrison put into the house, and cannon mounted over the ramparts; nay, the very trees in the garden, which it cost so much pains to cultivate, and such a lapse of time to nourish, were all destined to be cut down. Fortunately, however, an earnest remonstrance from the count procured a suspension of the order, till the enemy should make his approaches; and as this never happened, the trees still survive, to afford the comfort of their shade both to their owner and his visitors. The havoc occasioned by the throwing up of batteries was not, however, to be avoided; and it is only within these three or four years that the mansion has resumed its peaceful character.

There is an excellent library in the castle of Tetchen, of which the inmates make excellent use. It contains some valuable works in almost all the European languages, with a complete set of the classics; and as the tastes of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

owner lead him to make continual accessions to it, the hall set apart for its reception, though of gigantic proportions, threatens shortly to overflow. I must not forget, however, that even by these allusions to the habits of my host, I am touching upon the line which common delicacy seems to me to have prescribed; therefore when I have stated that a brighter picture of domestic affection and happiness has rarely come under my observation than that with which my hurried visit to Tetchen presented me, I pass to other matters, not perhaps in themselves either more important or more interesting, but affording freer scope to remark, because not calculated to jar against individual feeling.

To wander amid these beautiful gardens, and gaze from the summer-house along the course of the Elbe, occupied all the space of time which my companion and I had set apart for the preparation of our evening meal. We accordingly returned to the inn, fully disposed to do justice to the viands which might be served up to us. They were well dressed, and the bottle of Hungarian wine which accompanied them was excellent, so that when we

Digitized by Microsoft®

sallied forth again to examine the town, it was in the most benevolent temper of mind imaginable. Every object was seen through a highly favourable medium. The little quiet square and market-place, with its ever-flowing but very dirty fountain, appeared emblematical of the contented and happy lot of the people who dwelt round it. The Elbe, glowing in the rich and varied hues of sunset, had about him a thousand charms, for which language has no power of expression; and finally, the view from a small chapel which stands on the summit of a rock about an English mile below the town—that as it would have delighted even a hungry man, was to us enchanting. Seriously, and without attributing too much to the genial influence of a change of habiliments, and a good supper, I have seldom looked upon a scene altogether so fascinating as that which now lay before me.

Our sleep that night was sound and refreshing. We had ordered breakfast at half-past five, and till five nothing occurred to disturb us; but then the old and well-nigh forgotten habits of the campaigner seemed to come back

Digitized by Microsoft®

upon me, for I awoke to a second at the time which I had fixed upon. Up we sprang; arrayed ourselves in our walking-dresses, stowed away our more gentlemanlike habiliments in the knapsacks, and addressed ourselves to breakfast. In Germany, as has been stated elsewhere, this is but a sorry affair of a meal at the best; it consists of nothing more than a cup or two of coffee, with some sweetish cakes; but we took care to order, over and above, a moderate supply of white bread and butter, and we consumed it all, much to our host's surprise and edification. Then came the settling of the bill, which seemed to please him better, and we were once more *en route.*

Our point to-day was Hayde, a town which our informants described as distant from Tetchen about seven stunden,—that is to say, seven hours' good walking, in other words, from twenty-one to twenty-four English miles. There was nothing in this announcement calculated to alarm us, for we had compassed the day before at least five-and-twenty miles, and though somewhat over-wrought when we first came in, we were now fresh and vigorous. But

Digitized by Microsoft®

I am bound to add that either the miles proved more numerous than we had been led to expect, or that we were in bad case for walking. I have seldom suffered more from blistered feet and positive weariness, than I did on my march to Hayde.

The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, when we quitted Tetchen. The cool air of the morning still, however, blew around us, and the landscape which seemed so fair even in the last glimmering of twilight, appeared now more beautiful than ever. Our route lay up the face of one of the hills by which, on all sides, Tetchen is surrounded, and we saw before us the long and regular sweep of the high road by which it behoved us to travel. For a brief space, however, a foot-way through a succession of green fields, all of them sparkling with the dew, was at our command, and we gratefully availed ourselves of it; for it is one of the advantages which a pedestrian enjoys over the traveller, either in a carriage or on horseback, that, provided he be sure of the direction in which his object lies, he may cast both high-ways and bridle-paths behind him.

Digitized by Microsoft®

The effect which is produced upon a Protestant traveller by the frequent recurrence, in Catholic countries, of crucifixes, chapels, and images, both by the road-side and elsewhere, has been frequently described. At first, you are affected with a sense almost of awe; which even to the last does not wholly evaporate; especially if you find, as we did this morning, that by the inhabitants, these symbols are held in profound veneration. In passing from Hernskrietchen to Tetchen, such objects had repeatedly crossed our view; and we had seen the country people lift their hats and cross themselves as they neared them. To-day we found a rustic on his knees before a chapel, within which, gaudily painted and dressed, were waxen images of a Virgin and child. Was this idolatry? I cannot believe it. Even if his prayer were addressed to the Virgin, which I have no right to assume that it was, should I be justified in charging this poor man with a breach of the second commandment in the Decalogue, merely because he besought the mother of Christ to intercede for him with her Son and his Redeemer? Absurd and unmeaning such prayers

Digitized by Microsoft®

to saints unquestionably are; for where is the ground for believing that they hear us; or even if they do, what right have we to suppose that they can or will presume to interfere in matters which nowise concern them? And when, over and above all this, we found upon a practice in itself so unmeaning, the monstrous doctrine of human merit, then, indeed, that which was originally foolish, becomes presumptuous and wicked. But the accusation of idolatry is by far too grave to be lightly brought against any class of persons whose creed is, in all essential particulars, the same with our own, and who err only in this, that they believe a great deal too much. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that in their zeal to remove error, so many well-intentioned persons should exaggerate the faults which they combat; for, independently of the wound which is thereby inflicted upon Christian charity, prejudices are but confirmed in proportion as indignation is roused. "You may demonstrate to me, if you can, that we are mistaken in supposing that the souls of the faithful hear us; but why allege that we put our trust in them, because we pray to them? Don't you get your ministers to pray for you when

Digitized by Microsoft®

you are sick? Don't they pray for you in your churches; and is our purpose in addressing the saints different from yours in your dealings with your pastor? We only beseech the Virgin, or St. John, to do that for us, which you get a man of like passions and frailties with yourself to do for you."

Such is the Roman Catholic's mode of repelling the charge of idolatry which we bring against him; and in good truth I do not see how his argument is to be set aside. But take other grounds with him, and behold how the case stands. "I don't accuse you of idolatry, far from it; but I do assert that you are acting very absurdly. For, first, there is nothing in Scripture which justifies us in believing that the spirits of the deceased are aware of what is passing on earth at all; and secondly, were it otherwise, such creatures could not, unless they possessed the faculty of ubiquity, pay the smallest attention to petitions which are addressed to them at the same time from perhaps an hundred or a thousand different places. If St. John, for example, be at this moment listening to a devotee in the island of Sincapore, how can he hear me who am calling to him out of

Digitized by Microsoft®

Bohemia? Our minister, on the other hand, acts but as our mouth-piece, and it is expressly ordered in the New Testament that the church shall pray for her sick members." Now here is a dilemma out of which I cannot understand how the saint-worshipper is to escape. For St. John is either a creature, or he is not. If he be a creature, it is impossible that he can be present in two spots at one and the same moment. He cannot, therefore, attend at once to me, who address him in Bohemia, and to the saint-worshipper who solicits his aid from the banks of the Mississippi. If he can be present with us both, and with tens of thousands besides, then he must possess the attribute of ubiquity, and is, of course, not a creature. In the latter case, what is he? This, then, I humbly conceive to be the weapon with which errors in the Roman Catholic's faith may most appropriately be assailed, for though it inflict a temporary wound upon men's self-love by questioning the powers of discrimination, leaves, at least, their moral and religious intentions unquestioned, and themselves, as a necessary consequence, unfettered by the strongest of all shackles, that of outraged principle.

Digitized by Microsoft®

By the time we had reached the chaussée, or main road, the morning was considerably advanced, and each new hour brought with it a wonderful accession of heat. Not a cloud was in the sky, and for a while, we were entirely destitute of shade. For though here, as elsewhere in Germany, the waysides be planted with rows of trees, the trees were as yet too young to prove essentially useful to the wanderer, and, to add to our misery, we had a long and toilsome ascent before us, with a broad, smooth, macadamised causeway, by which to accomplish it. It is true, that as often as we paused to look round, the glories of that magnificent scene gave us back our courage. Nevertheless, nature in this situation, as she is wont to do in most others, would have her way. We became exceedingly weary, and were fain, on reaching a wood near the summit, to sit down and rest.

Early as it was when our journey began, we soon found that we had no chance of getting the road to ourselves. Many wayfarers were already abroad, among whom were several women, loaded like jackasses, with enormous panniers filled with I know not what species

Digitized by Microsoft®

of evidently heavy goods. The tasks, indeed, which custom has imposed upon the lower classes of women in Germany, create in a stranger extreme surprise, if not indignation. I have spoken of the effects of this ungallant arrangement as they display themselves in Saxony; and I am bound to add that, in Bohemia, the same system is pursued, and the very same results produced. Besides a large portion of the field-work, such as hoeing, weeding, digging, planting, &c., it has fallen to the Bohemian women's share to be the bearers of all burdens; whether fire-wood be needed from the forest, grass, butter, eggs, and other wares required in the market-place, or trusses of hay lie abroad in the fields which it is necessary to fetch home. The inevitable consequence is, that, generally speaking, a woman ceases to have even a trace of youth about her by the time she has passed thirty. At three or four-and-twenty, she becomes brown and wrinkled, a year or two later, she loses her teeth, and last of all comes the goitre, which, by utterly destroying the symmetry of her form, leaves her, at thirty, little better than a wreck. As to the really

Digitized by Microsoft®

old folks, the grandams and maiden aunts of the community, these are, at all moments, in a condition to play with effect the characters of Macbeth's witches; and when, as not unfrequently happens, they judge it expedient to go about bareheaded, the resemblance which they bear to the respectable individuals just alluded to, is complete. Yet in youth, not a few of the girls are extremely pretty; which makes you the more regret that the customs of the country, by subjecting them to such severe hardships, should rob them of their bloom before their time.

Having rested under the shadow of our friendly grove sufficiently long to permit my making a rough sketch of the valley beneath us, we resumed our march, and rounding the hill, opened out a new prospect, scarcely inferior in point of beauty, though widely different in kind, from that which had passed from our gaze. We looked down upon a sort of basin, fertile, and cultivated to the minutest corner, round which, like sentinels on duty, were gathered a succession of mountains, covered to their peaks with foliage. The dark hue of the fir was here

Digitized by Microsoft®

beautifully intermixed with the fresher green of the birch and hazel; while occasionally, an enormous rock raised his bald front over all, more after the fashion of a huge ruin, the monument of man's vanity, than of a fabric of nature's creation. But the circumstance which more than all others surprised us, was the density of the population. Of large towns there seem to be, in Bohemia, very few; but every vale and strath is crowded with human dwellings, village succeeding village, and hamlet treading on hamlet, with the most remarkable fecundity. On the other hand, you may strain your eyes in vain in search of those species of habitations which give to our English landscapes their peculiar charm. There is no such thing in all Bohemia,—I question whether there be in all Germany,—as a park; and as to detached farm-houses, they are totally unknown. The nobility inhabit what they term schlosses, that is to say, castles or palaces, which are invariably planted down, either in the very heart of a town or large village, or at most, a gunshot removed from it. No sweeping meadows surround them with their tasteful swells, their

Digitized by Microsoft®

umbrageous covers and lordly avenues; no deer troop from glade to glade, or cluster in groups round the stem of some giant oak, their favourite haunt for ages. But up to the very hall-door, or at least to the foundations of the wall, which girdles in the court-yard, perhaps twelve or twenty feet wide, the plough regularly passes. A garden, the graff generally possesses, and his taste in flowers is good; but it almost always happens that his very garden affords no privacy, and that his flowers are huddled together within some narrow space, perhaps in the very court-yard of which I have already spoken as alone dividing his mansion from the open and cultivated fields.

With respect, again, to the condition of the cultivators, that is, in all respects, so different from the state of our agricultural gentlemen at home, that, even at the hazard of saying over again what has been stated a thousand times already, I must describe it at length. In the first place, then, there is no class of persons in Bohemia corresponding to our English farmer. Nobody hires land in order to make a profit out of it; at least nobody for such a purpose hires

Digitized by Microsoft®

a large tract of land; but each individual cultivates his own estate, whether it be of wide or of narrow extent. Thus the graff, or prince, though he be the owner of an entire circle, is yet the only farmer within that circle. He does not let an acre of ground to a tenant. But having built what he conceives to be an adequate number of bouerin-hauses, he plants in each of these a bouer-man, and pays him for tilling the ground. These bouerin-hauses, again, are all clustered together into villages, so that the bouerman is never without an abundant society adapted to his tastes; and very happily, albeit very rudely, his days and nights appear to be spent.

The land in Bohemia does not, however, belong exclusively to any one order in the community. Many bouermen are owners of their farms, some of them to the extent of one hundred acres and more; while almost every township has its territories, which, like the noble's estate, are cultivated for the benefit of the burgh. But in all cases it is the owner, and not the cultivator, to whom the proceeds of the harvest belong. These are, indeed, gathered in

Digitized by Microsoft®

and housed for him by his representatives, who, in addition to some fixed money-payment, for the most part enjoy the privilege of keeping a cow or two on the wastes belonging to the manor; but all the risk and trouble of converting his grain into money attaches to the proprietor of the soil.

Two results spring out of this order of things alike detrimental to the well-being of society. First there does not exist, at least in the agricultural districts, any middle class of society at all, which is everywhere divided into two orders,—the gentry and the peasantry. In cities and large towns the case is, of course, different; for there the cultivation of letters and of trade has its influence on the human mind; and professions hold something like the rank which ought of right to belong to them when they are what is called liberal. But in the country, even the doctor and the priest seldom find their way to a more lordly board than that of the bouerman; and stand, in consequence, at all times, on a level with the miller, the butcher, and the host of the gasthof. Secondly, the nobles, having little ready money

Digitized by Microsoft®

at command, possess no means, whatever their inclination may be, materially to improve the condition of their dependants; while their own time being largely engrossed by the cares of buying and selling, they not unfrequently neglect to cultivate those mental powers in which many of them are naturally rich. Numerous exceptions to this latter rule doubtless everywhere prevail; for I am bound to add, that such of the nobility as honoured me with their acquaintance, were men of refined tastes and very enlarged understandings. But the rule itself holds good nevertheless, and would equally do so in any other country where a similar order of things existed.

Through a succession of these villages, most of them inhabited exclusively by bouermen, we made our way, not without exciting, by the novelty of our costume, a large share of public curiosity. As often as we found it necessary, however, to put a question to one of the wonderers, we never failed to meet with a civil reply: indeed, I must do the Bohemians of all ranks the justice to record, that a kinder, more obliging, and less mercenary people, it has

Digitized by Microsoft®

never been my fortune to visit. Illustrations of this fact, I shall have occasion in the course of my narrative, to give, though for the present I content myself with stating the fact broadly.

I do not recollect that anything worthy of mention befel till we reached Kamnitz,—an old town, and the centre of a circle,—through which it behoved us to pass, in order to gain first Stein Jena, and ultimately Hayde. The town itself lies in a hollow, and is begirt near at hand by well-wooded hills; but in itself it offers few attractions to the stranger. Narrow and deserted streets, with shops mean and slenderly stocked, tell a tale of stagnant commerce; indeed, I may observe, once for all, of the country towns in Bohemia, that it is not among them that the traveller will find food for reflection, or sources of gratification. Far removed from the sea, with which their single communication is by the Elbe, the Bohemians have slender inducement to apply their energies to trade, which is, in consequence, not perhaps dead,—for there are manufactures of various kinds in the kingdom, and more than

Digitized by Microsoft®

one iron foundry, but exceedingly sickly and torpid.

Kamnitz, like other chief towns of circles, has its schloss,—the property of the emperor,—in which the officials and the subordinates at once reside and administer justice. It can boast, likewise, of a large church and a prison; but as there was nothing in the exterior of these buildings which at all excited our admiration, we did not delay to examine them. With respect, again, to other matters, I am aware of only one custom in the place, of which it is worth while to take notice. Kamnitz, it appears, is very much of an agricultural town; that is to say, many owners of small estates dwell there, and many cattle are kept. During the winter months, both here and elsewhere, the cattle never breathe the air of heaven; but are kept mewed up in their stalls, and fed on hay, and other dry fodder. When the hay crop has been gathered in, and the fields are ready for them, they are sent abroad to graze, but always under the guidance of keepers, who, at least in Kamnitz, are strictly professional persons. Their mode of proceeding

Digitized by Microsoft®

is this. At early dawn, there is a flourish of cow-horns in the streets,—a signal for opening the stable-door, and leading forth the cattle to pasture. The animals are then collected in the market-place, and handed over to the charge of their appointed keepers, who, two or three in number, drive the herd abroad, and are responsible that they commit no trespass on the growing corn. At night, a similar process takes place. The cattle are led back by the keepers to the market-place: horns are again sounded; upon which each bouerman either comes in person, or sends his deputy to receive the beasts, and so conducts them to their stalls for milking.

Kamnitz has at one period been a fortified town, though probably that period is very remote,—for against modern artillery a place so situated could not hold out a single day. Its gateways, and some fragments of the old wall, remain,—objects at all times too interesting to be wantonly removed. Beneath a couple of these venerable arches we passed,—first on entering, then on leaving the town,—after which we found ourselves traversing a

Digitized by Microsoft®

long and irregular hamlet, which in the form of a suburb lines one side of the road, and so faces a pretty little stream that skirts the other. Crossing the rivulet by a bridge with two arches, we began to climb the hill, on the brow of which Stein Jena is situated, and from which our friend, the young priest of Auffenberg, had given us to understand, that we should obtain one of the most magnificent views in this part of Bohemia. Long and toilsome was this ascent; for though the main road was still beneath our feet, so perfectly had its fabricators set the rules of their art at defiance, that it ran sheer and abrupt, with scarce a trifling deflection, from the base to the summit. The sun, also, beat upon us with a power which we found it extremely uncomfortable to sustain, and our thirst was excessive. And here it may, perhaps, be worth while for the benefit of other pedestrians, to remark, that we began our march, in reference to the victualling department, on an utterly erroneous principle. Breakfasting at half past five or six o'clock in the morning, we made up our minds not to eat a solid meal again till our day's work should be

Digitized by Microsoft®

accomplished; in other words, to content ourselves at noon with some slight refreshment, such as a morsel of bread, or a sandwich and a little weak brandy and water, swallowed in the shade of some grove, and to sup heartily when we should come in to our night's quarters, at six or seven o'clock in the evening. The experience of this day sufficed to convince me that in arranging this plan I had not been so successful as the Duke of Wellington used to be with his commissariat. Our bread had become hard and mouldy. Our brandy was as hot as fire, and we could not find a spring of water sufficiently sheltered to cool it. For consistency-sake, however, we twisted down a few mouthfuls, but we could not manage more; and it was unanimously voted, that thenceforth an hour's halt at mid-day in some house of call, would be an arrangement alike conducive to the refreshment of our limbs, and the well-being of our stomachs.

Having reposed about half an hour by the margin of a weedy pond, from which a loud if not an harmonious concert of bull-frogs unceasingly issued, we buckled on our knap-

Digitized by Microsoft®

sacks once more, and, by a desperate effort, reached Stein Jena about three o'clock in the afternoon. It seldom happens that a natural scene, of which you have been led to form high expectations, does not disappoint you; yet I am bound in justice to acknowledge that in the account which he gave of the view from this point, the interesting curate of Auffenberg used the language of moderation. Elevated to a height of perhaps two thousand feet, we beheld across the valley beneath us, hill above hill arise,—all of them pyramidal, shaggy with forests of pine, beech, and oak, and interlaced one with another, so as to form the wildest yet most graceful combinations. The scene, too, was in one striking respect different from any on which we had yet gazed; namely, that cultivation was almost entirely kept out of view, because our position was such as to throw the depths of the plain behind the screen of their overhanging mountains. It was, indeed, only when we looked to the right, where on a level with ourselves fields of rye were waving, that the fact of our not having wandered into some uncleared and uninhabited region was demonstrated.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Stein Jena itself is a large, straggling, but remarkably neat village, of which the street is on both sides shaded by rows of trees, and where the houses can in many instances boast of being planted within the range of well-kept and tasteful gardens. It was on the top of the common beyond the village, however, that we paused to obtain our view, and to make one of those rude sketches which in such situations the most unpractised hand is induced to attempt; after which we again pushed forward. Ten minutes' walk carried us over the ridge, and then what a spectacle burst upon us! A huge plain was at our feet, green with the most abundant crops of grass and corn, and here and there broken in upon by a tall conical hill, which rose like a thing of art, and stood alone in the level. Surrounding the plain on all sides, were ranges of mountains, those near at hand resembling in their general character the graceful hills upon which we had just turned our backs,—those in the distance more precipitous and rugged, and above all, white along their summits with snow. There needed, in short, but some sheet of water,—a lake or a

Digitized by Microsoft®

river winding through the valley, to complete such a picture as Stanfield would love to copy, and the humbler but not less enthusiastic worshipper of nature, gaze upon for hours unwearied. For not only was there wood and pasturage, hill and dale, rock and forest, in abundance,—but the haunts of man, without which a cultivated scene is always incomplete, rose there in abundance. There lay Hayde,—a compact and apparently well-built town; about three miles to the right of it, and nestling back its own cliffs, was Burgstein; while farther off Gabel, Reichstadt, with a countless number of villages besides, told of the busy hands by which these fair fields were tilled and kept in order. Heartily thanking our poetical friend for the instructions which he had communicated to us, and charmed out of all sense of fatigue for the moment, we continued our march, till the shelter of a vast wood received us, at once shutting out the glories of the panorama beneath, and screening us from the sun's rays, which had for some time back beat with inconvenient violence upon us from above.

It was six o'clok when we reached the inn

Digitized by Microsoft®

at Hayde, faint, hungry, and foot-sore. Our reception was not very cordial, nor did we this time, I am sorry to say, succeed in perfectly thawing the ice in which the landlady had encased herself; but we took her bad humour patiently, showed her that we were well disposed to be merry, and obtained in five minutes, first a very tolerable apartment, and by-and-by the best room in the house. Perhaps, indeed, it may be as well to state, that our first reception, even in Bohemia, was not always flattering. Yet somehow or another, it invariably came to pass, with the solitary exception of Hayde, where our usual tactics failed us, that before we had been ten minutes under the roof of a Bohemian innkeeper, not only he, but his whole household, were at our devotion. Neither was any marvellous art required to bring this result about. We acted merely as persons of common sense will always act in similar situations. We turned the landlady's ill-humour or stiffness into a joke, spoke bad German, mixed it with French and English, and won her heart by showing that we were neither sensitive nor fastidious.

Digitized by Microsoft®

And the landlady's heart being fairly won, all the rest was easy. The husband, as in duty bound, fell into his wife's views, and the servants took their cue from their superiors. In Hayde, however, though we so far gained our end, that a good supper with a comfortable apartment were afforded us, we have no right to boast of our progress in the hostess's affections. She kept cruelly aloof from us during the whole of our sojourn, and made us pay at our departure just twice as much as, for similar fare, we were charged at any other gasthof in Bohemia.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER II.

OUR LANDLADY AND WASHERWOMAN.—THE EINSIEDLERSTEIN.—ITS DUNGEONS AND HALL.—ITS HISTORY.—INSCRIPTION OVER THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.—LOSE OUR WAY.—GUIDED BY A PEASANT.—HIS CONVERSATION.—MISTAKEN FOR ITALIAN MUSICIANS.—GABEL.

HAYDE, which is a burgh town, having its burgomaster and other civic authorities, contains a population of between two and three thousand souls, and can boast of a large warehouse, or handlung, in which are exhibited and sold the mirrors and other articles in glass that are fabricated at Burgstein. Like most German towns of the same size which I have visited, it is exceedingly clean, and its environs are laid out with a good deal of taste. For the Germans, while in winter they shut themselves up in their houses, all the doors and windows of which are kept hermetically sealed. seem to live, during the summer months, only in the open air. Gardens are, therefore, their delight,—public gardens, where such things

Digitized by Microsoft®

exist,—in which the men may smoke and drink their beer, the women sip their coffee, in society; or failing this, slips of soil, close to the highway side, from which they are separated only by a low railing,—so that the owners may behold from their open summer-houses every object that shall pass and repass. And truly it is a pleasant sight to see an entire population made happy by means so simple and so innocent. For of excesses the Bohemians are seldom, if ever, guilty. The men smoke incessantly, it is true, and some of them consume in the course of a holyday a tolerably large allowance of beer. But the beer is either very weak, or their heads are accustomed to it; for it is as rare to behold a Bohemian peasant drunk at a merrymaking or fête, as it is to find, under similar circumstances, an Englishman of the same class sober.

After adjusting our toilet, and giving some linen to be washed, with the distinct understanding that the articles so disposed of should be restored at seven o'clock next morning, we first ate our supper, and then strolled out. The graveyard, removed, as is usually the

Digitized by Microsoft®

case in this country, some little way out of town, attracted our attention, and was admired for the extreme neatness with which it was planted and otherwise kept. From the top of an eminence behind the inn, likewise, we obtained a view of the surrounding country, which we should have pronounced fine, had we not previously looked down upon it from Stein Jena; and a public garden, as yet "alone in its glory," was traversed. But we were too much fatigued to attempt more. We returned, therefore, to our apartment; went to bed with the sun, and slept soundly till half-past six o'clock on the following morning.

Lovers' vows, it is said, are like pie-crusts, made to be broken. So I am sure are the promises of Bohemian washerwomen; at least our linen, which ought to have made its appearance at seven, did not arrive till nearly four hours afterwards, and we were compelled to prolong our halt accordingly. At last, however, the slender, but to us invaluable cargo, made its appearance, though still so imperfectly arranged, that the stockings, being quite wet, we were obliged to sling outside our

Digitized by Microsoft®

knapsacks, while the damp shirts were left to dry, as they best might, within. But the precious time which our dilatory laundress had wasted, nothing could recall. We therefore felt ourselves under the necessity of confining our day's operations to the inspection of a hermitage, or einsiedlerstein, near Burgstein, with what was described to us as a short and pleasant walk afterwards, as far as Gabel.

We quitted Hayde without regret; and though still foot-sore with yesterday's travel, contrived to reach Burgstein, which is about three English miles distant, between twelve and one o'clock. It is an inconsiderable village, prettily situated under the felsen, or crags, from which it derives its name; and can boast of its schloss, the residence of Graff Kinsky, as yet a child. Like other buildings of the kind which we had passed in our tour, the schloss at Burgstein resembles a manufactory much more than a nobleman's palace; for it stands close to the high road, is roofed over with flaring red tiles, and shows in its dazzling white front a prodigious number of small windows. Connected with it by an avenue of umbrageous

Digitized by Microsoft®

planes, which overshadow, perhaps, a couple of hundred yards of road to the rear, is the mausoleum of the late count,—a most ungraceful pile, evidently constructed after the model of an English dove-cot, and like the schloss, shining in all the splendour of white walls and a scarlet covering. But from such objects the traveller soon turns his eyes away, that he may fix them on the bold and isolated crag, the summit of which is crowned by what he naturally mistakes for masonry; but which, on a more minute inspection, he discovers to be, for the most part, the rock itself. There stands what is now described as the Einsiedlerstein,—that is, the stony dwelling of the hermit; a grievous misnomer surely,—for though the last occupant of that dwelling was doubtless a recluse, its original purpose, which for many ages it served, was that of a strong-hold, or castle. And perhaps nowhere, even in Germany, can a more perfect specimen be pointed out of the sort of nest which used, in the dark ages of feuds and forays, to shelter the robber-knights and barons, to whom forays were at once a business and a pastime.

Digitized by Microsoft®

The Einsiedlerstein, or Hermit's Rock, is a bold and isolated crag, which rises sheer and abrupt out of the plain to the height of, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet. It is separated from the fells, or rugged hills, which form the northern boundary of the wide vale of Hayde, by a space of about two or three hundred yards; sufficiently wide to place it, in the days of cross-bows and balistas, pretty well beyond the reach of insult, but by far too narrow to be of the slightest avail against cannon, and even musketry. In the face of the rock a staircase is cut, by which you ascend to a door, of which the key is kept at a cottage close by, where dwells also your cicerone, or guide. The door being opened, you see before you a continuation of the rocky staircase; with this difference in character, however, between what is passed and what is to come,—that whereas you mounted to the threshold under the canopy of heaven, you now move onwards, or rather upwards, through a cavity cut in the face of the solid stone itself. By-and-bye you come to a landing-place, beyond which, at the extremity of a narrow passage, you behold what used to be

Digitized by Microsoft®

the armoury of the castle,—an arched hall, chiselled out, like the gallery which leads to it, from the rock. Here are yet the grooves and niches within which warriors, long since dead, used to suspend their spears and battle-axes, their helmets and coats of mail; and here, in the face of the stone, are chiselled out some armorial bearings; probably the devices worn by the lord of the castle on his shield. We find a tiger couchant, for example, not ungracefully executed; a gate or portcullis, I believe in heraldry an honourable device; with the fragments of what have evidently been other symbols, though time has laid on them his defacing fingers so effectually that you cannot trace them out.

From the armoury you proceed round a curvature in the rock, which conducts you into the open air, and gives you a view of the opposite fells, to the dungeon,—a melancholy place, bearing to this hour numberless records of the sufferings and the patience, and even the ingenuity, of those by whom, in old times, it was tenanted. The late Count Kinsky, the proprietor of the castle, caused a breach to be

Digitized by Microsoft®

made in the side of the dungeon, which you now enter through an arched passage in the rock, though originally the captive was let down by a rope from above. This arrangement has the two-fold effect of admitting an increase of light into the den, and of affording a ready means of access to such as might scruple to descend, collier-fashion, in a basket. Having passed beneath the arch, you find yourself in a circular cell some twenty feet or more beneath the surface of the earth, and girdled in by walls of solid rock, out of which the hole must, with infinite labour, have been chiselled. These walls are everywhere scratched over with representations of wounded hearts, crucifixes, death's-heads, and even of flowers with broken stems; all of them clearly enough of very old fabrication, though unfortunately none of them dated. How many gallant spirits have here pined and fretted themselves into eternity; how many noble minds and sinewy arms have long confinement and scanty fare, bowed down to this damp floor and withered. What a record of misery and wrong would not these walls give forth, were they for one little hour gifted with

Digitized by Microsoft®

the power of speech, like the talking woods in the fairy tale. And yet, evil as the times were, when might, not right, was in the ascendant, they had their redeeming excellencies too. Knightly honour, chivalrous abhorrence of guile, the soul to endure, as well as the temper to inflict; these were the qualities most prized by men, who, born and bred to lives of constant warfare, held danger light, and looked upon peace as inglorious. And then their religious faith! It might be gloomy, it might be wild, it might be altogether misplaced or misdirected, —but it was at least sincere; for it exerted an influence over their most wayward humours; it urged them both to do and to suffer as none but men who believed that they acted aright would have done. Let us not, then, even when standing in the dungeon of a baron's hold, come to the conclusion, that what we call the dark ages were ages of unmitigated wrong. They might produce their tyrants and oppressors, whose power, in proportion as it was resistless, would spread misery around; but they produced also their vindicators of the oppressed; their Bayards and Lancelots, *chéval-*

Digitized by Microsoft®

liers sans peur et sans réproche,—of whose spirit of candour, and fair and open and honourable dealing, it might be well if this our intellectual and utilitarian age had inherited even a portion.

It will scarcely be expected that I am to conduct my reader through all the crannies and recesses of the Einsiedlerstein. Sufficient for both our purposes it will be to observe, that everything is in the most perfect state of preservation, and that he who is desirous of obtaining a tolerably accurate notion of the sort of style in which the barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries used to live, may find it worth his while to make a journey even as far as Burgstein. Here is the chapel, entire as when last the solemn mass was sung for the spirit of some departed hero. There it is, hollowed out of the rock, with its chancel and its transept, while near it are lodging-rooms of various kinds; and underneath vaulted stables capable of containing perhaps twenty horses. The well, too, that essential ingredient in a strong-hold, still remains, though now it is dry; and on the back of the kitchen fire-place the soot and smoke of

Digitized by Microsoft®

other times have left their traces. The only innovations effected, indeed, in the original arrangements of the castle, are those which the hermit began; and which the father of the present lord, the Count Kinsky, of whom I have already spoken, has completed.

The history of the Burgstein, as far as I have been able to trace it, is this. The name being a combination of the words birke and stein, signifies the birchy-rock, an appellation which both now and in remote times, would appear to have justly belonged to it, for its crest is overgrown with birch trees, one at least of which is as fine a specimen of the plant as it would be easy to discover either in Bohemia or elsewhere. Its bold and isolated character seems to have pointed it out as a fit situation for one of those keeps or strong-holds in which even monarchs were, during the middle ages, glad at times to seek refuge, and which constituted the groundwork of their power to chiefs of less elevated rank. So early as the year 1250, a castle accordingly was erected on it, in which the Baron von Ronow, a nobleman of vast influence, held his court, and frequently entertained

Digitized by Microsoft®

the King of Bohemia himself, Wentzel I. By the caprice of his grandson, however, it passed into the hands of the Knights Templars, who established there one of their chief colleges, and, according to tradition, enacted many and horrid rites, such as tended not a little to hurry on the ruin of their order. When that catastrophe befel them, the sovereign seems to have restored his prize to a noble of the same lineage with him who willed it away, so that down to the year 1515, we find it in the possession of a long line of Placek von Lippa und Berksteins. But heirs male at length failed, and the heiress marrying a Baron Kollowart, the lordship of this noble keep was transferred to a new line, which transmitted it from father to son in uninterrupted succession, down to the year 1670. To them succeeded, somehow or another, a race of Von Rokortzowas, who again in 1710, made way for the house of Kinsky, and in their possession it has ever since remained, neglected, indeed, till of late, but holding time and decay alike at defiance.

Old chroniclers tell of many a lordly festival having been celebrated within its walls. Re-

Digitized by Microsoft®

peatedly, too, it has withstood and repelled the attacks of an enemy, once when an army of not less than fifteen thousand men sat down before it, and a second time, when pressed by thirteen thousand. But the invention of gunpowder, and still more effectually the changes in men's manners which followed the discovery of printing, slowly robbed it of its importance, till at last it was deserted by its owners, who transferred their residence to the more commodious, but far less picturesque mansion which they still continue to inhabit. Then began a new race of tenants to occupy the rock, in giving accommodation to whom the Graffs Kinsky doubtless believed that they were benefiting their own souls, and doing their Maker laudable service.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, while the lordship of the manor yet remained in the hands of the Kokortzowas, a bouerman, or small landed proprietor, distinguished in the circle for his skill in agriculture, suddenly took it into his head to become a hermit, and fixed on the deserted rock as his place of residence. The gräfinn—for a female seems then to have exercised the authority of

Digitized by Microsoft®

count, gave immediate attention to his wishes; and fitted up, at her own cost, such a cell as the pious bouerman described. There, for some years, dwelt Brother Constantine, telling his beads at stated periods, both by day and night, and living abundantly on the alms which the pious of all classes bestowed upon him. At his decease, an enthusiastic miller stepped forward to fill the vacancy, and Brother Wentzel, so long as the sands of life continued to run, was, to the good people of Birkstein, and the districts around, all that Brother Constantine had been. To him, in 1720, succeeded Brother Antony, or rather two brothers, Antony and Jacob, who dwelt in cheerful community one with another, praying before the same altar, and conversing during the hours of relaxation, but, in strict propriety, occupying separate cells in the rock. In 1735, however, Jacob died, when one Samuel Görner, a modelist, and perspective maker, took his place. Some ingenious representations of Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, executed in wood by the hands of Brother Samuel, still remain, and are exhibited to the stranger with becoming pride. And last

Digitized by Microsoft®

of all came a weaver, hight Müller, who at the age of twenty-two, devoted himself to a life of seclusion, and dwelt apart upon the rock up to the year 1785. At that time, the strong arm of power was stretched out, and hermits, as well as many communities of monks, disappeared. Yet Joseph, who seems to have been conscientiously attached to his calling and place of abode, was not driven into exile. Being appointed parish-clerk to the church of Birkstein, he continued to hold the office several years; and dying at an advanced age was, by his own desire, buried in a grave which he had dug out for himself in one of the cells on the rock. Such are the circumstances which have contributed to cast into the shade the ancient and warlike name of this curious piece of architecture, and to describe as a hermit's cell, what was, in point of fact, one of the strongest among the many and strong baronial castles with which Bohemia abounds.

The hermits have not sat in the seats of armed men so long, without leaving numerous traces of their sojourn behind them. Three or four caves are hollowed out in the rock, one of

Digitized by Microsoft®

which contains a skull, a rosary, and a narrow stone bedstead, overlaid with moss. In another, besides the usual ornaments, such as crucifixes, &c., we found an image of Brother Antony Müller, arrayed in his brown robe and hood, with beads, a long gray beard, and bare feet, just as he is stated to have exhibited himself in the land of the living. A third cave, or cell, contains a representation of the same hermit's dead body, as it lay in state,—for to the rock the corpse was carried both for exhibition and interment; and finally, we have his grave,—a small heap of stones, with a stone cross erected over them, and an epitaph inscribed on the rock at his feet. I subjoin the original, and give, for the benefit of such as may not be acquainted with the German, a loose translation.

Du hällst den Tod für deinen feind,
Du irrst; er ist dein bestest Freund:
Er ummt dir alle leibin ab
Und legt dich sanft in's stille grab.
Befreit dich von dir falschen wilt
Und wenn es dir nur selbst gefällt
So fühst er dich in himmel ein
Sag wellcher Freund kaun besser seyn.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Thou holdest death thy foe to be,
No foe, but best of friends, is he.
He lifts the evil from thy lot,
Lays thee where sorrow reacheth not.
From the false world he sets the free,
And if the progress pleaseth thee,
Guides thee to regions of the blest;
Of friends, then, is he not the best?

There remains one apartment more, which it would be unjustifiable in me to omit particularly to notice, inasmuch as it holds a high place in the estimation of the good people of Burgstein, and will, if it serve no other purpose, force a smile from such young,—aye, and old persons, too,—as may happen to inspect it. An ingenious mechanic, a workman in the looking-glass manufactory hard by, has constructed a piece of mechanism, in which all the known occupations, trades, and professions, in the world, are described. His machine occupies four galleries that surround an apartment built on purpose to receive it; and in the midst is an elevated platform, on which the spectators take their stand. At first they see only a rude representation of mountains and forests, gardens, fallow fields, standing crops, cows, milk-

Digitized by Microsoft®

maids, mills and millers, ploughs, ploughmen, oxen, cities, soldiers, horses, carriages, mines and miners, convents, monks, hermits, &c.,—all in a state of quiescence. The pulling of a few strings, however, gives a totally novel aspect to the face of affairs. Inanimate objects continue, of course, at rest; but no sooner is the clock-work set a-going, than music sounds, soldiers march, carriages rattle about, ploughs travel, miners dig, mills go round, monks toll bells, hermits read and nod their heads, milkmaids ply their occupation visibly and effectively before your eyes,—aye, and the very bird-catcher pops out and in from behind his screen, while a rustic having caught a schoolboy in his apple-tree, applies his rod to the young thief's seat of honour, with all the regularity of a drummer beating time. I defy the gravest person living to abstain from laughter, when this universal bustle begins; for no human being appears to be idle, and no single act seems to be performed in vain.

The Graffs Kinsky seem, for some years back, to have paid a good deal of attention to this noble relic of old times. The late count

Digitized by Microsoft®

began a chapel, I think in questionable taste, of which the walls now cover the venerable and vaulted cavity, where knights and barons used to worship long ago. He built, likewise, a sort of summer-house hard by,—of which the flooring, red roof, and whitewashed walls, agree but indifferently with the time-worn bearing of the castle itself. But though he has added these excrescences, and erected a sort of platform in front of the last, whence he and his friends might enjoy, at their pleasure, a view of the surrounding country, he has taken nothing away; and the public are much indebted to him, and to his successor, for the liberality with which they are admitted to behold one of the most curious specimens of baronial architecture, which is anywhere to be found.

Nearly two hours having been spent in examining the different objects just described, we began to feel that food and drink would be acceptable; and our guide,—a civil woman,—having assured us that both were to be procured in the cottage below, to it we adjourned. The bill of fare, however, consisted merely of brown

Digitized by Microsoft®

bread,—sour, as all German brown bread is, and made of rye,—of butter and beer. Nobody has a right to complain who has at his disposal a competent supply of good brown bread and butter; but to our unpractised palates, the rye-meal, and sour leaven, were not very inviting. Still we set to work, and aided by a cat, and a fine bold fellow of a dunghill cock, both of whom took post beside us, and insisted on sharing our meal, we made a pretty considerable inroad into the good woman's vivres, whose butter and beer were both of them excellent. This, with a rest of half an hour, made us feel up to our work; so we disbursed our groschen or two, strapped on our packs, and pursued our journey.

Gabel was our point, towards which from Hayde a good chaussée runs; but we had no disposition to retrace our steps to Hayde,—so, trusting in part to the map, in part to the directions which our good-natured hostess gave us, we struck across the country at a venture. Probably we did not commit a greater number of blunders than any other persons similarly circumstanced would have done, but the way

Digitized by Microsoft®

seemed at once intricate and interminable. I doubt, indeed, whether we should have succeeded in reaching our destination at all, had we not, by good fortune, overtaken in the heart of a wood an honest countryman, who was journeying towards his home in the fair village of Leipsige, and volunteered to be so far our guide. We found him intelligent enough on his own topic of agriculture, and well inclined to communicate to us his family history; but he knew nothing about either Peter of Prague, or the gypsies, and had never seen either Napoleon or his troops. We were, therefore, forced to take his guidance on his own terms, and had to thank him for probably some errors shunned, and a good deal of anxiety avoided.

Leipsige,—our friend's place of abode,—is a long straggling dorf, which extends, I should conceive, a full mile and a-half, along a valley between the two steep green banks that mark out the course of a pretty little stream. There is a bleach-field in it, and a manufactory of linen thread, neither of which we delayed to examine; for the day was wearing on, and, beautiful as the scenery was through which we

Digitized by Microsoft®

had to pass, we were desirous of reaching our halting-place as soon as possible. At last, about six in the evening, after traversing several deep forests, and crossing one or two hills, we beheld before us what seemed to be a town of some size, with a large church built in the Italian style, one schloss or palace just outside the suburbs,—and another, much more imposing both in its architecture and situation, some three-quarters of a mile removed. Concluding that this must be Gabel, we made towards it; though, in order to avoid disappointment, we questioned a well-dressed man whom we overtook, and received from him a satisfactory answer. Our informant, however, was not content to give information only,—he desired to obtain some also. What were we? We did not belong to the country, that was certain; what were we? Italian musicians? Now really I had no conception that in this thoroughly English, or rather Scottish countenance, of mine, there had been so much as one line which could induce even a Bohemian to mistake me for an Italian, and I felt proportionably flattered, more particularly as in attributing to

Digitized by Microsoft®

me the qualifications of a musician, he paid as high a compliment to my tastes as his first mistake paid to my features. We made a very low obeisance, and assured him that we were neither Italians nor musicians. What then? Were we stocking-weavers; and did our load consist of stockings? This was too much for our gravity; for the transition appeared to us as complete as could well be, so we laughed heartily. But when we told him the truth, that we were English gentlemen, walking for our own amusement, and desiring to make the acquaintance of his countrymen, his manner became more polite and obliging than ever. He directed us where to find the best accommodations, offered to conduct us to the hotel in person, and would hardly be persuaded that such service was unnecessary. We then parted, we pushing on at a brisk rate for Gabel, and he, as we ascertained by an occasional sly peep to the rear, standing on an eminence that he might stare, as long as possible, after objects such as had never met his gaze before,—a couple of Englishmen.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE.—THE INN.—LUDICROUS MISTAKES.—THE PUBLIC ROOM.—ASTONISHMENT OF THE PEOPLE AT THE SIGHT OF ENGLISHMEN.—THE PRIESTS.—SCENE IN THE TAP-ROOM.—KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE.—OUR FISHING OPERATIONS.—A CHASSE, AND A DAYLIGHT BALL.

GABEL, though a place of some extent, and containing a population of three or four thousand souls, possesses no corporate rights. On the contrary, it is subject to the jurisdiction of a noble, whose schloss stands, as I have stated above, close to the suburbs, where it is encircled by a wider space of green than attaches to the dwellings of the Bohemian nobility in general. There is no manufactory in the place, but a great deal of spinning and weaving,—occupations which the people pursue in their own houses; and the streets, with the exception of the market-place, and another which leads from the market-place to the church, are narrow and steep.

Digitized by Microsoft®

We had no difficulty in discovering the inn, to which our informant outside the town had directed us; and we made for it accordingly. The exterior was promising enough; for it had a wide front, many windows, and considerable elevation; so we passed beneath the archway, nothing doubting, and looked round for a door. One on the left stood open, and seeing a staircase before us, we ascended, but soon stopped short when on the landing-place we beheld some men in huge cocked hats, feathers, and swords; while others, in more peaceable attire, were bearing under their arms a parcel of uniforms. "We have mistaken our ground," said I to my companion; "this must be a barrack, or else there is a regiment marching through the town, and these apartments are assigned to them as quarters." Accordingly we hurried back again; and seeing another door, exactly opposite to that which we had first essayed, we pushed it open. We were right this time; for on traversing a narrow passage, we found ourselves in the hall or kitchen.

The hall or kitchen of a third or fourth-rate German inn, may not, perhaps, be familiar to

Digitized by Microsoft®

some of my readers; so I will describe it. Imagine, then, an apartment thirty or forty feet long by twenty wide, and perhaps ten or twelve in height. Four or five windows front you as you enter, beside which are arranged, in the old style of our English coffee-rooms, as many deal tables, with benches ranged along three sides of each, and a few chairs covering the other. These leave about half the width of the room free; a portion of which is, however, engrossed by a large temporary closet, while the stove, in the present instance a very capacious machine of the sort, occupies as much more. For there is no visible fire-place any where, and all the cooking that goes forward is conducted at the stove,—or, as the Germans appropriately call it, the oven. Then, again, there is a bench fastened to the side of the oven, where in winter, the wet, and cold, and weary may rest; while finally, at the head of the apartment is a small table, whereon the landlady, almost always one of the inmates of the hall, plies her needle-work and eats her meals.

The hall or coffee-room, when we first looked

Digitized by Microsoft®

in, was well nigh empty. One woman, whom we now discovered to be our hostess, was, indeed, sewing at her own table, while another seemed busy in the pantry, but of guests there were only three,—two, manifestly travellers of an humble class; the third, who sat apart with a large glass of beer before him, more deserving of notice. His age might be about sixty. His hair was grizzled; his face, and especially his nose, large and rubicund, and his belly portly. He wore a black frock and dingy white neckcloth; and he made no use of a pipe. All this we noticed while advancing towards the hostess, who, as usual, looked cold upon us for an instant, and then became our sworn ally. Indeed, I do not know that I am justified in laying to that kind creature's charge even a moment's ill-humour; for no sooner had I asked her whether she spoke French or English, than she clasped her hands together, and burst into a laugh, after which her sole anxiety seemed to be lest she should not succeed in making us sufficiently comfortable. But in that she was mistaken. A nicer quarter, in spite of the total absence from it of all ap-

Digitized by Microsoft®

proaches to elegance, I never desire to occupy; for all that might be wanting to our fastidious tastes, the real and unaffected kindness of the inmates more than made good.

An apartment was provided for us forthwith; water and other conveniences for dressing were supplied, and supper was ordered. Moreover we were given to understand that the fierce-looking personages whose bearing had impressed us with so much awe, never hurt anybody; inasmuch as they were honest mechanics, a tailor or two, with some musical weavers who composed the town band. Their uniform, it seems, is kept in a spare room in the Hernhause gasthof, and they were in the act of equipping themselves for an evening's performance when we arrived. This was satisfactory enough, because, with all my admiration for the noble profession of arms, I cannot say that I quite enjoy being thrust as a traveller into an inn which happens to be thronged with some hundreds of soldiers on the march; but it was not the only treat that awaited us. My toilet was as yet incomplete, when in walked the landlady, first to demand whether I could speak

Digitized by Microsoft®

Latin, and, on my answering in the affirmative, to announce that the priest of the parish was below in the hall, and should be glad to converse with me. I desired her to inform the reverend gentleman that I should make all the haste I could to equip myself; after which I would wait upon him with great pleasure.

Having accomplished the necessary changes in my apparel, and otherwise made myself comfortable, I descended the stairs, and found that the gentleman with the red nose and grizzly head, was none other than the priest who desired to make my acquaintance. Neither his appearance nor his situation,—a conspicuous place in a pot-house, which all the idle and beer-loving members of the community seemed to frequent,—at all prepossessed me in his favour; but I took care to exhibit no symptoms of disgust in my manner, and our conversation began. His reverence spoke horrid Latin, of course; mine, from long disuse, was probably not much better; but as I pronounced all my words according to the accentuation of my schoolboy days, we at least understood one-another. I found him full of curiosity, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

wonderfully ill-informed, not only as to the political and intellectual state of England, but even in reference to its geographical situation. But his ignorance manifestly proceeded rather from the lack of opportunity than of the desire to be better informed; for of his questions I began to fear at last that there would be no end.

By this time a whisper was circulating through the town, that two Englishmen were arrived, and as very few of the Gabelites had ever seen an Englishman before, the coffee-room became speedily crowded. Large was then the consumption of beer, and dense and dark the cloud of tobacco-smoke which circled overhead. Yet, to do them justice, the curiosity of these simple people never once prompted them to commit a breach, however trifling, of real good manners. We were, indeed, besought to eat our supper at the table beside the priest, and we readily consented; while by degrees all the vacant spaces were filled up, by another priest, by several well-dressed tradesmen, and, as we afterwards ascertained, by an officer of the Austrian army, who

Digitized by Microsoft®

having retired from the service on a pension, had married and settled in the town. But the individual who interested us the most was the post-master; for whom, as he spoke both English and French fluently, the padre despatched a messenger, and whom we found not only a most agreeable, but a very intelligent and well-informed man. He had travelled much as a merchant; had visited France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Russia; in the last of which countries he had resided several years as chief clerk to an English house at St. Petersburg.

I do not know that I ever felt myself in a situation more amusing, as well as more perfectly novel, than that which I now occupied. The good people, indeed, seemed so eager to obtain information, that I had few opportunities of adding to my own; yet their curiosity, tinctured as it was, throughout, with the most perfect good humour, and even politeness, highly diverted me, and I did my best to appease it. One circumstance, it is true, affected me painfully. I allude to the discreditable figure cut by the priests; who, it

Digitized by Microsoft®

appeared to me, had no business in such a place at all, further, at least, than as casual inquirers. Among all the beer-drinkers present, however, my red-nosed acquaintance and his curate were the most industrious. It was quite edifying to see with what rapidity their pitchers were emptied, and how sedulously the hostess,—uninvited, though certainly unchecked,—replenished them; and when I add, that each pitcher contained a good quart, the amount of fermented liquor swallowed by these thirsty souls may be guessed at. Nor, I regret to add, was the tone of their conversation much out of keeping with their habits in other respects. I inquired into the state of morals in this place, and received, in bad Latin, such an answer as I do not choose to translate, and affected scarcely to understand.

Here then was a palpable illustration of the axiom which has so often been laid down,—that, of all the means that ever were devised to degrade religion in the persons of its teachers, the compulsory celibacy of the clergy is the most effectual. In Hernskrietchen and Auffenberg, it is very true, that no such lamentable

Digitized by Microsoft®

results have followed; but what then? At the former place a most deserving man is condemned to spend his days uncheered by any of those domestic endearments the influence of which is felt the most where it is most needed. He does not complain, I admit; he has too much principle and even manliness to complain of that which is irremediable. But who can doubt that he feels his lot bitterly, or that his pastoral duties would be discharged just as faithfully, and far more cheerfully, were it different? So also at the latter place: the curate is yet a youth, full of that fire of enthusiastic self-devotion which, while it burns, more than supplies the place of all social and domestic relations. But how long will this last? And see how the system operates in Gabel, aye, in hundreds and thousands of places similarly circumstanced, where no such enthusiasm is at hand to counteract it.

Here are two clergymen, well stricken in years, for the elder cannot be less than sixty, and the younger but a few years short of it. Their home, as they informed me, is in the cloisters of the church; but such a home!

Digitized by Microsoft®

Nobody inhabits it who, except for mercenary reasons, would shed one tear were they to die to-morrow. Of books they possess but a slender store, and were it otherwise, who can always live among his books? Their professional vocations wear down their energies, and they stand in need of relaxation. Where do they seek it? Not in the quiet and happy circle of their own families,—for they have none, nor among their neighbours, who may esteem and respect, but will scarce unbend before men who are become masters of their most secret thoughts. They therefore betake themselves to the pot-house, and in drinking and ribald conversation, look for that amusement which, under a better state of things, the Reformed pastor is sure to find in the bosom of his own family, and among his friends. I do not mean to justify the individuals, who, on the contrary, deserve utter reprobation; but surely a system which throws such temptations in men's way cannot be seriously defended by any one who has the interest of religion at heart.

From the priests, as they began, under the influence of repeated potations, to exhibit their

Digitized by Microsoft®

true character, I gladly turned away, and addressing myself to the postmaster, learned from him, that the church was a collegiate charge, that it had been burned down about forty years ago, that the people, though poor, were contented, and that he himself was but the successor of his father, who had been postmaster before him. We then began to converse about the late war, upon which he informed me, that Napoleon, on his retreat from Moscow, had passed through Gabel, and breakfasted at the post-house; that fifteen or twenty thousand men occupied the town some time; but that, though there had been some skirmishes and frequent alarms, no battle was fought in the neighbourhood. Finally, he undertook to correct my route, which I showed him; mentioned one or two places as deserving of notice, which were omitted from it; and promised to accompany us some way on the road to Oybin, the point which he advised us to visit on the morrow.

It was now getting late, and our supper and usual allowance,—a bottle of light wine between us,—being finished, my companion and I

Digitized by Microsoft®

rose to wish our friends good night. Numerous hints were on this thrown out, that it was yet early, and that we should be disturbed by the bands of music, one of which was playing at the inn door, another in a gentleman's house hard by; but we would not attend to them. Having strolled through the street once or twice in order to free our lungs, in some measure, from an atmosphere of tobacco, we retired to our apartment, where, in clean and comfortable beds, we slept soundly, till five o'clock next morning.

Something had passed over-night between the postmaster and myself which left an impression on my mind that he had urged us to stay and spend this day with him; so, having finished breakfast by seven o'clock, we left our knapsacks, packed and ready, and strolled down to the post-house. My imagination had, however, run wild, for no such agreement existed; so, after getting a few hints as to distances, roads, and places of call, we returned to the inn. Here, in the tap-room, were assembled host, hostess, and maid, all of them unaffectedly grieving at our threatened departure, and all

Digitized by Microsoft®

ready with cogent arguments, such as might tempt us to halt at least one day longer among them. Nor were these without their effect. Mine host happening to inquire into the uses of the instrument which, enveloped in a brown linen case, I carried in my hand, I told him, and he instantly assured me of as good a day's fishing as old Isaac Walton himself need desire. This was enough for me, whose piscatorial propensities threaten, I am afraid, to be as enduring as those of Paley; and laying aside our loads, which had already been buckled on, we restored them to their places in the chamber. But the astonishment of the innkeeper, aye, and of all his household beside, when I exhibited to him my rod, line, and book of flies, no language is adequate to describe. Such things had never come under their admiring gaze before, and their shouts and exclamations were quite amusing. It would have been cruel, after all this, not to give them a specimen of the style in which we insular anglers coax trout to their destruction; so having ordered supper to be ready at eight, and sent a message to the postmaster that I would be glad if he could come and take part

Digitized by Microsoft®

of it with us, we sallied forth, under the conduct of our host, in search of the stream.

The first glance which we obtained of this said stream sufficed to assure us that in the gentle craft, the good people of Gabel were altogether unpractised. There was no stream at all, but a ditch, deep, here and there, and dark enough, but measuring not more than two feet across, and everywhere overhung with bushes. They assured me that it was full of fine trout, and I have no reason to doubt them. But as I could not bring myself to adopt their method of catching the said trout, namely, by tying a cord to the end of a stick, and a hook, with a miserable worm on its blade, to the end of the string, my fishing this day amounted to nothing. Yet the day was, on the whole, very agreeably spent, as the following detail will show.

Our host, a fine handsome man of perhaps forty years of age, with a quick eye, and singularly intelligent gestures, informed me, as we set out from home, that I should find, at the water's side, the same Austrian officer who had sat at our table over-night, " For he is a keen

Digitized by Microsoft®

sportsman," added he, "and having no other employment, devotes almost all his mornings either to angling or shooting." I was not sorry to be told this, because I naturally concluded that a stream which could afford amusement all the summer over to one fisherman, so determined, would furnish me with sufficient sport for a single day. My astonishment may, therefore, be conceived, when on stepping over, what I mistook for a drain, our host pointed upwards, and exclaimed, "Aye, there he is, hard at it. He's an excellent fisherman, and would die, I really believe, were the opportunity of angling taken away from him." "Where is he?" cried I; "I don't see either a river or a fisherman." "Don't see!" was the answer, "why he is there, there at the bend in the stream." I followed the direction of the speaker's finger with my eye, and beheld, sure enough, a gentleman seated comfortably on the long grass beside some alder bushes, and smoking his pipe. "You don't mean that the angler is there," exclaimed I. "Yes, I do though," replied mine host, "and see, he has just got a bite." Sure enough the sedentary sportsman put forth one

Digitized by Microsoft®

of his hands just as these words were uttered, and grasping the butt of a willow wand, seemed to give it a slight hitch in the air; but no results followed. It was quietly laid aside again, and the smoking resumed.

I now turned round, and with a countenance strongly expressive of horror, begged to be informed if this were really the stream. I received an answer in the affirmative, the solemnity of which was too much, first, for the risible faculties of my young companion, and then for my own. We literally roared with laughter. But we checked ourselves as soon as possible, and having explained to our guide how widely different were our notions of angling from his, had the satisfaction to perceive that no offence was given. We now joined the Austrian officer, and found that he had caught nothing; a fortune which did not improve with him during the two or three hours which we loitered away in his company.

There was no fishing to be had, that was clear enough; but we had brought some bread and butter and wine with us, in a contrary expectation, and these we discussed. Of course

Digitized by Microsoft®

our brother sportsman joined us in this operation; and we were not slow in discovering, that though we had failed in finding trout, we had stumbled upon an obliging and intelligent companion. He had served in the campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14; was wounded at the battle of Leipsig; passed a year or two in France during the occupation of that country by the Allies, and was therefore proud to say, had been commanded by the Duke of Wellington. Since the peace, he had spent a year or two at Ancona with his regiment, but in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel in his lungs, had since been discharged upon a pension. Since retiring from the service, he had married a woman with some little property; and now lived with his father in Gabel, who held, under government, a license for the sale of tobacco, and farmed a small estate, to which our acquaintance was the heir.

Our gallant friend, apparently chagrined that we should have been disappointed in our fishing, proposed a chasse. I stared again, remembering that it was the month of June, and seeing fine crops of corn waving on all sides

Digitized by Microsoft®

of me; but as he appeared serious, I offered no objection. We accordingly walked back to the town; and while Mr. Madder,—so the officer was called,—went home to dinner, I and my companions strolled into the church. It is large and commodious, and can boast of numerous pictures, more to be admired for the excellent intentions of the artists, than for the success which has attended their efforts; and the view from the roof is beautiful. But, except in the crypts below, where

> Coffins stand round like open presses,
> Showing the dead in their last dresses,

there was little either within or without the pile deserving of notice. The crypt is, however, a fine one; and the old monks and nobles whom the sexton ruthlessly exposes to view, look out upon you grimly enough from among their blackened and decaying habiliments.

Having allowed Mr. Madder what we conceived to be sufficient time for satisfying his appetite, our host of the Hernhause proposed that we should call upon him; and we went accordingly. A remarkably nice-looking old lady, with two younger ones, received us, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

were introduced to us by Mr. Madder as his mother and sisters. Wine and coffee were then produced, of which we were obliged to partake, and a request was modestly urged, that we would exhibit the wonderful fishing-tackle. The whole apparatus was accordingly sent for and displayed, quite as much to the edification of the ladies, as to that of their brother, and considerable progress was made in the good opinion of one of them by a present of a casting-line and a couple of flies.

The tackle being put up, a double-barrelled gun and shooting-pouch were handed to me, the former furnished with a leathern sling, the latter made of undressed deer-skin. I slung them on, and Mr. Madder and the innkeeper being equipped in a similar manner, away we marched. But such shooting! Never surely in the annals of sporting has this day been rivalled, unless, indeed, when some city apprentices escaped from the warehouse in Lad-lane, have penetrated into the marshes beyond Hackney, to wage war upon a solitary hedge-sparrow. A dog we doubtless had, and he was large enough for all useful purposes; for he

Digitized by Microsoft®

trotted through the rye with the composure of an elephant, and did spring a partridge from her nest. But the partridge happily escaped from three well-loaded barrels, and we never saw more either of her or her companions. Then went we deep into the woods, following the notes of the cuckoo and the ring-dove, only that we might come forth again with hands unstained by the blood of any such innocent creatures.

I was very much amused with all this for a while, but by degrees it began to grow tiresome; and I proposed that, as the sun wore towards the west, we should return home. My wish was law, to my kind companions; and homewards we turned our faces. But as we drew towards a small house, about three or four English miles from the town, the sounds of music were heard, and we found, on approaching, that it was filled with ladies and gentlemen from Gabel, the younger portion of whom were dancing to the notes of a fiddle, a clarionet, and a bassoon. It was our purpose to mix with the people of Bohemia as much as possible; we

Digitized by Microsoft®

therefore expressed a desire to stop short for a minute or two, and to become spectators, if not partners in the frolic. Again were our wishes complied with cheerfully. We joined the merry-making, were well and kindly received, and laying aside our guns and pouches, danced with such of the young ladies as happened to be without partners. Nor did we get away from this pleasant little broad-day ball without doing some violence to the hospitable feelings of its founders.

Dancing seems to be a passion with all orders of people in Bohemia. The very cow-herds dance on the high road, to the music of their own voices, and the universal figure is the waltz. Quadrilles and gallopades have, no doubt, their worshippers among the higher classes; but among the lower, the waltz—most truly called the German waltz,—seems to be all in all. The party to which, for half-an-hour, we attached ourselves, belonged to the middle ranks, that is, to such middle ranks as even Germany produces; for there were present the doctor and his wife, a wealthy brewer and his

Digitized by Microsoft®

family, with others of Gabel's magnates, and I believe that I had the honour of dancing with the brewer's daughter.

So passed one day at Gabel; to ourselves most pleasantly, and if we might judge from the manners of the people about us, not less agreeably to them. The rest of our story at this stage is told in few words. We returned to the inn, changed our apparel, supped in our own room, with Mr. Madder and the post-master as our guests; took of them, at ten o'clock, an affectionate leave, and went to bed. We were up next morning, and packed and ready for marching, by six o'clock.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER IV.

OUR LANDLORD BECOMES OUR GUIDE.—PECULIAR SCENERY OF THIS PART OF BOHEMIA.—A VILLAGE BEER-HOUSE.—TRAVELLING MECHANICS.—ACCOUNT OF THE TORPINDAS.—TOILSOME MARCH.—MARCHOVIDES.—ENTERTAINMENT THERE.

Up to this moment the elements had behaved towards us with remarkable kindness. We had, therefore, no right to complain, however deeply we might lament the circumstance, when, on drawing up the window-blinds, we ascertained that the rain was falling in torrents; and we felt that we must needs face it. We therefore descended to the tap-room, after discussing our cakes and coffee, and proceeded to bid our landlady farewell. But neither she nor her husband would permit us to budge an inch. The rain could not last. Only wait an hour, and the sky would be clear, when our host himself would be our guide, and put us in a way of reaching Liebenau much more agreeably, as well as with less fatigue, than if we followed

Digitized by Microsoft®

the high road. We could not resist this appeal, so we sat still.

At length, about eight o'clock, though the rain had not entirely ceased, the heavens looked so bright that we expressed an earnest desire to push forward. As no mercenary motives had operated to produce the previous opposition of our hosts, so now such opposition was at once withdrawn; and the landlord, slinging his gun and pouch over his shoulder, declared himself at our command. We took leave of the kind landlady, not without tears on her side, and quitted Gabel, in all probability, for ever.

We had been correctly warned as to the probable duration of the storm. The rain, which fell in occasional showers when we first set out, soon ceased entirely, and we had once more a clear and cloudless sky, with a nice cool breeze just sufficiently powerful to refresh without incommoding us. Our walk, likewise, was very interesting; for, independently of the extreme beauty of the scene,—hills and dales, forests and cultivated fields, deep glens and swelling table-lands,—we passed over ground

Digitized by Microsoft®

which had witnessed some sharp fighting during the movements of the French army upon Dresden. The Allies, it appears, manœuvred well in this quarter; for, by showing numerous skeletons of corps, they led Napoleon to imagine that a large army of Austrians, Russians, and Prussians was here; and, while he watched them carefully, they had well-nigh cut him off from his line of retreat. During these demonstrations on both sides, foraging parties had been sent out from Gabel, to sweep the neighbouring villages. These our guide had seen, and one of them he followed so as to become eye-witness to an affair which it had near a hamlet which we passed. He described the scattering fire of the jagers, and the occasional dashes of the hussars, with great animation, though, according to his showing, this, like other rencounters of the sort, cost more powder than lives.

Having accompanied us at least two German miles,—that is, full ten miles according to our English mode of computing distances,—the landlord of the Hernhause stopped short, and prepared to take his leave. We shook hands

Digitized by Microsoft®

warmly, and I thought I heard his voice quiver when, in return for a cast of flies, he thanked me. Nor must I permit it to be believed, that the regrets were all on his side. I do not know when my feelings have been more engaged among strangers, than by the unaffected kindness of the people of Gabel,—a kindness on which we had no right to calculate, however much we might be justified in looking for civility in return for our money.

Once more, then, the world was before us, and seldom has it shone out beneath the gaze of youth and inexperience more winningly than it did under the influence of that delicious day. The rain of the preceding night, and of the early part of the morning, had given to herb and tree a fresher and a fairer green. The fallows wore no longer a parched-up and dust-like hue, and the rivulets, swollen but not polluted, retained their lucid character as they rolled on their way. From brake and bush, from grove and hedge-row, thousands of unseen choristers filled the air with melody, and the very oxen and horses, as they dragged their ploughs, or toiled onwards with their wagons, seemed

Digitized by Microsoft®

to acknowledge the blessed influence which other creatures felt. We sat beneath the shade of a small plantation to enjoy the scene, and then, with spirits unconsciously elevated, and hearts not, I trust, insensible to the glories of nature, and the goodness of nature's God, resumed our pilgrimage.

Our route lay, throughout the whole of this day's progress, through green fields, and over narrow footpaths. Not so much as once were we driven to the necessity of following the high road; but taking our observations carefully, and bearing with wonderful exactness from point to point, we had already arrived within an hour's walk of Liebenau, before we were aware. While compassing the space that intervened between the village where our guide quitted us and this, which had been marked down as our resting-place for the night, we passed many striking and beautiful landscapes, such as I would willingly pause to describe, were human language capable of describing them faithfully. Everywhere around us, bold conical hills stood up, not a few of which bore upon their summits the ruins of old castles,

Digitized by Microsoft®

while all were more or less clothed throughout with noble forests. For the portion of Bohemia which we were now crossing, may with perfect truth be represented as a succession of glorious valleys, overshadowed by not less glorious mountains. The straths are all of them fertile to an extraordinary degree, and as I have already stated, both they and the hill-sides abound with inhabitants. Yet is the country a mountain district, in every sense of the word, though the very mountains either are by nature, or have by industry been rendered, uncommonly fertile.

The great defect in Bohemian scenery, is the absence of water. There is scarcely a lake in the whole kingdom, and, with the exception of two or three, such as the Elbe, the Iser, the Bober, &c., the rivers hardly deserve to take rank with the larger class of our mountain streams. Such a defect is sorely felt by him who, looking down from the brow of a lofty hill over a wide plain, beholds perfection in every particular, except that there is no water there; and when from the narrower ravines you miss the lochs and tarns, which give to Cum-

Digitized by Microsoft®

berland and the Highlands of Scotland their peculiar character, your disappointment scarcely falls short of mortification. Perhaps, indeed, a double motive may have operated with us to produce this feeling. Our eyes pined, in the first place, for the object on which, in such situations, they had been accustomed at home to repose; and secondly, our fishing-rods felt like useless burdens in our hands. But it was not destined to be so for ever, as I shall have occasion, in the course of my narrative, to show.

We had walked well and stoutly,—the sort of half-rest which we enjoyed the day before giving fresh vigour to our limbs,—so that between two and three o'clock we ventured to calculate that Liebenau could not be far distant. Hunger and thirst were, however, beginning to be rather inconveniently felt; and as our calculations might after all be erroneous, we judged it prudent to seek, in a little ale-house by the way-side, such refreshment as could be procured. Our hotel was of the very humblest description; namely, the beer-house of a small hamlet, and could furnish only brown bread, cheese, butter, and beer. These, in the

Digitized by Microsoft®

existing state of our appetites, went down famously; and a pipe of good tobacco to wind up withal, was not out of place. Neither was even this unpretending house of call destitute to us of subjects of interest. We found when we entered the tap-room two young men asleep on the benches, and a couple of large packs lying beside them. They awoke shortly afterwards, and proved to be, as we had expected, journeymen mechanics. For in Germany a custom universally prevails, that young men, after serving their apprenticeship to the trade which they intend to practise, go forth upon their travels, and dispose of their wares, not only in remote towns and villages of their native state, but in foreign lands. Some of these journeymen travel from Saxony, for example, as far as Hamburg and Copenhagen. Several make their way into France; and I have even heard of them penetrating both the wilds of Russia, and the classical and fair fields of Italy. The consequence is, that they return home with minds very much enlarged, and an acquaintance, more or less accurate, not only with the systems of commerce, but with the

Digitized by Microsoft®

languages of foreign countries, and that a stranger is surprised on entering a shop in Dresden or Zittau, to find that French, and perhaps Italian and English, are understood by the tradesman who keeps it.

The young men whom we found in occupation of the tap-room were by trade cutlers. Natives of some obscure town in Prussian Silesia, of which I have forgotten the name, they were wandering about through Bohemia with the intention by-and-by of proceeding into Saxony, and so round by Berlin and Potsdam to their homes. Their knapsacks, which they hastened according to established usage to unbuckle, contained a plentiful supply of knives, forks, scissors, and razors; but the poor fellows were not successful in driving a bargain, for their charges were exorbitantly high, and their goods of an indifferent quality. Even the host himself bid but one-half their demand, and neither he nor we could bring the merchants to our terms.

While we were haggling about an eighteen-penny clasp knife, the door of the tap-room opened, and there entered an old man, clothed

Digitized by Microsoft®

in rags, with a wallet at his back and a long piked stick in his hand; who, uncovering his head, knelt down upon the floor, and began to pray and cross himself with surprising volubility. My young companion gave him a piece of money, which checked his devotions only for a moment; for he merely looked at it, nodded his head again, and resumed his muttering with all possible eagerness. But at the the termination of, perhaps, five minutes, his prayers seemed to have been told out,—for he rose and with a loud voice pronounced a benediction on the house and all that were in it. This done, he turned about, and walked away.

The whole affair was to us so novel in its character, that the questions which we put to the landlord were put eagerly, but our eagerness proved to be uncalled for. "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir." What we mistook for a striking incident, proved to be an everyday occurrence in Bohemia, and our imaginary palmer or devotee but a common beggar. And now, having touched on the subject, we proceeded to sound the depth of our host's information on the subject of gypsies.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Where did they horde? how were we most likely to fall in with one of their camps, and what sort of treatment might we expect to receive at their hands? It was with some difficulty that we could make the honest man comprehend the object which we had in view; and when he did catch our meaning, his reply was brief and pithy. "The people you speak of we call Torpindas. They are an idle worthless set of vagabonds. They have no camps in Bohemia of which I ever heard,—neither is Bohemia their home. They come out of Hungary, and beg their way far and near in the summer months; going about in pairs or by threes, and sleeping at nights under sheds, or on the floors of such tap-rooms as are opened to them. I advise you to have as little to say to them as possible. Avowedly, they are mere beggars, but their hands are always prompt for picking and stealing, and they are said not to be over scrupulous in using their knives." Here, then, if our informant spoke correctly, was an end to one of the dreams which had prompted our incursion into Bohemia. But though we gave him full credit for

Digitized by Microsoft®

speaking what he believed to be the truth, we took the liberty of questioning the accuracy of his information, particularly in reference to the more tremendous parts of it,—the hints touching the blood-thirsty propensities of the Torpindas. For the Austrian police is a great deal too vigilant to overlook, in any corner of the empire, the commission of murder; at least, the habitual perpetration of such a crime by any class of persons so marked as the gypsies. Though, therefore, we began to fear that we might be pursuing a shadow, and that either there were no gypsy camps to join, or that the excitement of such an adventure would not compensate for the desagrémens attending it, we did not at once lay aside our determination of making up to the first horde whom we should meet, and striving to become their guests for four-and-twenty hours, if not for longer.

We had now rested our allotted period, so we wished our companions good luck, and resuming our march arrived in Liebenau about half-past four o'clock. It is a clean, neat town; built along the side of a hill, and com-

Digitized by Microsoft®

manding a fine view, across the intervening valley, of a bolder range than its own; but of its means of accommodating strangers I cannot speak. For the day was yet so young, and we felt so unusually fresh and vigorous, that, after a brief consultation, it was agreed between us to push on, if possible, some five or six miles farther. We accordingly proceeded to the post-office; where, on consulting the head of the department, we learned that about two stunden,—that is, about six English miles further, on the way to Hoen Elbe, was a place called Marchovides, where we should find excellent quarters for the night. This was precisely the sort of intelligence which we could have wished to receive, and we lost no time in acting upon it.

Would that I possessed the power of bringing before my reader's eye even a faint representation of the magnificent scenery through which this late march carried us. After climbing with infinite toil a long and steep ridge, by crossing which a prodigious detour was to be saved, we gained a point whence, on one hand, the eye could range over no inconsider-

Digitized by Microsoft®

able portion of Bohemia; while on the other, the snowy peaks of the Riesengebirgen bounded the prospect, though still separated from us by a wide breadth of highlands. Close at our feet, on either side, were deep rich valleys, highly cultivated as usual, and swarming with villages; while far away lay town and tower, castle and convent, forest and green meadow, mountain and ravine, producing by their combinations as glorious and diversified a panorama as it has ever been my good fortune to behold. And yet I am not sure that even this scene, striking as it seemed to be, was not cast into the shade, when, after dragging our weary limbs across the hollow, and gaining the opposite ridge, we opened out a prospect, narrower to be sure, but far surpassing, in rugged grandeur, any on which we had as yet gazed. Another deep ravine lay beneath us, dark with the forest which covered its base; beyond which uprose a chain of jagged and pine-clad rocks, resembling in their forms the fragments of some huge castle, or rather of an enormous city of castles, shaken by an earthquake into ruins. Even now I am not satisfied that among these

Digitized by Microsoft®

tall and beetling crags there were no remnants of man's handiwork; for the gloom of twilight was upon them when I saw them first, and ere I had ceased to gaze it had well nigh deepened into night.

Extreme fatigue is a serious damper to enthusiasm of any sort, and keen as our relish of nature's more colossal forms might be, I am not sure that we would not have exchanged, at that moment, the view of these wonders, with all the train of thoughts arising out of them, for the interior of a snug room in a village inn, and a mess of calves' flesh, with a bottle of wine to drink after it. Of our village inn we as yet, however, saw no symptoms; and wearily and slowly step followed step, without, as it seemed, bringing us nearer to the object of our wishes. At last, just as darkness had fairly set in, we met, at the brow of a hill, a rustic, and received from him the gratifying intelligence that Marchovides lay about a quarter of an hour's walk distant, in the valley beyond. "And the gasthof," cried we, "what sort of a place is it? Can we get supper, and beds, and a bottle of wine?" "Oh, yes," replied

Digitized by Microsoft®

the countryman, "it is a capital quarter. Wine, and every other thing that is good, may be had there for the asking." "This is as it should be," said we one to another, while recalling our energies for a final effort we hitched our packs higher upon our shoulders, and quickened our pace.

We had not walked far along the descent when, through the thickening gloom, numerous lights glancing from cottage windows made us aware that we were approaching Marchovides. We made for one of the first of these dwellings, inquired for the inn, had its situation accurately described to us, and hurried towards it. The first impression made upon us by this "excellent quarter," was far from favourable. It served the two-fold purpose of a mill and a gasthof; and whatever the comparative merits of the mill might be, the gasthof department was clearly not of the highest order. Before the door stood a wagon, which the wagoner was mending by the light of a lantern, while beneath the staircase a huge archway showed itself, filled—as on a nearer inspection I, to my horror, ascertained—with wagons also.

Digitized by Microsoft®

"God help us," cried I, "we have travelled far to reach a sorry resting-place; for I am greatly deceived if this be not a house of call for wains, the drivers of which will probably be our companions both at bed and board." First impressions are not, however, at all times to be relied upon; so we did our best to thrust aside the unpleasant anticipations which were beginning to crowd upon us, and recollecting that there was no other alternative than either to lodge here, or pass the night hungry and cheerless in the open air, we put a bold face on the matter, and entered.

We had calculated justly, for things were not quite so bad as the apparition of the wagons had led us to anticipate. The saloon, on the threshold of which we stood, contained of living creatures only one man, somewhat passed the middle of life, who seemed to be in the act of making his toilette; an old woman busily engaged with her needle, three wenches, who moved hither and thither, now poking about the stove, now arranging dirty linen, apparently for the wash-tub, and one or two children. Tables and benches there were, as usual; also

Digitized by Microsoft®

water-buckets, a few chairs, and a tub or two, while a line drawn the whole length of the apartment, about a foot and a half from the roof, supported, in graceful disarray, a profusion of coats, trousers, aprons, petticoats, and stockings. To complete the picture, there were no candles burning, not even a rosin taper; but here and there a piece of blazing bog-pine, either stuck in some cranny, or borne about in the hands of a domestic, cast over the scene a dark red light. I dare say we should have been delighted with all this, had we been assured of obtaining an apartment, into which, when tired of the sublime and beautiful, it might be competent for us to retire; but being quite uncertain on that head, our first measure was to question the sempstress touching both her ability and inclination to accommodate us. Never surely was the spirit of patient industry more strikingly illustrated than in the personage whom we now addressed. Her needle did not cease to hold its course one moment; scarcely, indeed, would she lift her eyes above her spectacles; while, in a tone by no means conciliating, she informed us, that she had no

Digitized by Microsoft®

chamber, no flesh of any kind, no eggs, no white bread, nor any other article which, in the vanity of our souls, we had rashly named.

"Why they told me these were excellent quarters!" said I, horrified out of the exercise of my usual tactics.

"So they are!" was the answer; "this is a capital quarter."

"But you have no beds nor bed-rooms!"

"Oh yes, we have!"

"Won't you give us one, then?"

"No, I won't!"

"Why, my dear creature? Depend upon it, we will not run away with them."

"Very likely; but we have none to give you all the same."

This was a poser, and my companion and I looked at one another with rueful countenances. At length I resumed:—

"Your house seems to be a large one; how comes it that you have no sleeping accommodation for your guests?"

"This is a large apartment," interposed the half-clad man from his distant table; "we can accommodate plenty of guests that are not too grand for us, here."

Digitized by Microsoft®

"Oho!" exclaimed I, "you can make up beds for us on the floor. That will do well enough; and now for supper."

The facility with which I slid into their peculiar views of comfortable sleeping accommodations seemed to have a very salutary effect upon the tempers of our hosts; for the half-clad man turned out to be the husband of the sewing woman, as well as a person of considerable importance in his own neighbourhood. The old lady discovered that there *were* some eggs in the cupboard after all, and that certain slices of bacon remained from a stock which had been laid in some time previously. Moreover, the cellar contained some wine; neither very strong nor very high flavoured, certainly, but sound and wholesome, as we discovered on trial, and more acceptable to our palates than beer. To work, therefore, the dame and her maidens went, and in half an hour we saw before us, on a nice clean cloth, and by the flame of a farthing rushlight, half a dozen eggs, sundry lumps of pork, some rye-bread and butter, and a flask of white wine. They did not continue long in the order of their

Digitized by Microsoft®

integrity. The eggs disappeared in a twinkling. Several fierce inroads were made into the bread and butter, and even the bacon suffered considerably. As to the wine, it passed away like water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. But there was another enemy pressing us sore, over and above hunger. We had walked upwards of thirty English miles, and my companion especially could scarcely keep his eyes open,—a circumstance which was not slow in attracting the attention of our now obliging hostess, and for which she hastened to provide. Some trusses of good clean straw were brought into the room and spread upon the floor. Over these was laid a sort of mattress, and the youngster, dressed as he was, cast his knapsack down for a pillow, and threw himself on the couch thus prepared for him. In five minutes he was just as happy as if he had rested on his own bed at Schandau.

Meanwhile sundry persons, all of them young men, entered the tap-room, and visions of wagoners snoring on the floor beside me began again to haunt my imagination; when, to my

Digitized by Microsoft®

great relief, I ascertained that these were "the miller's men," who, having eaten their supper with the female members of the family, would withdraw to their nests in the cock-loft. And truly this affair of the domestics' supper was curious enough. Heaven knows what the mess might be, which, being brought piping hot from the oven, was planted down in a brown stew-pan, right in the centre of one of the tables; but the appetites of the twelve persons who forthwith gathered round it, spoon in hand, appeared excellent. It was quite edifying to behold the order, and silence, and regularity with which, one after another, they shovelled their respective portions into their mouths; and how patiently they endured the intense heat, which, judging from the hissing of the stew, must have accompanied each ladleful. Finally, the dish being emptied, they rose with one accord, and departed, the young men to their mattresses, or, it may be, to their occupations about the mill,—the young women to fulfil what remained of their daily tasks.

While this was going on, the landlord and I were keeping up an animated conversation, of

Digitized by Microsoft®

which I remember nothing more than that it turned chiefly upon the state of his own family and affairs, and tended to impress me with becoming notions of his dignity. Indeed, I may state, once for all, that the landlord of a German inn, whether it be an hotel in a capital, or like this at Marchovides, a beer-shop in a remote village, is in his own eyes a person of very considerable importance. While his wife, poor soul, performs all the menial offices about you, which the domestics either cannot, or are not expected to perform, the host himself is content to keep you in talk, which he not unfrequently accomplishes by sitting down beside you, and helping you to discuss your wine or beer. Nor does it inflict the slightest wound upon your dignity, whatever your station in life may be, to fall in with his humours. If you cut him short you may miss the opportunity of learning something which you could have wished to learn, and you are sure to suffer from the diminished attention which is shown to you ever after. If you indulge him, you may be bored for a while, it is true; but you have the satisfaction of reflecting, that you neither

Digitized by Microsoft®

wounded a private man's feelings, nor offered wanton outrage to the customs of a community.

Like my boy I was by this time getting tired and sleepy; and I cast sundry wishful glances towards the heap of straw. The landlord understood my situation, and hastened to assure me that we should have the whole of the chamber to ourselves, and that if I would lie down, the place should be cleared for us in a quarter of an hour. "For, to tell you the truth," cried he, "we all sleep, my wife, and I, and the children, and these wenches, in a little chamber beyond; the whole house, large as you justly observed that it was, being occupied, either as store-rooms for flour, or with the machinery of the mill." I begged my friend not to put his household to the smallest inconvenience on my account, and lying down beside my companion, closed my eyes.

I soon found, however, that sleep was out of the question. The temperature of the apartment could not be less than a hundred degrees, and there were so many dim lights and strange figures passing to and fro, that all my efforts to

Digitized by Microsoft®

abstract myself from them proved fruitless. I therefore opened my eyes again, and lay to observe the issue. In a short time landlord, landlady, and children withdrew. Then followed a sort of clearing-up of odds and ends by the maidens, and last of all a washing of feet and legs. This latter operation amused me exceedingly, and I could not resist the inclination which I felt of complimenting the lasses on their fair proportions. But they did not on that account lower their drapery a jot. On the contrary they laughed heartily, and chatted to me all the time their ablutions went forward, and wished me a sound sleep as soon as they were finished. As they carried with them the last of the torches, their wish was, in some measure, accomplished; for my eyes, after repeated efforts, closed of their own accord, and were not opened again, except during feverish and brief intervals, till five o'clock next morning.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER V.

MARCH RENEWED.—SCENERY MORE AND MORE GRAND.—A POPULATION OF WEAVERS.—HOCHSTADT.—THE ISER.—MAGNIFICENT RIVER, AND CAPITAL TROUTING.—STARKENBACH.—EXTREME KINDNESS OF THE INHABITANTS.—CARRIED TO THE CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE.—FISH THE ISER AGAIN.—THE EFFECT OF MY SPORT ON A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.—SUPPER AT THE HIGH BAILIFF'S.—GAME AT CHESS.—TAKE LEAVE OF OUR KIND HOSTS WITH MUTUAL REGRET.

Our toilet this morning was very speedily completed. A dip of the whole head into a basin of water, and a hasty and imperfect rinse of the hands; these, with the application of tooth-brush, hair-brush, and razor, to their respective departments, put us in marching order; and coffee being served without delay, by six we were *en route*. Hoen Elbe, not far from the fountain of the mighty Elbe, was our proposed point. But

> The best laid schemes of mice and men,
> Gang aft awry,

and Hoen Elbe we were destined never to behold.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Our road to-day led over a succession of hills, each of which introduced us to scenery more wild and rugged than before; for each new step was now bringing us nearer and nearer to the loftiest of the Riesengebirg range. Still the population appeared not to diminish. The villages, if poorer and meaner, were not less frequent than ever, and each individual cottage seemed to swarm with inmates. We were, however, greatly struck with the squalid and unhealthy appearance of these poor people. Unlike our own mountaineers, the inhabitants of the Bohemian hills seem to be a race every way inferior to the occupants of the plain. The men are short, thin, and apparently feeble, with pale cheeks and sickly complexions. The women, over and above these disadvantages, are almost all goitred, and the children look like creatures born in sin and brought up to misery. Probably all this is owing as much to the sort of life which these highlanders lead, as to the severity of their climate. They are all either weavers, or spinners and teazers of flax, except the very few whose services are required in the cultivation

Digitized by Microsoft®

of a barren soil. Now, were you to shut up even a hardy Argyleshire shepherd, in a heated chamber, where he should be condemned to breathe all day long foul air, abundantly mixed with minute portions of flax and wool, you would probably find, at the end of the year, that he was not what he used to be ere he took to spinning. I think, then, that I am right in concluding that the mountaineers of Bohemia would be like the mountaineers of Scotland, were they similarly employed; and I am quite sure that a more revolting spectacle is not to be seen anywhere than that which a mountain district presents, of which the inhabitants are chiefly weavers.

It is not, however, entirely to their devotion to sedentary pursuits that we are justified in attributing the squalid and unhealthy appearance of these highlanders. They are all manufacturers on their own account. They do not work for any master, nor receive, as a necessary consequence, regular wages; but they card the flax, spin the thread, weave the web, and carry it to market, all at their own risk, and in obedience to the spirit of speculation.

Digitized by Microsoft®

If the articles take, then are they well off for a season; if the contrary result ensue, they must carry it home again, and sad, indeed, is their condition. I need scarcely add, that it was by these mountaineers, and their rivals on the Prussian side of the Riesengebirg range, that the most valuable of the German cotton aud linen goods used to be produced; and that, till within the last quarter of a century, even our own manufacturers were quite unable to compete with them. The case is now, however, widely different, and they feel and mourn the result bitterly. Nor is it surprising that there should be gendered among them a strong prejudice against the English people. They carry this so far, in many instances, as to believe that the Bohemian and Silesian marks are forged by the manufacturers of Manchester and Glasgow; and that their goods are thrown back upon their hands because an inferior article is palmed off at the great fairs, and sold as if fabricated by themselves.

When people lose their way in other countries, it is for the lack of roads. In Bohemia, the multiplicity of roads is quite perplexing.

Digitized by Microsoft®

I am sure that we went this day a full league, if not more, out of our way, from repeatedly following the wrong path, and being as often compelled to retrace our steps. Once, after climbing to the ridge of a lofty mountain, we learned, to our horror, that the road which we ought to have pursued, ran in the very bottom of the glen which we had quitted; and twice the good people's directions were given in a language so barbarous, that we could make nothing of them. But after a good deal of fatigue, and no trifling share of enjoyment, we reached, at twelve o'clock, the town of Hochstadt, the place at which, as it was represented to be only three hours' march from Hoen Elbe, we had resolved to dine. We had timed our arrival admirably; for twelve o'clock is, in Germany, the common hour of dinner; and of the fare which was served up in the neat little inn towards which our steps were turned, we had no right to complain.

Hochstadt, so named from the elevated nature of its situation, stands on the summit of a mountain, and is raised probably not less than three thousand feet above the level of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

sea. It commands a magnificent mountain view, with a much larger scattering both of vegetation and culture, than we had any right to expect. Bleak it doubtless must be, in winter, for just across the valley which dips down from it on the west, are hills whose tops retain their snowy coverings till August; while eastward is an immense plain, undulating here and there, but scarcely broken by the wooded cones that are scattered over it. But in the month of June, when we beheld it, the landscape is exceedingly interesting, and the promise of an abundant harvest was bright. There was nothing, however, either in the town or its vicinity, to detain us longer than the space of time that might be necessary to appease our hunger and rest our limbs: so, between one and two, we paid our bill, took our host's directions, and departed. He told us that if we walked well, we might reach the Iser in an hour and a half, after which we could not be more than an hour and a half removed from Hoen Elbe.

Who that has read Campbell's glorious ballad of *Hohenlinden*, would not feel his imagination warmed by the thought of standing even

Digitized by Microsoft®

for an hour, on the banks of "Iser rolling rapidly?" Who, likewise, that is acquainted with Sir Humphry Davy's exquisite *Consolations*, and has, as the amiable philosopher had, a true relish for the gentle craft of angling, would not begin to put his rod together as soon as Iser's waters met his view? For my own part, I cannot undertake to say which principle operated with me most powerfully,—whether the romantic associations which Campbell's muse must ever call up, or the more matter-of-fact, but hardly less animated description, which Sir Humphry gives of the capital sport which he had in a stream of the same name; but of this fact I am quite certain, that the hopes of discovering the river behind every eminence, or coming suddenly upon it as I emerged from each successive grove, served to render me, during this hour and a half's progress, proof against the encroachments of weariness. And my wishes were gratified at last. Just after we had obtained a glimpse of what we knew to be the iron foundry at Eisenhammer, we beheld rolling his waters beneath us, the Iser himself, not like the Elbe, in a troubled and dingy stream,

Digitized by Microsoft®

nor, after the fashion of most of its tributaries, with a mere thread of silver, but roaring and chafing from pool to pool, or else gathered in a black mass under some huge crag, as if intervals of repose were necessary to the element itself, and it could repose only in darkness. And then when we cast our eyes along the banks,—the sides of magnificent mountains,—feathered from their bases with ancient forests, out of which, from time to time, a bald rock projected, truly we were forced to admit, that to obtain this gratification alone, all our fatigues had been well endured, and that here we might stand still without repining. But there was something more to be done than to admire the fair river. Out came the fishing-rods from their cases, down we hurried, loaded as we were, to the river's brink, and flies being selected, such as we judged would suit the state of the water, we set to work. Our sport was admirable. Not a trout rose under three-quarters of a pound weight, and several fell little short of three pounds, so that at the hour's end, all the space which we ventured to allow ourselves, we had laid in an ample stock of fresh fish for supper.

Digitized by Microsoft®

There was no resisting the temptation to which our excellent sport in the Iser had subjected us. It was impossible to leave such a stream behind; so we made up our minds to a halt at Eisenhammer for the night, and after devoting the morrow exclusively to fishing, to add the lost hour and a half to the march of the day following. With this view we crossed the bridge, and entered the sort of hamlet, which consists merely of the foundry, and of a long range of buildings, occupied partly by the superintendents of the works, partly as a gasthof. In this gasthof, however, no separate chamber was to be had, and, though the reverse of fastidious, we could not quite make up our minds to spend a second night as we had done a former one at Marchovides. But we were happily relieved from the dilemma. One of the gentlemen whose duty it is to direct the workmen in the foundry, informed us that we should find at Starkenbach, about an hour's walk to the right, excellent accommodations, and putting us under the guidance of two travelling journeymen who were going that way, expressed his hope that he would see us again

Digitized by Microsoft®

on the morrow. To the civility and kindness of that gentleman, we were much indebted both then and afterwards, and I am glad, though he may never be aware of the fact, thus publicly to acknowledge my obligations to him.

We reached Starkenbach about six o'clock, after a pleasant walk through green fields, and made for what had been represented as the best inn, a gasthof in the market-place. The landlady's manner was, as usual, somewhat repulsive at first, but the cloud soon passed from her brow. No sooner was it made known to her that we were Englishmen, travelling for amusement, than she bestirred herself sedulously to provide for our comforts; and we soon found ourselves in possession of a snug apartment, with the prospect before us of a good supper at the hour named by ourselves. But this was not all. An Englishman had never been seen in Starkenbach before, and as it had been at Gabel, so it was here,—multitudes of all ranks and classes flocked to obtain a glimpse of us. Moreover, it soon appeared that they came with more generous intentions than to gratify an idle curiosity, however innocent in itself. The real

Digitized by Microsoft®

motive of one of them was, indeed, disguised under an affected anxiety to discharge an irksome duty; but the delicacy which prompted him thus to throw a temporary shade over his kindness, only enhanced the value of the kindness itself in our eyes.

Our landlady had been all civility and attention. Not only were water and other means of dressing supplied in abundance, but we had some difficulty in persuading her that her proposal to wash us from top to toe with her own hands could not be acceded to. We were thus in the midst of our ablutions when in walked a well-dressed young man, who began by saying, in Italian, that he understood we spoke that language, and that he was desired by the landlord to ascertain whether our room was to our liking. We assured him that it was, and expected, of course, that he would leave us free to go on with our dressing operations; but nothing of the sort took place. What were we? —Englishmen, he was aware; but had we any business, or did we come to dispose of any goods? We satisfied him on this head also, upon which he retired for a moment, but soon

Digitized by Microsoft®

returned again. There was a gentleman in the next room, the head of the graff's chancery, who spoke French, and would be glad to make our acquaintance. We begged that he might be introduced, and in he came, followed by several others.

"You know, Messieurs," said he, "that we are obliged in this country to act somewhat uncivilly to strangers. You have, of course, a passport?"

I produced my passport at once; it was the only time I ever had occasion to show it in this quarter of Bohemia; but I was immediately taught by his manner of examining it, that the question relative to passports was a mere pretext on the part of the chancellor, for opening with us a friendly conversation; he contented himself by glancing hastily at the signature of the Austrian minister, and laid it down. And now began a discussion which I was reluctantly forced to interrupt by reminding him of the unfinished state of my toilet, and by begging that he would have the goodness to wait for a few minutes in another apartment till it should be completed.

Digitized by Microsoft®

He withdrew at once, with numerous apologies, and carried his train along with him.

So far we had good reason to be satisfied with the reception that was awarded us in Starkenbach; but the kindness of its inhabitants was far from stopping here. After loitering about for a quarter of an hour, and receiving no renewed visit from the chancellor, we strolled out, with the intention of taking a survey of the environs while yet daylight lingered; but we had not proceeded far when our friend overtook us, and offered to be our guide. Nor was this all. In the most modest yet hospitable manner imaginable, he said that he would feel highly honoured and flattered if we would make his house our home during our stay in Starkenbach, and when we objected to his proposal on the ground that such a proceeding would not be fair towards the innkeeper, he assured us that that point was settled already. In a word, though he consented to be our guest at supper, which having been actually cooked could not be put aside, nothing short of the removal of our knapsacks from the inn would satisfy him, and we found ourselves in consequence, about ten

Digitized by Microsoft®

o'clock at night, under the shadow of his hospitable roof.

The habitation of which we had thus unexpectedly become the inmates, consisted of a suite of apartments in one of the numerous outbuildings attached to the schloss of Graff Horach, the lord of the manor. Though not very commodious, it was both clean and comfortable; and served to satisfy the wishes of its occupant; whose family consisted only of a young wife, and two female servants. For a German of the class to which our friend belongs is not ambitious of living in a style above either his means or his pretensions, and the ideas of Germans, generally, relative to what is essential to the comforts of home, are far more humble than ours. This gentleman and his bride, for example, (and a bride she might be termed, having been married only half a year,) were content to eat and sleep in the same apartment, the elegance of which was little, if at all, broken in upon by the couple of neat box beds with silk coverings, which occupied one of the corners. In like manner the chamber which was assigned to us, at once more capa-

Digitized by Microsoft®

cious and better furnished, led through theirs; a circumstance which not only appeared in no wise to disturb or annoy them, but of which they took advantage to press their good offices upon us. For, as our host would hardly leave us at night till we were ready to step into bed, so, no sooner were we astir in the morning, than in he came, anxious to know how we had rested, as well as to offer his services in supplying any want of which we might experience the pressure. I really never saw, in any country, or among any class of people, such incessant and genuine hospitality.

We had barely time, over-night, to be introduced to the lady of the mansion. In the morning we met her at breakfast, and her first act was to add her entreaties to those of her husband, that we would not think of leaving them that day. What need was there for so much haste? We had been pleased with the scenery of the Iser; why not visit it again? Or if that were not agreeable to us, there were various points in the immediate vicinity of the town, which it might be worth our while to inspect. We could not hold out against such

Digitized by Microsoft®

arguments, more especially as they happened to accord exactly with our own wishes; so we agreed to fish the Iser once more, and return to sup and sleep at the chancellor's.

This point being settled to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned, we proceeded to equip ourselves in our travelling costume, and, rod in hand, bent our steps towards Eisenhammer. A more unpropitious day for the angler can scarcely be imagined; for a cold east wind blew, and from time to time a thin drizzling rain beat in our faces. Still we determined to make the attempt, and truly we had no cause to repent of our resolution. In the course of four hours, which we devoted to the sport, we caught upwards of ten pounds of trout; the number of fish killed being at the same time only eleven,—a clear proof that the Bohemian Iser deserves just as much praise as Sir Humphry Davy, in his charming little book, has bestowed upon its namesake near Munich. But killing the trout constituted by no means the sole amusement which we that day enjoyed. An English fishing-rod and English tackle were objects quite as novel to the good folks of Eisenham-

Digitized by Microsoft®

mer, as they had been to the citizens of Gabel; and the consequence was, that we had the entire population of the village and hamlets round, in our train. And the astonishment of these simple people, first at the machinery, and then at our mode of using it, I have no language to describe. When first I hooked a trout, there was a general rush to the river-side,—the movement being produced, manifestly enough, by alarm lest the line should break; and though the animal was floundering and springing about in twelve feet of water at least, two or three young men could scarcely be restrained from jumping in. But when they saw the monster, and a very large fellow he was, after running away with some fathoms of line, and bending the rod like a willow-wand, gradually lose his strength, and sail reluctantly towards the shore, I really thought they would have gone crazy with delight. They jumped about, swore, and shouted like mad people, and made such a plunge into the shallows, to bring him out, that we had well-nigh lost him. The scene was altogether quite irresistible.

There was no work performed that day in

Digitized by Microsoft®

the iron foundry. Every soul belonging to it, from the superintendent down to the errand-boy, came forth to swell our train; and we walked up the Iser, attended as never Highland chief was, even in the good old times of heritable jurisdictions. Nor was this all. A religious procession, that is to say, a numerous body of peasants from some of the villages near, bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Starkenbach, happened to descend the hill just as I was playing a fish, and the effect produced upon them was quite as miraculous as could have been brought about by the saint himself. The sound of their psalmody ceased. The crucifix was lowered, and man and woman, boy and maiden, breaking loose from their ranks, flocked down, *en masse*, to ascertain the cause of so strange a phenomenon. I suspect that St. James received but a scanty allowance of worship that evening; at least, I am sure that the number of his votaries became sadly diminished; for when the chant rose again, and the crucifix was uplifted as a signal for moving, the retinue that attended it, came short by at least one-half of that which had followed, with

Digitized by Microsoft®

all imaginable decorum, as far as the banks of the Iser.

It was now getting on towards three o'clock, and as the weather, instead of improving, became every moment more boisterous, we determined to abandon our fishing. We accordingly adjourned to the gasthof, where a roasted fowl had been prepared for us, and made a hearty dinner, in the midst of the same crowd which had watched our mode of operations on the river. To them we were obliged to explain the whole process by which rods are unscrewed and put together again, reels turned round, and flies attached to casting lines; and I dare say that to this hour, they have not ceased to talk about the whole affair as an invention, second in point of ingenuity, only to the steam-engine.

This done, we became, in our turn, the querists. We begged to be conducted over the foundry, and our wishes were immediately attended to. It is on a small scale, but apparently very complete, with one furnace and numerous models; and it was stated to supply very many of the manufacturies both in Bohemia and Austria Proper, with the iron-work

Digitized by Microsoft®

required for their machinery. As to the ore itself, that is found in abundance among the hills hard by, and is said to be of excellent quality. I need scarcely add, that, though they have pit-coal at their command, they use only coke and charcoal for smelting, because everybody knows that for such purposes charcoal is the most approved species of fuel.

We had had a capital day's sport, and the rain having at length ceased, we turned our faces towards Starkenbach. The fish, with which we loaded a countryman, and conveyed by his means to our host's dwelling, caused almost as much astonishment there, as our mode of catching them had occasioned at Eisenhammer. Not only our hosts, but their domestics, and not they alone, but the people in the streets as we passed, shouted and clapped their hands at the spectacle. But the chancellor had other and more agreeable occupation chalked out for us, than listening to the exclamations of his clients. He led us through the town, took us to call upon the priest,—a respectable-looking old man, who had expressed a wish to be introduced to us,—and informed us that he had ventured to accept in our name an invitation

Digitized by Microsoft®

from the grand bailiff, to sup in his apartments. It may be necessary, perhaps, to add, that the grand bailiff is the graff's representative, who not only manages his private affairs, but superintends the proceedings of the chancery, and who is, therefore, in the absence of the graff himself, by far the most important personage in the herschafte.

The grand bailiff's apartments, which formed part of the schloss itself, were both large and well furnished. There were no carpets on the floors, of course,—the Germans make very little use of carpets anywhere,—but his dining-room was amply stocked with chairs, sofas, tables, cabinets, and mirrors, and his cuisine, though plain, was excellent. We were so fortunate, moreover, as to meet at his table, not only the whole of the chancery, but the commissary of the circle, who happened to be going his rounds, and who proved a very agreeable addition to our party.

The supper was good, and the Hungarian wine of excellent flavour. The attentions of the bailiff and his lady were likewise unremitting; indeed, the latter was almost too kind,

Digitized by Microsoft®

for she seemed anxious that we should eat of every dish, and drink out of every flask and bottle. We had a little music too,—for she played the piano; and the commissary, likewise a performer, paid us the compliment to dash off in very good style, "God save the King." But the circumstance which amused me most of all remains to be stated. I was asked if I played chess; and I replied in the affirmative, adding, however, as the facts of the case required, that I was no master of the game. Immediately a petition was brought forward, that I would play one game with the bailiff. He had heard much of the extraordinary skill of Englishmen in this noble game, and being a little of an amateur himself, it had long been his ambition to measure his strength with that of an Islander. Alas for my country! she had but a sorry champion to sustain her honour; for, if the truth must be spoken, though I get very much interested in chess after the game has fairly begun, I always sit down to it as Dr. Johnson says he did to *Paradise Lost*, as to a task. And the consequence is, that, avoiding it wherever I can, I have not yet entitled myself

Digitized by Microsoft®

to pass muster in the first class of bunglers. But it would have been cruel to thwart the hospitable bailiff in his humours, so to it we fell. I don't think that he and his friends gave me quite fair play. With one accord they ranged themselves on the side of their countryman, and, complimenting my adroitness all the while, they assisted him in every difficulty with their counsels. However, the result would have been, I make no doubt, the same, had they remained silent. I was soundly beaten, and my worthy host rose up as much pleased as if he had conquered a province. I learned from the chancellor next day, that to have lost the game would have seriously affected his peace of mind. I am therefore heartily glad that fortune declared in his favour.

My tale of Starkenbach is told. We returned to the chancellor's to sleep, breakfasted with him and his interesting young wife next morning, and at seven o'clock took the road to Troutenau, which he recommended as a good halting-place. His last words at parting were, "Nous sons beaucoup triste," and when I added "Et nous aussi," I spoke but as I felt.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER VI.

THE ELBE, A MOUNTAIN-STREAM.—WE FISH IT.—DINE ON OUR FISH IN A VILLAGE INN.—THE YOUNG TORPINDA.—ARNAU.—THE STATUES IN THE MARKET-PLACE.—THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT.—TROUTENAU.—THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.—MARCH CONTINUED.—FISH THE RIVER.—A VILLAGE INN, AND ACCOUNT OF THE TORPINDAS.—OUR FIRST MEETING WITH THESE FORMIDABLE PEOPLE IN A WOOD.—ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.—ADERSPACH.—EXCELLENT QUARTERS.—MOST REMARKABLE ROCKS.—THE MINSTRELS AGAIN.

Our journey towards Troutenau was for a while prolific in few events, with an account of which it is worth while to entertain my reader. In point of scenery, each new step that we took introduced us to new and constantly varying beauties; but on that head I have said as much, perhaps more, than was necessary. For who, after all, can so describe nature's handiwork, as to create in the mind of him who has never looked upon the original, anything like a correct idea of what it is? The painter may indeed accomplish this, though even he will accomplish it imperfectly; but the mere

Digitized by Microsoft®

narrator,—in good sooth, his words, however appropriate, must ever fall comparatively dull upon the ear, which is not the organ through which to convey to the mind any notion, however incomplete, of external scenery. When, then, I have stated, that our path carried us over hill and dale,—that we threaded deep forests, and from time to time traversed an open plain, and that all this while the snowy ridges of the Riesengebirgen stood up like a wall upon our left hand, I have left myself nothing in the shape of description to add, out of which the reader could hope to derive an accession, either to his information or his amusement.

Of one occurrence that befel in the course of this day's pilgrimage, it is, however, necessary that I should take notice. At the distance of perhaps ten English miles from Starkenbach, we came upon the Elbe; how unlike to the lordly river with which we formed our first acquaintance at Hamburg, and which two months' residence at Schandau had latterly made so familiar to us! A narrow mountain-stream,—so narrow, indeed, and so shallow, that a mere rustic bridge sufficed to span it,—wa

Digitized by Microsoft®

all that reminded us of that prodigious body of water, which serves as a channel of communication between Dresden and the North Sea, and fertilizes in its course the plains of Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Mecklenburg, Hanover, and even Denmark. The fact is, as I need scarcely pause to state, that we were now but a short day's march from its source, which lies,—a mere fountain or well-head,—in the side of the mountain that overhangs Hoen Elbe. As our friend the chancellor had assured us, however, that at the well-head in question there was really nothing to see, we determined to leave it unexplored, and to push on, instead, as far as Aderspach, where we were given to understand that nature had accomplished many freaks well deserving to be noted.

Though the Elbe was by no means so promising as the Iser, we yet felt that to pass it by untried, while we had fishing-rods in our hands, would be disgraceful to us as anglers. The implements were accordingly screwed together, and for half-an-hour we threw our flies with all our accustomed skill, and more than our usual patience; but we gathered little by

Digitized by Microsoft®

the exercise of these qualities. A few grayling, with a trout or two of meagre dimensions, alone rewarded our care; and these, we judiciously concluded, were not of sufficient value to compensate for the loss of time that would be sustained in adding to their numbers. Besides we found that our strange attire and gestures created much alarm among the junior branches of one or two small communities through which we passed. The children, wherever we came, ran from the water's edge screaming with fright; a pretty broad hint that our company was not desired, at least by them.

We dined this day in a clean tidy little alehouse, the landlady of which cooked our trout, and supplied us with bread and butter, and beer. She was a member of what seemed to be a remarkably happy, as well as primitive family, where three generations dwelt together in harmony; the oldest and the youngest being, as she informed us, dependant on the exertions of her husband, and the profits of the inn. Neither were we without a trifling adventure, such as it was. While we were smoking our pipes after dinner, a gypsy, or Torpinda, en-

Digitized by Microsoft®

tered, and we had him up to our table forthwith, that we might reconnoitre and catechise him. He was a mere lad, apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, though in costume, complexion, and expression of countenance, a perfect specimen of his tribe. His dress was a broad-brimmed low hat, a dark brown cloak with sleeves, and a solitary undergarment, which, woven apparently without seam, served him for vest, pantaloons, and stockings. The only apertures in these curious looking pantoufles which we could detect, were from the heel to about midway in the calf of the leg, and these were carefully laced-up with brass wires.

Under his cloak the youth carried a calf's-skin pouch, which was suspended from a leathern belt that crossed his right shoulder; and we observed that this latter piece of dress was ornamented with exceeding care. It was indented all over with minute lines, not very unlike the tatooing on a South Sea islander's face; and it bore, just over the chest, a lion's head made of brass, from a ring attached to which were suspended about twenty or thirty

Digitized by Microsoft®

brass pipe-pickers. His avowed object in entering the beer-house was to dispose of some of these latter, which he offered for sale at three kreutzers a-piece; and I need scarcely add that we became purchasers. But we were not content with the pickers. Having questioned him as to the value which he put upon his belt, I pulled out the money, and offered to purchase that too; but he would not part with it; and to all our questions touching the head-quarters of his tribe he turned a deaf ear. He either could not, or would not, understand us; and made his escape on the first lull that took place in our conversation.

There is no denying that the whole appearance of this youth was very picturesque, but it was a great deal more picturesque than attractive. His long shaggy hair and dark olive complexion were alike remarkable; but the expression of his countenance was decidedly bad, and he never looked you straight in the face. To be sure, the treatment which, in common with others of his class, he probably receives from the Bohemians, is not calculated to make him fall in love with them; for the

Digitized by Microsoft®

people of the country seem to regard these wanderers with a mixture of contempt and loathing. Yet I imagined that I read in that downcast look, and in the stealthy air which attached to all his movements, marks of the sort of training which may be expected to produce an accomplished vagabond. I dare say that young fellow knew perfectly well how to silence the cackling of a barn-door fowl in a hurry, and might not be inexpert in the operation of removing quietly a knapsack, or other load, from beneath a sleeping man's head. But the thews and sinews of the boy, and I may add, of all of his tribe whom we encountered, were not such as to impress me with any very exalted ideas of their strength or prowess. I fancied that, with the aid of a good stick, I should not be afraid to give any three of them the knives of which I had heard so much, and then join battle.

When the boy was gone we proceeded to question our landlady as to the habits of his people, and we received from her an account corresponding in all respects with that which our first informant had given us. She added, over and above, that there was no trusting

Digitized by Microsoft®

them; that they were deceitful to a degree unparalleled among men, and that no arts or offices of kindness ever won their forbearance. We listened to her statements more than half disposed to credit them, yet we adhered to our original determination, nevertheless, of joining the first gypsy camp on which, during the course of our tour, we might stumble.

By this time it was necessary to move; and I state the fact in consequence of a trifling incident, illustrative, I conceive, of the extreme honesty of this simple people. We had advanced, perhaps, a quarter of an English mile towards Arnau, a town through which our route lay, when we heard a female voice shouting behind us, and on turning round saw our landlady in full pursuit. I had left behind me on the table a penknife,—of very little value, inasmuch as one of the blades was broken,—and this good woman would not permit me to be the loser of it. When I add, that she was in a state during which running must have been both inconvenient and hurtful to her, the strength of the principle which urged her to bring me my knife will be better understood.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Arnau is an old-fashioned town, with a wide market-place, in the centre of which stand two colossal statues, representing two warriors in complete armour, each armed with a sword. The people told us they were of very ancient date, and represented the two knights, by whom, in old times, the town was founded. There is, besides, a convent of Franciscan monks in the immediate neighbourhood, which contains eighty brothers; a clumsy pile, evidently of modern construction, and resembling in its exterior a manufactory, much more than a house of religious persons. One of the brothers we met in the town, to whom the children seemed to pay much respect. His dress was a brown coarse frock, a bare head, with a shaven crown, bare legs, sandals for his feet, and a rosary of black beads fastened round his middle. I asked him the way to Troutenau, and received a very short, and somewhat unsatisfactory answer.

We did not halt in Arnau, neither were we tempted to solicit admission into the convent. I had been initiated into all the mysteries of such a place of abode long ago; and my young

Digitized by Microsoft®

companion appeared more anxious to reach Aderspach and Schnee-Kuppee as speedily as possible, than to take his first lesson in monachism here. It was well, too, that, retaining our resolution of passing that night at Troutenau, we had self-denial enough to pass the monastery by; for a long and toilsome way was before us, which we did not compass till past seven o'clock. No doubt the march was prolific in objects to charm the sense of sight. As we drew towards them, the snowy mountains assumed continually a bolder and more striking aspect; while, several of the villages, and one schloss, which was undergoing repair, drew forth our liveliest admiration. But the journey proved to be, upon the whole, both tedious and toilsome; and right glad were we, when, on gaining the summit of a steep ascent, we beheld Troutenau at our feet. We made directly for the inn, which was recommended as the best; and, except that the house was full of workmen, our chamber small, and our beds detestable, we have no right to put down the Gasthof zum Weissen Ross, as one of the bad places of call on the march to Schnee-Kuppee.

Digitized by Microsoft®

The inn was in great confusion, for unfortunately for ourselves we arrived at a moment when bricklayers, carpenters, and plasterers were busy in counteracting the effect of time and rough usage almost everywhere, except in the coffee-room. This latter, however, proved to be comfortable enough; and we enjoyed it the more that it was divided into two compartments, one of which was allotted to the humbler classes of travellers, while the other, which commanded a view of the square, was assigned to gentlefolks. Moreover there occurred two circumstances, which, by furnishing us with objects of contemplation, contributed to make the evening pass lightly away. First, we saw from our window the completion of a ceremony similar to that which at Eisenhammer we had so cruelly interrupted by our fishing. A whole posse of peasants, male and female, with crucifix and mass-book at their head, marched in procession towards the market-cross; and, after chanting a hymn, fell down upon their knees, one after another, and covered the hands and feet of the stone statues that ornamented it, with kisses. This done, the larger number

Digitized by Microsoft®

dispersed, and, as it seemed, retired quietly to their homes. But there were others who appeared to think that a work so pious as that in which they had been engaged merited, on the part of the body, some refreshment. These adjourned to the inn, and drank sundry flasks of beer with great relish.

In the next place we found that the outer portion of the coffee-room was occupied in part by a band of wandering musicians,—a sort of calling which is in Bohemia very frequent, and which, both there and elsewhere in Germany, holds a higher place in public estimation than among us. These men wore a sort of uniform, namely, high-crowned white hats, with flowers in the front, gray frocks, and half-boots; and their performance, I am bound to add, was by no means contemptible. They played one or two airs very sweetly under the burgomaster's window, which, as the said window looked out into the square, enabled us, as well as a multitude of the town's-people, to share in the treat.

We retired early to bed, for we were a good deal fatigued, and the cold,—an unusual ground of complaint with us ever since we set out from home,—was disagreeable. The truth in-

Digitized by Microsoft®

deed is, that we were now at a great elevation above the level of the sea, and that the wind happening to blow from Schnee-Kuppee, the back of which, white with the deposit of a thousand storms, lay towards us, came keen and biting. So sharp, indeed, was the temperature, that the landlord, whom we consulted relative to the nature of a river which, with a broad clear current, flows past the town, assured us that it would be vain to think of fishing in it, because though it abounded with fine trout, the season was not sufficiently advanced to admit of their being taken with the rod and line. I took the liberty in this case, as in the case of the gypsies, to credit something less than half of the intelligence conveyed to me; and I found, on the morrow, when the question was tried on its own merits, that I had come to the right conclusion.

It was a fine bright bracing morning, and the clocks were striking seven when we quitted Troutenau; a very pretty clean town, well situated, on the slope of a hill, and commanding, as I have hinted above, a noble view of the snowy ridges of the Riesengebirgen. Aderspach was our point for the day,—a place represented to

Digitized by Microsoft®

us as well worth visiting on account of the remarkable rocks and fells which abound in its vicinity. As it was said, however, to be no more than three or four stunden distant, we did not think that we were required to make any extraordinary exertions, and the river looked so tempting, that, in spite of the landlord's advice to the contrary, we resolved to try it. We cannot boast much of our success. Three or four grayling, with a trout of moderate size, were all the prizes that rewarded our toil, till we came to a deep pool, into which, not without a hope of better things, I threw my fly. A magnificent fish rose instantly, and I hooked him. We had a tough battle for it, inasmuch as my tackle happened to be light, and I was standing on an awkward sort of a weir when he took the fly; but victory declared for me. After ten minutes' pleasant manœuvring, I landed a trout, which would have done no discredit, in point of size and form, to the Iser itself.

By this time, noon was approaching, and as we had no disposition to burden ourselves with some tons' weight of fish, we wound up, and restored our rods to their cases. We then turned

Digitized by Microsoft®

our faces steadily towards Aderspach, and following the chaussée, found that in proportion as we got involved among the numerous green hills which overlook it, all ground of complaint on the score of a sharp temperature, was taken away. The weather, in short, became intensely oppressive, and we, in consequence, on whom the exercise of fishing had not been without its effect, began to get excessively tired. We pushed on, however, with an occasional halt, till we could calculate that half our journey was accomplished; when having arrived at a comfortable-looking village inn, we carried our fish into the tap-room, and had them cooked for dinner. They were excellent, and sufficed not only for ourselves, but for the landlord and the whole of his family, whose mittagsmahl, as the Germans call it, had, by some extraordinary accident, been delayed full two hours beyond the customary period of noon.

We found our village innkeeper, as, indeed, was the case with almost all persons of his rank and calling, a good-humoured, obliging, and intelligent man. He had been twice married, was the father of five sons, from one of whom, a

Digitized by Microsoft®

jager in the Austrian service, he had just received a letter, which, as it happened to be written remarkably well, he showed us with all a father's pride. He gave us, likewise, as much information touching the local affairs of the neighbourhood as we considered it worth while to require, and spoke freely about the Torpindas, with whom he seemed to be well acquainted. The prevalent tales of their blood-thirstiness he entirely confirmed, though he seemed to insinuate that they were more free with the lives of one another, than with those of strangers; and he warned us that we should look in vain for a camp. Nothing of the kind existed, nor was permitted by the police to exist, in this quarter of Austria. "As to the people themselves," continued he, "they are an idle, good-for-nothing set, exceedingly fond of money, and great hoarders of it when they can get it. I have seen, in this room, a Torpinda produce as many as a hundred guldens; and yet he would not disburse a single kreutzer for straw to sleep upon." We were more mortified by this man's account of the gypsies than by any which we had yet received; for it bore

Digitized by Microsoft®

about it a greater air of truth, and, as a necessary result, tended more than any thing which we had yet heard, to dissipate into thin air the visions of gypsy life which up to that moment we continued to cherish.

Having rested an hour in the inn, we set out again, accompanied by our host, who volunteered to show us both a shorter and more pleasant path than that which we had heretofore followed. This was the more acceptable by reason of the discovery which we made, that in speaking of Aderspach as only four hours' walk from Troutenau, our host of the latter place had erred widely from the mark. It was still four good hours' ahead of us. Nevertheless, we had plenty of daylight before us; and the prospect of using it among green fields and umbrageous forests was not without its effect on the minds of persons who had toiled throughout the morning along a dusty and burning high-road.

Though I have, perhaps, said more respecting the scenery of this part of Bohemia than was necessary, I cannot omit to mention, that from the brow of a hill which we ascended soon after

Digitized by Microsoft®

our host quitted us, we obtained as glorious a view of a cultivated mountain district as the eye of man will probably rest upon in any quarter of the world. The abundant wood of this fine country gives, indeed, to all its landscapes, a charm which there needs but the presence of water to complete, and to the particular scene on which we now looked down, water happened not to be wanting. From the bosom of the river which flows past Troutenau, the sun's rays were reflected; and as its course lay through groves and fells,—now hidden between overhanging rocks, now emerging again into a wide valley,—the effect was altogether very striking. Moreover, to a varied and picturesque extent of hill and vale, forest and green meadow, hamlet and town,—the latter either cast into the recess of some deep glen, or straggling upwards along the mountain side,—the Riesengebirgen formed the back ground; bald, and frowning in all the majesty of rocky shoulders and snow-clad summits. It was, indeed, a glorious view, and it tempted us to linger so long in the enjoyment of it, that we did not reach our

Digitized by Microsoft®

quarters,—the comfortable inn at Aderspach,—till near eight o'clock.

There befel nothing during our progress from this beautiful spot, till we arrived at the place where we had resolved to pass the night, of which I need be expected to give a detailed account. All travellers on foot, through strange countries, must expect to lose their way occasionally; and we formed no exception to the general rule. Moreover, our mishaps, this day, were the more provoking, that we chanced to have penetrated into a comparatively thinly-peopled region, the two villages which we traversed lying far apart one from the other, and there being no hamlets nor detached houses to keep up the communication. Nor were we, as it seemed, the only pedestrians to whom the district was strange. As we were passing through a deep forest, at a point admirably suited to deeds of violence, we met a couple of Torpindas, who stopped us to inquire the way to the nearest town; at least I conclude that this was their object, from the peculiar gestures which they used, and the intonation which they

Digitized by Microsoft®

gave to their voices; for as to their words, of these I could make nothing. Having just been stuffed with a tale of their lawless habits, the sight of these persons threw me, of course, on the alert. I grasped the butt of my gaff-stick, —an excellent weapon, about the length and weight of a policeman's staff,—and braced up my nerves for the melée. But when we stood face to face, all idea that they would venture to begin the fray vanished. Though they were young men, in the prime of life, probably not more than five or six-and-twenty, I verily believe, that with the weapons which nature has given me, I could have rendered them both incapable of molesting henroosts for ever, and been but little fatigued by the exercise.

The Torpindas passed on quietly enough when they found that they could not make themselves understood; and there followed them soon afterwards, another foot-passenger, whose style of travel amused us not a little. He was a stout, elderly man, arrayed in a brown frock coat, long and loose, and descending to his ankles, and he trudged forward with a good cudgel in his hand, as independently as need be.

Digitized by Microsoft®

But he carried no load on his back. On the contrary, there followed him a peasant with a wheelbarrow, on which was laid the stout gentleman's trunk, and as they happened, when we encountered them, to be descending a hill, the strange vehicle kept up famously. How it would fare with them after they crossed the valley beneath, I do not know. But probably our friend had fixed stages, at each of which, instead of ordering out fresh horses, he ordered merely a fresh wheelbarrow and trundler. I dare say he journeyed with extreme satisfaction to himself; at least I am quite sure that he looked as if he did.

It was late in the evening, and our patience was well-nigh exhausted, when, on gaining the brow of an eminence, we beheld a straggling village at our feet; and were almost as much surprised as delighted to find that it was Aderspach. Let nobody form a judgment of the sort of quarters which he will find at the Trucktere-Gasthof, from the miserable appearance which the town of Aderspach presents. To be sure, he must pass through the town entirely, leave the schloss, a huge pile of brickwork, behind him,

Digitized by Microsoft®

and penetrate into the fells ere the Trucktere-house becomes visible; but the first aspect of it will, unless I much deceive myself, excite in his mind anticipations, not only of good fare, but of clean apartments, and unpretending civility. Nor will such anticipations be disappointed. A nicer country inn I never inhabited, and I say this without excepting either the inn at Dalmally, near Loch Awe, nor its rival in comfort, if not in elegance, at Tyne-drom.

The Fells, or Felsen, at Aderspach, is justly accounted one of the most extraordinary productions of nature's handiwork in all Bohemia. Masses of rock, some of them two or three hundred feet in height, have, by some strange convulsion, been so tossed about, that now they stand on end like detached towers, or rather like the turreted walls of some gigantic labyrinth, through which a narrow path twists and turns in the most extraordinary manner possible. Very many of these rocks bear a striking resemblance, some to beasts, some to men, some to musical instruments, and others to different articles which we constantly meet either in our walks through the populous city, or within the

Digitized by Microsoft®

domestic circle. As might be expected, the people of the country have called each image after the name of the original which it represents. Not far from the back door of the inn is an enormous inverted Sugar-loaf; a little way removed from it is the Chimney, and it must be acknowledged that the resemblance which both of them bear to the objects from which their names are derived, is very striking.

But this is the least of the wonders attaching to the place, in order to introduce which to the reader's acquaintance, it will be necessary that I should take him, as it were, by the hand, and join him to our little party as we make the tour of the labyrinth.

Suppose us, then, snugly housed in the Trucktere-house, well-fed, well attended, supplied with clean, tidy beds, and greatly refreshed by a sound night's sleep, such as monarchs might envy. We rise next morning at seven, to find that here, even more keenly than at Troutenau, the influence of an elevated situation is felt, and that over the long inclined plane which stretches upwards from us in the direction of the Riesengebirgen, a sharp, cold

Digitized by Microsoft®

wind blows cuttingly. This circumstance, however, interferes, in no respect, with our breakfast, which, as far as the means furnished will allow, is eaten with great relish. After which, about nine o'clock, we sally forth in quest of adventures, under the guidance of a ragged youth, who is to officiate as our cicerone. From the inn-door we look abroad upon a mountain of basalts, covered on its summit by a forest of pines, and beautifully feathered along its face with birch-trees. That mountain, well nigh semicircular in the front which is turned towards us, constitutes the Felsen; and along its base we walk, following a narrow foot-path, which is bordered by a little stream, and leads, serpent-fashion, towards the rocks. We pass, in this brief progress, the Sugar-loaf; and observing the ravages which time is making on its inverted cone, we anticipate the hour, probably not very distant, when it will topple over, and fall flat upon the earth. But this is nothing. Our ragged guide conducts us across a wooden bridge, up a road, hollowed out by nature, through the rocks, till suddenly we reach what resembles the mouth of a mine,

Digitized by Microsoft®

across which a door is drawn. The sum of four groschens, or sixpence a head, applies a key to the lock of that door, and we are immediately introduced into the giant's dwelling. For as the term Riesengebirgen signifies "The Giant's Mountains," so these fells are represented by tradition to have been the abode of the monster-man, after whom the range which separates Bohemia from Silesia has been named. Of this giant's personal history it is needless to say more, than that he is the same Number Nip with whose mischievous exploits we have all, from our early childhood, been familiar. His favourite haunts were here and in one of the ravines of Schnee-Koppee; and I must say this much for him, that in his choice of quarters, he exhibited not only a great deal of skill, but a very commendable share of taste into the bargain.

The door being opened, we find ourselves in a narrow passage, open to the heavens, perhaps a couple of hundred feet over-head, but walled in on either hand by rocks, perpendicular as the drop of the plummet. The passage being exceedingly tortuous, does not

Digitized by Microsoft®

permit any extensive view to the front; but at each new turn some new wonder presents itself, either in the formation of some particular rock, or in the grotesque and striking combinations of masses. Here the guide stops us to point out a chimney most distinctly defined; by-and-by two enormous kettle-drums are exhibited; then comes a barrel-organ on one hand, and a pulpit on the other, beyond which lies the chancel of a church. Above our heads, meanwhile, on the very summits of detached peaks, stand the Burgomaster, in his full-bottomed wig, the Emperor Leopold,—an exact resemblance,—and John the Baptist preaching in the desert. This last is really a very curious specimen of what Dame Nature can sometimes accomplish, when she takes it into her head to become sculptor. On a lofty cone, yet little elevated above the surrounding masses, the very emblems of desolation, stands the image of a man, with a shaggy mantle thrown across his shoulders, and one arm raised as if in the act of speaking,—no inappropriate monument to him who, though the greatest of the prophets that lived under the Law, was in

Digitized by Microsoft®

his day of mortality less than the least of those to whom the Gospel dispensation has been communicated.

After pausing awhile to examine these, as well as the form of a dog in a recumbent position, not far removed from them, we passed on; first, into the Giant's Mouth,—an enormous arch, armed, as it seems, with teeth,—and then into the Frauen Zimmer, or Giantess's Apartment. It must have been but a sorry lodging for a lady of so much personal weight in the world, and supposing her proportions to have resembled those of her husband, would not fail to cramp her exceedingly; for it is nothing more than a hole in the rock, measuring perhaps twenty feet in length, by six or eight in width. But giants and giantesses lived, it is presumed, chiefly in the open air, and this which is called her chamber, may have been, after all, nothing more than her couch. If such were the case, she must have had no taste for down mattresses and feather-bed coverings.

We were advanced by this time, many hundred yards into the bowels of the mountain, and stood at length on a fair open platform,

Digitized by Microsoft®

surrounded as heretofore, by enormous cliffs, yet having room enough, and to spare. Here a small rustic arbour has been formed with rough-hewn pine logs, and close by is a sort of pantry, composed of similar materials, while facing them a little rivulet pours its water from a ledge of rock, causing the air around to reverberate with its ceaseless and most refreshing music. Our guide described the spot merely as the lesser waterfall, while he invited us to drink from a fountain which bubbled up close to the stream. I do not think that I ever tasted water more deliciously cool and limpid.

The phrase "Lesser Waterfall" naturally associated itself in our minds with something more wonderful, and we questioned the guide on the subject, who, instead of answering directly, invited us to follow him. We did so, winding round the corner of a huge column; but no cataract met our inquiring gaze. "Wait you here," said the boy, "or rather go on into that recess, while I run up the face of the cliff, and lift the sluice." The idea of a sluice, as connected with one of the most sublime of nature's productions, was too ludicrous. It reminded us

Digitized by Microsoft®

of a miserable little affair, not far from Schandau, on the road to the Kuhstall, which the delighted Saxons exhibit to you as one of the wonders of their land, and for the display of which you are charged one groschen. For this Saxon cataract consists of a stream of water, a size or too more voluminous than that which may, at any time, be seen winding its way along the groved outsides of the streets in one of our fifth-rate boroughs in England. Yet the Saxons make the most of it. By means of a deal fence they dam it up on the top of a rock, perhaps twelve feet high, and so keep it till some pleasure-seeking stranger happens to approach the spot. Then, after exciting his curiosity to the utmost, an old man leaves the wanderer in the road to gaze about in vain, not only for the cataract, but for any place where a cataract might be expected to exist. Yet the stranger must not begin to murmur too speedily. All at once a cracked voice bids him attend. He turns round; the sluice is raised, and out comes a volume of water, of all things in creation most resembling that which in the old town of Edinburgh follows on the exclamation, "Garde loo!" I

Digitized by Microsoft®

advise the astonished traveller not to indulge his admiration too long. If, in the intensity of his ardour, he keep the sluice open more than ten minutes, not only does the waterfall fade and disappear before his own eyes, but a month may elapse ere it shall be in a fit state to be exhibited again.

All these brilliant images took possession of our fancies as soon as the boy had uttered the unlucky word "sluice;" and smiling to one another, we made up our minds to rest contentedly where we were. But we did not adhere to this determination. In a few minutes there came upon us a noise like the growling of distant thunder; by-and-by the fall of water was loudly and fiercely distinct, and we knew, to our extreme surprise, that this was a very different affair from the cataract in Saxon Switzerland. We therefore hurried round the angle of the rock, and guided by the sound, came at last to behold what really was a very fine sight. From a ledge, perhaps thirty or forty feet high, a rivulet discharged a considerable body of water into a cavern, beneath the foundations of which, though it was impossible to say in what

Digitized by Microsoft®

direction, the current held its course. I must confess that we stood and gazed upon the scene for some moments in great admiration,—a feeling which was probably heightened in consequence of the unlooked-for issue to an adventure, of the commencement of which we had augured so unfavourably.

Having thus witnessed the effect, we naturally enough desired to look upon the cause also; in other words, nothing would content us, except to ascend the cliff, and watch the whole process of lifting and replacing the sluice. I am not sure that the sight recompensed us for the labour that was necessary to obtain it. The stream, to be sure, looked dark and deep, hemmed in as it was, between walls of rock, and to watch the descent of the mass of water from above, was quite as fine as to look up to it from below; but the process of climbing was both toilsome and hazardous, and I do not therefore advise others to undergo it, unless they be both strong of head and sure of foot.

The waterfall, like the general discharge of fire-works at Vauxhall, or the blowing-up of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the beleaguered fortress in a melo-drama, was the last and greatest wonder which our guide had to show us, and the termination of the play was marked by the usual application for a little drinkgelt. This we gave, of course; but having heard something of a wonderful echo, we begged him at the same time to conduct us to the spot where it was to be heard. We were drawing, in this instance, too much either upon his goodnature or his powers. The echo was not in his department. A separate functionary called that forth at will, and to his care we were transferred. He was an old man, who played wretchedly on the French horn and clarionet, both of which, as well as a double-barrelled gun, were called into operation, and there is no denying that the effect was fine. Four reverberations followed each blast; all of them clear and distinct, as if four separate instruments had spoken. The last sounded like the voice of a trumpet, issuing from some dark woods, perhaps five or six miles distant.

Such were the wonders which we saw and heard at Aderspach,—a mighty show-place, as it appears, to Poles, Prussians, Bohemians, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

even Saxons; yet strange to say, not often visited by our own more restless countrymen. Yet our adventures in the Trucktere-house did not end here. There arrived, soon after we came in, the identical travelling band which had delighted us with their music in Troutenau; and partly to conciliate us, partly to ensure for themselves a supper free of expense, they played some airs very sweetly in the passage. One of these took my fancy so much, that I begged to have a copy of the notes, and sent out a florin as the price of my purchase. But in thus paying for the goods before I got them, I had over-calculated the honesty even of Bohemian minstrels. The master of the band pronounced that the air should be ready for me next morning, but it never came; and when I inquired for the performers, they were gone. So much for paying beforehand for matters so light as the notes of music.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER VII.

WALK TO SHATZLAR.—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.—EXTREME FATIGUE. — OUR LANDLORD. — EARLY ASSOCIATIONS AWAKENED BY A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.—REST FOR A DAY.—ASCENT OF SCHNEE-KOPPEE.—HALT AT A VILLAGE ON THE SILESIAN SIDE.

All the wonders which I have inadequately described in the preceding chapter, having been investigated between the hours of nine and twelve, we made up our minds to dine like gentlemen at Aderspach, and to proceed that evening as far as Shatzlar, a town at the Bohemian foot of Schnee-Koppee. We were the more induced to adopt this course, because Shatzlar was stated to be only four hours' walk from Aderspach, and we believed ourselves sufficiently strong, not only to accomplish that over-night, but to undertake the ascent of the mountain himself on the morrow. The result proved that our calculations had rested on no solid basis. Instead of a four hours' walk, Shatzlar proved to be rather more than six

Digitized by Microsoft®

hours' distant; and the way being mountainous and rugged, we came in thoroughly knocked up. I do not recollect that throughout the whole of our excursion we were, on any other occasion, so indifferent to the magnificent scenery that surrounded us; and probably the reader will not be displeased that the case was so, seeing that our indifference at the moment saves him the labour now of perusing what might very possibly be felt as a wearisome description of it.

Shatzlar is a large straggling burgh, destitute of manufactures, and apparently little visited by travellers; though the inn, which is kept by the burgomaster, can boast of very tolerable accommodations, and a host and hostess both well disposed to fall in with their guests' wishes. There is a schloss hard by, inhabited by certain officials, who, however, exercise no jurisdiction over the town; and a church, not remarkable for anything, except the good order of its charnel-house. This, a small building separated by the breadth of the churchyard from the main edifice, seems to be a place of deposit for all the skulls and other bones which may be

Digitized by Microsoft®

thrown up in digging the graves; and they are arranged round the walls with as much taste as their ghastly character will allow.

We felt so tired, and our feet were suffering so much from blisters, that we resolved to give ourselves a day of total rest in Shatzlar; and in spite of the ennui attendant on such an arrangement, we adhered to it with laudable pertinacity. Rising at seven, and breakfasting at eight in the morning, we whiled away the time till dinner by strolling up the side of the hill, along which the town is built, and enjoying the exquisite panorama which, from various points, it opened out upon us. We visited likewise the fountain of the Bober, a well deep in the forest, and drank of its waters ere yet they had become polluted by flowing among the habitations of men. Our guide, the burgomaster's son, conducted us likewise to a corner of the wood which is set apart for bird-catching, and where every tree is armed with one or more gins, skilfully made of horse-hair and attached to the bark. The pencil also was appealed to, but in vain. This was too extensive, as well as too glorious a scene, to be

Digitized by Microsoft®

copied by one so little skilled in the art as myself; so, after spoiling two or three leaves in my journal book, I desisted from the attempt; and we descended to the inn, where the smell of calb's-flesh in preparation warned us that the hour of dinner was not far distant. It came in due course, and the meal was discussed effectually; after which the burgomaster favoured us with his company, though he steadily refused to partake of the excellent wine which his own cellar produced. He was a man of some intelligence, and had an ambition to see his children rise upwards on the hill of life. Accordingly one of his sons, a delicate youth, is preparing himself for holy orders; another is studying medicine at the university of Vienna; and the third, the lad who accompanied us in our morning's ramble, had served his time with a cotton manufacturer. But the confinement not agreeing with his delicate constitution, the burgomaster had brought him home; and he now officiates as a sort of waiter in the hotel, with the understanding that at his father's decease, or perhaps before it, he shall succeed to the hotel itself.

Digitized by Microsoft®

In listening to such details one hour was spent. Another passed away in watching from the window such objects as this most quiet of quiet Bohemian burghs might produce. And of these there was one which, being associated with the memory of other days, interested me not a little. There is a fountain in the middle of the market-place, into which one stream of fresh water is continually flowing, while another drains off from it. Hither the women bring their clothes to be washed; not in the fountain itself, but in their own tubs, which they range round it; and the proceedings of one of these industrious damsels amused me much. She filled her tub to the brim, and then kilting her petticoats, set to work tramping with might and main, precisely as, in years long gone by, I have seen a Scotch girl do, on the Back-walk at Stirling, or the Calton Hill in Edinburgh. What a strange thing is association, and how easily is it called into play by the veriest trifles. The woman's legs had nothing to boast of in the way of symmetry, but I confess that I watched them, in their alternate rise and fall, with a degree of interest such as I have not for

Digitized by Microsoft®

many a day bestowed on any other pair of understandings, whether male or female.

The legs at length disappeared, for the curtain of the petticoats was dropped, and with it fell all the bright and glowing visions of boyhood, in which I had been indulging. I felt once more that I was neither in life's prime, nor a denizen of "bonny Scotland;" so I listened to certain suggestions which my young companion had for some time been making, and agreed to accompany him a little way down the course of the Bober, while he tried to fish. We went accordingly, but to no purpose. The Bober does not become a trout-stream till long after it has lost sight of the source from whence it springs, and we had our walk, with the conversation of the young burgomaster and a friend of his, a learned baker in the village, as our reward. The historical researches of the latter gentleman had been very extensive, and he possessed a laudable zeal to make this known. He was very curious to know whether Lord Cromwell were yet alive, or the king of England's head put on again. I did my best to satisfy him on these interesting topics; but

Digitized by Microsoft®

I doubt whether I succeeded; for on my assuring him that there was no Lord Cromwell, and that the head of William IV. had never been cut off, he eyed me with a glance of peculiar distrust.

Thus passed a day at Shatzlar,—heavily enough, it must be allowed; for, ardent as my admiration of Wordsworth's poetry is, I confess that I have not succeeded in imbibing so much of his philosophy as to feel as he would doubtless have felt in a similar situation. Both mine and my companion's overwrought limbs, however, derived no slight advantage from the halt, and well it was that they did so, for the task which awaited them on the morrow was a hard one. After repeated consultations with the burgomaster, which ended invariably, on his part, with an entreaty that we would not think of an enterprise so Quixotic as crossing Schnee-Koppee at this early season, and without a guide, we made up our minds to go in direct opposition to his counsels, and after gaining the summit, to descend by the other side, and sleep at Schmiedeberg, or some other town in Prussian Silesia. Just, albeit sharp and cut-

Digitized by Microsoft®

ting, is the aphorism of Madame de Staël, that there is no country in the world where the expression, "It is impossible," comes so frequently into use as in Germany. Propose to a German any undertaking which he has either never tried, or which might break through his every-day habits, and he will assure you that the thing is not to be accomplished. Urge him to increased exertions, or accelerated speed, and he will tell you that to do more, or move faster, is impracticable. And as to learning any new method of performing a given task, be it even the dressing of a dish for dinner, I question whether you could prevail upon him to attempt that by any influence short of positive compulsion. Yet in war the Germans are an enterprising people, and among the arts of peace they can boast, with truth, that some of the most important discoveries ever effected were effected by their countrymen. How strange that their domestic habits should be so thoroughly in contradiction to such qualities as enterprise in war and ingenuity in the application of mechanics.

Of this strange predilection to create diffi-

Digitized by Microsoft®

culties for themselves and others, which, beyond all doubt, attaches to the German character, we were well aware; and took, in consequence, the burgomaster's cautions at little more than they proved, in effect, to be worth. Some obstacles, with a good deal of fatigue, we made up our minds to encounter; but, as the Duke of Wellington said in his speech to the cadets at Addiscombe,—a speech which I had the good fortune to hear, and am not likely soon to forget,—nothing great was ever accomplished without labour; and labour we were content to bestow, and fatigue to endure, even in the ascent of Schnee-Koppee. Accordingly at six in the morning, and carrying the heir of the hotel along with us, to point out the direct path through a forest, which it was necessary to thread, we sallied forth; and by seven were once more left to our own guidance, with the steep but grassy side of one of the ramifications of the mountain under our feet.

I shall never forget, to my dying day, the effect produced upon me by the first half of this ascent. The day was as bright and beautiful as ever shone out of heaven. Hot it

Digitized by Microsoft®

was, but not intensely so, for the sun's power was yet trivial; and as the winds were hushed, except when from time to time a light breeze rustled among the foliage of the pine-woods, the stillness that prevailed around struck me as something quite sublime. In proportion as we rose, likewise, above the level of the valley, every sight and sound appeared to acquire a new charm. Beneath were wreaths of mist, rolling themselves slowly up the sides of the opposite mountains. Under their canopy villages and hamlets were reposing, from the chimneys of which long thin streaks of smoke curled upwards as if to join the cloud; while here and there a solitary cottage, a chapel, and even a gilt crucifix, gleamed to peculiar advantage from its own quiet nook. I have spoken of the silence as being quite sublime. Not that it was unbroken; for up the mountain's side came, by fits and starts, the tinkling of the bells, which in this country are suspended to the necks of the cattle when they are feeding; intermixed with an occasional whoop, or snatch of a song, or merry whistle from the cowherd; while the branches over-head,—for we

Digitized by Microsoft®

sat down in the skirts of a low pine wood,—were crowded with little birds, whose sweet but not loud notes completed one of the most exquisite concerts to which, in any part of the world, I have ever listened. And then the landscape,—what a picture was there. Bold conical hills, swelling one over another like waves of the sea, overtopped and looked down upon a succession of valleys, each more striking, both for richness and beauty, than the first; and forming altogether such a scene as must be witnessed to be felt, or even understood.

We could not spare much time to repose, even in such a situation as this; so we quitted our lairs, not without regret, and plodded onwards. The whole day's journey was, as may be imagined, interesting in the extreme. Before us was the peak of Schnee-Koppee, sharp, to all appearance, as the apex of a bee-hive, yet supporting a round tower, which we understood the burgomaster to have described as a chapel. Round this peak large fields of snow were lying, but the summit itself seemed clear. This pleased us exceedingly; indeed, every step

Digitized by Microsoft®

which we took in advance helped to dispel a portion of the gloom in which our host had endeavoured to envelope the enterprise; for though there was no path, points of observation could everywhere be taken; and the woods, of the depths and horrors of which he had spoken so much, all proved easy of passage. On, therefore, we tramped, nothing doubting, till, after repeated dips and renewed ascents, each of which opened out to us fresh glories, some of them almost, but not quite equal, to those that lay behind, we arrived, about twelve o'clock, at the village of Kleine Oupa; the most elevated of all the spots on which, in this country of Bohemia, men have ventured to establish their permanent dwellings; and raised, I should conceive, little, if at all, short of four thousand feet above the level of the sea. For round them, in patches, among the stunted firs, the snow was still lying; even while the sun beat warmly overhead, and thin crops of rye,—the only grain fit to be cultivated at such a height from the plain,—seemed advancing to perfection.

Kleine Oupa is rather a hamlet than a vil-

Digitized by Microsoft®

lage. It contains, perhaps, thirty houses, of which one is a parsonage,—for there is a church,—one a school-house, one a caserne, in which a party of jagers are quartered, and one which fulfils the two-fold duty of mill and gasthof. To this latter we bent our steps, and found in its tap-room rather better than the customary fare, that is to say, good white bread, as well as eggs and butter. These furnished forth, for hungry travellers like us, an excellent dinner; at the completion of which our journey recommenced, not to be delayed again, except for a brief space, at remote intervals, till we had accomplished the avowed object of our excursion.

Nobody can have climbed a mountain so high as even the loftiest in the highlands of Scotland, without observing the effect upon vegetation of the increasing severity of the climate as you approach the top. The last forest, worthy of the name, though which we passed this day, overhung Kleine Oupa; and even the remoter portions of it were stunted and unhealthy. Next came the ascent of what is called Swartzen-Koppee; that is, of a long

Digitized by Microsoft®

black table-land, overtopping, by a considerable altitude, the rest of the mountains near, but still far beneath the level of Schnee-Koppee. Here vegetation entirely ceased. First, there were some straggling firs, the uppermost branches of which reached to my middle. Then there was heath in abundance, out of which we scared an enormous black cock; and finally, there was the bare brown rock, unclothed even with moss, and lying about in fragments, as if a thousand sledge-hammers had been employed for a century, in the vain endeavour to flatten or beat down the mountain. Here, then, we paused to look round, and had the day been propitious, we should have probably obtained as fine a view as from the peak of Schnee-Koppee himself. But, as almost always happens when you have travelled far to ascend a mountain, the atmosphere had become thick and foggy; so that our vision was bounded by limits far more narrow than we had flattered ourselves with finding. Still the panorama was very fine, and we enjoyed it much; after which, having Schnee-Koppee himself before us, we pushed on.

Digitized by Microsoft®

We had been obliged to pass a barrier or two of snow, in order to reach Swartzen-Koppee; but the snow was perfectly firm, and we suffered no inconvenience from it. The valley between Swartzen-Koppee and the peak beyond was quite clear; neither did a single flake rest upon the indistinct track, which the feet of travellers has, in the course of ages, marked up the face of the stony ridge which is called Schnee-Koppee. We therefore entered upon the task of ascending cheerfully, and found that there were no real difficulties to overcome. But we met with a little adventure, if such it deserves to be called, which appeared at the moment to be curious, and which has not yet lost all its interest with us. We were mistaken in supposing that we should be the first of this year's tourists to stand upon the top of Schnee-Koppee. Other wayfarers had been before us, and we saw them now descending in such a direction as to ensure our falling in with them during our upward progress. They proved to be three Dutch gentlemen, with a guide, who had come direct through Silesia from Schandau, and were able to tell us, when they

Digitized by Microsoft®

discovered who we were, that a few days previously our friends at the baths were all alive and well. I need scarcely add that we stopped and chatted together, and finally parted as if we had been acquaintances of ten years' standing; for your bleak mountain's brow, like your cabin of an Edinburgh steam-ship, is an admirable concoctor of mushroom intimacies.

Having parted from our friends, not, however, without receiving from them some useful hints as to the descent into Silesia, we proceeded on, till we gained the loftiest peak of all. It is a huge cairn of loose stones, among which an innkeeper from Warmbrunn has built a tower; whither in the summer months he conveys food, wine, and beds, for all of which he, as may be expected, charges enormously. We had a pint of indifferent Rhine wine from him, which cost us a dollar, and we purchased a couple of long sticks, for which we paid twenty groschens more. But we were not induced, by his suggestions that sunrise and sunset were both exceeding glorious when watched from such a situation, to spend the night under his roof. On the contrary, after looking about

Digitized by Microsoft®

us only to ascertain that the view, intercepted by the fog, was not to be compared with what we had seen in the morning, we wished him farewell; and, beholding at our feet the town of Warmbrunn, we plunged down towards it.

The ascent had been tolerably fatiguing; the descent was scarcely less so; and it proved to the full as tedious. The snow lay in extensive fields, to cross which occasioned a good deal of trouble, and when that was accomplished, we found ourselves diving through the heart of a thick forest. A road there certainly was, but whither it would lead us we could not tell; and though the glimpses which, from time to time, we obtained of the bold corries that indent the Silesian sides of the mountains, were uncommonly grand, we became, by degrees, too tired to enjoy them fully. Vainly, too, did we look about for some one to direct us aright. Two or three cottages, just under the cone, were the only haunts of men which we passed in our progress from the top to the bottom; and the solitary individual who met us,—a youth with a heavy burden on his back,—seemed to be a stranger. He could not tell us how to proceed,

Digitized by Microsoft®

so we were left to push at a venture towards the point where we believed that Warmbrunn lay, though our sole guide was the indistinct remembrance of the observations which we had taken from the summit of the hill.

It is not worth while to relate how provokingly we missed our way, or to describe the resolution which urged us at last to pass directly through the wood. The latter movement proved to be, in one respect, a judicious one; for it carried us to the plane in a much shorter space of time than must have been consumed had we persisted in following the pathway. But it cut us off, for that night, from Warmbrunn; for we discovered, to our horror, that the place towards which our eyes had been directed from the moment they were permitted to penetrate the thick screen of branches, was not Warmbrunn, but a village, six English miles removed from it. There, however, in such a hotel as it could furnish, we were glad to pass the night; and if our fare proved somewhat homely, our beds were clean, and we slept like tops.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER VIII.

WARMBRUNN.—THE OBJECTS AROUND.—A DILEMMA.—HIRSCHBERG.—HOW TRAVELLERS MAY MANAGE WHEN THEIR PURSES GROW LIGHT.—PASS FOR RUSSIANS, AND DERIVE GREAT BENEFIT FROM THE ARRANGEMENT.—LANG-WASSER.—GREIFFENBERG.—THE PRUSSIAN LANDWEHR.—GOLDEN TRAUM.—SCENE IN THE VILLAGE INN.—BERNSTADT.—HERNHUT.—THE HERNHUTERS.—SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE IN BOHEMIA.—SCHLUKENAU.—SCHANDAU.

We rose next morning at our usual hour, five o'clock, and having eaten our breakfast, and paid our bill, set out on the road to Warmbrunn. The latter place, which though nominally a mere village, has about it the air and general appearance of a first-rate country-town, can boast of a handsome schloss in its principal street, the residence of Count Schaff-Koatch. It is distant from Phthedorf, the village where we slept, about an hour and a half's walk, and can furnish excellent quarters at the Black Eagle for travellers, who, not being in a hurry, may desire to investigate the many curious and

Digitized by Microsoft®

interesting objects which abound in the neighbourhood. For this province of Silesia is particularly rich in the ruins of old castles, one of which, likewise the property of Count Schaff-Koatch, occupies a very striking position on a projecting rock at the foot of Schnee-Koppee. Before us, however, these, and sundry allurements of a similar description, poured out their sweets in vain. There was no lack of inclination to linger in the vicinity certainly; indeed, it had formed part of our plan to do so; but the diminished weight of our purse led us, while sipping a little wine in the coffee-room of the above-named excellent hotel, to examine into the state of our finances, and we ascertained, to our horror, that we were worth no more than six-and-thirty swanzekers,—that is, eight Prussian dollars,—or, computing by the standard of English money, just one pound, four shillings. Now when it is considered that we were at least a hundred miles from home, that in every sense of the word we were in the land of strangers, acquainted but imperfectly with the language of the people about us, and totally unknown to high or low, it will easily be

Digitized by Microsoft®

understood that we did not feel perfectly at ease, whatever course might be adopted, and saw, at once, that to delay our march even for the laudable purpose of inspecting the fine ruin near us, would be an act of madness. When, therefore, the landlord, with the civility of his craft and country, urged us to halt, were it only for a single day, I told him frankly how we were situated, adding, that we had wandered about for a longer period of time than we had allotted for the purpose, and must now hurry home as fast as possible.

Previous to this interesting conversation, and ere the condition of our funds had been fully ascertained, the appearance of a most promising river, which flows beside Warmbrunn, had tempted us to put together our rods; and we were actually preparing, after beds and supper should have been ordered, to set out for a day's fishing. The appearance of the rods created here the same sort of astonishment which had been called forth by them elsewhere; and we of course gratified the natives still more by exhibiting our lines and flies. I observed that mine host had been prodigiously smitten with

Digitized by Microsoft®

my rod. He took it up, wielded it in all manner of ways, and pronounced it to be the most perfect thing of the kind that ever was seen; nay, he even questioned me, indirectly, as to the amount of money which would be demanded for such an article in England, and when I told him, pronounced that I had made an excellent bargain. No great while elapsed ere decisive proofs were afforded, that his was no barren admiration. "You are in want of money," said he, "I will buy your rod." I hardly know how I looked when this proposition came forth with all imaginable solemnity, but I made haste to decline it, and he had too much native good breeding to press his suggestion.

He was a civil man, and in offering to purchase my fishing-rod, meant to do me a kindness, while, at the same time, he gratified himself; so I gave him a fly, with which he was greatly delighted; I told him likewise how to use it. But if my unfortunate fly has since come into play, at the end of such a line and such a rod as the keeper of the Black Eagle produced, I am quite sure that it has caught no

Digitized by Microsoft®

fish, if, indeed, it be not long ago "fathoms deep" under water. One of Mrs. Finn's red hackles would cut but a sorry figure as an appendage to some six yards of whip-cord, more especially after the said whip-cord should have been fastened, as my friend's was, to the extremity of a hazel wand, as thick and inflexible as the horn of a roebuck.

With us, however, the great question was, not whether the host of the Black Eagle was ever likely to become an expert fly-fisher; but how, with our scanty means, we were to reach Schandau, and at the same time, pay a visit to Hernhut, one of the principal points of observation which we had in view from the outset. The landlord assured us that we need be under no apprehensions, that a diligence went every day from Hirschberg, the chief town of the circle, which was distant from Warmbrunn not more than an hour's walk, and that we should both be conveyed to Hernhut, that is to say, sixty-five English miles of road, for the sum of three dollars at the utmost. This was cheering intelligence enough, but could we depend upon it? We feared not, and it was well for us that

Digitized by Microsoft®

we listened to the advice of prudence, rather than to the whispers of inclination. We thanked him for the information which he had given us, paid our bill, and marched off to ascertain, at the post-office in Hirschberg itself, how far it might or might not be authentic.

Though the route from Warmbrunn to Hirschberg conducted us over a dusty main-road, and the heat of the day was overpowering, we could not help stopping, from time to time, to look back upon the magnificent scene which we were leaving behind us. Viewed from this side, the Riesengebirgen offer a much bolder and grander outline than when looked at from Bohemia. Here, the mountains, instead of forming the back-ground and termination to numerous lesser ranges, spring, sheer and abrupt, out of the plain, and when loaded, as they happened to be to-day, with a bank of white clouds, which obscured none of their features, but seemed to nestle on the snow along their summits, the effect is altogether so sublime as to defy either pen or pencil to describe it. It was not without a sense of bitter mortification that we felt ourselves compelled to flee, as it were,

Digitized by Microsoft®

from objects so enticing, of which our parting glances showed us that we had not seen half the beauties, and which we were destined, in all human probability, never to behold again.

We reached Hirschberg about noon, and found it to be both a larger and a more bustling place than any which, in the course of our rambles, we had yet visited. An old wall, with towers at intervals, though in ruins, encircles it, and it can boast of several churches, and a still greater number of spires. The streets are narrow, and the houses lofty, as is the case in almost all places which are or have been fortified; and the population appears to be dense. But our stay in it was too brief to permit our making any minute inquiries into their mode of employing themselves, though we could perceive, from the clumsy buildings which here and there overhung the river, that there was some sort of a manufactory in the town.

We made, at once, for the post-office, an establishment very different, in all respects, from that at Gabel, where functionaries, in the Prussian uniform, received us with great civility, and gave us the information of which we stood

Digitized by Microsoft®

in need. It was by no means so satisfactory as we had been led to anticipate; indeed, we found on calculating the amount, that our seats in the diligence, as far as Hernhut, would sweep away the whole of our disposable stock, with the exception, I think, of a dollar and a half. Now, as the diligences never hurry themselves in Germany, any more than other people, twenty hours would be required to perform the journey to Hernhut, during which we could not very conveniently fast; and after all, when Hernhut was gained, we should still be forty long English miles from home. What was to be done? We looked at one another ruefully enough for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh, and adjourning to an inn hard by, ordered dinner. We ate it with excellent appetites, though our only beverage was beer, and made up our minds to work our way on foot, while, like prudent people, we regulated our style of living according to the standard of our finances.

There was seated in the room of the hotel, into which we were ushered, a well-dressed man, evidently a traveller like ourselves, but one who travelled by some public conveyance

Digitized by Microsoft®

We entered into conversation with him, of course, and ascertained that he was a Hernhuter. What the term Hernhuter means, I shall find an opportunity to explain by-and-by; but at present my business is with the individual. To this gentleman, as soon as we had felt our way a little, I explained the precise nature of our situation, and consulted him both as to the route which it would be advisable to follow, and the probability of our stock holding out till we should arrive at our journey's end. A route he gave us cheerfully. We were to proceed as far as Greiffenberg that night, that is to say, twenty-one miles beyond Hirschberg. Next day, we might reach Löwenberg, which was twenty-four miles further; and the third day, after compassing about as many more, we should find ourselves in Hernhut.

"All this is very plain," said I, "but you forget the state of our finances. How are we two to exist for three days on seven dollars and a-half? and remember that, at Hernhut, we are two good marches from Schandau."

"You will exist very well," replied our acquaintance, "if you will only act with pru-

Digitized by Microsoft®

dence. Don't let people know that you are Englishmen; for the most honest man among us considers it quite fair to charge an Englishman at least one-third more for everything than he charges a German."

We thanked him heartily for this hint; and having paid for our dinner the odd half dollar, we resumed our progress with exactly seven of these precious coins in our pockets.

We had compassed nine good miles already; and under any other circumstances than the present, should have as soon thought of flying to Schandau through the air, as of marching one-and-twenty more; but as the old proverb expresses it, "Necessity has no law." Every approach of fatigue was accordingly resisted by the aid of reflection; which suggested, truly enough, that to loiter, would involve us in difficulties and embarrassments, which, however transient they might be, could not fail of annoying us while they operated. But as we drew towards Greiffenberg, we remembered that it had been described as a large and thriving town, and a large and thriving town, we conceived, would not suit with the low condition

Digitized by Microsoft®

of our exchequer. We accordingly resolved to stop short at some village a mile or two on this side of it; and at a place called Lang-Wasser, we found precisely the sort of hotel of which we were in search. It was just one degree elevated above a pot-house; and its owner contrived to accommodate us with a chamber to ourselves. Here, then, in the character of Russians, we fixed our head-quarters, and right well and cheaply we fared and were attended to.

I have nothing to say about Lang-Wasser, except that it is a small straggling township, of which the keeper of our hotel was the burgomaster; and that the great majority of the inhabitants being Roman Catholics, a Romish priest was in possession of the benefice. I found, likewise, that there prevailed among his flock, that attachment to their own communion which the Roman Catholics are never ashamed to avow, even though it may subject them to the charge of bigotry. One of the first questions put to us was, whether we were Catholics? and on our taking advantage of the equivoque, and replying in the affirmative, the tongues of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the whole family seemed to be loosed. They had no predilection for the creed, or the worship, or the persons of their evangelical neighbours. How different, in this respect, has been the bearing of all among the Protestant population of Prussia with whom I have conversed. If the subject of religion chanced to be introduced at all,—and unless introduced by me, this never once happened,—it was treated as something not only not interesting to the feelings of the speaker, but of the power of which to excite an interest in anybody, he could form no notion. Is it not a pity that, under a government avowedly Protestant, such a line of policy should be taken up, as to root out all zeal for the truth, among such as profess to be its followers, while the followers of error continue enthusiastically attached to it?

We fared well that night, both as to eating and sleeping. Our supper was excellent, our beds clean, and the charge for the whole barely two shillings,—a practical illustration of the soundness of the advice which we had received from our friendly Hernhuter. It was difficult, indeed, to conceive how, even in Silesia, the

Digitized by Microsoft®

people could afford to treat us as they did, for so small a sum. Yet we paid our bill without expressing, even by a careless word, that its amount surprised us; and restrained our very mirth till a turn in the road placed us beyond the hazard of being detected in its indulgence.

There had been a considerable fall of rain while we slept; so that at seven o'clock in the morning, when our march began, we had every prospect before us of a pleasant journey. There was no dust to annoy; the hedge-rows, on either hand, (for it must be remembered that, in all the states of Germany, the highways are planted, at the expense of the government, with a double row of trees,) sent forth an unceasing concert of sweet sounds, and the very people whom we met, seemed by their joyous countenances to confess the influence of the balmy atmosphere. And by the way, I must not forget to observe, that the costumes of the country people, both male and female, had varied a good deal since we commenced our ramble. In the neighbourhood of Tetchen, the smock-frock made its appearance among wagoners and even labouring men, while the

Digitized by Microsoft®

women wore, as in Saxony, short bodice jackets with long skirts, red or red and white striped petticoats, and round their heads either a flaring red handkerchief, or a cap adorned behind with two enormous flies. As we penetrated further into Bohemia, the smock-frock among the men gave place to a cloth or velvetine jacket, and the cap was supplanted by a coarse steeple-crowned hat. It strikes me that the female portion of the community exhibited less love of change, till we reached Silesia; and then I looked twice before I could persuade myself, that Queen Elizabeth, and the dames and virgins of her day, were not returned to upper air. Long waists, with hips famously padded, reduced the shapes of such as had any shape, to the symmetry of a wasp, while round their necks were enormous, stiffly-starched ruffs, which stuck out so far, and rose so high, as to give to the red, round, blowsy faces which protruded over them, a tolerably exact resemblance to so many field-turnips. More comical-looking animals I have rarely seen, though they were evidently of a different opinion.

We passed through Greiffenberg about eight

Digitized by Microsoft®

o'clock, and found it by no means the formidable sort of place which our fears,—the offspring of our poverty,—had represented it to be. An old town, built irregularly along the side of a hill, it seems to possess neither trade nor manufactures; indeed, a flour-mill or two, planted by the river's side, sufficiently marked it out as the head of a purely agricultural district. The view from the eminence above, is, however, exceedingly fine. Sweeping over a vast and fertile plain, throughout which abundance of wood is scattered, and resting from time to time upon some old ruin, one of which, called Kreifenstein Castle, and the property of Graff Schaff-Koatch, presents a peculiarly striking appearance, the eye finds its powers of vision bounded at last by the Riesengebirgen, which have as yet lost no portion of the sublimity of character that belongs to them, though they are now removed to a distance, as the crow flies, of at least twenty miles. We took what we suspected would prove to be our last distinct view of the magnificent range, not without experiencing a portion of that melancholy which never fails to arise out of a lasting

Digitized by Microsoft®

separation even from inanimate objects, which may have gratified our tastes, or interested our imaginations.

We had met on the road as we trudged along, several small parties of soldiers; twos and threes, belonging to the landwehr, or militia of the country, of which the season for training was arrived. This was not, however, the commencement of our acquaintance with that remarkably fine-looking body of men. While we lingered in Hirschberg, doubtful what course to pursue, there marched past the window of the hotel about two hundred as superb infantry as I should desire to see; stout, well-made, soldier-like fellows, in the full vigour of manhood, well bearded and moustached, and altogether presenting the appearance of men who had served at least half-a-dozen campaigns, and were ready to serve half-a-dozen more. Their uniform resembled that of the Prussian infantry in general; that is to say, they wore blue, well-made coats, white trousers, chacos with small round white tufts, and hairy knapsacks on their backs. Their muskets were longer, and smaller in the bore than ours, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

the barrels were fastened to the stocks by brass rings that encircled them. Nothing could exceed the order or regularity of their movements: their step, it struck me, was shorter than ours, but then it fell more rapidly; their equipments were decidedly neater; and above all, the load which each man carried was much less considerable. In one respect, however, and only in one, we have an advantage over them. They still adhere to the practice of carrying a large camp-kettle for each mess, whereas our tins suffice both for cooking and containing the meat when cooked, and with one of these each man is supplied.

I have elsewhere explained the process by which every male inhabitant of Prussia becomes, in some shape or another, available for the military defence of the country. I need not now recur to the subject, further than by stating, that I have seen no portion of what is called the regular army, which would bear a moment's comparison with the half-battalion of landwehr, that passed me in the streets of Hirschberg. Neither is the circumstance greatly to be wondered at. Out of the two or

Digitized by Microsoft®

three hundred men which composed that corps, one-half, perhaps, had done active duty, ere the new system of recruiting was introduced; when the term of service extended to fifteen instead of three years; and individuals were not, as they are now, turned over to the landwehr, with a military education still unfinished, and in many cases scarcely begun. The consequences were, that their carriage was more upright, their air more martial, and their style of march more orderly by far, than anything which I had an opportunity of observing, even in the garrison of Berlin. Something, too, is perhaps attributable to the more advanced ages of the landwehr. No one dislikes to see a frequent intermixture of beardless faces, either in a line or in a column; but an entire battalion of boys is not satisfactory. Now these men were in the full strength and vigour of their days. Their countenances were well bronzed, their moustachios rough, and the very dust that enveloped them told nothing against the general hardihood of their bearing. I looked upon them with unqualified respect, and said to my young companion, that if all the

Digitized by Microsoft®

landwehr regiments be composed of similar materials, Prussia can have nothing to apprehend from any hostile movement on the part either of Austria, or of France.

We had received a route, as usual, from our host at Langwasser, and corrected it in some trifling particulars, at the suggestion of a turnpike keeper,—an old soldier, as in Prussia these functionaries usually are, and a fine-looking, well-bred, and intelligent fellow. Among other places, we were to make, by the way, for a village called Golden Traum, where, as we hoped to reach it about noon, we proposed to eat our dinner. But we did not succeed in this point. Having been misdirected at an unlucky turn in a wood where two roads branched off from one another, we found ourselves, after an hour's toil, further from Golden Traum than ever, and were forced, not to retrace our steps, but to make our way as we best could, across the country, in order to reach it. We came in, accordingly, tired and somewhat out of humour, at one o'clock, to a poor but clean village beer-house, where the only viands produceable, were brown bread,

Digitized by Microsoft®

butter, and sausages, a considerable quantity of which disappeared before persons whose appetites were a great deal too keen to be fastidious.

The situation of Golden Traum, overhanging the rocky and well-wooded bank of the river Queiss, is exceedingly striking, and the stream, being clear and rapid, held out to us the prospect of good sport. Encouraged, therefore, by the remembrance of the moderate charges at Langwasser, we resolved to spend the remainder of the day here, provided our landlady could accommodate us with beds, and fare a little more delicate for supper. With respect to the latter of these points, it was soon and satisfactorily settled. We had our choice of beef and veal, and we chose of course veal's elder brother: but the report of the dormitory was not so satisfactory. There was no spare chamber in the house, but they would make up for us a couple of beds, with mattrasses, sheets, &c., in the tap-room; and they assured us, that it would be entirely at our command by ten o'clock at the latest. As my companion appeared to think these dispositions excellent,

Digitized by Microsoft®

and spoke vehemently in favour of the day's fishing, I consented to halt. We consigned our baggage to the care of the landlady, put our tackle in order, and descended to the stream.

Like many other things in creation, the Queiss was far from realizing the expectations which its flattering appearance had excited. There was little water in the channel, and that little contained few trout; but roach were there in abundance. Now a roach, either at the end of my line or on the table, happens to be my aversion, and finding that I was perpetually deceived by the avidity with which the scaly monsters seized my fly, I soon wound up. Not so my boy. With the most laudable perseverance he continued to flog the water, much to the detriment of the roach tribe; one of which, by the way, proved, when he brought him ashore, to be the largest of his species I had ever seen. The monster must have weighed a pound and a half at the least. But this was not all. Towards evening the trout began to show themselves, and the young Piscator caused some havoc among them. He caught about a

Digitized by Microsoft®

dozen, the heaviest of which might have well nigh passed muster either at Troutenau or Eisenhammer.

We had been interrupted in our sport by a thunder-storm; the reverberations of which, as peal after peal smote against rock and fell, were very fine. The rain, however, which came down in torrents, was not quite so agreeable, and forced us to seek shelter in a mill, where I was a good deal amused by the sort of taste which the honest miller had displayed in ornamenting his best apartment. The walls were stuck round with engravings, one of which represented Jonah in two situations: first, smoking a pipe by the seaside, and afterwards working his way out of a huge fish's jaws; while close beside him was a ship, considerably less in point of size than the prophet. As to Nineveh, it stood upon a rock in the middle of the ocean, and had all its houses covered with bright red tiles. But that was nothing. There were several portraits of distinguished public characters here; and among others, Hawser Trunnion, a British admiral. I must say that the old commodore looked uncommonly well, with his

Digitized by Microsoft®

flowing wig, just as Smollett describes it, and a pipe in his mouth.

We had ordered supper at seven; at half-past seven we reached the hotel, and found the meal ready. Alas! however, for the results of having issued our orders somewhat hastily. Instead of a substantial piece of roast beef, a basin of soup was placed before each, to which succeeded, sans potatoes, sans greens, sans any other vegetables of any sort, two small morsels of bouillie, boiled to tatters. We were not, however, to be put off with such sorry fare as this, so we begged our landlady to dress for us some of the fish which we had taken; and she set about it immediately. But long before the fish were ready, a multitude of new guests came pouring in, and we found ourselves in a situation which exceedingly amused us for a while, though in the end it grew tiresome.

The character of Russians had never sat upon us very easily. We were constantly afraid lest some one should address us in the Russian language, and we fancied that a demand for our passports, which might come at

Digitized by Microsoft®

any moment, must inevitably convict us of an imposture. Seeing, therefore, that Golden Traum wore a singularly modest air, we resumed, on entering it, our proper lineage, and never laid it aside again till we reached home. Now, there happened to be in the village a bouerman, who had served under Blucher at Waterloo, and had seen, during the period of the occupation of Paris, a good deal of the English army. This man no sooner learned that two Englishmen were arrived, than he not only came himself, but brought all his neighbours to pay their respects to us. There was first the schoolmaster, a stout short man, highly impressed with the idea of his own dignity, and a determined smoker. There was the miller, the smith, the butcher, the sexton,—everybody, in short, who had a groschen or two to spend, and a stock of curiosity to be gratified. Nor did they come alone. Their wives and children followed them *en masse*, till the tap-room was crowded. What could we do? To devour our fish in the sight of the multitude, without offering to share it with them, might have impressed them with an unfavourable opinion

Digitized by Microsoft®

of our country, while to afford even a morsel to each individual present, would have required thrice the amount cooked and even caught. We therefore adopted a middle course, seldom either a wise or a fortunate one, but in the present instance the only course within our reach. We distributed the trout among the parties who had occupied seats at our table; and won the hearts of the old soldier and his wife, the miller and his wife, the blacksmith and his wife, with all their children; who, seeing their mothers begin to eat, set up such a clamour that we were fain to hand over for their use all the bones, with such portions of flesh as chanced to adhere to them. Then followed sundry small flasks of schnaps, some cans of beer, and two or three bottles of sour country wine; under the influence of which the tap-room became, ere long, a scene of extraordinary hilarity. The old soldier raved about the "guten Anglesisch soldaden," and pronounced "der Hertoch von Wellington," worthy to take rank with Blucher himself. This, of course, drew from me sundry compliments to the valour and discipline of the Prus-

Digitized by Microsoft®

sian army, till in a few minutes we were sworn brothers. "The French! what could the French do, or indeed all the world besides, against the English and Prussians united, who between them had restored peace to Europe, and dethroned Buonaparte;" but I am not quite sure that we decided the question by whom the battle of Waterloo was won,—a matter concerning which my friend appeared to be sensitive, and I, in the consciousness of having fact to fall back upon, felt altogether indifferent.

For an hour or two the scene was highly diverting, though I cannot say that it had the effect of confirming me in my opinions touching the constitutional sobriety of the German people. The good folks round me drank like fishes, and I must do the women the justice to observe, that in this sort of exercise they were by no means less alert than their husbands. The method of proceeding was this:—To some eight or ten persons a couple of liqueur glasses were allotted. These being filled, a sip was taken out of each, by the individuals who appeared to preside over the destinies of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

bottle; they were then handed round, and drank in portions till drained dry. No time was, however, lost in replenishing them, so that the fire was both brisk and well sustained. Neither were the courtesies of civilised life omitted. At each separate sip the party sipping pledged the whole company; so that on a moderate computation, I had my health drunk that night at least a hundred and fifty times.

Ten o'clock struck, but the joyous rout exhibited no symptoms of moving; eleven came, and still they sat. This was rather too much of a good thing; for we must needs be a-foot by five in the morning, and we could not lie down till the chamber should be cleared. At last the schoolmaster, through the haze which his beer, and schnaps, and tobacco-smoke, had drawn around him, discovered that I was yawning with some vehemence, and looking tired. He accordingly rose, and suggested an adjournment; but his proposition was scouted. They must have one bottle more, and they had it; another, and they had that too; till I began to fear that they meant to favour us, as I recollect long ago favouring a delicate friend of

Digitized by Microsoft®

mine at College,—that is, to sit up with us till the hour of march arrived, and then give us a convoy. But the memory of my poor friend's first letter, in which he described the misery of a mail-coach journey to Bristol, after a sleepless night, put me on my guard. I hinted that we had all better get to bed, and my hint was immediately taken. They went away in the best humour possible, after repeatedly shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of prosperity, both abroad and at home.

I should flatter the good landlady at Golden Traum, if I were to say, that her beds were either clean or comfortable. In fact, we did not venture to undress; and we were up punctual to the moment which over-night we had fixed upon as convenient for starting. Again, however, the linen which we had committed to the care of the washerwoman, was to seek, and our journey, much to our chagrin, was delayed till past seven. Meanwhile, we got from the hostess as much information respecting her neighbourhood as she had to communicate. The appearance of the village had struck us, on entering, as singular. The houses, instead

Digitized by Microsoft®

of wood, which is the material commonly used in the construction of German villages, were all built of brick, and they looked quite new. Moreover, there was no church; but only the ruins of some walls and a tower standing. On inquiring into the cause of all this, we learned, that four years ago, during the heat of the summer, when everything in the fields was parched up, and the very rivers dry, some woodmen incautiously set fire to the brushwood in a neighbouring forest, and all the efforts to extinguish it proved fruitless. The flame spread for miles around, consuming heath, dry grass, corn, and even trees, nor did the town of Golden Traum escape. It was burned to the ground, as well as all the detached cottages near it. From the effects of this disastrous conflagration, it had not yet, and probably never would, recover. Some houses were, indeed, built; and built of materials which seemed better suited to withstand a similar visitation, should it occur; but there were no funds wherewith to restore the church, and the lord of the manor was a great deal too poor to undertake such an enterprise. "An

Digitized by Microsoft®

application has, indeed, been made," continued our informant, "to the authorities at Berlin, and we hope some time or another to have a new church; for we miss the bells sadly on feast-days, and it is a pleasant thing once a week to meet all one's neighbours, and see how they are dressed. But for the present, our pastor performs divine service in a room up-stairs, and is not troubled with a crowded congregation."

It had rained hard during the night, and showers still continued to fall early in the morning, a circumstance which reconciled us, not a little, to our compulsory halt of two hours beyond our time. But by seven, the clouds dispersed, and our linen being restored and packed in our knapsacks, we begged to have the bill. It amounted to no more, in spite of all the beer and schnaps of the previous evening, than one dollar and four groschens. Here, then, we were relieved altogether from the apprehensions under which, up to that moment, we had laboured. Our point, to-night, was Hernhut, whence, with a little management, and some extra pressure, we expected to

Digitized by Microsoft®

reach Schandau in one day; and we had still five dollars, and a little more, in our purse.

From Golden Traum to Hernhut, we were recommended to pass by way of Marklissa and Bernstadt, the former a manufacturing place of some note in Prussian Silesia, the latter one of the frontier-towns of Saxony. We followed those directions faithfully, and erring only once, to be put right again immediately by a very civil woman, we soon left our last night's quarters far behind. But we did not succeed in reaching our proposed point of destination. Fatigue gained the mastery over us while we were yet three hours' march from Hernhut, and at seven in the evening, we came reluctantly to the conclusion, that a halt in Bernstadt was necessary.

There had occurred no incident during our march that deserves to be recorded; neither had we passed any object that struck us as remarkable. The scenery, far more tame than we had been accustomed to in Bohemia, drew forth small admiration, and in Marklissa, a bustling, but irregularly-built town, we made no delay. In like manner, I may say of Bern-

Digitized by Microsoft®

stadt, that it contains little, which can, in any way, interest a stranger. A church, with a remarkably tall spire, is its chief ornament; and the inn, in the market-place, where we put up, was a fair one. A stroll through the streets, therefore, as well as a ramble in the churchyard, hardly compensated for the labour of effecting it; and we returned to supper at eight o'clock, well-disposed to cut the day as short as possible. But we were now in Saxony, and the Saxon police thought fit to convince us, that, however negligent their brother-officials in Austria and Prussia might be, they were not to be caught napping. I was sound asleep, when about twelve o'clock, a loud rapping at the chamber-door awoke me. I demanded the cause of so ill-timed an interruption, and was informed that the gendarmes had come to obtain a sight of our passport, and that I must get up and show it. The reader will easily believe that I obeyed this mandate, not quite in the placid temper of mind which is habitual to me. In fact, I was exceedingly angry, as I had reason to be; for we came in at seven, the police were perfectly aware of our arrival, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

supposing that the national prosperity of Saxony had depended on us, there was ample time to ascertain that we were neither spies nor incendiaries, between that hour and bed-time. I, therefore, poured out upon the intruder,—the landlord of the inn,—a tolerable volley of abuse, and desired him to retail it all, in better German, to the gendarme below. In spite of my wrath, I could not keep my gravity, when after having desired him to deliver such a message to the policeman as an angry man is apt to convey, indicating, I am afraid, a wish, on my part, that the official would remove to less comfortable quarters than Bernstadt, the host, with all possible gravity replied, "Goot." There was no resisting this, and I laughed heartily.

The passport was correct enough, and the gendarme, after listening to sundry warm expostulations, delivered, not through the medium of the host, but directly by myself, stammered out some excuse on the score of duty, and hinted that they were obliged to be constantly on the alert, in consequence of the frequent inundation of fugitive Poles into the

Digitized by Microsoft®

country. Alas, the poor Poles! Defeated in their attempt to free themselves from the yoke of the stranger, and driven to seek, in exile, the safety which is denied to them at home, they cannot find anywhere, throughout continental Europe, a resting-place for the soles of their feet. For even Saxony,—the child, a feeble one, doubtless,—but still a child, of the revolutionary mania of 1830,—is afraid to afford an asylum to men whose sole crime is, that they have struggled, or perhaps pined only in secret, to restore to their native land its place among the nations of Europe. I was not, of course, so imprudent as to take any notice of the gendarme's observation; but I thought within myself, that the government of a free country deserved little respect which could permit itself to be dragooned into the persecution of a body of men, from whom Saxony, at least, has sustained no injury.

The gendarme having departed, I returned to bed, and slept till six in the morning. We then breakfasted, and a little before nine, arrived at one of the most interesting places which the student of human nature will find

Digitized by Microsoft®

in all Germany. Hernhut, in every sense of the term, a missionary settlement, offers to the eye of the curious and the reflecting, a spectacle as striking as can well be conceived. Here is no diversity of opinion on religious subjects, no indifference, real or pretended, to religion itself, no postponement of duty to convenience, no deference to police regulations which is not paid to a higher principle. Religion is in Hernhut, what law and custom are elsewhere, the main-spring of people's actions. They work and play, they associate together, or dwell apart, they go out and come in, rise up, and lie down; they perform every office of life strictly, or at least avowedly, under the sanction of the faith of which they are the professors. There may be hypocrisy in all this, though I could discover no traces of it, for human nature is a curious compound at the best; but at least there is a moral courage which commands our unqualified respect, inasmuch as everything is done without parade, without moroseness, without the utterance of a single expression which can convict them of a desire to be admired of men, far less of

Digitized by Microsoft®

undervaluing or mistrusting the motives of others.

What the origin of the Hernhuters really is, seems to be a point as yet scarcely determined. Mosheim, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, speaks vaguely of them; and Dr. Maclaine, his English translator, has attributed to them practices and opinions which are quite contrary to fact. Confounding them with the Picards, whom John Ziska, the famous Hussite general, well-nigh exterminated, the latter speaks of them as practising all the absurd impurities of the Pre-Adamites, and he appeals for support to Stinstra's pastoral letter,—one of the most uncandid as well as impertinent productions that ever came from the pen even of an Anabaptist. For my own part, I see no reason to doubt that they are what they profess to be, the descendants of the Bohemian or Moravian brethren, whom the bigotry of the house of Austria drove from their homes, and of whom remnants are yet to be found, both in Poland and Hungary. Their church is episcopal in its constitution; their tenets agree with the Augsburg Confession of Faith; their ritual is plain

Digitized by Microsoft®

and bare, almost like that of the Presbyterian church of Scotland; and their attention to psalmody very great. It has been much the practice of the surrounding townships, as well in Bohemia as in Silesia and Saxony, to speak slightingly of them. But a brief sojourn among them, sufficed to convince me that they were at least as honest as any of those by whom their honesty had been called in question.

The word Hernhut signifies "a seeker of the Lord;" and it was their excessive earnestness in the service of religion, that, according to one account, earned for them and their settlement the names which they still retain. Another tradition says, that Hut was the name of the individual by whom the first of the colony was led to this particular spot; and that as from him, Her Hut, or Gentleman Hut, their village derived its appellation, so the inhabitants of the village came to be known as Hernhuters. Between these conflicting statements, (and both were communicated to me on the the spot,) I do not pretend to decide. I only know that to Count Zinzendorf,—of well-esta-

Digitized by Microsoft®

blished notoriety,—the fathers were in 1722 indebted for their settlement on the spot of ground which their sons still occupy; and that, grateful for the kindnesses which their sect received both from him and his children, they have ever held the name in the highest possible respect.

Count Zinzendorf was, beyond all question, partially insane. His opinions, wild and extravagant in the extreme, had a strong tendency to vitiate the moral principle; and the Hernhuters having derived from his bounty all that they possessed, would not refuse to listen when he chose to address them, even in their religious meetings. But it is a mistake to attribute to him the character of a leader. He was their protector in civil affairs, but he was not their bishop. He had a voice in their synods, but he was not supreme. In spite, therefore, of the obscene rhapsodies which were printed, and put into circulation, as his discourses, I see no reason to believe that his opinions were ever adopted as those of the community. On the contrary, they have all along professed to subscribe in sincerity to the Augsburg Confession;

Digitized by Microsoft®

and surely their own assertions are more to be relied upon, than those of their enemies.

Hernhut is, as I have said, in the strictest sense of the term, a missionary settlement. The people inhabit a town, cleaner, neater, and in every respect more attractive, than any of a similar size, which I have visited in Germany. They own a considerable tract of country round it, which they cultivate with excellent skill; and they carry on among themselves all manner of trades and professions. Civil magistrates they have none, for the supreme government has not forced such upon them; but their affairs are regulated by a synod, in which all the clergy, with a certain number of lay-elders, have seats. The law, again, to which they profess to pay obedience, is that of God. Whatever contradicts the morality of the Gospel is, by them, accounted illegal, and they punish the guilty by spiritual censures, and at last by excommunication. This latter amounts, in fact, to expulsion from the place; for an excommunicated brother or sister finds no one with whom to maintain a correspondence. I found, indeed, by the presence of a gendarme among

Digitized by Microsoft®

them, that the government did not leave them absolutely unobserved; but his duty seems to be very light, and his manner is singularly subdued and respectful.

In this place, remarkable everywhere, there are one or two points, to which the visitor is conducted, as more than others deserving his attention. Foremost among these are the Broder-house, the Schweister-house, and the Predecher-house,—the latter being the name which the Hernhuters think fit to bestow upon their church, or house of public worship. The Broder and Schweister-houses are, as their names denote, asylums, within which a certain number of men and women, members of the church of Hernhut, find shelter. Not that the inmates of these well-regulated abodes are all paupers. On the contrary, you meet in the Schweister-house persons belonging to every class of life, from the decayed or friendless gentlewoman down to the poor worn-out laundress; and the state of the Broder-house is, in every respect, the same. But one roof covers them all, and though their treatment beneath it may vary a little in regard to the lodging,

Digitized by Microsoft®

diet, &c., afforded them, they are treated by one another, as well as by their fellow-religionists who visit them, strictly as brothers and sisters. When, for example, the portress opened the door of the Schweister-house to us, and found that we were foreigners, she stated that Sister Handman could speak French, and to Sister Handman's apartment we were forthwith conducted, nothing loth to follow. We found it furnished with great taste, and the lady herself, well-bred and intelligent; yet the humblest person in the house called her only schweister, and she did not appear to desire or to look for more.

The Schweister-house contains one hundred and thirty females, of all ages, from seventy and eighty down to twelve. For the younger members of the community, there is a school, where they are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, French, sewing, embroidery, and music,—of all which branches of education, members of the community are the teachers. The elders employ their time a good deal in needle-work, and knitting; chiefly in the fabrication of pretty little articles, such as purses,

Digitized by Microsoft®

shirt-collars, tapestry coverings for chairs, work-bags, &c., all of which are sold for the benefit of the institution, to visitors; or sent off from time to time, to London, Berlin, the United States of America, and other places where the Hernhuters have established missionary stations. There, it is said, they obtain ready customers, and the money so earned is faithfully applied to missionary purposes. Of course, the more essential, though less elegant departments in the management of a household, are not neglected. Among the sisters, there are matrons, housekeepers, cooks, chamber-maids, scullions, laundresses, and even errand-women;—all of them accustomed from their youth to more or less of manual labour, and all supported out of common funds of the institution. Such persons, as well as a large majority of those on whom they attend, pay no board. The Schweister-house is their home; which they are free to quit, however, at pleasure; and they all live on a footing of perfect equality. One large room serves as the common eating-hall; one, which engrosses an entire front of the building, is the dormitory; while a chapel,

Digitized by Microsoft®

where there is an altar, sees them assembled every morning to sing a hymn, to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, and pray with one of the ministers who attends them.

Previous to our visit to the Schweister-house, we had inspected the church,—a plain unadorned hall, fitted up with benches, two galleries, and a sort of table or altar. There is neither desk nor pulpit, for the service stands in no need of such adjuncts, inasmuch as the devotional parts of it consist mainly of psalm-singing, and the exhortation is delivered, like a lecturer's address at the British Institution, from the table. Unfortunately for myself, I did not happen, on either occasion of visiting the place, to reach it on a festival; but the music, I am told, is exceedingly good, and the choir is led by an organ. It may be worth while to add, that the principle which has established a Broder-house and Schweister-house apart from one another, operates in the temple of the Hernhuters, — the men and women occupy distinct sets of benches, with a considerable space between them.

The pastors or clergy of this singular sect,

Digitized by Microsoft®

inhabit apartments connected with the church, and adjoining to it. Not fewer than seven are always resident in the town, of whom three are bishops, and they are all family men. I do not know how they are accommodated in the sort of college which was pointed out as their common home; but I should think indifferently.

Our next visit was to the cemetery. To reach it we were obliged to traverse a considerable portion of the town, than which I have seen nothing in Germany so neat and clean, and what we should describe in England as thoroughly comfortable-looking. The streets were all wide and well-paved; the houses substantial, yet airy; and everything about them, from the glass in the windows to the brass knockers on the doors, clean as hands could make them.

The cemetery lies, perhaps, a couple of hundred yards beyond the outskirts of the town. You ascend to it,—for it occupies the elbow of a green hill,—by a broad gravel road, cut through the centre of luxuriant meadows, and shaded on either side by rows of lime-trees.

Digitized by Microsoft®

This conducts you to a gateway, over the arch of which on the outer side, are inscribed in German, the words "Christ is risen from the dead;" while the corresponding side within the enclosure bears as its motto, "And is become the first-fruits of them that slept." And truly it would be hard to imagine a spot of earth, within which the enthusiast,—aye, and even the man who, without being an enthusiast, has ever so slight a tinge of romance in his nature, —would more desire to sleep out that last slumber.

A sort of oblong square, it is girdled round by a well-trimmed hedge of limes, from which, at intervals, pollarded trees shoot up; while the corners are thickly woven each into a shady arbour, where seats are arranged for the accommodation of the contemplative. It is, however, after you have passed beneath the arch, that the holy quiet of the spot strikes you most forcibly. Laid out with singular good taste into parallelograms, and having the paths which divide them one from another, shaded by limes, it presents to your gaze no confused heap of irregular mounds, overgrown with

Digitized by Microsoft®

nettles and other noxious weeds, but well-kept, yet unornamented plains, where, side by side, each covered by a flat stone,—the record of their births, and death, and nothing more,—the deceased brothers and the sisters of this singular community lie at rest. Even here, however, in the grave-yard of a people studious to preserve, as far as such a thing is possible, the primitive equality of man with man, some distinction is paid to the ashes of the great,—not because in their season of mortality these ashes made up a noble family, but because the family in question have been mighty benefactors to the sect. In the centre of a wide road which separates the cemetery into two halves,—and on the right of which the males of the place are buried, while the portion on the left is devoted exclusively to women,—repose all that was once seen among men of Count Zinzendorf and his kindred, covered over by nine stone tombs, on the elevated lids of which their titles and designations are inscribed. The Count himself, to whom Hernhut owes its prosperity, and in some sort, its character, occupies the central position of all; and he is

Digitized by Microsoft®

supported on either hand by the graves of his descendants. Nor will the number of these graves ever be increased. The family of Zinzendorf has become extinct; and no other relics of humanity may hope to be honoured as they were, by the simple, yet reflecting members of the Hernhut community.

We lingered in this beautiful spot a good half-hour, and quitted it, at the termination of that period, "wiser and better men," at least for the moment. Altogether different from the Père La Chaise, or any other cemetery which I had ever visited before, it struck me as constituting the very beau ideal of a burying ground, —grave, yet not severe,—neat, yet free from every approach to gaudiness,—well kept, yet bearing about it no impress of the hands that trimmed it, and in its situation and arrangements perfect. Here are no clumsy pillars, nor urns, nor sarcophagi, no, nor even crosses. Flowers are utterly unknown, and garlands tabooed. But the arrangement of the pollarded limes, which both surround and intersect the square, is, as it ought to be in such a place, at once formal and appropriate, casting each of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the gravel-walks into a pleasant shade, while between them all lies open. With respect, again, to the graves, these are distinguished from the general level of the ground only by the small, flat, hewn stone, which is laid over each, and they seem to be about four feet apart from one another. I observed that the Hernhuters seem, from the first formation of the cemetery, to have observed, in conducting their funerals, the same regularity which appears to prevail in all their daily proceedings. The first of their community who paid the debt of nature,—after the burying-ground was laid out, and the colony put upon its present footing,—lies under his stone, close to the angle which is formed by the meeting of the central walk and that which passes along the side of the hedge next the entrance. In like manner, I observed that, far to the rear of the two lines which enclose, as it were, the tombs of the Zinzendorfs, there are blank spaces, which will doubtless be filled up, as the course of time sweeps away generation after generation from their hopes and their fears, their anxieties, their pursuits, and their follies.

Digitized by Microsoft®

On quitting the grave-yard, our guide,—an intelligent old man,—conducted us towards a sort of observatory, from which, as it occupies the summit of the hill, a fine view of the surrounding country is to be obtained. The scene was altogether very pleasing; for cultivation is carried on everywhere to a great extent, and there is no lack either of ornamental wood, or human habitations,—while, far in the distance, the mountains of Silesia and Bohemia are seen, forming a noble back-ground to the panorama. Nor was the effect of music, heard at a distance, as happened with us to be the case, out of keeping with the character of the things around us. A band of strolling minstrels chanced to be wending their way through a village, in the bottom of the vale far beyond Hernhut, and the air which they were performing, borne back upon the light breeze, sounded very sweetly. In a word, our visit to the tombs of the Hernhuters, with all its accompaniments of sight and sound, affected us at the moment with feelings singularly delightful, of which the recollection still abides by us, as Moore beautifully describes the odour

Digitized by Microsoft®

of the roses, lingering about the fragments of the broken vase, which once contained the roses themselves.

After inserting our names, according to established usage, in a book which is contained in the wooden tower of the observatory, we returned to the inn, and offered our guide money. He would not accept a groschen, though he had too much good sense and good taste, to affect indignation at what he could not but perceive was not designed for an insult. We prevailed upon him, however, to eat his luncheon with us, and found him both an intelligent companion, and willing to impart his information freely.

He told us, what future inquiries have since confirmed, that the Church of Hernhut has branches in very many lands. At Berlin, there is an establishment on a small scale, which is managed after the model of that in Silesia. London has also its little germ, somewhere, according to him, in the neighbourhood of Fulham; and in North America the settlements are numerous. But all look to Hernhut as to the fountain-head of their

Digitized by Microsoft®

church, and all receive from the synod there, periodical admonitions and instructions.

So much for the more spiritual and intellectual portion of our entertainment,—and now a word or two concerning that which was neither. I must not forget to record, for the benefit of all true lovers of excellent beer and excellent bread, that they will not find better than at Hernhut in all Germany. The claret, which was also good, held, in our estimation, a very secondary place to the clear, brisk, pale ale, which the waiter poured out for us from certain elegantly-shaped, green glass bottles, and the bread we pronounced to be beyond all praise.

We quitted Hernhut about one o'clock, hoping, as the result proved, in the face of physical impossibilities, to reach Schandau that night. The idea was the more preposterous, that we knew perfectly well how far, by the line of the main road, the one place is divided from the other; but being told of a footpath over hill and vale, and having examined upon the map, the situations of the villages through which it led, we came to the conclusion that

Digitized by Microsoft®

we should be able to compress the usual forty English miles into half that number. We were entirely mistaken in this rash inference; for, independently of the risks which we ran of losing the way,—a misfortune which, it must be confessed, more than once overtook us,—we ought to have recollected that even travellers on foot cannot proceed with the precision of an arrow's flight; inasmuch as standing corn is not to be trodden down, morasses must be avoided, and through woods and over mountains, paths are, for the most part, tortuous. Neither did it greatly surprise, however much it mortified us, to find, that on halting at a village in that part of Bohemia which pushes itself deep into the heart of Saxony, between Seibnitz and Hernhut, that we had accomplished scarcely one-fourth of our pilgrimage; and that, with scarce four hours of daylight before us, it was utterly hopeless to think of compassing the remaining three-fourths. Having ascertained, therefore, that good quarters were to be had at Schlukenau, a considerable town through which it would be necessary to pass, we made up our minds to halt there for

Digitized by Microsoft®

the night; even though by doing so, we should leave ourselves twenty good miles to walk on the morrow.

We dined in a village inn, the landlord of which was a jolly old fellow; who, having an only daughter, married her to a bouerman in the place, and now the three generations,—for there was a family by the union, of course,—dwelt together very happily under the old man's roof. I mention this trifling circumstance because it enables me to give the substance of certain statistical details which were communicated to me, in the course of our walk, by the son-in-law. This latter, a remarkably athletic fine-looking fellow, who volunteered to give us a convoy, and direct us the nearest way to Schlukenau, had seen something of the world. He was in Strasburg in the year 1813, when a corps of English artillery manned the works, and he spoke in high admiration of the appearance and perfect discipline of the men. Now, however, he cultivated with excellent skill a farm of eighty or an hundred acres, of which he was the proprietor; and while he led me over his land, and pointed out with honest

Digitized by Microsoft®

pride, the order in which it was kept, and the enormous crops which it produced, he very readily answered such questions as I put to him on the subject both of the Bohemian system of agriculture and of the profits arising out of it. Wheat, as, indeed, my own previous observation had shown me, is not much cultivated in Bohemia. Here and there, where the soil is particularly favourable for it, the seed is sown; but rye is the staple commodity, with which, indeed, the fields were loaded. Out of rye, as I need scarcely mention, the Germans manufacture, not only the bread that is commonly in use among them, but almost all their ardent spirits, of which I have tasted very little, but which, whenever I did taste it, seemed to be execrable. Oats they likewise rear for their horses, as well as barley for malting; but these grains bear no proportion, in point of abundance, to the rye crops.

When the rye is removed, they sow the ground with clover; not, as with us, that they may feed it off, and so enrich the soil while they extract something from it, but for the purpose of securing a supply of dry fodder for

Digitized by Microsoft®

their cattle, which, all the winter over, and throughout a considerable portion of the spring and summer, are kept in their stalls. Then come potatoes, then a season of fallow; after which a good coat of manure, to be followed by rye again. Whenever flax is grown, and next to rye it is, both here and in Saxony, more cultivated than any other grain, fallows are more frequent; for flax, as every child knows, drains the soil of all its nutritious qualities.

The implements used in agricultural operations seem to be ruder, and far more inefficient, than among us. The plough is precisely such an instrument as I recollect to have seen represented in my Delphin edition of Virgil's *Georgics* when I was at school; and it is drawn indifferently by horses, bullocks, or heifers. Bullocks and heifers are, however, more commonly used than horses, though it is no unusual sight to see a horse and a heifer yoked together. There is no boy to drive; but the ploughman, as in Scotland, at once holds the stilts of the plough, and with his voice, and a long halter, guides the cattle. With respect to the harrows, I saw little difference between

Digitized by Microsoft®

them and our English implements, except that those in Germany are lighter, and never have more than one horse or one bullock attached to them.

The rest of their tools, such as forks, rakes, mattocks, spades, &c., very much resemble our own; with this difference, in reference to the last, that in Germany much less iron is wasted upon them than upon similar articles in England. The blade of a German spade, which, by the way, is pointed, or, rather, semicircular in form, is composed of wood to within a few inches of the edge, and there is no iron at all upon the handle.

I am not quite sure that I perfectly understood my intelligent companion, when we came to discuss the amount of crop raised from the land, and the prices fetched by the different kinds of grain in the market. His method of computing these matters was so different from any to which I had been accustomed, that I could only guess at a parallel between it and our English measures. Yet it struck me that he described the wheat lands as producing, on an average, between three and four quarters;

Digitized by Microsoft®

of which the price varied from twenty-one to twenty-five shillings of our money. Concerning the price of the rye I had less curiosity, though that seemed to repay the farmer quite as abundantly as wheat; at least, my friend assured me that it would not answer his purpose to substitute wheat for rye, even now, when wheat was more than usually in demand, and therefore fetched a more than usually high price. For it is worthy of remark that the failure of the crops in America had affected the corn-market even in Bohemia; from which remote district people were transmitting quantities of wheat to supply the necessities of the squatters among the back woods of Kentucky.

From the subject of agriculture we passed on to its kindred topics, grazing and planting; the latter of which naturally led to a discussion on fuel. I learned from him, that here, as elsewhere in the north and centre of Germany, there is no such thing as grazing on a large scale. Such bouermen as happen to own a handful of sheep, send them in summer, under the charge of a lad, into the green lanes and roadsides, to feed; while in winter and spring

Digitized by Microsoft®

they are, like the cattle, kept within doors, and fed from stalls. The consequence is, that you scarcely ever meet with lambs as an article of food in Germany; for the flocks are too scanty to authorize the practice of putting the rising generation to death. So also in reference to dairy farms, these neither are, nor can be, on the scale to which we are accustomed in England. Hence cheese, besides being both dear and bad, is very scarce; and butter, except in the very height of summer, is detestable.

The Germans, though exceedingly fond of their pleasure-gardens, are not skilful as horticulturists. Their fruits are poor, and they take little pains to render them otherwise; but of their forests they are very careful. This is the more necessary, because of their dependance upon the woods for almost all the fuel which they consume; and which, while it is not cheap anywhere, is here, in Bohemia and Silesia, among the most costly articles in use. A claughter of wood, sufficient for a month's supply for a kitchen stove, costs in this corner of Bohemia, five dollars. The same quantity, in the very heart of the Saxon forests,—that is,

Digitized by Microsoft®

at Schandau, in Saxon Switzerland,—costs four dollars and four groschens. Nor would it be procurable even at this price, were not the proprietors of forest lands particularly zealous in protecting their woods from injury, and in replanting such spaces as the axe of the woodman may, from time to time, lay bare. I find, however, that here, as elsewhere, it becomes necessary, in the course of time, to vary the plant, so as to suit the caprices of the soil. In many places I observed that young birch and ash trees were coming up from among the roots and stems of decayed or removed firs; and I learned, on inquiry, that they had been substituted for the original stock, to which the earth had refused any longer to furnish adequate nutrition.

I have as yet said nothing of the size and general appearance of the horses, cattle, and sheep which, from time to time, crossed me. Of the first, I should say that the breed must be singularly mixed; for you meet, here and there, tolerable specimens of the animal, to be succeeded immediately afterwards by the merest rips. Generally speaking, however, the draught

Digitized by Microsoft®

horses seem to be good,—slow, doubtless, and alike defective in the shoulder and hind-quarters, but strong, without being, like the Flemish breed, so heavy as to oppress themselves. The riding horses, and especially those taken up for the service of the cavalry, struck me as being, in proportion, far inferior. They are either all legs, which they do not seem to use either with dexterity or elegance, or mere punches. In like manner, the cattle, to the eye of one accustomed to the sleek coats and well-covered ribs of our Lincolnshire or Durham breeds, present a very sorry appearance. Each particular bone in each particular brute's carcase sticks up in melancholy distinctness, and in point of size the animals themselves are mere dwarfs. I have seen a man ploughing with a couple of heifers, positively neither taller nor stouter than a pair of Lincolnshire calves of three weeks old.

From such materials it would be vain to expect that good beef can be manufactured; indeed, the Germans have no notion of pampering themselves with good beef. Their system is, not to fatten the beast, and then kill

Digitized by Microsoft®

him; but to work him as long as he is fit for work, and then to kill him lest he should become an incumbrance. Neither can their sheep boast much of the symmetry of their proportions, or of the high flavour of their flesh when it comes to table. The wool, as everybody knows, is, indeed, excellent; but the mutton is but sorry food, at least to an Englishman. As I stated some time ago, however, the English traveller need not distress himself too much on this account. He is very rarely troubled with the offer of mutton, inasmuch as calf's-flesh seems to be not only at hand all the year round, but to supply the place of every other species of animal food.

We parted from our civil bouerman about four o'clock, at the summit of a hill, whence he was enabled to point out to us, both the direction of the ground on which Schlukenau stood, and the course of the path which it would be necessary to follow in order to reach it. His instructions were communicated with so much accuracy, that we never deviated an inch from the right way; and so came in about seven, to just such a town as our

Digitized by Microsoft®

experience of other agricultural stadts and burghs had led us to expect. At the Golden Stag we fixed our head quarters,—a large inn, and apparently well frequented,—where we spent the night, without either accident or adventure befalling of which I need pause to give an account. There is a schloss here, which, to our surprise, we learned, belongs, like the lordship of the manor, to the same graff who owns the land about Aderspach on the other side of the Riesengebirgen. I have forgotten both his name and his title; but he must be a wealthy nobleman, even for Austria; which, while it possesses many poor, can likewise muster some of the richest noblemen in the world.

We were not over-above delighted with Schlukenau; for the landlord had about him none of the politeness which we had invariably found in his brother craftsmen in Bohemia, and his domestics were all singularly slow and stupid. We therefore quitted the place without regret, at six o'clock next morning, and marched upon Schandau. Again we followed, both from choice and to shorten the distance, bye-paths,

Digitized by Microsoft®

which carried us through some glorious scenery, quite different in character, but scarcely less attractive, than any which we had passed in our tour. For the rocks and precipices of Saxon Switzerland were once more around us, and never had they appeared to us more wild or more sublime. Through these, under the influence of a bright sunny day, we trudged along, crossing hill and traversing dale, in the highest possible spirits, till having gained the main road not far from the village of Tseidler, we followed it, without swerving, into the quiet glen of Schandau.

The tale of my pedestrian tour in the highlands of Bohemia, Silesia, and Saxony, is told. To the first of these countries I afterwards devoted a good deal more both of time and attention; but as my journey was performed, not on foot, but in carriages, the opportunities presented to me of becoming intimately acquainted with the habits of thought and fireside occupations of the people were necessarily less abundant than I could have wished them to be. My reader must, therefore, be content, for the remainder of this excursion,

Digitized by Microsoft®

to accept, in lieu of a diary, a general outline of the route which I followed; and to pause with me, from time to time, while I relate to him such incidents as befel, or retail such fragments of information as I considered it worth while to treasure up when acquired, and have since judged it expedient to commit to writing.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER IX.

THE DILIGENCE FROM DRESDEN TO TÖPLITZ.—THE FIELD OF KULM.—THE BATTLE, AND THE MONUMENTS THAT RECORD IT.

THERE is a diligence, or eilwagen, which leaves Dresden for Prague twice in every week. It passes along the Schandau road as far as Pirna; whence, making a turn to the right, it traverses the lower slopes of the Erzgebirge, and so conducts, by the mineral baths of Berg-gieshubel, to Hollendorf, on the Saxon frontier. My young companion and I, having made all necessary arrangements, took our places in this vehicle on Wednesday, the 5th of July. We had previously wandered over a good deal of the country through which it was to carry us, our report of all that we had encountered and seen having excited a natural desire in others to see it also. And in the interval between the termination of one expedition and the commencement of another, the car-

Digitized by Microsoft®

riage was accordingly put in requisition. Töplitz, and various other points, replete with interest, were thus visited,—of which I have not yet spoken, because it would have been labour lost to describe them twice. Yet the fact of beholding it now for the second time, had no influence in lessening the pleasure which we derived from the scenery around us. Without partaking in any degree of the character of a mountain district, this mid-space between Saxony and Bohemia is highly picturesque; for it is one continued succession of valleys, with well-wooded hills enclosing them; and the bold summits of Lilienstein and Königstein are rarely out of sight.

A Saxon eilwagen is a machine nowise deserving of reprobation. It is a long, omnibus-looking affair, with a *coupé* in front for the conducteur, and seated within so as to contain not fewer than sixteen persons; yet are the chairs all so arranged that you have a comfortable rest for your back, while by keeping the numerous windows open, you suffer less from heat than might be expected. The rate of travelling, too, is much improved from what it

Digitized by Microsoft®

used to be. I really believe that on level ground we compassed six miles an hour, and if we did creep as often as a trifling acclivity came in view, it must not be forgotten, that there were but four horses to drag the ponderous load. With respect, again, to our fellow-passengers, they seemed to me to be made up of individuals from many lands. There was an Austrian colonel, on his way to join his regiment in Prague; there was a Prussian merchant,—a traveller, like ourselves, for amusement's sake; there were a Saxon lawyer, a Moravian banker, and last, though not least, as perfect a specimen of the tribe John Bull, as the eye of the naturalist need desire to behold. Our worthy countryman understood not one syllable of German, and his French was lame to a degree. But he bore about him a portly person, a good-humoured, rosy, and rather large countenance, and looked round upon the company, amid which, after prodigious labour, he succeeded in establishing himself, with an expression of indescribable condescension, which said, "I know that you are all a set of very poor devils, yet I will suffer you."

Digitized by Microsoft®

He was, as those of his kidney generally are, for ever on the alert lest the Germans should cheat him; and grumbled and complained, and ate and drank, and proved to be, after all, a kind-hearted and easy-tempered person.

Between Hollendorf, where the Saxon custom-house is planted, and Peterswald, the frontier village of Bohemia, there is an interval of perhaps an English mile in extent. Over that the Saxon diligence carried us; and at the door of the Austrian custom-house, both we and our baggage were deposited. Here passports were examined, trunks and knapsacks opened, and the other formalities attendant on the admission of strangers into a new country gone through, among which I observed that the custom was not omitted, of feeing the revenue-officer into good humour. Each passenger, as he presented his passport, to be viséed and approved, slid into the official's hand a piece of money; and I, as I consider it wise, in like cases, to do as is done by those about me, followed the example. The officer took the coin, smiled graciously upon me, affixed the stamp unhesitatingly to my credentials, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

turned to somebody else. I really could not quite explain to myself why this act of extravagance had been committed, but I am not aware that I ever missed the douceur; and I heartily wish the individual who received it, much enjoyment in its possession.

We dined at Peterswald, on very good fare, which the landlady of the Post had provided for us; and had no reason to complain, as stage-coach travellers in England sometimes do, that we were hurried in its consumption. One full hour was spent in discussing the meal, and another in smoking after it. At length, however, intelligence was communicated, that the conducteur awaited us, and we descended to the road, where a change had come over "the spirit of our dream." The substantial Saxon eilwagen stood still in its repose, for it was not destined to proceed further; and in its room were provided three lesser carriages, into one of which, seated for four persons, I and my boy stowed ourselves. The opposite places were soon taken by our countryman and the Prussian, and away we went.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Our journey, in the early part of this day, had lain over the field of the great battle of Dresden; we were now about to traverse the scene of another conflict scarcely less desperate, —the affair, as by the French writers it is designated, of Kulm. It would have been strange indeed, had I failed to look round with more than common interest while traversing these scenes of mighty strife. I endeavoured also to look at them with a soldier's eye. I did my best to trace the positions of the several columns of attack and defence; and I think that I succeeded. At all events, I am certain that never till I saw the ground, was I able, from the accounts given, whether by French or German writers, to form any correct idea either of the battles themselves, or of their results. Let me endeavour to supply to others the deficiency of which I have myself experienced the pressure, by describing the localities, in connexion with a brief narrative of the events which have immortalized them.

The battle of Dresden, as well as the combats of Gross-Beeren, Katzbach, and Kulm were, as I need scarcely observe, the immediate con-

Digitized by Microsoft®

sequences of the termination of the armistice in August, 1813. Napoleon, weary of the war, had yielded to the demands of the Prussians, and, evacuating Breslau, and abandoning the line of the Oder, had fallen back upon Liegnitz. He himself declared, that he made these sacrifices,—for such they unquestionably were,—in the hope that, out of the armistice, a treaty of peace would spring, and there is no great cause to doubt that he spoke sincerely. What could he hope to gain by a continuance of the struggle? France was exhausted in every pore; the best and ablest of her warriors were slain, such as survived longed for rest, and were ready to sacrifice even their national vanity in order to obtain it. On the other hand, the strength of the Allies seemed to accumulate from day to day; and Austria assumed such an attitude as to render her neutrality less than doubtful. I think, then, that we may give Napoleon credit for having spoken the truth once in his life, when he said, that he yielded much, by the evacuation of Silesia, from an earnest desire for peace; but his desire was not

Digitized by Microsoft®

to be gratified. The Allies judged, and judged wisely, that a season of repose would, by him, be employed only to gather means for creating fresh troubles, and they determined,—the counsels of England prevailing with them,—to wage war *à l'outrance.*

On the 11th of August, the armistice came to an end. Its rightful term was the 17th; but the current of events swept over it. Napoleon was then in Dresden, which he held as the key and pivot of his position, and to cover it, he had constructed a large and formidable entrenched camp along the bases of Lilienstein and Königstein. Of the situation of these two enormous rocks I have spoken elsewhere. They stand about twelve English miles from Dresden, like giant sentinels, that guard the debouches of Bohemia and Silesia, while between them flows the Elbe, now passable only by a ferry, but by Napoleon's care, then bridged over. Here a position was marked out for not less than sixty thousand men, whence, as from a centre, it was competent for the French to pass either into Bohemia, where

Digitized by Microsoft®

the Grand Army of the Allies seemed preparing to assemble, or to Silesia and Lusatia. But it was not on this side of the Saxon capital exclusively, that Napoleon fixed a vigilant eye. His real line was the line of the Elbe, from Hamburg to Dresden; his communications with France were kept open by Erfurth, and through the Thuringian forest; and he took care that all the approaches to Dresden should be so guarded, as that, while the city itself continued secure from insult, the force in possession might have free avenues through which to operate on any threatened point in this enormous circle. "Dresde," said he, "est le pivot, sur lequel je veux manœuvrer pour faire face à toutes les attaques. Depuis Berlin jusqu'à Prague, l'ennemi se develope sur en circonference dont j'occupé le centre; les moindre communications s'allangent pour lui sur les contours qu'elles devrient suivre; et pour moi quelques marches suffisent pour me porter partout ou ma presence et mes reserves son necessaires. Mais il faut que sur les points ou je ne serai pas, mes lieutenants sechent m'attendre sans rien commettre au hazard." It was mainly because they

Digitized by Microsoft®

neglected to keep this latter injunction in view, that the reverses which deranged all his magnificent plans occurred.

Napoleon had formed, during the cessation of hostilities, a new *corps-d'armée*, which he put under the command of General Vandamme, and brought up from the mouth of the Elbe. It numbered, in all, about five-and-twenty thousand men, and had instructions to support General St. Cyr, who with fifteen thousand, was to occupy the fortified positions near Dresden. Meanwhile, the Duke de Reggio, from his camp at Dahme, was to march upon Berlin with five-and-thirty thousand men of all arms; the Prince of Eckmuhl, from Bagedorf, was to co-operate with him; while General Lemon, the governor of Magdeburg, was to keep open the communication between them with a corps of six thousand men. These movements were designed to accomplish a two-fold object. First, they were to find for the Prussians work enough at home; and to put Napoleon, if possible, in possession of the Prussian capital. Secondly, advantage might be taken of the distraction thereby caused in

Digitized by Microsoft®

the counsels of the Allies, while Napoleon, in person, with the Guards, and the mass of his army, threw himself upon the Austrians. For Napoleon,—the armistice being virtually at an end,—became impatient of inactivity, and hoped, while retaining Dresden, and looking to it throughout as his pivot during the campaign, to find time, ere the Allies should have perfected their arrangements, to strike a blow both against Berlin and in Bohemia.

Napoleon had calculated less than he ought to have done on the activity of Blucher and of the Russians. The former, instead of waiting to be attacked, took the initiative in Silesia, and drove the French, with great loss, behind the Bober.

Some time previously,—so early, indeed, as the 10th,—several large masses of Russians and Prussians had entered Bohemia; and on the 13th, the junction with the Austrians, which it was one of Napoleon's objects to prevent, had been accomplished. Meanwhile, he himself, being ignorant of this fact, set out on the 15th, for the bridge at Königstein, whence he pursued his march by Bautzen and Richen-

Digitized by Microsoft®

bach to Görlitz. He reached it on the 18th, and being met there by M. de Vienne, his plenipotentiary from Prague, he had the fact communicated to him of the formal adhesion of Austria to the Grand Alliance. Though he heard, at the same time, of the reverses in Silesia, he instantly chose his part. He faced round towards Bohemia, penetrated the defiles of the mountains, spread himself over the valleys behind Gabel and Rombourg, and learned at the former of these places, that he was too late. The Grand Army of the Allies was already among the hills that border upon Saxony; and to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand men, threatened Dresden with an attack.

Napoleon seems always to have calculated much on the immoveability of the enemies that opposed him. Though he knew that Schwartzenberg was within two days' march of Dresden, he flattered himself that he might still have time to strike at Blucher; and turning on his heel, he flew back to Zittau, and from thence passed without a halt to Görlitz and Luban. In a moment, the aspect of affairs was changed.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Two days' fighting served to convince the Prussians that a new spirit reigned among the troops that opposed them; and on the 23rd, the French eagles were again advanced as far as Katzbach. Here pressing instances from Dresden reached him, of the imminent danger that threatened the city, and of the total inadequacy of St. Cyr's corps to resist it; and seeing that Blucher was in full retreat, he resolved to return on his steps. Marshal Macdonald was left with seventy or eighty thousand men to keep the Prussian general in check; while with the remainder Napoleon took the road to Bautzen.

It was on the 24th, at an early hour, that he reached this latter town, where letters from St. Cyr were again handed to him, each more urgent for support than the other. The Allies, it seems, had carried the passes of the Erzgebirge; their columns, were descending into the plain on all sides,—while the French, unable to maintain themselves in the field, were sheltered behind the outer defences of the city. Even this assurance could not, however, determine the emperor all at once to abandon a

Digitized by Microsoft®

project which he had in view. He wished to throw himself on Schwartzenberg's rear; and provided he were assured that Dresden could be held till the 28th, he counted on being able to effect the movement. Accordingly, Vandamme with his corps was ordered to push from Stolpen for the bridge at Lilienstein; to pass the Elbe there, to seize the heights of Peterswald, and keep them till Napoleon should arrive,—an event which, unless evil tidings came from Dresden, would surely befall within eight-and-forty hours. But evil tidings did come. At Stolpen, whither he had marched on the 25th, General Gourgaud overtook him to entreat, if he desired Dresden to be saved, that he would return; and General Haxo, the engineer, whom he sent back to examine the state of the defences, was the bearer of a similar communication. Napoleon was sorely vexed; but Dresden it was essential that he should retain.

General Haxo was sent instantly to Vandamme with his final instructions. They amounted to this, that he should keep the passes into Bohemia at all hazards, and win for

Digitized by Microsoft®

himself a marshal's baton. This done, Napoleon marched upon Dresden, and on the 26th, entered it at the head of his cavalry. The infantry followed fast; and the capital of Saxony, which had already sustained insult from the shot and shells of the Allies, and was threatened with an immediate assault, became safe. Napoleon made his dispositions with equal promptitude and secresy. He stationed his several divisions in the streets, so as to conceal their numbers, while at the same time, each fronted a gate, or gave support to a point that was threatened; and then calmly awaited the attack of the enemy, which was not slow in developing itself.

Schwartzenberg had conducted his advance with an excess of caution. His prodigious army was collected on the 13th, yet it was the 23rd ere he forced the passes of the hills, and now only on the 26th he made his final dispositions for the attack of Dresden. Of the local situation of that city I have said enough to give my readers some notion of the arena on which this great battle was fought. Standing astride upon the Elbe, the capital of Saxony

Digitized by Microsoft®

occupies the centre of an enormous plain, the hills that surround which approach, in no instance, within three English miles of the glacis, and in addition to its ancient fortifications, it was, at the period at which I now speak, girdled in on all hands by redoubts and field-works. Of that outer line the remains are yet to be seen by every traveller who follows the direct road to Pirna. They run from the Grosse Garten, which they include, all the way to the Elbe. On the other flanks of the city, from the Grosse Garten to the Elbe again, they are almost entirely effaced. But on the 26th of August 1813, they were at least respectable; and in the partial combats which had taken place over-night, though some had fallen, the rest were stoutly maintained. It was to be determined, that day, how far they were or were not impregnable.

The field of battle ranged from the Elbe, on the right of the Allied columns, to Plouen on the left. The points of attack were the gates of Pilnitz, Pirna, Dohna, Dippoldiswald, Blender, or Plouen, and Freiberg. It was about four in the afternoon when the discharge of their can-

Digitized by Microsoft®

non from the heights of Recknitz, where the head-quarters of the Allies had fixed themselves, gave notice that the various columns were in motion. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men, moving forward at the recognised signal, presented to the eyes of the inhabitants a most imposing spectacle, while at the same time, a continued line of batteries, all the way from Recknitz to Plouen, opened their fire. Shells and cannon-balls fell like hail in the suburbs, and the carnage was as indiscriminating as it was terrible.

There had not yet been time for more than the half of Napoleon's army to come up. He had scarce seventy thousand men disposable; but his position was a very favourable one, and he ably took advantage of it. The guns from the advanced redoubts replied to the enemies' cannonade with little effect, and the Allies swept onwards without a check. They had raised their cry, "To Paris! To Paris!" and were already within a few yards of the Plouen gate, when the word was passed to the division of the Young Guard, which lay behind it, and they sprang to their feet. The

Digitized by Microsoft®

sortie is described by those who witnessed it, to have been terrifically fine. Out dashed these warriors, inured to victory, and bearing down all opposition, rolled back the head of the advancing columns, as a river is rolled back by the tide when it meets it. There was a fearful slaughter on both sides. The cannon from the city walls plunged into the rear of the wavering column. The infantry mowed down its front; the detached redoubts which it had passed, as if despising them, took its whole extent in reverse. There was neither time nor space to deploy, and the attack was repulsed.

The same, or nearly the same results, had attended the attempts of the Allies on the other gates. They were everywhere defeated, their defeat being occasioned not less, perhaps, by surprise at finding Napoleon himself in their front, than by the impetuosity of the French attacks. They retreated in great confusion, the Russians to Blazewitz, the Prussians over the plain, the Hungarian grenadiers under Colloredo to Recknitz, and the Austrians to the defiles of Plouen. There they could not be followed up, because night was already closing,

Digitized by Microsoft®

and of the French army a large portion were yet at a distance. One success more, however, attended Napoleon's arms ere he slept; the Austrians, rallying a corps in the dark, made a dash, with great gallantry, at the gate of Plouen; but they were repulsed. And then, one party in the open fields, the other among the lanes and streets of the city, the jaded and harassed armies lay down to sleep.

It was a night of terrible storm. The rain came down in such torrents as to reduce the whole plain to the consistency of a morass, and the rivers rose to a degree such as had hardly occurred before within so limited a space of time. Yet was Napoleon busy till long past midnight, in giving directions for the morrow. He saw by their line of fires that the Allies had resumed the wide semicircle which they occupied previous to the attack, and he fixed his plans accordingly. The whole of the cavalry, with the exception of that of the Guard, which had previously acted on the level from the Pilnitz gate, was drawn through the city, and placed in position under Murat, in the suburb of Frederick-stadt. It was to push, at early

Digitized by Microsoft®

dawn, along the Freiberg road, and cut off the retreat of the Allies in that direction. Meanwhile Victor, with his infantry corps, was to debouch from the Freiberg barriers, and attack in front the Austrian line, which Murat was directed to turn. In the centre, between the gates of Dippoldiswald and Dohna, Marmont was to occupy the attention of the force which had fallen back upon the heights of Recknitz. St. Cyr, in prolongation of the line, was to operate from the Grosse Garten; while Ney and the Duke of Treviso, with four divisions of the Young Guard, were from the Pirna road to engage the enemy's right, and to give time to General Nansouty, with his cavalry corps, to effect the same manœuvre on this flank which Murat had received instructions to accomplish on the other. Thus was it calculated that the Allies driven in, column upon column, and shut out from two of their four lines of retreat, would suffer terrible loss, and an opportunity be afforded to Vandamme of completing their destruction.

The morning of the 27th came in with a continuance of rain, almost as heavy as that

Digitized by Microsoft®

which had fallen during the night; yet the battle was not deferred. Murat, on the one side, and Nansouty on the other, began their respective marches at peep of dawn; and being well masked, and supported by the attacks of the infantry, they made rapid progress. This is the more to be wondered at, on the part of the former officer, that a *corps d'armée* under General Klenau, which had failed to reach its ground in time, was now in full advance, and its leading divisions showed themselves at Gorbitz as early as seven in the morning. Had the Allies held their own ground, leaving it to him to close up or fall back, as occasion might require, they would have probably fared better than they did. As it was, they extended their front, from above Plouen, across the valley of Tharandt, and, endeavouring to stretch out their hand to Klenau, gave Murat the opportunity to pierce them.

The battle of Dresden was, along the centre of the line, little else than a furious cannonade. The French had nothing to gain by rendering it more close, and the Allies seemed indisposed to assume the offensive. It was a ball from

Digitized by Microsoft®

one of the batteries, which replied at a disadvantage to those of the Allies above Recknitz, which mortally wounded Moreau. His fate has been recorded by so many pens, that I need not employ mine to swell the list, and himself either lauded or censured, according as the prejudices of the writers leaned to the side of Napoleon or the Allies. Let his merits have been what they might, in a moral point of view, nobody can refuse to him the renown of an able officer; and to the esteem in which the Emperor of Russia held him, the stone which marks the spot where he fell, bears witness. It is a simple block of freestone, and bears this inscription, "Moreau, the warrior, fell here, beside his friend Alexander." But on both flanks more important operations went forward. The French carried every thing before them. From Cotta, which he had won, Murat turned upon the advanced guard of Klenau's corps, and destroyed it. He then pressed forward, bearing down all opposition, and making prisoners of whole battalions, whose muskets had become so saturated, that they could not be discharged. In like manner, St.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Cyr pushed back the Prussians on Gruna, while Marmont and Nansouty drove the Russians from position to position, and cleared the plain. Both flanks, in short, were turned; and the troops composing them driven in upon the centre, and cut off from their proper lines of retreat. But the French were too much enfeebled to pursue the advantages which they had gained with their accustomed spirit. About three in the afternoon the cannonade grew slack; the Allies showed only a strong rear-guard, and Napoleon returned to the city, saying to those around him, "I am greatly deceived if we shall not hear news of Vandamme. It is his movement which has constrained the enemy to retreat thus abruptly."

The 28th was a day of continued and broken retreat on the part of the Allies; of movements more tardy than, perhaps, they ought to have been, on the part of the French. A great deal of baggage, almost all the wounded, and many prisoners, were abandoned by the fugitives; yet, in most cases, they won the defiles in tolerable order, and were safe. Colloredo, covered by a strong rear-guard, threaded the pass of Dip-

Digitized by Microsoft®

poldiswald, and had Töplitz, the point of reunion, in view. The rest made their escape likewise, though with more of confusion; and, in one striking instance, they would not have succeeded at all, had not Vandamme been enticed into the grievous error of leaving the heights of Peterswald unguarded. It was this blunder of his, which caused the disaster at Kulm; and in order to make clear the brief account which I am going to give of that battle, it will be necessary to revert to my own movements, so that the ground may be described as by an eye-witness.

The village of Peterswald lies at the northern base of a range of heights, which, circling round, place Töplitz in the centre of a huge amphitheatre. On this side the ascent is gradual, and the face of the hill open and cultivated. In a military point of view, therefore, the position is admirable; it forms a perfect glacis. As you wind your way upwards, moreover, the view becomes, at every step, more and more interesting, till having gained the ridge,—where a windmill is built,—it is glorious in the extreme. You look down upon

Digitized by Microsoft®

a valley, of which it is scarcely too much to say, that the eye of man has never beheld anything more perfect. Deep, deep, it lies, enclosed on every side by mountains, which, sloping away one from another, resemble so many prodigious cones, and open out to you the gorges of countless glens; each, as it would appear, more exquisitely beautiful than another. The vale of Töplitz itself may measure, perhaps, where it is widest, some six or eight English miles across; where it is least wide, the interval between the mountains is scarcely one mile. But it is in all directions fertile and luxuriant in the extreme. Waving woods, rich cornfields, vineyards, meadows, and groves, are there; with towns, and villages, and castles, and hamlets, scattered through them, even as the hand of the painter would desire to arrange them. Nor is the running stream, that most indispensable of all features in a landscape of perfect beauty, wanting. The Pala rolls his waters through the valley; and if he be inconsiderable in point of size, yet is he limpid and clear; with width enough to catch the sun's rays, from time to time, as they fall, and throw

Digitized by Microsoft®

them back almost brighter in the reflection than in the reality. Altogether it is as striking a panorama as any which, even in Bohemia one will easily find.

Vandamme had received orders to pass the Elbe between Lilienstein and Königstein; and pushing back whatever corps the Allies might have left at Pirna, to establish himself on the summit of this ridge. He obeyed these instructions so well, that, in spite of the gallant resistance of Prince Eugene of Wurtemberg, he carried his point. The heights of Peterswald were in his possession on the 28th; it would have been well for his master had he attempted nothing further. Vandamme, however, was ambitious of earning the marshal's baton by something more than mere obedience to an order received. He saw that Töplitz was uncovered, and knowing that the possession of that place would render him master of all the passes that diverge from it, he resolved, on the 29th, to make the essay. He descended from his mountain throne, and penetrated as far as Kulm.

The hill, which, with a portion only of his

Digitized by Microsoft®

force, Vandamme had abandoned, is, on that side which looks down into the vale of Töplitz, steep, well nigh to perpendicular. Huge forests clothe its rugged face; out of which bold rocks protrude; indeed, such is the nature of the country, that the road is carried backwards and forwards almost in a zig-zag, in order to render it accessible. This mountain, in a military point of view, all but impassable, Vandamme placed behind him; leaving, however, a strong division to guard it, and nothing doubting of his own success. But he had miscalculated the time which was at his disposal. Six and twenty hours would have sufficed,—six were quite inadequate, and he found them so. He pushed on, however, to Kulm. It is a neat village, with a modern schloss beside it; and a church, which crowns a low green hill, in its centre. There are some extensive plantations near; the Pala flows among them; and between it and the mountains on the right, there is a space of less than two miles. He gained it almost without firing a shot, for the force in Töplitz was quite inconsiderable, and his arrival occasioned such panic in that, the head-

Digitized by Microsoft®

quarters of the confederation, that kings, and emperors, and princesses, dispersed in all directions. One half league, indeed, was all that divided his patrols from their prize, when a serious resistance began. General Ostermann, with six thousand of the Russian Imperial Guard, received orders to stop the French at all hazards. He threw himself across the road, drove back their advanced guard, and held his ground so tenaciously, that nothing could move him. Ostermann himself lost an arm; the élite of the Russian guard died where they fought; but Töplitz was saved, and the certain ruin which its capture would have brought upon the Allied cause was averted.

When a fierce battle once begins, there is no calculating in what results it may terminate. Vandamme became irritated by the resistance which was made to him; and, still hoping to bear it down, sent continually for reinforcements. The heights of Peterswald were, in consequence, gradually denuded of guards, and at last not so much as a picquet remained to observe what might approach them. The fresh columns were numerous and brave, but they

Digitized by Microsoft®

arrived too late at the scene of action. Already were the leading battalions of Barclay de Tolly's corps in the field, and brigade after brigade followed them. Then, indeed, Vandamme began to perceive that he would have acted more judiciously had he adhered strictly to Napoleon's orders. But not being aware of all the difficulties of his position, he did not like to abandon it; and merely changed his ground so as to embrace Kulm in his line, and there awaited on the morrow a renewal of the contest.

Vandamme committed a very grievous error in this. The night was at his own disposal, and he ought to have availed himself of it to recover the heights of Peterswald. His pride took the alarm; and, trusting that the Allies, defeated before Dresden, would be utterly disorganised, and that their pursuers would arrive close upon their heels, let them appear in what quarter they might, he made up his mind to give battle again on the 30th. The dawn of that day showed him that his enemies had been more prudent than he. Not his front only, but both flanks were threatened; that is to say,

Digitized by Microsoft®

the Allies, gathering additional strength from hour to hour, had completely overlapped his right; while his left, closed in by the mountains, was at once supported, and rendered, for any movement in retreat, completely useless. The Allies came on with great courage, somewhere about eighty thousand men being in their line; and till two o'clock the battle raged with indescribable fury. But the odds were irresistable. Vandamme began, in the presence of the victor, a retrogressive movement, which ought to have been accomplished under shadow of the darkness. It was made to no purpose. To the horror and amazement of the French, to the surprise and joy of the Allies, Kleist's corps of Prussians showed themselves on the heights; and, descending by the only road which Vandamme had counted upon as open, placed him entirely in a *cul de sac*. The French were utterly confounded. They lost all order, all confidence, both in themselves and their leaders; and, rushing furiously up the ascent, endeavoured to break through. Moreover, so completely unlooked-for, on the side of the Prussians, was the situation in which

Digitized by Microsoft®

they found themselves, that at first they did not well know how to act. Five hundred French cavalry broke in upon a division of the landwehr; sabred many of the infantry, and, for a moment, gained possession of the guns. But it was only for a moment. The Prussians recovered from their surprise; and never was defeat more absolute than that which Vandamme's luckless corps sustained. Many prisoners were taken, including the general-in-chief. All the artillery, ammunition cars, and standards, fell into the hands of the Allies, and the remnant of the men that did escape made their way, one by one, and destitute even of their arms, through the forest, where tract there was none.

Such is a true detail of the leading events in the battle of Kulm; a victory of which the Austrians, with great justice, make much; which they, the Russians, and Prussians, have equally commemorated by monuments erected on the spot, but for which the imprudence of the French commander is at least as much to be thanked as the sagacity of Colloredo, or the daring of Kleist. It was, with one exception,

Digitized by Microsoft®

—the noble resistance of the Russian Guard under Ostermann,—a gross blunder on both sides; it might in its results have been fatal to either, though it ended in the discomfiture of the French. For the Allies, who had been on the very eve of falling out among themselves, were, in consequence of the success at Kulm, reunited; and the tide of victory, which had flowed so fiercely against them a few days previously, turned once more in their favour. Of its course, however, I have, in this place, no business to speak. Let me, therefore, return to myself and my own proceedings.

I had stood before this upon the ridge of the hill, and looked forth over the battle field below. I had quitted my own carriage, and walked down; as I quitted now the diligence for the same purpose, and held converse with a stone-breaker by the wayside, whose cross, marked with the titles of many battles, told that, among others, he had borne his part in the fight of Kulm. He described to me the confusion, both of the French and Prussian corps, as something of which I could form no conception. Both sides lost even the semblance

Digitized by Microsoft®

of order, and through the deep forest, and over the slope of the defile, there was one ceaseless combat of man to man. The quantity of dead, likewise, that covered the hill-side, was prodigious; indeed, it took the country people, who were pressed for the occasion, two whole days to bury them. How changed was the scene now! The outward forms of nature, doubtless, retained their identity; but wood, and ravine, and defile, and sweeping level, all lay under me, as quiet and as peaceful as if the sounds of war had never been heard among them. I was enchanted with my walk down the steep.

The village of Kulm suffered, of course, terribly during the melée. The church had been burned to the ground, as well as the schloss; and of the cottages and vineyards almost all had been beaten to pieces. There were now church, schloss, cottages, and vineyards all blooming and fresh, as if no such calamity had ever overtaken them. The inhabitants, too, unmindful as men ever are of evils that have befallen to others, and even to themselves, long ago, delight in nothing so much as in replying

Digitized by Microsoft®

to the questions which curious travellers, like myself, may chance to put to them. But the cicerone *ex officio*, to whom references are invariably made, is a fine old Austrian invalid, to whose care the charge of the monuments is intrusted. The old fellow is not, I must confess, very intelligent; but he displays his orders with manifest and most commendable pride, and assures you that General Colloredo, who that day received his mortal wound, was the best soldier in the emperor's service. Of the monuments themselves I need say no more than that they occupy a space where the roads from Tetschen and Dresden meet; in which, as it appears, the fighting was very desperate, and where Colloredo fell. That erected by the Austrians is much more massive than its rival; and professes to commemorate rather the merits of the commander than the valour of the troops. The Prussian is a small, but singularly neat obelisk, and bears this inscription, "A grateful king and country honour the heroes who fell." There is a third in progress, of which the Emperor of Russia is the founder; but it is not yet completed. It ought to be the most magni-

Digitized by Microsoft®

ficent of the whole; for assuredly the success of the day was owing more to the stubborn hardihood of the Russian Guards, than to any efforts either of Austrians or Prussians.

From Kulm to Töplitz you pass through a lovely valley, with mountains, as I have already described them, on either side of you. Along the bases of those to the right, lie several picturesque villages, with a modern schloss here and there, and here and there a ruin. Among others, the remains of the castle of Dux, one of Wallenstein's numerous mansions, is especially remarkable. By-and-by, as you approach the town, you see on your left the dilapidated towers of Dobrawska Hora, an extensive pile, built, as we were told, early in the thirteenth century, and owned and inhabited, in 1616, by Count Kinsky, Wallenstein's brother-in-law. And last of all, you enter the town itself; of which I shall speak as I found it on a previous visit; when, instead of hurrying on as we did now, after a single night's rest, we spent some pleasant days at one of the best and cheapest of German inns, the Hotel de Londres.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER X.

TÖPLITZ.—ITS GAIETIES.—JOURNEY RESUMED.—FIRST VIEW OF PRAGUE.—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE CITY.—THE HRADSCHIN.—CATHEDRAL.—UNIVERSITY.—HISTORICAL DETAILS CONNECTED WITH IT.—THE REFORMATION IN BOHEMIA.

THE German Spas, or watering-places, especially those of the first rank, seem to me to offer the best opportunities which a stranger can desire for the study of the German character, as, in its most unguarded moments, it presents itself to notice. Whatever a man's rank or station may be, he seems, from the hour of his entrance into one of these regions of joy, to lay aside, at least, all belonging to it, which elsewhere may trammel or incommode him. Princes, nobles, citizens, officers of every class, natives, foreigners, soldiers, civilians, and diplomatists, seem to be brought hither by one impulse only,—that is, by the pursuit of amusement. Business may be, and I doubt

Digitized by Microsoft®

not is, carried on elsewhere than in the shops, but when or how people find time to attend to it, may well puzzle all save the initiated. I say nothing of the necessity under which every human being appears to be laid, of taking the baths as often as an opportunity may offer; for the bath is to a German what his medicine chest is to an Englishman,—something without which he could never exist throughout the year. But the round of amusements which is perpetually going on, the promenade early in the morning, the ride in the forenoon, the dinner at one o'clock, the music and lounge afterwards, then the theatre or ball, and last of all, the supper, these are the events in Töplitz for which alone persons of every condition seem to live. It is really a most animating spectacle for a few days, and then—to me at least—it becomes irksome in the extreme.

With the solitary exception, perhaps, of Carlsbad, Töplitz takes rank as at once the most fashionable and best ordered watering-place in all Germany. It is the favourite resort of the King of Prussia, who, without

Digitized by Microsoft®

designing to lead a host of fine people in his train, is, as he deserves to be, a centre of attraction. Singularly unassuming in all his habits, he is to be seen passing to and fro, sometimes on foot, without any attendant whatever, sometimes in a carriage, so plain, that it might almost pass for a fiacre, or common hackney-coach. It cannot be said that, in these respects, the nobility of Russia, Austria, and the German principalities in general, follow his example. The Germans do not, indeed, affix the same importance to splendid equipages and fine horses which we find attached to them by the aristocrats of Italy and Hungary; but they relish these things, to a certain extent, too; and at Töplitz,—and to say the truth, at the Spas in general,—they take care that their best displays shall be made. The roads out of Töplitz, in all directions, are, at the fashionable hours, well filled with gaily-dressed parties, both in carriages and on horseback.

Of Töplitz itself I may truly say, that I have never seen a watering-place more perfectly attractive in every sense of the word. The town is not large; its population falls short, I

Digitized by Microsoft®

believe, of three thousand, and the houses are in proportion; but there is about it an air of cleanliness and civility which is peculiarly gratifying, especially in Germany, where, sooth to say, the latter quality is not always prominently conspicuous. Approaching it, as we did, from the side of Dresden, you drive through a species of suburb,—that is, along a road lined on either side by neat mansions, slightly detached from one another, and are carried first into a street, wide, and clean, and spacious, and then into the Platz, or square, which forms a constituent and important part of every German town, be its dimensions what they may. From the square again, which has a considerable declination towards the north, you pass into another street, where all the principal hotels are congregated, and at the extremity of which is the chief attraction of the place, Prince Clari's palace, with its noble and delicious gardens. These latter come as near to perfection in the peculiar school to which they belong, as any thing of the sort which in any part of the world I have visited. They are laid out in long umbrageous walks, in exqui-

Digitized by Microsoft®

sitely kept lawns, in bowers, alcoves, and a lake at once extensive and well managed; and are, with characteristic liberality, thrown open to the public at all hours, both of night and day. Nay, nor is this all. Bands of music play here and there amid its alcoves; there is a sort of coffee-house or restaurateur within the gates; and the theatre may almost be said to form part of the establishment, so close is it planted to the prince's residence. There is exceeding kindliness of heart shown in all this, of which it is not easy for us, the creatures of a different education, to estimate aright the value. *We* should be bored beyond expression were our parks and pleasure-grounds thronged from dawn till dusk by kings, princes, nobles, citizens, and peasants. To the Prince Clari, the consciousness that it affords the means of innocent recreation to his fellow-creatures seems to be the chief enjoyment which he derives from the possession of this lordly residence.

I am not going to describe either the baths themselves, or the customs which prevail in making use of them. Enough is done when I state that, in addition to the public establishments,

Digitized by Microsoft®

where the humbler classes take the waters gratuitously, there are somewhere about ninety private bathing houses in the place, the demand for which, during the height of the season, is such that you must bespeak your turn at least a day or two beforehand, and adhere to the appointed minute religiously. For nobody is allowed to remain in the bathing-room more than three-quarters of an hour at a time, one quarter out of the four being claimed as necessary to clean out and prepare the apartment for the next visiter. The waters, I need scarcely add, belong to the class of alkalo-saline, and take their rise among the Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, hard by. They are extremely hot, and are regarded as especially useful in all cases of rheumatic or gouty affections. It is worthy of remark, that the Austrian medical officers send the valetudinary among the soldiers to these baths from a very great distance. When I was there, I saw detachments belonging to almost all the regiments which occupy quarters in Bohemia; and I was given to understand that they had come thither as invalids, and would, when cured, return to their respective stations.

Digitized by Microsoft®

The Germans, though not famous for their hospitality, are proverbially a gregarious people; and at Töplitz, and indeed at all the watering-places, they appear to live in public. There are tables-d'hôte at all the principal hotels, where, both at dinner and supper, the company meet on terms of the most easy familiarity. To enhance the pleasure of the feast, moreover, Bohemian minstrels,—not unfrequently women,—come and sit down in the Saal while you are eating, and sing and play with equal taste and harmony. While this is going on within, dense crowds collect about the doors and windows in the street, with whose proximity,—as the genuine love of music attracts them, and they are as orderly and well-behaved as the most fastidious could desire,—no human being is, or can be, annoyed. By-and-by, the meal comes to a close, and then the guests either sally forth to enjoy the fresh air in the Prince of Clari's garden, or sit down on benches along the trottoir, and smoke their pipes as contentedly and joyously as if they were a thousand miles removed from an Englishman's horror,—the public eye. I dare say there might be

Digitized by Microsoft®

some tincture of prejudice about me, but I confess that I regretted to see the clergy fall in so freely with this latter custom. A priest smoking his pipe on a form, in a public street, beside the window of an inn, did not appear to me to be quite in his legitimate position.

I did not find that there were any public gaming-houses in Töplitz; though it was whispered that the practice of gaming was not unknown in private circles. It may be so; though I am bound to say that I could perceive no evidences of it. In like manner, a thousand tales were told of other matters which went forward sedulously, of which it is not worth while to take notice. But the general impression left upon my mind by a few days' sojourn in the town was, that it had all the charms about it which we expect to find in fashionable watering-places, and that he who could not make himself happy there for a season, must lay the blame, not upon the scene of other people's enjoyments, but on his own temper or prejudices. Neither did I relish it the less from finding that it was very little frequented by my countrymen. There had been but one English

Digitized by Microsoft®

family there before we arrived, and they, I am happy to say, left an excellent name behind them.

The country between Töplitz and Prague, after you have passed over the heights of Wachholderberg is not, in a picturesque point of view, very interesting. The chateau of Krzemusch, with its fine garden, and the Teufelsmauer, a basaltic precipice hard by, are indeed worth the expenditure of an hour or two to visit, while the situation of Bilin, in the valley of Bila, is beautiful. But you soon escape from the mountains, and then, for many miles, the eye finds little on which it need pine to linger, more attractive, at least, than a wide extent of cultivation. The principal towns through which you pass are Laun and Schlan, neither of them large or very prosperous; the rest are mere villages. By degrees, however, as you come within what may be described as the vortex of Prague, a great change is perceptible. The country becomes much more broken and undulating, while here and there, from the summit of a hill, elevated above the rest, the view which you command is both striking and extensive. At last, the

Digitized by Microsoft®

White Mountain, as it is called, lies before you, and by an easy and almost imperceptible ascent, you arrive at its crest. There it will, indeed, be worth your while to pause; for a finer scene of its kind you will rarely look down upon in any country of the world.

Along the shores of the broad Moldau, and climbing, as it were, the steep hills which girdle it in, Prague lies at your feet. The river, flowing on with a clear and gentle current, seems to have cut it in twain. Yet are the characters of these divisions more completely in unison than in almost any other instance of a city so dealt with which I remember to have seen. A thousand towers, spires, minarets, and domes, shed over the whole an air of magnificence which in some sort partakes of the oriental. There are hanging-gardens, too, and a noble bridge; there are large and exquisitely wooded islands in the Moldau; there is the Alt Stadt on the further bank, with its Thein Kirche, or Tyne Church, celebrated in story, and its venerable Town Hall; there is the Kleinseite nearer at hand, where streets and squares, crowded with the residences of the nobles, rise one above another, till they

Digitized by Microsoft®

terminate in the Old Palace, and the unfinished cathedral of St. Vitus; there is the Neu Stadt, the handiwork of the Emperor Charles IV., covering a prodigious extent of ground, and enriched with the convents, hospitals, and other public buildings, which owe their existence to the liberality of the Jesuits. There are these, with a background of low, yet picturesque hills, surmounted here and there by some blackened ruin, or other monument of times gone by, which make up altogether one of the most striking inland panoramas on which I have any where had the good fortune to gaze. We stopped our carriage some minutes in order to enjoy it; and then pushed forward. At every step which we took in advance, objects of a varying but not a lessened interest, met us. Now we passed a monastery, an extensive pile, but evidently of modern construction; now a convent of English nuns was pointed out to us. By-and-by the road sank down into a sort of ravine, which shut out all view except of the fortifications that enclose the city, and block up the extremity of the defile. Then began signs of active and

Digitized by Microsoft®

busy life to accumulate round us. Countrymen, with their wains, were met or overtaken; bodies of cavalry, in their stable dresses, were exercising their horses on the level; here and there an officer in uniform rode past us; and carriages, in which sat some of Bohemia's fairest and noblest daughters, swept by. Next came the barrier, the demand for passports, the drawbridge, over which our wheels rolled heavily; the exercising ground for the artillery, where a strong brigade of guns was manœuvring; a momentary glimpse of the convent of St. Lawrence, and the old towers of the oldest portion of the palace; after which we saw nothing distinctly, till our journey, properly so called, had terminated. For our course lay down a very steep street, and across the bridge into the Alt Stadt, where at a hotel, rich in all the essentials of food, and wine, and couches, though somewhat deficient in the superfluity of cleanliness, we established our head-quarters for a season.

Perhaps there is no city in the world which, by the air which attaches to all its arrangements, more completely separates you from the present, and carries you back into the past, than

Digitized by Microsoft®

Prague. There is nothing in or around it; there is no separate building, nor street, nor square, within its walls, which is not more or less connected by the strong link of association with the mightiest and the most enduring struggle of principle in which the Christian world ever was engaged. Go where you will, your eye rests on something which speaks to you of a time when Prague was indeed a capital. Here in the Alt Stadt stands,—noble in its decay—the old palace of Könighof, the favourite residence of Charles IV. There is the Tyne or Thein Church, within which Huss, himself but the successor of Milicius and Stiekna, and even Janovius the Parisian, denounced the corruptions of Rome; here the same town-hall, where, by the gallant burghers, the doctrines of the Reformation were first avowed, and within which, after a long and desperate effort to maintain them, they were abjured, not I suspect for ever. But it is not by looking exclusively to what may be called the great features of the city, that these and similar reminiscences are awakened. As you traverse the streets, each edifice, be it lordly or humble,

Digitized by Microsoft®

presents to your gaze some record of prouder days. "Here an armorial device, there a saint, with his golden circlet or burning lamps, or a half-obliterated fresco, an arched balcony, a fortified gateway, or an ornamented shrine*." I heartily agree with the writer, from whose spirited Sketches the preceding extract has been taken, that this old and enduring character of the city is not without its importance. At a period when every political means is employed to efface and subdue the national character, when every act of social life, to be innocent must be Austrian, it is well that there is a power and a spirit in these unshaken walls, and perennial customs, which must needs keep the memory of their great origin and former energy fresh in the hearts of the Bohemian people.

Wherever the stranger may have taken up his abode, whether in the Alt Stadt, the Neu Stadt, the Kleinsiete, or in one of the suburbs, the first objects which he is tempted to visit will naturally be the palace of the Hradschin, and the old cathedral. If, as is probable, he

* See some admirable sketches of Prague, in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for 1836.

Digitized by Microsoft®

have established himself in the Alt Stadt, it will be necessary, in order to reach these points, that he should cross the bridge,—a magnificent structure, which like almost all the most enduring monuments of human skill in the city, owes its existence to Charles IV. It measures not less than 1780 feet in length; it is supported upon twelve noble arches; it is protected at either extremity by embattled towers,—in their day, without doubt, very efficient *têtes du pont*, and to adorn its parapets on either hand, it has the statues of many saints, with more than one crucifix and two chapels. Among these watchers over the temporal and spiritual prosperity of Bohemia, St. John of Nepomuc holds a conspicuous place. Being now in an especial manner the guardian of bridges, his position here is more honoured than that even of the Virgin herself: he occupies the very centre of the pile, and may be distinguished from the rest by the five stars which glitter in their gilding round him; yet is his canonization an event of little more than a century's growth. He was set up by the Jesuits in 1729, in opposition to St. John Huss, to whom the Bohemians, for many years

Digitized by Microsoft®

after the suppression of the Protestant worship among them, continued to pay saintly honours; and he continues to this day, in the reverence with which he is everywhere greeted,—a sort of galling and vexatious, because constantly-recurring memorial, of the system of mental thraldom, under which Bohemia has long groaned.

From the bridge, you pass by a noble street, where churches and stately mansions woo you on either hand, up the steep ascent of the Hradschin; the summit of which will be most speedily, and therefore comfortably, attained, if you mount a flight of stone steps that faces you after you have made a slight turn to the right. They conduct at once to the sort of platform on which stand the old and new palaces, the cathedral, the lodgings of the canons, and the residences of some of the official personages to whose charge these buildings are committed. Of the cathedral, I have already said, that it never was completed. According to the traditions of the place, this is, indeed, the third pile which, consecrated to the worship of the true God, has graced the

Digitized by Microsoft®

brow of the Hradschin; but the two first were entirely destroyed by fire, and this, begun by Charles IV., remains exactly as, in 1380, his architects, Matthew of Arras, and Peter Arlieri, left it. It is an extremely beautiful specimen of the sort of Gothic which preceded that of the date of our own Henry VII., and is surmounted by a lantern-crown, similar in its character, and not very different in its dimensions, from that which is to be seen on the tower of St. Giles's in Edinburgh. Yet is the pile, when spoken of as a cathedral, a very sorry edifice, for the choir is all, of his own noble plan, which Charles was permitted to complete, and there has arisen no king of Bohemia since his day, who has cared to bring the work to a conclusion. At the same time, both the choir, and the unfinished chapels that surround it, are strikingly beautiful. The former, emblazoned within with the shields of the house of Hapsburg, with the armorial bearings of Bohemia, Hungary, Styria, Moravia, Burgundy, Spain, and Brabant, more resembles the private chapel of a prince, than the metropolitical church of a nation; while the latter, crowded

Digitized by Microsoft®

with memorials of other and earlier days, were, at least by us, regarded with a still deeper and holier interest. One of these, the chapel of St. Wenceslas, the fourth Christian duke of Bohemia, has its walls inlaid with native jasper, agate, and other precious stones, and adorned with frescoes, inferior, in point of merit, to none which this century has produced. They are attributed, some to Nicholas Wurmser of Strasburg, some to Dietrich of Prague, two of the most renowned artists of their day, who with many others, received at the hands of Charles, the most liberal patronage and encouragement. Moreover, the exterior of the wall, which looks towards the palace, is richly ornamented with mosaics. Many of the old Slavonian saints are there, such as St. Sigismond, St. Procopius, St. Vitus, St. Wenceslas, and others finely grouped together; while above them is a St. Veronica head of Christ, which would not disgrace St. Mark's in Venice itself.

From the cathedral to the palace is but a step. Though called old in contradistinction to a modern edifice which confronts it, and which the emperor, when he visits his Bohemian capital, usually occupies, this building,

Digitized by Microsoft®

in almost all its portions, is of a date not more ancient than the fourteenth century. The Hall of Ladislas, with two or three towers near the postern, belong, indeed, to the original building, but the remainder of the pile, with the cathedral beside it, uprose at the bidding of Charles IV. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the view which you obtain from the windows of its apartments. The whole of Prague is beneath you. There lies the Kleinsiete, with the great cupola of St. Nicholas, a church of the Jesuits, in the foreground: there is Wallenstein's palace, gathered round the base of the rock, and testifying to the enormous wealth and princely expenditure of its founder;—here, on the right, is the Lobkowitz palace, with its gardens, rising step by step upon the side of the adjacent hill, over which, like a diadem, stands the Premonstratensian convent of Strahow,—an edifice imperfect in its proportions, yet as a whole strikingly effective. From these, the eye turns naturally to the Moldau, with its noble bridge and islands of perfect beauty; while beyond it are the Alt Stadt, and a vast circle of suburbs,—the former, venerable and striking from its multitudinous towers, its one

Digitized by Microsoft®

great cupola, and its peaked roofs; the latter, contrasting finely with it in the simplicity of its large yet unadorned white buildings. Neither will the stranger fail to have pointed out to him, the two small obelisks, which, on a narrow terrace immediately below the palace, mark the spot where Martinitz and Slawata fell, when, at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, they were thrown out of the windows of the Green Chamber. And it is worthy of remark, that this summary mode of dealing with obnoxious individuals, is by no means unfrequently alluded to in the annals of Bohemia. These two emissaries of a detested party escaped, indeed, unhurt; for they fell upon a bed of manure, and were carried off, and nursed, and aided in their subsequent flight by the Princess Penelope of Lobkowitz. But throughout the Hussite troubles, and in times anterior to them, the right of putting to death by casting from towers and over windows, was claimed and exercised by those in power; nay, and more curious still, it was justified before the world as a constitutional privilege.

As I have already stated, the remains of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

Old Palace, properly so called, comprehend no more than a single hall, the Hall of Ladislas, and a few dilapidated towers, in one of which is the Green Room. There is not much therefore, apart from the glorious view, and the historical associations connected with it, to detain the traveller long, who may, or may not, just as the humour takes him, pay a visit in passing, to what is called the gallery of paintings. He will find there no remains whatever of the magnificent collection which the Emperor Rodolph brought from Italy, and very few pieces, the examination of which will repay him for the time that he wastes upon them. Yet one ludicrous representation of hell may, perhaps, provoke a smile; and the portrait of Ziska, whether like to the original or otherwise, as it is pointed out by the valet du place with honest pride, so is it sure to put in its claim to more than a passing notice. For Ziska was among the great ones of the earth. It is probable, therefore, that he will pass, as I did, rapidly into the New Palace, of which several of the apartments are very fine, and all have at least something about them which

Digitized by Microsoft®

interests. Here is the audience-room, for example, where the emperor holds his levees, or receives such petitions as his loving subjects may find an opportunity of presenting. Here, likewise, is the Hall of Assembly for the States, —a plain apartment, adjoining to the audience-chamber, and communicating with it by a private door. For the States appear to go through the form of meeting at appointed seasons, and of voting,—all the privilege which they now enjoy,—such a sum as the crown may think fit to require. The concert-room, also, and the ball-room, and indeed the whole suite which royalty is assumed to occupy, may be visited with advantage; and the views from their several windows are superb. I do not, however, advise anybody to linger here; for there is much to be seen, and examined, and inquired into elsewhere, and in conducting such researches, unless time be absolutely at our own disposal, even moments are of value.

Being duly impressed with the importance of this truth, my travelling companion and I made our sojourn in the New Palace as brief as was consistent with a moderate gratification of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

feeling which led us to visit it at all. We then wound round the rear of the hill; and descending into a sort of ravine, just outside the ramparts, found ourselves in an exceedingly beautiful public garden. It was full of company, who passed to and fro, or sat in groups upon benches, under the shade of the trees, and sipped their lemonade, or ate their ices, while listening to a couple of bands, which discoursed very eloquent music. Altogether the scene was extremely pleasing and gay, yet we did not venture to enjoy it. So as we turn our backs upon it, let me cease, for a while, to write in the first person, that I may the more effectively deal with the somewhat grave and important matters, which it has become necessary to discuss.

I have alluded to the three grand compartments into which Prague is divided, namely, the Kleinsiete, the Alt Stadt, and the Neu Stadt. Of the first as much has been said as is necessary for my present purpose; because, though it be the residence of the bulk of the nobility, and can boast of more than one superb church, whatever there may be of his-

Digitized by Microsoft®

toric interest about it, links itself almost exclusively with the Hradschin. In the Alt Stadt, on the contrary, we find, in addition to the Tyne Church and the Town Hall, the Carolinum, or college in which medical, legal, and scientific education is carried on; and the Clementinum, a great seminary for the diffusion of theological and philosophical lore. They are all that remain of the University of Prague, at one period the most celebrated in Europe; and having been renewed—the former, at least, —so recently as 1744, even the traces of the architectural arrangements which once belonged to them, are obliterated. Still they demand inspection, of which the labour will be compensated, as well by a survey of the magnificent halls and rich collections which adorn them, as on account of the train of thought to which insensibly they give rise. It is to the latter, as they connect themselves with the past and present history of the country, that I wish, on this occasion, to confine myself.

The establishment of an university in the capital of Bohemia, was the work of the Emperor Charles IV. It was founded in 1348,

Digitized by Microsoft®

just one year after Charles ascended the throne; and consisted, when complete, of eight colleges; of which the constitution seems, in every respect, to have corresponded with that of the similar establishments in Oxford and Cambridge. Of these, the Collegium Magnum was endowed by Charles himself for a master and twelve fellows; the Collegium Reginæ Hedvigis obtained its revenues from Queen Hedwige, of Poland, the enlightened founder of the Jagellonian University at Cracow; while, in 1451, the College of the Apostles was endowed for the maintenance of students, whose exclusive business it should be to maintain the rights which the church in Bohemia had acquired by the famous Compacta Basilicana. Of these it is necessary that some notice should be taken.

Perhaps there is nothing connected with the annals of the Romish church more remarkable, than the early and rooted aversion exhibited both to its doctrines and its ceremonies, by that very province in the Austrian empire which is now, more than all others, given over to Popery. According to the best authenti-

Digitized by Microsoft®

cated records, the conversion of the Bohemians to Christianity took place about the middle of the ninth century, or still later; and within less than a hundred years we find them in rebellion against the supreme pontiff, because the Latin tongue was employed in the celebration of divine worship, and celibacy was enjoined upon the clergy. The adoption of a Latin ritual was, however, forced upon Duke Wratislaus, by Gregory VII., who declared that there was a prohibition in Holy Writ, against the use of any other language in addresses made to the Deity. This was in the year 1070. But though the Bohemians yielded so far to an authority which they knew not how to controvert, their firmness, in reference to the celibacy of the clergy, was not so easily overcome. The legate who brought to Prague a bull to this effect in 1197, was set upon by the populace, and stoned to death.

Republican and imperial Rome were not more persevering in their encroachments on the civil rights and liberties of the barbarians, than was religious Rome in her endeavour to establish an universal dominion over the consciences of

Digitized by Microsoft®

mankind. One step gained in advance, proved, in every case, but the prelude to another; and the establishment of a Latin ritual and an unmarried clergy, was soon followed by the refusal of the cup in the administration of the Lord's Supper to the laity. In 1350, the cup was withdrawn. Then rose John Milicius, a canon of Prague, and Conrad Stiekna, his friend, to protest by speech and writing, against the measures pursued by the Pope, and to denounce him as Antichrist in the hearing of a multitude, who listened to their teaching very eagerly. By-and-by, that is, in 1370, Matthias Janovius, the confessor of Charles IV., came to their support in the battle; and in several treatises, which displayed great skill as well as vigour, the Pope was by him denounced. But Charles, though far in advance of his age, was not sufficiently enlightened to adopt the opinions of his confessor. He refused to call a general council on the plea, that the right of so doing was vested in the Pope; and the Pope finally prevailed upon him to send Matthias into banishment. From the period of Matthias' death, which happened in 1394, the Reformers, now a

Digitized by Microsoft®

numerous and influential body, began to suffer persecution; and the strong arm of power endeavoured, for a while, to accomplish what fair and open controversy had failed to bring about.

Such was the condition of affairs, when a wealthy and pious citizen of Prague, a German, however, by descent, laid the foundations of a church in the Alt Stadt, which he called the Temple of Bethlehem; to it, now the Tyne Church, John Huss, already celebrated for his oratory and extensive learning, was appointed preacher. He saw the corruption of the age, and was not slow in denouncing it. For a while his rebukes were applied exclusively to the laity, who complained to the king of the preacher's insolence; and the archbishop was, in consequence, requested either to silence or at least to restrain his violence. But the archbishop, as well as the clergy at large, were as yet Huss's admirers; and the king was informed, that as John, in rebuking vice without regard to persons, did not go beyond the spirit of his ordination vow, so there was no power in man to restrain him. By-and-by, however, Huss

Digitized by Microsoft®

adventured into a new field, and the vices of the priesthood were dragged to light. This was neither so convenient nor so agreeable: and the archbishop became, in his turn, the complainant; but the king would pay no heed to the prelate's remonstrances, further than to meet them with the same reply which the pastors now complaining had, on a former occasion, directed to himself: "Huss is but acting up to the spirit of his ordination vow. He is clearly worked upon by inspiration from heaven,—he must, on no account, be molested." Thus were the minds of the people kept on the stretch, and the way was paved for still greater operations, which soon began to develop themselves.

About this time arrived from England Jerome of Prague, bringing with him copies of the writings of Wickliff, which he was not backward in getting translated into the vernacular language, and circulated far and near. By-and-by came two Englishmen, bachelors of divinity, from Oxford, who disputing boldly against the Pope's supremacy, drew great crowds after them. Though silenced by public

Digitized by Microsoft®

authority, they did not, therefore, cease to wage a war of extermination against antichrist. They were tolerable limners, so they composed a painting, which, like the shield in the story, had a two-fold character; for, on one side, it represented Christ and his Apostles, as these are described in the Gospels; and, on the other, the Pope and his Cardinals, as they appear in their pride of place. This they suspended to the outer wall of their lodging; and if there were none to listen to the words of their preaching, there were thousands who came to admire the production of their skill. Moreover, Huss, who perfectly understood the object of their attempt, and entirely coincided with it, made frequent reference to their work of art in his discourses. In a word, the seed was sown; and but a little while elapsed ere the plant sprang up and bore fruit.

The constitution of the University of Prague so far resembled that of our Scottish universities, that in it were recognised those differences of nations, with which the students of Glasgow and Aberdeen are familiar; there being, however, this difference in the arrange-

Digitized by Microsoft®

ments of the two seminaries: that, whereas the nations in Glasgow find their boundaries on the Forth and the Clyde, two native rivers, those of Prague took a much more extended range. There were, first, the Bohemians, under which head were comprised all natives of Bohemia, of Moravia, of Hungary, and Slavonia. There were, second, the Bavarians, including Bavarians Proper, Austrians, Franconians, and Suabians. There were, third, the Saxons: that is, Saxons, Danes, and Swedes. And, last of all, the Poles, or Poles, Russians, and Lithuanians. If students came from other lands, they were not rejected; but under one or other of these heads they must needs be ranged. With an excess of liberality which sometimes overshoots its mark, Charles had given to these several nations an equality of influence in the management of the affairs of the university; and the consequence was, that, as far as the decisions of that learned body might control it, public opinion in Bohemia, was guided not by native scholars, but by foreigners. In the religious controversy which now agitated the minds of men it was impossible that the university should

Digitized by Microsoft®

stand neuter. The nations met,—Bohemia declared for the Wickliffites, Bavaria, Saxony, and Poland against them; and numbers, of course, prevailed. But the triumph of Popery was short-lived, even in the university. Huss exerted himself with such vigour, that the foreigners were deprived of their preponderancy, and the Carolinum, under his guidance, became henceforth the great bulwark of the Reformed opinions.

While ardently combating the errors to which she gave countenance, it does not appear that, either now or afterwards, Huss entertained a wish—far less a desire—to break off from the communion of the holy Catholic Church. Both he and his fellow-labourers were quite as much in earnest as any of those by whom the work of the Reformation came, in after-years, to be perfected. Yet were they influenced throughout by principles more settled than belonged to some, and by a genuine and righteous liberality of which others knew nothing. That, however, which their gentleness would have willingly averted, the violence of their enemies brought about. The Church of

Digitized by Microsoft®

Rome could not, or would not, depend upon argument. She opposed to the reasoning of the Hussites the rack and the cord; and Bohemia became, in consequence, the scene of persecutions,—of which to read the record is at once painful and humiliating. The martyrdoms of Huss and Jerome were followed by an universal attack upon those who called them masters; and the priest with the layman, the wife with her husband, the child with its parent, sealed their faith with their blood.

From the first dawn of the Reformation in Bohemia, there were among the Reformers two parties, which came, in course of time, to be respectively known as the Calixtines and the Taborites. The demands of the Calixtines were exceeding moderate; they sought only that the cup should be dispensed to the laity in the communion; that the clergy should be deprived of secular authority; that the Word of God should be freely taught; and that sins publicly committed, should, in public, be reproved. This fourth claim, be it observed, struck at the root of all that influence which the Romish clergy derived from the practice of secret and

Digitized by Microsoft®

auricular confession; while the third aimed at a remodelling of the liturgical services, by the substitution of the vernacular for the Latin language in prayer. Yet were they considered by the Taborites as coming far short of what the exigencies of the case required. These latter, indeed, the Covenanters and Puritans of their day, saw nothing in the Romish church except one mass of corruption. Her rites, her ceremonies, her polity, her constitution, all were odious in their eyes; and to hold friendly communication with her, on any subject whatever, was, according to their view of religion, to bring the accursed thing into their houses. Accordingly, while the Calixtines endeavoured to soothe and conciliate, the Taborites rushed to arms; and under Ziska, their renowned leader, achieved triumphs such as attend only on the exertions of men whose actuating principle is a strong religious fanaticism.

The career of Ziska, his ferocity and his zeal, are well known. John Chevalier von Trocznow and Machowitz (for such was his real name), enjoyed both rank and fortune in Bohemia; he was nobly born, held large possessions, and had

Digitized by Microsoft®

greatly distinguished himself in war long before he adopted the opinions of the Taborites. He was called Ziska, or the one-eyed, because in his great battle with the Teutonic knights in 1410, a wound deprived him partially of sight, and he became, during the religious contests that followed the martyrdom of Huss, totally blind. Yet blind as he was, and led out to war, like King John at the battle of Cressy, between two horsemen, he continued not only to fight, but to arrange plans of campaign, and to direct the movements of armies with equal judgment and effect; and he died as he had lived, in unmitigated hostility towards the pope, the Emperor Sigismond, and all their adherents. The degree of reverence in which his memory continues to be held, testifies to the sort of influence which he must have excited while living. There is no end to the tales which the Bohemians love to tell of his bodily strength and prowess. His favourite weapon—a sort of club, or spiked mace,—is shown with extreme pride; and the tree under which he is said to have slept on the night previous to his battle with the emperor, continues, to this hour, to

Digitized by Microsoft®

command that species of reverence which borders at least upon superstition. In a word, Ziska appears greatly to have resembled, in more than one particular, that Balfour of Burley whom Sir Walter Scott has described, and his fame is still cherished as a national possession, probably because the principles for which he contended have not, like those of which Balfour was the champion, obtained even a modified toleration.

What the arms neither of Ziska nor of Procopius could win, the moderation and talent of John of Rokysan succeeded in procuring. After a long and fierce war, during which excessive barbarities were practised on both sides, the Council of Basle met in 1433. John of Rokysan, one of the most popular among the Hussite divines, attended there to plead the cause of his party, and for a space of nearly two months, the four points of which I have spoken as claimed by the Calixtines, were debated. But for the present, no results ensued. The papists would yield nothing, and John and his brother delegates returned home. But the

Digitized by Microsoft®

popish party, taught wisdom by experience, abstained from a renewed appeal to the sword till they had thrown the apple of discord among their adversaries, and weakened by dividing them. In this, however, they succeeded only in part; so that ultimately, that is, in 1436, the use of the cup was conceded; and visions of religious peace were, for a while, fondly encouraged in Bohemia.

It was during the interval between this happy consummation and the accession of Ferdinand I. to the throne, that certain events took place which seem to me to demand a moment's notice. John of Rokysan, though a zealous reformer in principle, was yet unwilling to break the bond of ecclesiastical union, or, as his enemies assert, was desirous of gratifying two passions at the same time, by uniting the character of a reformer to that of an archbishop in a well-endowed church. The better to conciliate both the pope and the emperor, he had dealt harshly with the Taborites, who, rejecting the terms offered them, had withstood and sustained a defeat from the Calixtines. He

Digitized by Microsoft®

found, however, that after the council had decided in his favour, his election to the See of Prague was made by the pope contingent on his renunciation of the privileges just granted to Bohemia. He felt greatly and naturally indignant at the proposal; and under the influence of this feeling, determined to withdraw the church of Bohemia from all dependance on that of Rome. That the church of a single nation could stand alone, however, no communion being held with other churches, seemed then as far beyond the range of possibility, as that a branch torn from the parent tree would flourish; and John, whose principle in this respect was deeply-rooted, cast his eyes in the direction of Constantinople. I am not aware that of this fact, the notice has been taken by ecclesiastical historians which it deserves; yet is it certain, that for two whole years, the reformers of Bohemia were in communication with the patriarch, and that there came to Prague delegates with full powers to admit Bohemia into the bosom of the Greek church. They were never called upon to exercise these

Digitized by Microsoft®

powers. Their ceremonies,—more offensively superstitious than those of Rome herself,—gave extreme umbrage to the Hussites, and the matter which they had been commissioned to effect, fell to the ground.

It was at this juncture that the final separation between the Taborites and the Calixtines took place. The former renounced all connexion with Rome, and for awhile laid aside their very priesthood. The latter continued, in name, the children of that church, whose favourite, because most oppressive, edicts they disobeyed. Not that popery was without its adherents in Bohemia all this while; on the contrary, these were very numerous, and they included a large proportion of the hierarchy, as well as many of the nobles. But the university, as it had early adopted Huss's opinions, so it continued steadily, yet mildly, to maintain them. Throughout the wars that marked the commencement of this strife of opinion, the Carolinum was ever present to assuage the rancour of parties. It withstood absolute popery on the one hand, and absolute fanaticism on

Digitized by Microsoft®

the other. And when the war ceased, and George of Podiebrad mounted the throne, it gave all its influence to a government of which the policy throughout was just, and wise, and temperate.

Acted upon by the efforts of this seat of learning, the Taborites themselves became gradually tame. They accused John of Rokysan, it is true, of having betrayed them, because he would not place himself at the head of the schism; and they held aloof from familiar intercourse with their rivals; but they made no appeal to the sword. Accordingly John became their advocate with the new monarch, and ample toleration was extended to them. With this they were satisfied. They withdrew into the mountains, built villages and places of worship, and never addressing each other except as brother or sister, they came, by-and-by, to be known every where as the Bohemian or Moravian brethren. Simple in their habits, and primitive in their ideas, they soon ceased to be objects of terror to the government; and being left to themselves, became, by degrees, at once the most industrious and honest por-

Digitized by Microsoft®

tion of the population. Moreover, the anomaly in the constitution of their church, which at the outset, had been little thought of, began by degrees to make itself felt. They had no appointed teachers or ministers among them; and there was confusion in their very worship. Their chiefs determined to remove the evil; and seventy of them, from Moravia as well as Bohemia, meeting together, cast lots on whom the priestly office should devolve. Three men, Matthew of Kunwald, Thomas of Przelan, and Eli of Krzenovitch, were chosen; who repairing to a settlement of the Waldenses,—of whom numbers were scattered over Austria and Moravia,—received from the hands of Stephen, one of their bishops, episcopal consecration. From them the brethren derived that apostolical priesthood, which has never since died out, and of which the most perfect model is now to be seen at Hernhut, in Silesia.

Thus fared it with the Reformed religion and its professors in Bohemia, till Ferdinand I. ascended the throne. There was tranquillity, at least, and toleration, under Ladislaus of Poland, and an anxiety expressed everywhere,

Digitized by Microsoft®

that the language of controversy might cease; and that the cultivation of letters, which more than a century of civil strife had interrupted, might again occupy men's minds, and soften and humanize their spirits. But Ferdinand had no part in this virtuous longing. Whether it was the influence of his brother, the Emperor Charles V., or his own innate hatred of the institutions of Bohemia, that swayed him, is a question not easily answered, if, indeed, it were worth asking,—but it is not. The promises which he had given so liberally when elected, were all disregarded so soon as he felt himself secure; and Bohemia, which ought to have thrown her weight into the scale of the Protestant princes, was kept, at the period of the league of Smalcalde, in a state of fatal neutrality. She could not wield her power against men to whom she was bound by all the ties of sympathy and communion of principle; for by this time, the Lutheran doctrines were taught in her churches, and openly maintained in her university. Neither would the diet consent that an army should be marched into Saxony. It was a balance of antagonist principles which

Digitized by Microsoft®

proved fatal in its results to her own liberties, both civil and religious. The battle of Mühlberg gave to Charles and Ferdinand a superiority which they failed not to improve. The Bloody Diet sat in Prague; and nobles, and knights, and even cities forfeited their privileges and their property; and the two former, at least, in many instances, their lives.

There remained now but one bulwark of the Reformed faith in Bohemia, — the Caroline University, and against it the efforts of the dominant faction were directed. It was a sore grievance to the court and the popish nobility, that a weapon so powerful as education should be exclusively in the hands of schismatics; so they resolved to counter-work it. With this view, the aid of the Jesuits was called in; and twelve fathers of the order of Loyola took possession, in 1555, of the Clementinum College. At first their unpopularity was such, that they never ventured to show themselves in the streets without being insulted. Yet they pursued their course with unwearied assiduity; and patience, and a mild demeanour, and an anxiety to conciliate even the taste for shows

Digitized by Microsoft®

which prevailed then, as well as now, among the citizens, gradually produced their results. The Jesuits were first tolerated, and by-and-by respected in Prague. Moreover the college was raised to the rank of a university, in which theology and philosophy might be taught; and they received from day to day an accession to their numbers. Still the fame of the Carolinum, or Protestant seminary, surpassed that of the modern university, as far as the Jesuits individually surpassed the Protestant teachers in urbanity of manner; and hence, though personally tolerated, the latter continued as a party to be objects of extreme suspicion. And so things remained, till the issue of the Thirty Years' War threw all power into the hands of the Catholics, and religious freedom, and civil liberty, became words without meaning in Bohemia.

I have spoken of the house of Austria as indicating from the outset of its connexion with Bohemia, a spirit of decided hostility to the institutions of the country. From this general censure, two, and for a brief space at least, three princes of the line must, indeed, be

Digitized by Microsoft®

excepted. Maximilian had no sooner mounted the throne, in 1564, than he proclaimed the most ample religious toleration. The Compacta Basilicana, which had heretofore protected the Utraquists alone, were set aside, and all sects were permitted to worship God, according to the dictates of their own consciences. The consequence was, that a large portion of the people became, with the university, avowedly Protestant, and adopted, some the Augsburg Confession as their standard of belief,—others, the opinions of Calvin. In like manner, Rodolph II., and after his deposition, Matthias, stood forth as the champions of absolute freedom of opinion. They looked to matters of more importance than the squabbles of sophists; they laboured to advance the prosperity of their people, and they succeeded. The interval between 1564 and 1610, may, indeed, be described as the golden age of Bohemian history. Then did the diet exercise a sound and constitutional control over the supplies and general policy of the government. Then was the condition of the peasant improved, his proverbial industry encouraged, and himself permitted to share

Digitized by Microsoft®

largely in its fruits. There were, in fact, as many elements of civil and religious liberty in Bohemia then as in England;—how wide is the contrast which the one nation offers to the other now!

It would have been strange, indeed, had princes who were wise enough to know, that a monarch's greatness is best enhanced by the prosperity of the people over whom he reigns, failed to give ample encouragement, at the same time, to learning and to the arts. Under Rodolph the halls of the Hradschin were adorned, with the productions of the best masters, which he purchased in Italy, and brought with him into Bohemia. His court, likewise, became a centre of attraction, round which Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and other foreigners of high renown, were gathered; while the native nobility, catching the impulse which their sovereign afforded, devoted themselves, in numerous instances, to the cultivation of letters and of science. There are several histories yet extant, which came from the pens of Rodolph's courtiers; while the same class gave professors and teachers, not only to the university, but to many

Digitized by Microsoft®

of the most distinguished seminaries in Italy and Germany. Moreover, schools were multiplied both in Prague and elsewhere with unwearying zeal; till, in addition to the sixteen which flourished in the capital, there were at Laun, Salz, Klattau, Leitmeritz, and Chrudim, seminaries, each of which was presided over by a master, of whose fitness to communicate sound and wholesome learning, the Carolinum itself had approved. And it is worthy of remark, that one great object of which these promoters of mental culture never lost sight, was the improvement and extension of their native tongue. There was no country in Europe which could boast of so many statesmen, historians, and professors, by whom the vernacular language was habitually employed, as Bohemia. The printing-office of the Moravian brethren, of which Charles of Zierotin was the founder, multiplied copies of the Bible in the Bohemian tongue. In the same dialect, Radowsky of Husterzan put forth his treatise on astronomy. John of Hdiejouna used it as well as Charles of Zierotin, and Hajek, Dembrawricky, Wartowsky, and Blahoslaw, all demonstrated its

Digitized by Microsoft®

fitness for the purposes of the chronicler. In a word, Bohemia was great, and flourishing, and happy; and her prosperity rested on a basis which, if wisely dealt with, must have rendered it as enduring as it was conspicuous.

Every movement on the part of the people had for its object, the establishment of a perfect nationality in Bohemia;—the leaning of the court was, perhaps naturally, towards Austrianism. Maximilian, Rodolph II., and for a time Matthias, gave, indeed, no countenance to the latter; but Matthias's constancy seems, in the end, to have been overcome. The Jesuits never ceased to keep in view the ultimate ascendancy of their own order, and they quite understood that to accomplish this, it would be necessary to crush the spirit of independence in Bohemia altogether. Both parties took the alarm; each made its movement to counteract the other, and the results were such as I have described. The Emperor Matthias, supported by the Catholic nobility and the Jesuits of the Clementinum, insisted on nominating his own successor, in the person of Ferdinand II.; the States, to which adhered

Digitized by Microsoft®

the Carolinum, and all that were Protestants in Bohemia, protested against so gross a violation of their rights. Then followed an insurrection, the expulsion of the Jesuits from the kingdom, and a demand that neither the university nor any other seminary of education, should again be subject to the control of that order. And finally began that terrible struggle which crushed the liberties, as well civil as religious, of the Bohemians. For Ferdinand, not content to scotch the snake, never rested till it had ceased to be. The Carolinum, with all its endowments, privileges, and libraries, was handed over to its rival. Protestantism was declared to be extinct; and the gibbet, and the stake, and confiscations, and banishments, rendered the decree, in due time, more than an idle boast. There is, probably, no instance on record of an extirpation of a religious creed more absolute than that which the Jesuits effected of Protestantism in Bohemia. It was entirely put out, and has never since so far revived, as to embrace one-hundredth part of the population within the compass of its rays.

From the close of the war the University of

Digitized by Microsoft®

Prague assumed the title of the Carlo-Ferdinandian Institution. In one of its branches, indeed,—the Carolinum,—the professors' chairs stood vacant for twelve years, and the building itself was shut up. But at the termination of that period it was reopened, and it has continued ever since to be the seminary in which instruction in the faculties of law and of medicine is communicated. For theology, and moral and abstract philosophy, on the other hand, the student must needs repair to the Clementinum; over which, till the suppression of the order by Joseph II., the Jesuits presided. Nor has the downfall of that most ambitious and subtle body, worked any important change in the constitution of the university. The Carolinum is still the laymen's college; the Clementinum the place of education for the divine, —who seems to be returning, with rapid strides, at least in Prague, to what he used to be while yet Jesuitism was in full vigour.

Such is an outline of the great historical events of which a visit to these two edifices is sure to remind the traveller. Of the buildings themselves, as well as of the system of education

Digitized by Microsoft®

that is pursued within their walls, I have very little to say. The Carolinum, entirely remodelled by the Jesuits, retains no resemblance, even in its external features, to what it was at the period when Huss presided over its affairs. It is a handsome pile, doubtless; but all traces of its Gothic architecture are swept away, and in its very dimensions it is changed. The Clementinum, on the contrary, has grown, both in importance and bulk; for it occupies the site of two churches, of a Dominican convent, and of several streets and squares, which were pulled down in order to make room for it. Of its noble halls the interior decoration is altogether Italian; and its library, its museum, its cabinets, and scientific collections, are, at least, worth seeing.

Education in Bohemia, as well as in the other provinces of the Austrian empire, goes on under the strict and unceasing surveillance of the police. The clergy, in spite of what travellers assert to the contrary, have no control over it at all; except so far as they may possess influence enough with the government to recommend such text-books as are adopted in

Digitized by Microsoft®

the various seminaries. It was whispered, indeed, in Prague, that since the accession of the present emperor, the clergy have, in this respect, made large strides upwards; and it is very certain that Jesuitism is not what it was some years ago,—a profession which men esteemed it prudent to conceal. But however this may be, as the nomination to vacant chairs in the university is vested in the Board of Education at Vienna, so by the head of the police it is determined by what process eminent philosophers, and divines, and lawyers, shall be fabricated. In like manner the period of attendance on each class,—or, to speak more accurately, the space of time which is necessary to complete an academical course,—is not left either to the discretion of the professors, or to the talent and industry of their pupils. In the first place, the youth, to be admitted, must show that he has attended one of the public schools for three years, at the least. He must bring with him also a slender stock of German, arithmetic, mathematics, Greek, and Latin; which for six years more he labours only to increase. Then comes a fresh distribution

Digitized by Microsoft®

of the students, who, throughout these protracted periods, have gone on together; but, who now pass off into the schools of law, and medicine, and divinity, according to the nature of the professions for which they are respectively intended. The candidates for the cope and the judge's chair complete the course in four years more. From the incipient Esculapius six years professional study is demanded. It is worthy of remark, that not a single lecture is delivered in the vernacular language of the country. German is, indeed, employed, where Latin may have grown into disrepute; but the Bohemian is a dialect of which the use seems restricted to the very lowest and most despised of the peasantry.

It would be idle to conceal that the extreme vigilance of the government in these respects, and, still more, its bigoted hostility to everything which might recall the recollection of Bohemian independence, has given great umbrage to the thinking portion of the people. I have conversed with persons in every rank, and I found none who spoke of it except in bitterness. But it is not by these means alone that

Digitized by Microsoft®

the house of Austria endeavours to shield its Bohemian subjects from the infection of liberalized opinions. I had intrusted to me, before leaving London, an English book, which I was to forward or deliver to a gentleman of rank in the country. He would not send for it by the hands of a common messenger. He came in person many miles to receive it, "Because," said he, "one does not know what may happen, and it is best to avoid collision with the police." The book was a very harmless one,—it was only the first volume of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott;* but my friend did not consider that it would be prudent to make a parade of its reception. Again, I visited a gentleman in Prague, and found upon his table a number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review.* There was an article in it which bore upon the existing condition of Bohemia,—an able paper, on the whole, though here and there inaccurate. I conversed with him about it; and, having an hour to spare, I accepted his offer to carry it to my hotel, and there read it. "When you send it back," said he, "be so good as wrap it carefully up in paper. We don't know

Digitized by Microsoft®

where we are safe, in this country; and your *Foreign Quarterly* is not one of the favoured publications which we are licensed to import." What a pitiable state of existence is this,—what a perfect bondage of *mind*, for which the utmost security to person and property can never make amends.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER XI.

THE JEWS' TOWN.—VISITS TO VARIOUS POINTS WORTH NOTICING.—STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING.

I HAVE devoted so much more of space than I had intended to the university, and the associations connected with it, that I must be content to describe in few words, such other objects as appeared to me most deserving of notice in Prague. Prominent among these is the Juden Stadt, or City of the Jews; of which I may state, at the outset, that, of all the extraordinary scenes in which I have ever been an actor, there are few which, more than my visit to the Jews' Quarter of Prague, have left upon my mind so vivid and lasting an impression. Let the reader imagine to himself, if he can, the effect of a sudden transition from the pomp and splendour of a great capital into a suburb of mean and narrow streets, choked up

Digitized by Microsoft®

with the litter of old rags, broken furniture, and cast-off clothes hung out for sale; where are aged women asleep in their chairs,—young ones nursing infants, or, it may be, perfecting their own unfinished toilets; men, squalid and filthy, with long beards, flowing robes, and all the other appurtenances which usually belong to their race; children in a state of nudity; turbaned heads, features thoroughly Oriental; tarnished finery, books, music, and musical instruments, scattered about; everything, in short, whether animate or inanimate, as entirely in contrast with what you have just left behind, as you might expect to find it, were you transported suddenly into some region of the earth, of the very existence of which you had previously been ignorant. I have passed through the classic regions of St. Giles, the Seven Dials, and Rag Fair. I have gone, in my youth, under the escort of a police officer, the round of all the most degraded corners of London; yet have I never beheld a sight, which, in all that is calculated to bewilder, if not to outrage, the senses, could bear one moment's

Digitized by Microsoft®

comparison with what the Juden Stadt brought before me. I confess that the first feeling excited was a vague idea, that to proceed further might compromise our personal safety. Yet I defy any one who has penetrated but a few yards down the passage, to abstain from going on. There is about you, on all sides, an air of novelty, such as it is impossible to resist; and you march forward, wondering, as you move, whether you be awake or in a dream.

The establishment of a Jewish colony in Prague is said to be coeval with the foundation of the city itself. From age to age, moreover, the sons of Israel have inhabited the same quarter,—namely, a suburb which, running in part along the margin of the Moldau, is approached from the Alt Stadt, by the street of which I have just spoken. Here dwell they, to the number of eight or ten thousand, in a state of complete isolation from the Christian myriads which surround them, inhabiting flats, and in many cases, single apartments, by whole families; and appearing to rejoice in the filth and neglect to which the Christians have consigned them. The streets in their suburb are all nar-

Digitized by Microsoft®

row and mean, and devoid of ornament; the stalls, with the articles which the chapmen expose upon them, are scattered up and down in utter confusion; the shops—mere recesses—have Hebrew inscriptions over them, and the entire population, when I went among them, seemed to be abroad. One building, and one only, does indeed deserve to be visited: I allude to the synagogue, the oldest of its class, perhaps, in Europe; a strange edifice, above the floor of which the soil has gathered to such a height, that to enter it, you are forced to descend a flight of steps. I must endeavour to describe it, though conscious that description must utterly fail to convey a correct idea of the original.

The Old Synagogue, as it is called, a structure of the twelfth century, is essentially Gothic in the leading points of its architecture, but so loaded with Byzantine ornaments as to resemble no other edifice of a similar date which I, at least, have seen in Europe. It is thoroughly Oriental in its character, fantastic in its proportions, and little likely to be mistaken, under any circumstances, for a Christian

Digitized by Microsoft®

church. The interior is not less remarkable, whether we look to the productions of the builder's skill, or to the arrangements which have been made for the purposes of worship and study. A lofty vault, supported upon three Gothic pillars, which spring from the middle of the area, and meet in pointed arches at the roof, it is lighted only by a range of lancet-shaped windows, which being elevated above the floor to the height of forty or fifty feet, throw down a few broken rays upon your head, just sufficient to render the darkness visible, but not to dispel it. By this uncertain glimmer, you perceive, after a while, that walls, and pillars, and roof, are black with the dust of ages; and that every thing around you bears testimony to the gloomy nature of the reverence which these stubborn Israelites pay to the God who has discarded them. Beneath the arch of the pillars there is a raised platform, where desks and stools are placed for the accommodation of the rabbins, and the pupils who come hither to study the Law. At the extremity of the vault stands the altar, the silver candlestick, with its many branches, sur-

Digitized by Microsoft®

mounting it, while from the roof hang seven silver lamps, to "give light," according to the Divine injunction, "over against the candlestick." I exceedingly regretted to find that the day on which I inspected this pile was not a holy season in the Juden Stadt. Some doctors and students there were, on the platform, whose attention seemed engrossed by the occupation in which they were engaged; and their picturesque dresses, flowing beards, and stubborn and haughty expressions of countenance, accorded well with the localities by which they were surrounded. But the business of prayer was not in progress, and the sacred Book of the Law lay hidden.

From the Synagogue we passed into the old cemetery, which lies contiguous to it, and looked round upon a picture of desolation more stern than the dream of the poet has perhaps ever conjured up. Extensive as the plot of ground is, there is not, throughout its compass, one foot of level soil. Graves, trodden partially down, pointed grave-stones that are sloping and falling in every direction,—these, with a wilderness of alder trees, which, whether

Digitized by Microsoft®

planted by the hand of man, or sown by the winds of heaven, overshadow the crumbling tombs, constitute altogether a fitting monument to the desolate condition and broken fortunes of the Hebrew race. Yet may you easily enough distinguish, from the devices that are engraved on each of them, the rank and condition of many of those who sleep beneath these grave-stones. The lion of Judah, the upraised hands of the house of Aaron, the Nazarite's bunch of grapes, are all here; while the graves of the rabbins are, as elsewhere, adorned, each with a sort of cenotaph. The Jews have, for some time, ceased to bury in this mass of human dust. It was filled, and filled, till it could contain the bones of no more; and now their dead are carried to a new cemetery, removed a short distance beyond the city walls.

According to their own traditions, the quarter of Prague which the Jews now occupy was possessed by their ancestors long before the destruction of Jerusalem. We may credit this statement or not, just as we please; but it seems admitted, on all hands, that if they

Digitized by Microsoft®

dwelt not where we now find them, previous to the foundation of the city, they were among the earliest of the colonists who repaired to it. Many and severe changes of fortune they have indeed undergone. Plundered, oppressed, more than once expelled by violence, they have yet returned, again and again, to the home of their adoption, and they are now treated, if not respectfully, at least mildly, and on the whole, justly, by their Christian rulers. I must add, moreover, to this account of their suburb, that the more wealthy members of their community do not now make their dwellings there. These generally inhabit houses in the better part of the city, and having the command of a large proportion of the floating capital of the country, they receive such marks of deference as the rich, under the most unfavourable circumstances, contrive to exact from the poor.

Among other objects in the Alt Stadt, which make powerful demands on the traveller's notice, the Rath-haus, or ancient Town-hall, and the Thein Kirche, stand conspicuously forward. The former is a quaint, irregular Gothic pile, in a very dilapidated state, of which the Council-

Digitized by Microsoft®

chamber is fine, in its degree, and the little chapel curious. It was here, that in 1420, the leaders of the Taborites assembled, their followers being gathered together in the Grosse Ring, or square beneath, and at the tolling of a bell, the whole sallied forth to commit those excesses which, both in Bohemia and elsewhere, have cast such discredit on the dawn of the Reformation. It was in a dungeon beneath the Rath-haus that the Emperor Wenzel IV. suffered, in the year 1403, a fifteen weeks' imprisonment; and it was in the square, on which the windows of the hall look out, that the jousts and tournaments of the knightly age were carried forward. Of the latter again, which fronts the Rath-haus, and so occupies a conspicuous position in the same square, why should I say more than has been said already? Here, in 1458, the states assembled to elect to the vacant throne the virtuous George of Podiebrad; here Huss preached, and John of Rokysan taught; and Tycho Brahe found here the last resting-place which is allotted to mortality. There is a rude monument to him,—a figure in armour, carved in relief, against one of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the pillars near the altar; and over it is engraved the astronomer's motto, *Esse quam haberi.* It is remarkable enough that as in this church the communion was first administered in both elements to the people, so is there still to be found here the single memorial that remains of the privileges which were once so dearly prized, and so hardly won. The service of the Roman Catholic church is performed here in the Bohemian language; and the congregations which attend to take part in it are enormous.

From the Alt Stadt you pass to the Neu Stadt by a street called Graben, across the site of which was, in ancient days, a ditch, but of which, as well as of the rampart that surmounted it, not a trace now remains. It is a clean, airy, well-built portion of Prague, and embraces the old town within a sort of semicircle, of which the extremities reach, on either side, to the Moldau. Here the Military Hospital,—once a college of the Jesuits,—will naturally attract attention, both on account of the elegance of its structure, and the uses to which it is turned. It has a noble façade, which measures upwards of

Digitized by Microsoft®

six hundred feet in length, a chapel, a hall, and accommodation for four hundred invalids, whose wants, though attended to, are certainly not prevented with the care which distinguishes a similar institution among ourselves. The old soldiers made, it is true, no complaints. They seemed, on the contrary, perfectly satisfied with their condition,—all, at least, except one,—who, strange to say, had served in the 97th British regiment for seventeen years, ere he entered the service of Austria; and even he said very little. He was a German, had been discharged in consequence of a wound, after fighting in Egypt and the Peninsula, had then entered the Austrian army, and was now enjoying his otium in Prague. I learned from him that the rate of allowance to each man, was a suit of clothes once in four years, one pair of shoes and one pair of soles per annum, a quarter of a pound of meat with twice as much black bread daily, and no wine. Had he gone upon what we should call the out-pension, his subsistence would have amounted to three-pence,—of our money,—per day.

There are several churches and convents in

Digitized by Microsoft®

the same quarter of Prague; but none which much repay the trouble of inspecting them. That of St. Emaus is, perhaps, the most interesting, both because it is the oldest, being of the date 1348, and because here some traces of frescoes, which escaped the Hussite violences, may be found. But except for these, and a few of the trophies that were taken at the battle of the White Mountain, it will not strike the visitor as, in any respect, remarkable. It is not here, indeed, nor in the Alt Stadt neither, that the curious in such matters will seek for gratification. He who loves to muse amid the cloisters of a monastery, or delights to recreate himself amid the "Temple's holy gloom," will find the freest scope for the indulgence of his humours, on the opposite side of the Moldau; and as our tastes reverted to that channel, after sufficient time had been devoted to other matters, it may not be amiss if I state some of the occurences that befell during our second visit to the Hradschin and the Strahow.

Not far from the cathedral, and, as a necessary consequence, adjoining to the palace, are two objects which put in strong claims to notice.

Digitized by Microsoft®

One is a Loreto chapel, built on the model of that which has so often changed its resting-place; the other is the convent of St. Lawrence, within which the chapel is erected. The latter, —an exact copy of that in the valley of the Misio,—is small, and dark in the interior, the shrine being lighted up only by the lamps which burn continually before the image of the Virgin. It is, however, rich in costly vestments and plate, and richer still in the reverence which the pious pay to it. The convent, again, is large, with fine cloisters, and some tolerable frescoes along the sides of them, and the monks, to do them justice, are exceedingly civil. My young companion expressed a wish to visit their cells, and it was instantly complied with: we were directed to pass round to another door, and there the porter took charge of us.

Our guide,—a squalid creature, with shaven crown, bare legs, sandaled feet, and a grizzly beard,—led us by a long passage first into the refectory. It was a hall of no great dimensions, meanly furnished with deal benches and tables, and surrounded on the walls, with some rude representations of the most loathsome

Digitized by Microsoft®

and horrid martyrdoms. The tables were spread with wooden trenchers, each of which had a morsel of rye-bread beside it, and beneath each bench were rows of spit-boxes,—one being set apart for the use of each of the brothers. What the viands might be which were to fill the trenchers, I do not know; but the smell was not inviting, so we quitted the hall, and following our guide up stairs, were introduced into a cell. Its appearance entirely overthrew the theories which my young companion had nourished. A small, but neatly-furnished apartment, with a clean bed, a chest of drawers, and a quantity of flowers on the window-sill, by no means came up to the ideas which he had entertained of monastic asceticism; and when, over and above all this, he found more than a breviary and a crucifix within reach, namely, a sort of pocket-library and a lute, his astonishment found vent in words.

"Are monks allowed to indulge their taste for music?" asked he.

"Oh yes," was the reply; "Brother Franz is a great musician. It is he that always leads in the chanted grace before and after meals."

Digitized by Microsoft®

Brother Franz, however, was not present to answer for himself; so we continued our progress.

We desired to see the chapel; and as we approached it by a back stair, the notes of the organ that swelled along the passage, gave indication that some service was going on. We entered a gallery, whence, from behind the shelter of a screen, we could look down upon the chapel, and those that filled it. The congregation was both numerous and devout, and in the body of the pile, all were engaged in singing a requiem for a departed soul. On a bier in the middle aisle, stood a coffin, having a skull and cross-bones laid upon the pall, and over it hung a priest, whose gestures sufficiently indicated, that for the tenant of that narrow chamber he was supplicating. "This is some recent death?" demanded I; "some person of note is gone to his account, and you are praying that his sins may be pardoned?"

"No, sir," answered the monk, "the individual whose demise we this day commemorate, gave up the ghost an hundred years ago; but we are still bound to say masses for her soul.

Digitized by Microsoft®

She has bequeathed property to secure this for ever."

"And is her body in that coffin?" demanded I.

"Not at all," was the answer; "these are but representations of what you take them for. That is not a coffin, neither are these a scull and cross-bones."

I could not help smiling, when this avowal was made with such perfect simplicity; and I went away surprised, that any such awkward endeavour to work upon the sympathies of the people, should be considered judicious.

Among other days of the week, we spent a Sunday in Prague; and a regard to truth compels me to state that the contrast which was presented by the mode of observing the Lord's Day there, to what we had witnessed in Protestant Saxony and Protestant Prussia, redounded very little to the honour of the latter countries. I need not observe that nowhere, on the continent of Europe, are the evenings of the Lord's Day devoted to other purposes than those of amusement. Whatever may be the national faith, whether Romish or Reformed, this is universally the

Digitized by Microsoft®

case; but while in Saxony and Prussia the laws appear to sanction the total desecration of that day, even to the prosecution of men's ordinary employments, in Prague, and I am bound to add generally in popish Bohemia, no such desecration takes place. After a given hour, all classes put on their merriest bearing, it is true, and the clergy,—in Prague, a curious combination of stiffness and dandyism,—may be met every where; but till that time arrives, the offices of religion appear to engross all thoughts, for the shops are closed, and the streets deserted, except by persons passing to and from their several places of worship. How much more decent, to use no stronger expression, is this, than the sort of scenes which I had occasion to describe in a previous chapter,—how much better calculated to keep alive among the people some sense of religion, some respect at least for its external observances,—not entirely, it is to be hoped, unconnected with a regard for higher things than externals.

Why should I continue these details any further? We visited the theatre, with the music and acting in which we were greatly de-

Digitized by Microsoft®

lighted; we dined on one of the islands in the Moldau, in the open air, in the midst of a crowd, beneath the canopy of heaven, and with a well-managed band to serenade us all the while; we spent an evening greatly to our own satisfaction, under the shade of the trees in the Thiergarten. We climbed the Strahow, inspected the monastery that crowns its summit, admired the fine library, and gazed with reverence on the autograph of Tycho Brahe; we wandered round the ramparts; we surveyed the field of the battle of Prague; we examined more minutely the ground on which Ziska had fought and conquered; we left nothing unexplored, in short, which we found that it was possible to bring within the scope of general observation; nor permitted any matter, concerning which curiosity had been excited, to pass without investigation. The result was a tolerably accurate acquaintance with every remarkable object in the place, not excepting Count Nositz's small but excellent gallery,—one of the most creditable collections of modern growth which I have seen. Neither did we fail to form acquaintance with the people,

Digitized by Microsoft®

as well of the humbler as of the more exalted stations; of which the result, in every instance, was, that the favourable impression which had been made upon me, while wandering among the mountains, suffered no diminution. I found them to be,—in the city, not less than among the villages,—a kind-hearted, industrious, and most patient race. I saw, indeed, that they were not without their grounds of discontent, and that they felt their grievances keenly. The higher orders complained because the ancient capital of their native land had sunk into a mere provincial town. They pointed to palaces deserted and falling to decay, and said, with natural bitterness, that it ill became Bohemians of the best blood to prefer the pleasures of Vienna to the duty which they owed to their father-land. They spoke, too, indignantly of the centralizing system, of the ban that had gone forth against their beloved language, of the extinction of their privileges, and the efforts that are making, to blot out the very remembrance of their nationality. "But it will not succeed," was the usual termination of such harangues. "We have no idea of shaking off

Digitized by Microsoft®

the yoke. We know that in the present state of Europe, Bohemia could not exist one year, as an independent monarchy; but we shall never be content till the laws are everywhere administered in a language which is intelligible to the people, and we and they be permitted to exercise some control over our own affairs." In like manner, the humbler classes,—the shopkeeper, the mechanic, and the artisan,—spoke not unintelligibly of their altered condition, since the native nobility were their best customers, and taxation scarcely reached them. "But we are no longer a people now. The stranger rules us, the shackles are on our wrists;—what can we do?" Then would follow a shrug of the shoulders, a wink of the eye, and a hasty return to the sort of manner which a careless observer might easily mistake for the external proof of content, but which is, in fact, a disguise put on to hide feelings directly the reverse.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER XII.

QUIT PRAGUE.—JOURNEY TO BRÜNN BY KÖNIGGRATZ.—STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—BRÜNN.—ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—ABSENCE OF THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

"TIME runs his ceaseless course," and, agreeably as with us he had passed since our arrival in Prague, we began, after a week's sojourn there, to discover that it would be necessary to move onwards. It had been our anxious wish to proceed at once along the borders of Silesia into Hungary; and at Dresden we had endeavoured to have some such route marked out upon our passport, but we were not successful. For there is extreme jealousy on the part of the Austrian officials abroad, of granting free ingress and egress to and from Hungary; and we were recommended, in consequence, to proceed direct to Vienna, where the Hungarian Chancery would deal with us. We made another effort at Prague to obtain that which in Dresden had been refused us; but it availed us

Digitized by Microsoft®

nothing. "We will pass you on to Königgratz, if you please," said the chief of police, "where the authorities, being nearer to the frontier, may be more in the habit of setting general regulations at defiance; or you may go to Brünn, the capital of Moravia, and there fare better." We fancied that there might be something in these suggestions, and resolved to act upon them. Accordingly, having taken a last survey of the lordly city, and provided ourselves with arms,—a precaution which was everywhere pressed upon us, seeing that Hungary was our point of destination,—we committed ourselves to an extra-post, an agreeable and commodious vehicle, which holds two persons, and set out.

I have nothing whatever to say concerning our progress from Prague to the first of the resting places which were marked upon our chart. Not having any object to gain by delay, we performed the larger portion of the journey by night; and, at an early hour in the morning, found ourselves approaching the outer defences of a strongly fortified town. This was Königgratz,—a huge barrack, in which two or three

Digitized by Microsoft®

battalions of infantry are usually quartered; and which contains, besides a state prison, a Gymnasium, or seminary of public instruction, and some churches. There was not much of promise in all this, neither did the spectacle of chained men working by gangs in the streets, greatly win upon us. We therefore abandoned, without hesitation, all idea of the proposed halt; and having ascertained that the police were immovable; that our passport being marked for Vienna and not for Hungary, they either would not, or could not, sanction a deviation from the beaten track,—we were fain to accept a visé for Brünn, and to resume our former places in the interior of the diligence. Again, therefore, were we *en voyage*, at a rate more rapid than is at all agreeable to him who wishes to make acquaintance with a strange people. But for this there was no help; and we took the evil patiently, being comforted by the reflection, that, of the Bohemians we had already seen a great deal more than ever can be seen, except by such as adopt our unpretending system of travel.

From Königgratz to Brünn, you pass through

Digitized by Microsoft®

a country for which nature has done a great deal, and which the patient industry of its industrious inhabitants has not failed to improve. It is, generally speaking, a vast plain, with mountains in the distance; and, here and there, a rise and fall on its surface, which produce an exceedingly pleasing effect. There are many villages and small towns along the road-side; and everywhere the fields were, when I saw them, in the highest state of cultivation. Corn and meadow, with an occasional vineyard, spread themselves out before us, and were relieved, from time to time, by the introduction of a wood, disposed, as might almost seem, with a view to heighten the extreme beauty of the landscape. Had I abstained from holding converse with the inhabitants of that fair province, I should have quitted it in the full assurance that they were the most contented and happy people in the world. As it was, a regard to truth compels me to acknowledge that I found them very much the reverse.

It is not, I think, necessary for me to guard myself against the imputation of cherishing any undue preference for the democratic principle

Digitized by Microsoft®

in the theory of government. Of all the tyrannies that exist, the tyranny of the mob is the most oppressive; nay, the very excess of freedom which gives to each individual the right of pestering all around him with his impertinences, is surely much more hard to endure than the occasional restraints which a strong police may impose. But an absolute and irresponsible monarchy is not a pleasant government to live under. Where men talk only in whispers; where they feel that their words must be weighed ere they utter them; where their single idea of the powers that be, is of an influence which oppresses, or keeps an eye of unsleeping vigilance upon their movements; where they are not permitted to form any judgment as to what is, or what is not, best for their social condition,—but imbibe, from childhood, one conviction only, that it is their wisdom to obey implicitly,—in such a state of society it is vain to look either for true dignity of individual character, or for the developement of powers which elevate both nations and private men in the scale of human perfectibility. Practically speaking, men may enjoy as much

Digitized by Microsoft®

freedom of action as they could desire; and their persons and their property will alike be secured from violence; but there is not, nor can there be, real contentment anywhere,—no, not even in the highest stations of all,—those of the sovereign and his ministers.

I have been much struck in the course of my reading, with the pains which travellers take to assure us that the government of Austria is exceedingly paternal; and that the people who live under it harbour no wish that it should be curtailed in its prerogatives. When this is said both of the rulers and the ruled, as these show themselves in Austria Proper, I am not sure that there is much to be found fault with. The *Austrians* have always been treated by the house of Hapsburg as children are treated by their father; and being a light-hearted and most unthinking people, they are happy in the preference which is shown to them. But it is certainly not so in other portions of the empire. Of the Italian provinces I need say nothing. Of Hungary I shall not speak now, because other and better opportunities of doing so will arise; but with

Digitized by Microsoft®

respect to the Bohemians, the impression left upon my mind is, that the iron has entered deeply into their souls. I have alluded elsewhere to the substance of conversations which I have held with nobles, and priests, and peasants. I have to record now what passed between myself and a fellow-traveller in the diligence,—a medical man, of strong good natural sense, and an education sufficiently enlarged. He was not slow in discovering that I was a foreigner; and on his demanding whence I came, I told him.

"Ah," said he, "you are the native of a free country. Everything which you witness here must surprise and shock you."

"Quite the reverse," was my answer. "I am charmed with the simple manners and apparently comfortable state of your population. I am delighted with the kindness and hospitality which I have received from your gentry; and, above all, I am glad to perceive that you all enjoy as much of practical liberty as the heart of man need desire."

"Where is this practical liberty?" replied he; "is it in the liability of the unprivileged

Digitized by Microsoft®

classes to military service?—our total exclusion from the management of our own affairs?—our rigid subjection to the surveillance of the police?—the restraint we are compelled to impose on our very speech?—the absence of all tribunals to which, when oppressed by the government, we can appeal?"

He was running on with a still longer list of grievances, when I stopped him. "No," said I, "it is not in these particulars that your practical freedom displays itself,—but in matters much more important, because of daily and hourly recurrence. You go out and come in when you will. You make choice of your own walk in life, and pursue it uninterruptedly. You are safe from injury to person and property. You have privileges, each of you, which no fellow-subject is permitted to invade. Are not these very great blessings, and are you not content?

"Privileges!" replied he, "where are they? Undoubtedly, I am permitted to practise medicine, under certain restrictions, exactly as the bouerman may till his ground, and the artisan fabricate his wares. But my privileges are

Digitized by Microsoft®

those only which nature has given, and human laws cannot take away. I may eat when I am hungry, if I can find food; and drink when I am thirsty. But what am I, regarded as a citizen?—a hewer of wood, and drawer of water; a mere drudge. Let my talents and ambition be what they may, I can work out no opening for them. There are no privileges in the empire, except those enjoyed by the nobles; and even the nobles have, in point of fact, no rights which they can call their own."

"What do you mean?" replied I; "if by honest industry you acquire a fortune, you may purchase land, and take a settled station in society. The army is open to you, and the church;—what would you have?"

"I would have what you possess in England," answered he; "room to breathe freely; and a fair field in which to struggle even for the honours of life. The army is open to us, doubtless; but in the army, unless I be of noble descent, I cannot hope to rise above the rank of a captain, at the highest. The church is good for those who are willing to submit to its restraints, and play the hypocrite. I may

Digitized by Microsoft®

purchase land, too, doubtless, as you say; but its possession will not confer upon me any, even of the ideal advantages, which are claimed and conceded to the penniless aristocrat. With us the line of nobility is so distinct and broad, that no human being can, unless the accident of birth have placed him on the sunny side of the hedge, overstep it. But this is not all. The nobles not only engross all places of trust, and profit, and honour, but they do not bear their just proportion in the burdens of the state. They pay hardly any taxes; whereas we of the cannaille are very heavily laden with them."

I saw from the tone of my fellow-traveller's discourse that he was exceedingly discontented, and I ventured to ask whether the sentiments to which he gave utterance, were generally entertained in Bohemia?

"By all orders and degrees of men," was his answer. "Even the nobles are dissatisfied, because the king holds his court at Vienna; and for the rest of us, you may depend upon it that we feel our degradation acutely."

"If it be as you represent," said I, "how

Digitized by Microsoft®

comes it that there never occurs anything like an attempt to wrest by force from the government what it will not concede to reason?"

We were passing through a small town, or rather village, at the moment, and my companion bid me look out. I did so, and saw two or three groups of cuirassiers lounging about the street.

"These are the emperor's sureties for our good behaviour," observed he, with a smile; "twelve or fourteen thousand men at Prague, —three or four thousand at Königgratz,—a regiment at Tabor,—and squadrons scattered, as you see, through all the villages. Our poor peasants would hardly think of uttering a complaint in such a presence; and our nobles don't care to argue points with men who wear the sword."

I could only shrug up my shoulders, for I saw that he was, at least, so far in the right, that troops swarmed everywhere; and, without encouraging him to brood over his own misfortunes, whether real or imaginary, I was content to thank heaven that I had myself been born

Digitized by Microsoft®

in a land where such grounds of complaint are unknown.

We stopped to dine at Leutomischl, a small, but prettily-situated town, with a schloss, or chateau, of which the style of architecture is exceedingly striking. It occupies the brow of a rising ground, just over the principal street; and with its profusion of minarets, reminded us rather of some Oriental palace, than of the residence of a Bohemian noble. But we had no time to examine it in detail; for even a German extra post has its appointed season of movement; and our conducteur, though abundantly civil, could not postpone it. Neither did there occur any other incident of which it is worth while to take notice, till, at six on the following morning, Brünn, the capital of Moravia, received us within its walls.

There is not much in this city, independently of the historical associations which are connected with it, that is likely to detain the traveller many days, or to draw from him, after he has quitted it, a lengthened description of what he may have seen. It is built along the ascent of a steep hill, of which the summit is crowned

Digitized by Microsoft®

by the cathedral, a pile distinguished, like the more antique of the Slavonian churches in general, by the great altitude of its nave. It is surrounded by a belt of suburbs, at once more regular in their construction, and much more populous than the town itself. To the north lies the hill of Spielberg, surmounted by a modern and unfinished redoubt, which having taken the place of the ancient citadel, is, and for many years back has been, used chiefly as a state prison. It was here that, during the reign of the Emperor Francis I., the unfortunate Silvio Pellico spent his long and dismal season of captivity. Here, too, Trenck, the famous leader of the Pandours, in the war of succession, suffered imprisonment. Here Mack, long suspected of treachery, underwent a severer punishment than his incapacity deserved; and here still linger captives from various provinces, whose offence, for the most part, is, that they pine to be free. This system of shutting men up in prison, without trial, or the pretence of trial, is very shocking. But I was glad to learn from the few who ventured to speak in a whisper, that the tenants of the dungeons of Spiel-

Digitized by Microsoft®

berg are less numerous now than they used to be, and the time is not, in all probability, distant, when the practice of filling them at the caprice of a minister will be discontinued altogether.

Brünn is the seat of some of the most extensive as well as valuable manufactories that anywhere exist in the Austrian dominions. The growth of these, it appears, was much fostered by the late emperor, and his memory is, in consequence, held in high veneration by the inhabitants. It is to this circumstance, indeed, more than to the military virtues which he displayed, that the erection of the obelisk on the Franzes Berg is owing; for though the inscription seem commemorative of the triumphs of the army in the later campaigns, the people tell you that Francis is held in honour solely because of the countenance which he gave to the works of peace. The articles produced here are thread, cloths, linen, and glass; and there is a manufactory of porcelain at a village about a mile distant.

It was market-day when we reached the town, and as the windows of our apartment commanded an excellent view of one of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

chief streets, the scene which they opened out to us proved at once novel and interesting. Crowds of country people were congregated beneath, in all manner of grotesque costumes; while stalls of every description—some supporting clothes, some laden with fruit, some set out with china, or glass, or articles of cutlery, or shoes,—choked up the thoroughfare, to the manifest inconvenience of the few vehicles which made occasional efforts to pass. The dresses of the women, too, whose business it seemed to be to superintend the sale of the fruit, were strikingly national. They wore, each of them, a sort of jacket-fashioned boddice, made tight to the shape, a petticoat of yellow serge, which reached barely to the mid-calf, bright scarlet stockings, shoes that came up to the ankles, a handkerchief, which, passing over the head, was tied beneath the chin, white buckles, and hips enormously padded. Yet were they, upon the whole, a handsome race, with clear brunette complexions, and dark hazel eyes; and their good nature, as, one after another, they made inroads into our apartment, and pressed upon us their cherries, was some-

Digitized by Microsoft®

thing quite unusual. They perfectly succeeded in their object; for we ate many more black-hearts than did either of us any good, and bought a still greater quantity than we dreamed of consuming, simply because we were unable to resist entreaties that were pressed upon us so good humouredly.

Having amused ourselves thus for a while, and laid in a tolerable breakfast, we sallied forth, under the guidance of a valet-du-place, to perambulate the town. We found it surrounded by fortifications; yet exceedingly clean and neat, and its public gardens, beyond the Prague gate, at once extensive and well-arranged. There is a cemetery in the middle of the new town, which is likewise worth visiting, were it only because of its enormous dimensions. And the barrack, with its seven capacious courts, is of prodigious extent. Of the churches, on the contrary, with the exception of the cathedral, much cannot be said in praise; and even the cathedral is more curious than beautiful. It presents an excellent specimen of the kind of ecclesiastical architecture in which the Slavonians of the middle ages

Digitized by Microsoft®

delighted. Moreover the Landhaus, or house of meeting for the estates of Moravia,—till the times of Joseph II. a wealthy Augustinian convent,—may be visited with advantage, as may also the Rathhaus and National Museum. Into the citadel, on the other hand, no stranger can be admitted without an order from the governor; and such order, unless the party applying for it bring strong recommendations, is not easily procured.

The great lounge for the fashionables of Brünn is termed the Franzes Berg. It is a sort of table-land, on the side of that hill which the cathedral and bishop's palace overtop; and is laid out in shady walks, well-ordered terraces, and bowers of most umbrageous shelter. Thither, in the cool of the day, that is, between the hours of six and nine in the evening, the *elite* of the inhabitants repair, that they may enjoy the pleasures of a crowded promenade, enlivened by the strains of one of the finest military bands to which I have ever listened. As may be supposed, we did not fail to become partakers in the scene, or to relish it greatly; for the music is superb, the view over the valley of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the Taia beautiful, and the bearing of the company at once decorous and full of good humour. But having accomplished this, and wandered through the greater number of the streets, having visited the public buildings, and made more than half the circuit of the ramparts, we felt that our business in Brünn was completed. We accordingly returned to our hotel, and being again refused by the police the coveted visé into Hungary, we made up our minds to pursue our journey on the morrow towards Vienna.

I made numerous inquiries as to the condition of Protestantism in this country, and received answers which were very little satisfactory. From the effects of the persecution at the close of the Thirty Years' War, it has never recovered. Toleration is, indeed, granted to Lutherans, Calvinists, and Jews, under one or other of which denominations, all dissenters from popery are classed; but of the Moravian brethren, not a trace remains, either in the capital or elsewhere. Had I not previously made myself acquainted with the history of this pious sect, the circumstance of their total

Digitized by Microsoft®

extirpation would have much surprised me; because the error of the name which has somehow been applied to them, reaches also to our conception of their origin and fortunes. But the truth is, that they were never a numerous body in the land after which they are now called. It was but in the natural course of events that branches should have struck out from Mount Tabor in Bohemia, as well into Moravia as into the border districts of Upper Austria, and these, when the parent tree was cast down, soon withered away. I believe that it is only at Hernhut, in Saxony, and in a few places of Poland and Gallicia, that any remnants of them now exist. At all events, I could discover none at Brünn, nor could any of those whom I interrogated on the subject, direct me where to look for them.

Digitized by Microsoft®

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNTRY BETWEEN BRÜNN AND VIENNA. — VIENNA. — JOURNEY TO PRESBURG.—PRESBURG.—THE HUNGARIAN CONSTITUTION.

THERE is not much to praise, there is very little to describe, in the general aspect of the country between Brünn and Vienna. Here and there it is exceedingly barren and sterile, here and there just as much the reverse; that is, if fields which produce the vine and the maize in large quantities, deserve to be accounted fertile. It is true that if you be a soldier, you will examine, with interest, the ground over which the hostile armies manœuvred both previous to the battle of Austerlitz and afterwards. If geology be your hobby, in the low but picturesque hills, the far-off roots of nobler mountains, which, in many places, hang over the road, and give to it an exceedingly romantic character, you will find something for the eye to rest upon. Various dilapidated castles, too, that crown these rocks, may possibly arrest the

Digitized by Microsoft®

attention of the antiquary; whilst the political economist will find food for reflection in the outward bearing of social life as here it presents itself. For there are no towns of any size or note in all this journey of more than a hundred miles. The villages, moreover, are universally mean, and their inhabitants worthy of the homes which receive them when the day's task is done. On the other hand, some magnificent schlosses present themselves by the way-side, as if in contrast to the squalid hamlets on which they look down; and soldiers swarm everywhere. But as I do not know what could be said of such matters more than will be found in any road-book which has the slightest pretensions to accuracy, I am very little tempted to advert to them at all. Neither can I speak of the aspect of things as it is operated upon by the proximity of Vienna, because night had closed round us long before we became conscious of the heaving of the living vortex. And for the rest, to be delayed at the barrier till our passports had been examined, our baggage searched, and a survey of our persons and features taken, these were trifling

Digitized by Microsoft®

grievances to which use had reconciled us, and of which we thought nothing. We drove at once to the Schwan, an excellent though expensive house in the Meal Markt, and there, for a brief period, established our head-quarters.

What shall I say of Vienna? Nothing, or next to nothing. I lingered within its walls a week, and no more. I ranged its streets, visited its galleries, lounged through its palaces, its public gardens, and its temples. I stood among the coffins in the vault of the chapel of the Capuchins, where rest the ashes of the Imperial family; I gazed long and fondly, in that of the Augustines, on Canova's exquisite monument to Maria Christina of Saxony. I observed, not without a feeling of pardonable pride, that the Armoury, which is arranged with great taste and skill, contains trophies from almost every European nation, England alone excepted. I saw the chain with which the Turks, in 1529, endeavoured to obstruct the navigation of the Danube. I beheld the innumerable curiosities which are contained in the Arsenal, and lived among the knights and heroes of the middle ages, while

Digitized by Microsoft®

gazing on the splendid suits of armour which the Ambras Museum contains. There is no public place which I did not visit, from the Volksgarten to the Prater;—no conspicuous building, beneath the roof of which I failed to enter, from the cathedral to the Invaliden Haus;—no palace which I did not inspect, from that of the Schweitzer Hof to Schönbrunn. Yet I will not describe any of them. Why? Because the task has been executed so recently, and so well, that nothing could proceed from me save idle repetition; and I do not think that to indulge in such would either redound to my own credit, or add to the edification of my readers.

Of the state of society in this great capital, again, I am not competent to form an opinion. I saw but the exterior of things,—the busy marts, the crowded streets, the shops more capacious and better stocked than any, except those of London, and perhaps of Paris. The music of the bands that played in the public gardens was familiar to me, as well as the countenances and bearing of the joyous throng that listened to them. But of the habits of

Digitized by Microsoft®

the individuals who composed these throngs, as they showed themselves within the domestic circle, I can say nothing. I was told, indeed, that the ties of moral obligation are not very rigidly regarded in Vienna; that, with much polish, and all the charms of high-breeding about it, society is, in fact, exceedingly corrupt. This may or may not be true; but to me the single aspect which the Austrian capital wore, was of a vast assemblage of people, whose great business it seemed to be to render life agreeable, and its events, in whatever order they might occur, as free from annoyance as possible.

I am equally incompetent to pass sentence on the state of learning, and the fine arts, in Vienna. I found, indeed, that it was fashionable to pay court to men of acknowledged talent and genius, and that to music and dancing the Viennese are just as much addicted as any other members of the Germanic family. But except from an evening spent at the theatre, I had no opportunity of determining how far they were or were not gifted with a taste more pure than prevails elsewhere. Neither can I tell how the important matters of eating and drinking are

Digitized by Microsoft®

conducted, except in hotels and restaurateurs; for the season was unfavourable to making Viennese acquaintances; and had the contrary been the case, the time at my disposal was insufficient. But of cuisine at the Schwan, at the Daums and Kaiserin von Oesterreich, I can give a very favourable report, as well as of the cleanliness and even elegance of their respective eating halls, and the civility of their waiters. What, then, shall I say of Vienna? This, and no more. That to me it presented greater attractions than any other continental capital that I have visited; that I would have willingly spent as many weeks within its walls as I spent days, and that though eager to pass on to a country, to examine into the condition of which, constituted one and the principal object of my journey, I did not make up my mind to quit the city without reluctance. I dare say there is enough in and around it, to call forth the regrets of the right-thinking; but these were matters into which I could not pause to inquire. As I have already said, the exterior of things was all that presented itself to me, and with that I was delighted.

Digitized by Microsoft®

There is a custom in Vienna of demanding your passport when you first make your appearance at the barrier, and requiring you to show yourself, within four-and-twenty hours afterwards, at the police-office. The object of these arrangements is, that you may satisfy the authorities of your solvency, and receive from them a letter of security for such length of time as you propose, or they be willing that you should remain in the city. We attended to the established regulation, of course, and now, having fixed the hour of our departure, endeavoured to obtain from the Hungarian chancery the license, without which it would have been impossible to pass the frontier. It was granted without hesitation, though in terms at once vague and rigid. I stated my business; that I went merely as a traveller, curious to become acquainted with the people and the country, and that not knowing the points which I might be induced to visit, or the length of time which might be required to visit them, I was anxious to receive a passport, as generally and loosely worded as might be. The gentleman to whom I addressed myself was exceed-

Digitized by Microsoft®

ingly polite; but he did not exactly fall into my views. "There is no necessity," said he, "to deviate in your instance from the common order of such things. A passport is required from every traveller at the frontier; but after you are once in Hungary, you may go where you please, and stay as long as you feel disposed, without attracting the slightest notice. I will, therefore, write upon your passport, that you are permitted to visit Pesth and its vicinity for a month, and to return." I thought this odd, but could not, of course, object to it, because I concluded that a person in authority must be a much better judge of what was necessary than I; and I have now given the detail at length, because the sequel will show that what was esteemed perfectly regular in Vienna, had well-nigh told against me in one of the remote provinces.

There is constant communication, as everybody knows, between Vienna, and Pesth, and Constantinople, by steamboats which touch, as they proceed, at almost all the most important places that lie along the banks of the Danube. Our original intention was to have availed our-

Digitized by Microsoft®

selves of one of these; but we found on inquiry, that the navigation was intricate, and the channel of the river so low, that hardly any view was to be obtained from the ship's deck. We determined, therefore, to proceed by land as far as Presburg, and to regulate our future movements according to the aspect of things there, and the information which by its inhabitants might be communicated to us. About seven o'clock, on a bright July morning, we accordingly took our seats in a hired carriage, and were swept along through what are called the Marxer lines, beyond the outermost suburbs of the capital. The country round was, for a while, uninteresting enough. A huge plain was before us, which the heat of the weather had scorched into the semblance of a desert; and there were few objects upon it, of which I can say that they much relieved its monotony. Several villages came, indeed, in our way, and near one of them, called Semmering, a large turreted building attracted our attention. It had once been a summer residence of the Emperor; it is now a powder-magazine, and stands, as our postilion informed us, on the

Digitized by Microsoft®

same spot which, during the siege of Vienna in 1529, was covered by the tent of the Sultan Solyman. But we had passed this some time, ere the scenery began to improve. When such improvement did commence, however, it was very complete. The road wound inwards so as to bring us parallel with the river, and to open out a fine view of its waters, which being split up into numerous branches, poured themselves over the plain, and enclosed a countless number of islands within their eddies. Among these, our postilion pointed out that on which Napoleon, by the breaking down of his bridge, was, during the progress of the battle of Asperne, reduced to the utmost extremity,—an extremity out of which nothing but the misplaced confidence of his opponents enabled him to escape. It is an extensive flat, covered along its edges by groves of giant willows; while just beyond it, on the continent, the village spires of Asperne and Essling peer forth from amid screens of thick foliage.

From this period till our arrival at the Hungarian frontier, we never, for any length of time, lost sight of the Danube. Here and

Digitized by Microsoft®

there, indeed, the road struck inwards, so as to carry us away, perhaps, an English mile or more, from its banks; but the river, after it reunites, is so broad, and the country rises over it to such a height, that its noble expanse is seldom concealed from you, and that only for a moment. Moreover, the monuments of other days, — old castles, dilapidated towers, with here and there a rude pillar, or block of granite,—became, at each post which we gained in advance, more and more numerous. Near Schwächat, for example, about ten English miles out of Vienna, and itself a village of some two thousand inhabitants, stands a stone, which marks the spot where Leopold first greeted the chivalrous Sobiesky, — not with the ardour which might have been expected from one in his situation, but coldly and ceremoniously, as if the king, who came to save, were sufficiently honoured by the notice of the emperor whom he had delivered. Next came we to Fischamend, where the traveller will do well to halt, if it be only that he may delight himself, as we did, with the magnificent scene which wooes his gaze from the summit of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

scaur that overhangs the Danube. I do not think that I ever beheld a panorama of the sort which enchanted me more. We were elevated, perhaps, three hundred feet above the bed of the river. Its broad, but not limpid waters, measuring, perhaps, half a mile across, laved the very base of the precipice, and swept along by their current a rude barge or two, the only productions of man's industry and skill that broke in upon their loneliness. Beyond was a wide plain, magnificently wooded, with here and there a village, looking forth from its covering of green boughs; while, up and down, the eye rested, either upon a continuance of the same bold scaur; or, more attractive still, on the advanced guard of those mountains amid which I and my fellow-traveller had resolved to make our way. Then there were tower and castle crowning the far-off rocks; there were rich vineyards, closing in to the very brink on which we stood; and, as if to complete the picture, a herd of dun-coloured cattle, oppressed with the excessive sultriness of the day, descended, through a sort of ravine, in a long line, and stood to cool themselves in

Digitized by Microsoft®

the Danube. Altogether it was as fair a landscape as the eye of the painter would desire to behold; and we did not leave it, till a few fruitless efforts had been made to transfer some, at least, of its most attractive features to a blank leaf in my journal book.

After leaving Fischamend we passed in succession Regelsbrunn, Deutsch Altenburg, and Hainburg, near the former of which the attention is arrested by what may easily be mistaken for the ruins of a city. It proved, however, on examination, to be the commencement of an ancient wall, which runs from Regelsbrunn all the way to the Neusiedler See; of which the origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but which is generally supposed to have been thrown up by the Romans. There are still the remains of towers here and there, which give to it, when first beheld, its civic character; and it was, I believe, made use of, so recently as 1683, as a line of defence against the Turks. Moreover Deutsch Altenburg has its objects of interest also;—a tumulus, or mound, sixty feet in altitude, but of a date to which tradition goes not back; while the church of St. John, which

Digitized by Microsoft®

crowns an eminence near, is accounted one of the most perfect Gothic edifices in the Austrian dominions. And, last of all, there is Hainburg, with its old castle, and gateways equally old; both exhibiting manifest traces of war on their exterior defences, even to the cannon-balls, which, since the last invasion of the Turks, have been left sticking where they fell. These, meeting you, as it were, one after the other, and forming points of rest to the eye when it has grown weary of ranging over the plain, produce a powerful effect upon your imagination; which is certainly not lessened by the aspect of the living creatures, whether of the human or some inferior species, which begin to gather round you.

I had been prepared by all that fell from those, who, having themselves penetrated into Hungary, were obliging enough, both in Dresden and at Vienna, to give me hints as to my own proceedings, for a state of things, both animate and inanimate, very different from that which had met me in Germany. I knew that the people were much less civilized than the Germans; and that for one, who proposed to wander as I did, alone, and, wherever it might

Digitized by Microsoft®

be possible to do so, on foot, arms might be found convenient, perhaps necessary. Yet I did not expect to see a change so complete, in every point of view, as that which became perceptible even before we passed the frontier. There began to meet us, a little way in advance of Deutsch Altenburg, troops of those Torpindas, whom, in the ignorance of our hearts, we had, in Bohemia, mistaken for gipseys. There they were, with their hosen and coarse cloaks, their broad sombrero hats, and matted locks, trudging along, in bands of twelve or fourteen, and looking up with a glance of half cunning, half curiosity, from beneath their shaggy eyebrows. By-and-by came herds of cattle, quite different, both in colour and form, from any which we had previously encountered; and then pigs,—monsters of the first class,—whom men, evidently but one degree removed from barbarism, were driving before them. My young companion and I looked first at one another, and then at the pistols and other weapons which hung about our persons; and, as if the thoughts of each had wandered into the same channel, we smiled and said nothing.

Digitized by Microsoft®

We had quitted Vienna early in the morning; it might be about three in the afternoon when we reached the Custom House,—a station in Wolfsthal, remarkable for nothing except the constant bustle that goes on in its street. In order to reach the village we had been again carried away from the river, through a beautiful valley, hemmed in on either side, by well-wooded hills; one of which bears upon its summit what must have been, in its day, a castle of prodigious strength. We were now clear of that pass, and the process of examination began. In our case it was both brief and simple. We were asked whether our knapsacks contained any prohibited article? We did not even know what was prohibited; but finding that of copper the authorities were chiefly jealous, we answered in the negative, and were permitted to pass. It was not so with a whole string of wagons which came from the opposite direction. One after another they were compelled to discharge their contents, very much, as it seemed, to the inconvenience of the drivers; and not till a rigid examination of each separate bale and package

Digitized by Microsoft®

had taken place, was permission given to load again. I could not help thinking that the policy which drew so broad a line of distinction between one portion of a great empire and another, was, to say the least of it, very singular; and I was not slow in being taught that it is very short-sighted too, because exceedingly distasteful both to the Hungarians, whom it injures, and the Austrians, whom it is designed to favour.

Our passports were looked at, of course; stamped with the seal of the official, and returned to us;—after which we pushed on. We crossed the frontier, and became sensible, on the instant, that a new country was before us. To the right, as far as the eye could reach, was one enormous plain. Rich it was, and apparently well cultivated; for, except here and there, where a huge meadow intervened, the whole surface was covered with the most luxuriant corn. Of trees, on the contrary, scarce a sprinkling appeared; there were no groves at all, and even hedge-rows were infrequent. Towards the left, again, there was that sort of character which belongs to a region in which

Digitized by Microsoft®

an extensive range of highlands has terminated. Frequent hills and dales were there; grassy knolls, with little valleys running through them; and such a profusion of wood as held out the assurance that, in that direction at least, the eye would not pine in vain for foliage. By-and-by, from behind these knolls, the Danube made his appearance; not broader, certainly, than he had seemed to be at Fischamend, or even above it, but evidently deeper, I think, more rapid;—and altogether, with a degree of majesty about him which attaches to the one object, that gives its peculiar character to a living landscape. The Danube is, indeed, a magnificent river; albeit the people who inhabit his banks are only just beginning to find out that he may be turned to more accounts than that of mere beauty.

The interval between Hainburg and Presburg is but a single post; from Wolfsthal it is less than half that distance; yet, owing to the delay which occurred at the Custom House, five o'clock had struck ere we obtained our first view of this secondary capital of Hungary. Its situation is fine, close to the Danube, at

Digitized by Microsoft®

the base and along the ascent of low hills; the crest of which is surmounted by the remains of what was once a royal residence. This latter, the Alba Regali of the chroniclers, is of very ancient date in its foundation. It was enlarged in 1766 by the Empress Maria Theresa, and in 1809 burned to the ground. The Hungarians say, that an Italian regiment in the French service set fire to it wantonly, when evacuating the place. But, however this may be, it gives, even in its ruins, an air of aristocracy to the town; which, though neat and clean, and containing a population of thirty or forty thousand souls, would otherwise present no very striking feature to the eye of the stranger. Indeed, Presburg is a great deal too near the frontier, and maintains a communication too frequent and too regular with Vienna, to have retained almost any marks of its Hungarian origin. You might, both from the structure of the buildings, and the dress and manners of the inhabitants, easily fall into the error of supposing that it belonged to Austria.

We approached Presburg by a good macadamized road, which follows the course of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

river, on the opposite bank from that along which the city is built. It was very little thronged either with carriages or horses, and gave few indications, in other respects, that a large, and, as we had been assured, a bustling town, lay but a short way ahead of us. This was the more surprising, that we could discover no evidences of any transfer of the line of commerce from the land to the water; for there was neither barge nor steam-boat to ruffle the bosom of the Danube. But the unfavourable impression created by such an air of stillness was not destined to remain. There is a long bridge of boats, which connects the opposite banks of the river, and affords facilities to the inhabitants of Presburg for passing and repassing. We saw, as we drove on, that it was crowded with people, in their best attire; and the sounds of music, which rose from an inclosure hard by, sufficiently pointed out the nature of the attraction. We had come on a lucky day, for it was a festival, and all the world was abroad, to enjoy the delights of a calm and delicious evening amid the shady walks of the public gardens.

Digitized by Microsoft®

He who goes to Presburg without venturing further, need not flatter himself that he has made any, even the slightest acquaintance with the manners and usages of the Hungarians. The town is not a Hungarian, but a German town; the people are Germans, the language is German, and the style of living is German. It is true, that the historical associations connected with the place are all as thoroughly Hungarian as are those which greet you at Ofen or at Graan; but the living men and women seem to have striven, and striven successfully, to lay aside all the peculiarities which could, by possibility, connect them with the tales of other days. So far we profited by the circumstance that we found at the Sun excellent accommodations; and excellent accommodations are not to be procured at all the hotels in Hungary; yet were we, on the whole, dissatisfied with it. We desired to study human nature under a novel garb, and we found it still clothed as it had been in Austria. Nevertheless, the visits which we paid to the Old Palace, to the Cathedral, and the Königsberg, were highly interesting, because of the

Digitized by Microsoft®

important page in Hungarian story which they may be regarded as illustrating. What that page contains, it may not be amiss if I take the present opportunity of stating.

It is the peculiar boast of the Hungarians, that they live under what they are pleased to term, a free constitution. Subject to the sway of the house of Hapsburg only through the accidental lapse of the crown into the female line, they utterly eschew all dependance upon Austria, and would turn with indignation from him who should insinuate that over them the laws of the empire exercise the slightest authority. They are fellow-subjects with the Austrians and Bohemians only so far that the imperial and the regal crowns happen to be worn by the same individual. But there is this marked difference in their respective situations, that whereas over Austria and Bohemia, the emperor exercises an absolute sway, in Hungary he has his prerogatives, beyond the limits of which he is not permitted to pass. He cannot, of his own will and pleasure, enact a new law; he cannot interfere with the privileges of his nobles; he cannot levy a tax, nor impose a new

Digitized by Microsoft®

burden upon the nation, till the parliament, or estates, have given him authority to do so. It is because at Presburg the parliament meets, and that there also the ceremony of the coronation is carried through, that I have selected this stage in my narrative for the statement of matters which were not rendered familiar to me till a protracted sojourn in the country gave me opportunities of collecting information, both from its living inhabitants, and from the treasured archives with which its libraries abound.

The tract of territory which, on our maps, we describe as Hungary, is peopled by two distinct races of men;—the Hungarians, who inhabit the great plain of the Danube, of which Cormorn may be regarded as the centre; and the Slavonians, by whom the mountain districts are occupied, as well in Carpatia and Transylvania, as in Croatia and the rugged districts that border upon Styria. Of these, the Hungarians are not considered to amount to more than four millions of souls at the utmost; whereas the numbers of the Slavonians fall not short of six millions.

As is the case elsewhere, however, so has it

Digitized by Microsoft®

happened here; the political institutions of the few have been imposed with a strong hand on the many; for the laws that prevail, as well as the machinery created to enforce them, are alike Hungarian. Yet the Hungarians are, so to speak, mere strangers in the land, who owe their original settlement there to the edge of the sword, and by the edge of the sword were long compelled to maintain it.

It seems now to be admitted, that the theory which once connected the conquerors of Pannonia with the Huns, is entirely without foundation. The Hungarians are the descendants of one of those eastern hordes whom the Mongols, in their progress southward, drove from their homes; and who, breaking through Russia, and traversing a large extent of Poland, won a settlement for themselves late in the ninth century, near the sources of the Theiss. Their legends say, that by lineage, they are Magyars, and that they obtained the name which they now bear through an accident. There stood, near the spot where they first permanently encamped, a castle, called in the language of the country, Hung-var, which the

Digitized by Microsoft®

strangers won, and converted into a sort of capital. As often as they sallied forth from that castle on predatory or other expeditions, the Slavonians were accustomed to exclaim, "Here come the Hung-varians," and the title thus given at first as a term of mere derision or hostility, came, by-and-by, to be accepted as a national distinction.

I am not prepared to avow either my own acceptance, or my own rejection, of this mode of accounting for the origin of the Hungarian name. There is no good reason to be assigned one way or the other; for nations, like individuals, generally owe their designations to some cause equally simple; but that the Magyars, or Myars, brought with them the elements of that constitution under which it is the boast of their descendants that they still live, is just as easily proved as that we owe our most valuable institutions to the customs and usages of our Saxon forefathers. The Myars, like the Saxons, appear to have lived, during seasons of peace, in obedience to a whole host of petty and independent chiefs. If war broke out, or a foreign expedition was resolved upon,

Digitized by Microsoft®

the heads of clans made choice of one of their order to command the rest;—when the exigencies of the moment ceased to operate, the commander fell back into his proper place among his equals. Seven of these tribes are stated to have taken part in the earliest attack on Pannonia. They were led by one Almus, a brave and successful warrior; and soon spread themselves over the whole of the plain; but not for many generations could they count on a permanent cessation from the hostilities with which the mountaineers, driven back, yet unsubdued, continued to harass them. The results were precisely such as occurred in Normandy and England, and every where else, where tribes advanced to a similar pitch of civilization, won settlements by the sword. Arpad, the son of Almus, was chosen to succeed his father; and the foundations were laid both of an hereditary monarchy, and of a power able and willing to place limits to that of the crown.

The best historians inform us, that between Arpad and the heads of tribes, a solemn compact was entered into, which, in addition to

Digitized by Microsoft®

other and less important stipulations, contained the following. It was agreed that the order of succession to the throne should be hereditary; that the male line should have the preference; the female not being excluded; but that the inalienable right of the people to elect their own sovereign, should never be called in question. Accordingly, in cases where there is no break in the chain, and the son mounts the throne which the father has bequeathed to him, certain forms are enjoined, of which it cannot be said that they are mere idle ceremonies. The king's title to govern must be solemnly acknowledged by the states; and oaths are at his accession administered, any refusal to accept which would lead to his rejection. Moreover, there is an article in this treaty which, in the event of a failure in the royal line, secures to the nation the right of free and unrestricted choice, and the right in question was exercised, to its fullest extent, so early as the beginning of the twelfth century, when the house of Arpad became extinct, and Charles of Anjou, called to the throne by the free voice of the people, laid the foundations of a new dynasty.

Digitized by Microsoft®

While they thus consented, as a measure of prudence, to the establishment among them of an hereditary throne, Arpad's peers were not willing that it should be filled by an absolute monarch. They claimed for themselves, and for their children after them, the right of counselling the prince in every emergency. They stipulated, that neither their persons nor their property, should be at the prince's disposal. Military service they were, indeed, bound to pay; that is, it was their duty to appear in the field when lawfully summoned, and to defend the country from foreign invasion, or internal revolt. But even military service, in the advancement of schemes of conquest, the king could not exact from them; he had no power to lead them across the border, except with their own consent. Then, again, within the limits of their respective estates, each noble was independent; while all situations of general trust and authority under the crown, were claimed by them as their birth-right. Hence the establishment of the palatinate in Hungary Proper, of the ban in Croatia and Slavonia, of the Vayvode in Transylvania, and of the great functionaries, by

Digitized by Microsoft®

whatever title designated, each of whom appears to have enjoyed in his own province, rather the privileges of a feudal sovereign, than the powers of a high officer of state.

Such were the commencements of the Hungarian constitution,—an unbending aristocracy from the outset, into the forms of which time has doubtless introduced many changes,—but of which the spirit and the principle continue to this day, precisely what they were nine centuries ago. The first of these innovations occurred when Stephen ascended the throne; and by the open profession of Christianity, gave a different character to the whole order of society. His predecessors had never worn a title more imposing than that of duke; Stephen received from the pope both a royal crown, and the style and dignity connected with it. Moreover, Stephen, by creating bishoprics, and richly endowing both them and the monasteries, very much widened the circle of the nobility; which by the creation of new offices, and the granting of fiefs both by prelates and princes, received from time to time large accessions to its numbers. Then began distinctions to be

Digitized by Microsoft®

claimed and recognised, even in the rights and privileges of the privileged classes. The nobles were divided into princes, prelates, barons of the kingdom, and magnates, whose rights, though in some trifling respects different, were yet so much akin as to permit their being treated as political equals. Next to them, yet claiming the essential privileges of nobility, came the king's chief retainers, with the holders of fiefs under the princes and prelates, and the principal retainers of the magnates; and finally, a humbler class followed, who, corresponding to our territorial but untitled aristocracy, are now content to bear the appellation of eidelmen, or gentry. All of these were, in the strictest acceptation of the term, freemen. They owed to the sovereign their right hands in war; and when the exigencies of the state required, such aids in money as they themselves might vote, but without such vote, in solemn comitia granted, there was no authority anywhere to exact from them either a blade of corn, or the most minute coin of the realm.

It was the right of the nobles to assemble and pass resolutions which, when approved of

Digitized by Microsoft®

by the king, obtained the force of law. Up to the commencement of the thirteenth century, they used to meet in the open air; and as each brought to the place of assembly as large an armed following as he could muster, it was no unusual circumstance to find as many as eighty thousand men in the field. Such a crowd could effect nothing of its own free will, and was hardly to be managed by any species of influence. At length, in 1235, Bea IV. succeeded in introducing the system of representation which still holds good. By this arrangement, an hereditary seat in the legislature was restricted to the magnates, with whom sat likewise such official personages as prelates and barons of the kingdom. The nobles of inferior rank chose one or more from each county to represent their body, while the clergy were represented by abbots, titular bishops, and dignitaries of an inferior degree. By-and-by, during the reign of Sigismond, in 1386, free towns and royal cities were authorized, in like manner, to choose deputies, and then the framework of the Hungarian legislature became complete.

Digitized by Microsoft®

The Hungarians are never more gratified than when an opportunity offers of instituting a parallel between their houses of parliament and ours; indeed, their taste for comparing is such, that they gravely contend for a perfect similarity of principle between the constitutions of England and of Hungary. It would be as impolitic as unjust, when discussing the question with them, to deny that some such resemblance prevails. Both monarchies are limited monarchies, in which the sovereigns, though invested with absolute power as executors of the law, are just as completely circumscribed by the law, as the meanest of their subjects. It is curious to observe, likewise, how nearly the prerogatives of the one correspond in all essential points with the prerogatives of the other. The persons of both are sacred. Each is, within his own realm, the fountain of honour and of justice; each commands his own army, though by neither may its numbers be increased without a vote of the legislature. And more remarkable still, the king of Hungary, though a Roman Catholic, is the head of the church in Hungary, in the very same sense which we apply to the

Digitized by Microsoft®

term, when we speak of the king of England as the head of the English church. In Hungary, the crown appoints absolutely to all bishoprics, abbacies, and even to canonries. Confirmed the choice must be, in the first of these cases, by the Pope, otherwise the spiritual authority attached to the office would be wanting; but the bishop-elect enters at once upon the possession of his temporalties, of which no exercise of papal influence can dispossess him. Moreover, it is in Hungary as it is in England,—the affairs of state are administered in all departments by the king's authority. The king's taxes, the king's duties, the king's escheats and forfeitures, are levied; the harbours are the king's harbours, the courts are the king's courts, the fortresses are the king's fortresses, and the people are the king's lieges. But here the resemblance between the constitutions of the two countries ends, and all endeavour to trace it further is useless.

Even in reference to the kingly office, we soon begin to find ourselves diverging one from another. The crown in Hungary is elective far more decidedly than in England. We, indeed, in the

Digitized by Microsoft®

ceremony of our coronation, retain so much of the spirit which animated our Saxon forefathers, that the question is still put to the people,—"Will ye have this prince to reign over you?" and the prince is bound by solemn oath to govern according to law; but the ceremony of a coronation is not so vital among us, as that it might not be passed over with impunity. In Hungary, so tenacious are the magnates on the one hand, and so sensitive the emperor on the other, that he never omits, in his own life-time, to have the heir to the imperial diadem, crowned king in Hungary. The present emperor became king of Hungary three years previous to the death of his father; and now the empress has been crowned at Presburg, so that there may be no link wanting in the chain which holds the several portions of the empire together. Again, the king of Hungary, while he enjoys various privileges, to which the king of England cannot lay claim, is likewise subjected to various restraints, from which the king of England is free. The former, for example, as he appoints arbitrarily to vacant bishoprics, so he inherits

Digitized by Microsoft®

the whole of a bishop's professional savings, who may chance to have died intestate. If the bishop possess hereditary property, it goes, of course, at his decease, to his next of kin; but his accumulations, be they great or small, are taken possession of by the crown. And even the making of a will saves but one-third of them. On the other hand, the king of Hungary is watched and restrained in the exercise of his prerogatives, not only by a parliament, jealous of its privileges, but by officers appointed for that purpose. The palatine is a strange compound of king's lieutenant and guardian of the liberties of the nation. He is chosen for life out of four personages proposed to the states by the sovereign; and as in the king's absence he exercises vice-regal powers, so both then, and at other seasons, he mediates between the crown and the people, taking care that the former shall not trench upon the liberties of the latter, nor the latter make any encroachments on the legal prerogatives of the former.

I might specify many other points in which even the parallel between the kingly offices in

Digitized by Microsoft®

Hungary and in England fails; but it is not necessary. We have but to pass downwards to the classes below royalty, and all ground of comparison between the institutions of the two countries ceases. The parliament of Hungary is a very different affair from the parliament of England. Its members sit, to be sure, in two chambers, or houses, and enjoy, when assembled, the most absolute freedom of speech; but they meet very rarely, they transact very little business when they do meet, and both in the principle which brings them together, and in their arrangements when assembled, they outrage every notion which we are accustomed to cherish of perfection in such matters. The spirit of the Hungarian constitution requires that the estates should assemble at least once in every five years; the practice of the same constitution leaves the king at liberty to call together, and to dissolve the chambers at pleasure. I have already stated, that to the higher order of nobility, the privilege appertains of meeting, in their own persons, to deliberate on questions affecting the public weal. These,—the princes and magnates,—oc-

Digitized by Microsoft®

cupy the same chamber with the prelates and barons of the kingdom. The other chamber is given up to the representatives of the lesser nobles, of the free towns, and of the clergy; and, strange to say, to the proxies of such magnates as may find it inconvenient, personally, to attend in their places. But though there are only two chambers, there are four distinct estates, each of which votes within itself in the first instance, and then carries the result of its scrutiny to the common centre. And finally, while the Upper House is presided over by the palatine, the lower is regulated and kept in order by an official personage who bears the somewhat lengthy title of Personalis presentiæ Regiæ in judiciis locum tenens. He must be of noble birth, of course, and is likewise President of the High Court of Justiciary. There are not fewer than 661 members in the first of these houses, whereas the last can count upon 236 only.

The representative members of the Hungarian legislature are all paid by their constituents, who again consist of the eidelmen of the several counties. Of these very many are, in

Digitized by Microsoft®

point of fact, mere peasants, whom the misfortunes or imprudence of their ancestors have reduced to poverty; but all must have noble blood in their veins,—for it is an honourable descent, and not the possession of lands or houses, which entitles a man to exercise the elective franchise in Hungary. Such poor nobles are, of course, controlled and managed by their wealthier neighbours, who, when the season of an election comes round, deal with them pretty much as our own candidates and their committees deal with the poor voters in boroughs. There is prodigious feasting at the castle,—there is no end of magnanimous declarations,—no lack of brilliant and spirit-stirring speeches; under the influence of which, and of the wine and strong drinks that accompany them, the pauper eidelman becomes a hero in his own eyes. But, alas! political gratitude is not more enduring in Hungary than elsewhere. The crisis has its course, and the scion of a glorious race,—the representative of a family which followed Almus to the Theiss and gave the coronet to Arpad,—goes back to his hovel, and his daily toil, and his filth, and

Digitized by Microsoft®

his wretchedness, there to chew the cud of bitter fancy, till the return of an electioneering season shall call him forth once more to act a part upon the stage of life.

My reader will be good enough to believe that while I thus speak of a country,—very much under-peopled by ten millions of souls,—I am referring to the condition of a minute fraction of that population,—of something less than two hundred thousand persons, in whom alone the existence of rights and privileges is by the law recognised. The people,—properly so called,—the peasants who cultivate the soil, the mechanics who construct the dwellings, the artisans who fabricate your household utensils, your wearing apparel, your carriages, your ships, your machinery; these are precisely in the condition of Gurth and Wamba in Sir Walter Scott's romance of *Ivanhoe*. In the rural districts every man whom you meet, provided he be neither a noble nor a soldier, belongs to somebody. He has no rights of his own. He is a portion of another man's chattels; he is bought and sold with the land, as if he were a horse or an ox. On him, too, all

Digitized by Microsoft®

the common burdens of the state are thrown. If the parliament vote an increase of the taxes, it is from the peasants that these taxes are wrung; for the lord takes care, though he himself pay immediately, that he shall be indemnified by the deduction which he makes from his serfs' allowances. It is the same spirit which provides that the peasantry, who make the roads, and by the labour of their hands keep them in repair, shall be the only class of persons of whom toll is anywhere exacted. An eidelman in his chariot passes free through every barrier,—a poor peasant's wagon is stopped at each, till the full amount of mout, as it is called, has been settled. But this is not all. Till the year 1835, each landed proprietor possessed over his peasantry an almost unlimited power of punishment, into his manner of exercising which no human being ever took the trouble to inquire. Accordingly, you still find, as an appendage to each mansion, a prison, with its bolts and chains, and other implements of torture; while the rod was as freely applied to the backs of delinquents, real or imaginary, as ever the whip made acquaint-

Digitized by Microsoft®

ance with the persons of our own negroes in a West Indian sugar-field. It is to Count Chechini, (Szechenzi,) in this, and many other respects, the greatest benefactor to his country which modern times has raised up, that Hungary stands indebted for a law, which, for the first time in the annals of the nation, gives to the poor peasant something like protection against the tyranny of a capricious master. Since the passing of that act there have been established in all the counties regular magistrates, before whom delinquents must be brought, and without whose sanction the punishment of the lash is supposed never to be inflicted. I did not find, however, on inquiry, that much regard was paid in practice to this statute. The nobles still flog their serfs, when the humour takes them, and the serfs are too hopeless of finding redress, by an appeal from one noble to another, ever, except in extreme cases, to think of making it.

Such, in few words, is the Hungarian constitution,—a limited monarchy, doubtless, which secures from the oppression of the sovereign a minute fraction of his subjects, and leaves all

Digitized by Microsoft®

the rest to the tender mercies, not of one supreme head, whom motives of policy will render humane, and generally just, but of a band of nobles; who, nursed in the most exaggerated notions of their own importance, look upon all beneath them as mere beasts of burden. To speak of it as akin to the constitution under which we live, is to err entirely. It may, and does, in numerous points, resemble the constitution of England, as it existed under the first of the Tudors; but with that which secures to every Englishman the rights which make him what he is, it has nothing in common. A Hungarian noble is a very great man. A Hungarian eidelman is inferior to him, only if he be less wealthy. A Hungarian peasant is a serf. There is an excellent preparation made, doubtless, for better things in the future, but in its immediate working, the constitution which so orders matters, is to the people a thousandfold more oppressive than the most absolute despotism.

I have spoken of the solemnity of the king's coronation as taking place at Presburg; I am not sure that it is necessary to describe the

Digitized by Microsoft®

ceremony in detail. Like its counterpart among ourselves, it is regarded as the ratification of a covenant between the sovereign and the people, and is performed, amid much pomp, both religious and civil. The monarch elect, attended by his magnates and councillors, repairs to the cathedral, where the officiating prelate administers to him the customary oaths, by which he binds himself to govern according to law, to protect the church, to uphold the privileges of the nobility, and to secure the kingdom against foreign aggression. He is anointed with the holy oil, and undergoes the usual routine of enrobing and crowning; after which he proceeds on horseback, the states of the realm in his train, to the Königsberg. It is a circular mound, perhaps fifty feet high, which stands just outside the city, and commands an extensive view over the plain, both eastward and southward. This the king ascends, his nobles, and knights, and dignified clergy being collected in a mass round its base; and, as all are on horseback,—as their dresses are picturesque, their arms and housings costly, and their port chivalrous in the extreme,

Digitized by Microsoft®

the spectacle is, perhaps, as grand as can be met with in any part of Europe. Beyond the circle of the privileged classes, again, enormous crowds are gathered,—for the population flocks from far and near to behold the ceremony; and the curious in such matters will doubtless find as much to admire in their grotesque appearance, as in the haughty port and Oriental splendour of their superiors. Meanwhile the king has ridden to the crest of the hill, where, before the bishops, he again gives the pledges which had been exacted from him in the cathedral. Finally, he draws his sword, and making a cut towards each of the cardinal points, thereby denotes, that, let danger come from what quarter it may, he will repel it. Then are medals scattered among the crowd; then is the air rent with shouts, and the princely cavalcade returns to the city in the same order which attended its outward progress.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Digitized by Microsoft®

London: John W. Parker, St. Martin's Lane.

Digitized by Microsoft®

Digitized by Microsoft®

Digitized by Microsoft ®

Digitized by Microsoft ®

Digitized by Microsoft®

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DD
39
G55
v.2

Gleig, George Robert
Germany, Bohemia, and
Hungary

Digitized by Microsoft®