"Bohemia," a German newspaper published in Prague, eulogized Havlíček at his death in the following manner: "With Havlíček disappeared a great talent, the greatest and best publicist of which Bohemian literature can boast. He was vigorous, energetic, discriminating and witty and he used all these weapons unsparingly against his enemies. His eminent talent and his honesty of conviction won him the respect even of his enemies." Like Erasmus and Voltaire, Havlíček wielded the most powerful of weapons, the weapon of ridicule, sarcasm and invective. In this he was unrivalled and the most sacred things looked mean and loathsome the instant he turned his scathing pen against them. Fortunately, Havlíček employed his brilliant talents against despotism and tyranny alone and in fifties the Austrian government had no more indomitable and honest enemy than Charles Havlíček. His newspapers, the Národní Noviny and afterwards the Slovan, were the gospel of the Bohemian people at one time and the journalists of our own day quote frequently from them. After repeated efforts to silence him, the government finally spirited him away to Tyrol and there held him in captivity. The confinement in the Tyrolean mountains, far away from his native land and family did not break the intractable spirit of Havlíček, but it undermined his health and in 1856 our martyr came home to die. At the time of his death he was but 35 years of age! A Bohemian poet said truly of Havlíček that he died for the cause, for which we are living to-day.
Austria was twice saved by Slavonic arms. Once by John Sobieski, who in 1683 drove Turks from the gates of Vienna, and the second time in 1849 when Paskievitch defeated the rebellious Magyars. Well informed newspapers are of the opinion that Austria is again seeking the good-will of the Slavonic empire as she has always done when in danger. Count Kalnoky, being interrogated as to the relationship between Russia and Austria made the singular statement "that without the friendship of Russia it was impossible to pursue a policy of peace."

Anton vonPalitschek-Palmforst, Austrian consul general for the United States and now director of the Austrian section of the World’s Fair, is a Lithuanian in name (translated in English, his name reads “Little Thumb”) but a Brobdignagian in his deeds. Notwithstanding his name, which has a suspicious Slavonic twang, von Palitschek is an Austrian to the core. It seems that a Prague jeweler belonging to the same race as the ancestors of the illustrious von Palitschek, exhibited a box of garnet-ware in the Austrian section, which he provided with English and Bohemian inscriptions. The muleta, that is waved in bull-fights by matadors never enraged a Spanish bull to greater fury than the Bohemian sign provoked the loyal Austrian, von Palitschek. Forthwith he issued an order to the local representative of the firm to remove the obnoxious sign and replace it by a German sign. The agent, however, happens to be an American citizen who considers English and Bohemian inscriptions for a Bohemian manufacturer sufficient and he was in no hurry to comply with the order. We fear the Austrian government has committed one fatal blunder: it should have sent to the United States about a score of Austrian policemen, to enforce the orders of Brobdignagian Palitschek. Austrian ex-subjects living in this country seem to have lost the last whit of respect for the servants of the Hapsburg monarchy.

The German historian, Struve, has remarked with justice, that, of all the nobies in the world, those of the empire of Austria have the least right to be proud of their origin; and this is especially the case in Bohemia.
the ravages of the Thirty Years' War a number of foreign families settled in Bohemia, whose descendants may still be found in Austria and Bohemia—Colloredos, Piccolomini, Wallis, Gallas, Millesimos, Lichtensteins, Goltz, Trautmansdorffs, Villanis, Defours, Buquois, Maradas, Huertas and Vasquez. They received the confiscated property of the native nobility, who were either executed or exiled, for rebelling against the emperor. Enriched by the royal munificence at the expense of the Chekh nation these intruders never showed much solicitude for the rights of the people. Owing to their apathy to publiclife—they cared for nothing but for their ill-gotten gain—the diet, formerly the highest legislative tribunal in the land, lost gradually its significance, until the administration of Bohemia was transferred to Vienna where it is now. Both in the diet and the parliament the nobility forms a distinct party, whose policy it is, above all, to preserve its feudal privileges. The illiberalism of the Bohemian and Austrian nobility is proverbial. Only a few years ago Prince L. introduced a bill in the parliament providing for what is known as the "confessional school." By its provision the common schools of the empire would be placed under the supervision of the clergy and the instruction limited to bare spelling, writing and the rudiments of arithmetic. Geography, history and other dangerous subjects would be excluded altogether. Another noble, Prince S., characterized the Husitic warriors as a "band of incendiaries and robbers." It follows from the nature of things, that the Bohemian aristocracy must be a deadly enemy of universal suffrage. Incredible as it may seem, 420 owners of large estates in Bohemia elect but 4 deputies less than 2,000,000 of city people and but 9 deputies less than 3,500,000 country people! Dr. Grégr remarked in the diet recently that the process of confiscation in Bohemia was not complete. This was not meant as a threat or joke and Dr. Grégr in all his public utterances never said anything more prophetic than this. The home rule question, which now absorbs all minds, settled, nothing is more natural than that the diet will have to turn its attention to the agrarian question. And when the time does come, the Bohemian aristocracy, holding 50 per cent. of the land, will be compelled to open for cultivation its warrens and its hunting grounds and it will have to relinquish the mummeries of its wigs and bands and collars; and, as for their lack of appreciation of free institutions, we Bohemians, for instance, have never forgotten that from times immemorial the diet at Prague was the highest legislative tribunal in the land, without whose sanction nothing could be done. This diet existed yet when Mr. Boyesen's ancestors invaded Bohemia (assuming he is of Swedish descent), in the seventeenth century and helped to rifle her of her treasures and works of art with the other soldiery, both Catholic and Protestant. And it was only after Bohemia had been abandoned by all those who had pledged to assist her, that she was gradually deprived of her ancient freedom. The Poles had their constitution before the bastille had been overthrown and our own Calixtines in the fifteenth century had anticipated American democracy of to-day. And as for Russia, Madame de Staël said once that "C'est le despotesir qui est nouveau, et la liberté qui est ancienne."

**THE BOHEMIAN VOICE.**

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen contributed an article to Once a Week, entitled "What on Immigration?" Like most writers of the day Mr. Boyesen thinks that alone the English, Scotch, German and Scandinavian immigrants (Irishmen are also doomed by him,) are on a sufficiently high plane of intelligence to comprehend the genius of this government, to sympathize with the aims of its founders and to co-operate with an enlightened judgment, in the great work of civilization which is here in progress. In the second generation they are often so completely Americanized, physically and mentally, that their foreign origin will scarcely be surmised. But at the opposite extreme from these are the Slavonic races, which have been degraded for centuries of grim oppression and who have no more appreciation of the meaning of American institutions than a cat has of mathematics. And what is more, they cannot, in one generation, acquire this appreciation. They have been despotsically governed at home because they were not, by intelligence and morality, fit for anything better, and will by an inexorable necessity, as they increase in numbers, give this government an impetus ever more pronounced toward despotism. What the Irish have accomplished in this direction in New York and Brooklyn, the Poles, Bohemians and Hungarians, Boyesen thinks, are accomplishing in Chicago and many smaller cities of the west. Then he concludes by saying that in future we must discriminate in nationalities: receive the Germans, the Englishmen and the Scandinavians and exclude some of the Latin and the Slavonic races.—So much Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. We have no desire to enter into an argument with a Janizary, who thinks he is a better Mohammedan than the Turk himself, but we will only say, that no Bohemian or Pole—or a Slavonian, for that matter—will go for lectures on American patriotism to the ultra-American Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. They are just as good and loyal patriots as he, though all of them might not wear starched collars; and, as for their lack of appreciation of free institutions, we Bohemians, for instance, have never forgotten that from times immemorial the diet at Prague was the highest legislative tribunal in the land, without whose sanction nothing could be done. This diet existed yet when Mr. Boyesen's ancestors invaded Bohemia (presuming he is of Swedish descent), in the seventeenth century and helped to rifle her of her treasures and works of art with the other soldiery, both Catholic and Protestant. And it was only after Bohemia had been abandoned by all those who had pledged to assist her, that she was gradually deprived of her ancient freedom. The Poles had their constitution before the bastille had been overthrown and our own Calixtines in the fifteenth century had anticipated American democracy of to-day. And as for Russia, Madame de Staël said once that "C'est le despotesir qui est nouveau, et la liberté qui est ancienne."

**Austria-Hungary.** Austria-Hungary is a two-fold empire, consisting of a Cisleithan monarchy (or, that part which is beyond the river Leitha) and a Transleithan kingdom of Hungary. Each of the two countries has its own laws, parliament, ministers, and government; and the formal tie between them is a body known as the Delegations. These form a parliament of 120 members; the one-half is chosen by the parliament of Cisleithania, or Austria proper, and the other half by Transleithania or Hungary. The Delegations have jurisdiction over all matters affecting the common interests of the two countries, especially foreign affairs, war and finance. The Young Chekhis who have held a few seats in the committees of the Delegations were this time excluded from the committee on appropria-
tion probably as a punishment for their conduct in the land diet, May 17. Besides this insult the emperor himself ignored the Young Chekhs at a reception (cércole), which it is customary to give to the delegates, immediately after the address from the throne. The emperor, it is said, asked Plener, the leader of the Austrian Germans: "You arrived from Prague, did you not? Yes, I must confess the situation in Bohemia causes me much grief. However, I am glad to say that your party acted prudently and loyally." Plener assured the emperor that all the Germans who live in Bohemia, are doing their best to re-introduce peace in Bohemia; and he expressed the hope that the time was coming when the two races, Bohemian and German, would once more live happily together. "I am pleased to hear that," the emperor is reported to have said: "I too hope that ultimately peace will return to Bohemia." The Bohemian delegates who were present at the reception were noticeably snubbed by the emperor. As the newspapers report it, Taaffe called the attention of the sovereign to the place where the Bohemians were standing, waiting to be introduced. Delegates Pacák and Herold, who were dressed in their national čiernca the emperor overlooked purposely, bowing coldly to Adámek and Massaryk when their names were called. Naturally both of these incidents—the exclusion of the Young Chekhs from the Delegation's committee and the snubbing by the sovereign—produced innumerable comments in Austrian newspapers. To Bohemians they are especially significant for they have demonstrated once more the fact that in Austria everything is against us, from the ruler down to the humblest office holder. "All idle talk must now cease," says Čas, the organ of the "realistic" faction of the Young Chekhs, "the time has come for courageous and firm men to act: men, who fear nothing and who will persevere despite all opposition. The present state of affairs was not brought about by the Bohemian delegates. The blame must rest with those who believed that the Bohemian people will stand all sorts of abuse. Let us hope they were mistaken in this. What Bismark has said of the Germans that will, God willing, apply to us also: "we shall not go on a pilgrimage to Canossa!"

THE PANSLAVISTIC SPECTER.

Since the capitulation at Világosz, August 13, 1849, the Magyars are the most inveterate enemies of Russia and of the Slavonic race in general. From Jókai Mór and Vambéry Arminius down to the humblest penny-liner in Pesth, they all slander, blackmail and misrepresent Russia. This hatred will be understood when we recollect that the great Slavonic empire of the North put down, by force of arms, the rebellious Magyars in that year.

Dr. Gerster, of New York City, is a Magyar as he pompously told a reporter of the New York Herald. This would not interest us much—for every one has a right in this free country to say what he is, even if he be a Magyar—but Dr. Gerster said a lot of other things which are not true and which neither he nor anybody else can substantiate. When a person willfully and maliciously distorts facts and circulates them with the intention of injuring the character or reputation of another, we call him in plain Anglo-Saxon, a liar. Dr. Gerster in his interview with the New York Herald made innumerable misstatements concerning the Slavonic people in the United States and much as we dislike to apply the epithet to the Doctor, we are at a loss for a better term, unless of course the man is non compos mentis.

The northern districts of Hungary are inhabited by a pure Slavonic race, the Slovaks, who once formed a nucleus of the great Moravian kingdom, but who, after the bloody battle of Presburg (907 A. D.), were gradually subjugated by the Magyars, to whom even yet they bear no friendly feeling. These Slovaks number over two millions of souls and it is claimed that their character comes nearest to the old Slavonic type. Since 1867, when Beust's coup d'état gave Hungary autonomy, the Magyars, anxious to pose as a "power" in Europe, made every effort to Magyarize the Slovaks and thus to increase their own numbers. But the process of assimilation, which is so rapid in the United States, is almost imperceptible in Europe, especially in countries where repressive measures are used to accomplish it. Furious, because they could not denationalize the Slovaks at once, the Magyars closed their schools one after another until now there is not a single Slavonic school in Hungary where the Slavonic youth can obtain his education in his mother tongue. From the village school up the Magyar tongue is taught to children who do not understand a single word of it. The Catholic bishops very often send a pure Slavonic congregation a priest who is unable to construct a correct sentence in the language of his people. The Slavonic names of villages, town, rivers, valleys and mountains are changed to Magyar names. To speak Slavonic in the streets or public places is considered a disgrace. An official who dares to acknowledge he is a true Slavonian is deprived of his office. A student of theology who would dare to take a Slavonic prayer-book into his hands is expelled from the institution, and any student not denying his nationality has no room in the high schools of the country. In 1875 the government closed the literary institution of the Slovaks, the Matice—confiscating with it 250,000 florins worth of property, mostly donated by poor Slavonic people, and turning it into a military barracks. Slavonic literary institutions have no right to exist on the grounds of Hungary.

Thousands of these Slovaks, unable to bear the persecution at home, come annually to this country. They are a thrifty and hard working race and they organize benevolent societies, establish newspapers in their mother tongue, build churches, etc. This the Magyar ogre of course does not like. And as he cannot bring the Austrian policemen over here, as he cannot suppress their newspapers—an attempt in this direction has already been made,—rifle their treasuries and jail them, it resorts to slander.

The "Magyar" Dr. Gerster is one of those charitable persons who is grieved to see Slovaks prospering in the United States.
"Yes, the Pan-Slav agitation is very strong and general in America," Dr. Gerster is quoted as saying in his interview with the New York Herald, "and the time has come for the Austrian government to combat this movement. Out of the half-million Hungarian subjects(!) in the United States there are more than 150,000 of the Slavonic race. I am myself a Magyar(!)"

"The Slavonic Hungarians here are organized into societies for spreading the faith, and they have newspapers and churches. They follow their leaders. I have no doubt Russia supplies money in some way for this work.

"But the Pan-Slavists are well organized and work hard among their ignorant followers. It certainly is time for Austria to send special consuls here to investigate the whole matter and put a stop to the spread of disloyal ideas by means of emigrants returning from America."

Again: "The principal work of the Pan Slavists is done by the clergymen. The Slavs are taught that they are the real owners of Hungary and that they are being trodden under foot by the Magyars. They are exhorted to rise and throw off their bondage. * * * The National Society has now more than twenty thousand active members in the United States. They allow no outsiders in their meetings and send back emigrants full of the Pan-Slav ambition to contaminate their neighbors in Hungary. They say they do not want to become Russians, but we know better. The Russians are working through the clergymen. They furnish money and help in every way."

It is hardly necessary to say that all this doctor's talk is a slush.

What is Pan-Slavism? Pan-Slavism is the name given to a movement which contemplates bringing into a peculiar compact, social and literay, all the people of the Slavic stock. Our enemies claim that the object of the movement is to establish a great Slavonic empire, or confederation of all the Slavic tribes. Everybody who knows the map of Europe will see that this is absurd. The establishment of a Slavic state or union would involve the disruption or destruction by a war of conquest of all the states of Southern and Eastern Europe. Only in Russia the Slavic people live united in a compact mass, while three-eights of the race dwell in districts which have no territorial connection with that empire or form part of populations made up largely of other people. Thus are situated Poles, Little Russians, Chekhs, Vends, Croats, Slovenes, Servians, Bulgarians, etc. Besides, harmony of religion is also wanting among the Slavonians. Not quite two-thirds of them are of the Greek religion, the other third being attached to Catholicism, Protestantism and even to Mohammedanism. In point of language, too, there is a disunity and as matters are, none of the various races would exchange their native dialect for the dialect of any other race, or for any language which might be devised for their common use.

Ivan Sergjejevich Aksakov, the celebrated Russian Slavophil is also of the opinion that Panslavism i.e. the confedernacy of all Slavonians— is an unattainable dream. Aksakov was arrested on March 1849, for his intimacy with one Juri Samarin, and a number of questions was put to him by the Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery, which he answered with a singular frankness. These answers form from many points of view the Slavophil confession of faith.*

The question in point was: "Your brother Gregory, in a letter from Simbirs'k, in which he mentions Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia with special praise, and calls the assembly of Frankfort stupid, expresses the hope that Austria may be converted from a German, into a Slavonic monarchy. Do you and your relations profess Slavophil ideas, and in what do they consist?"

To this Aksakov answered: "My brother Gregory in one of his letters calls the parliamentary assembly at Frankfort stupid. * * I fancy that not even those who question me can have any doubt of that. He is loud in praise of Jellachich. * * * Was he then unworthy of his praise? His imperial master had the same opinion of him, for he rewarded him with an order. With regard to my brother's opinion that Austria will be converted from a German into a Slavonic monarchy, it is also mine; the German element of that state has become corrupt and, Austria would have long fallen to pieces, had the Slavs not supported it. One may therefore conclude that Austria will execute a volte face, and become converted into a Slavonic kingdom. I should much regret the change, for a strong Slavonic monarchy, springing up beside independent Russia, would draw to itself the Southern Slav races which we are alienating, and Russia would thereby be defeated in its mission as the chosen defender upon earth of orthodoxy and Slavonic principles. As to my Slavophile ideas, I and my relations are by no means Slavophiles in the sense implied in the question. We do not believe in Pan-slavism—nay, we consider it impossible: firstly, because it would require the adoption of a single faith, by all the Slav races, and the Catholicism of Bohemia and Poland would bring a hostile foreign element into our community, which could not be amalgamated with the orthodox faith of the other Slavs; secondly: because the individual elements of the Slavonic nations must previously be dissolved and fused into a differently characterized, more powerful, more united, and mighty nationality—namely: the Russians; thirdly: because a large part of the Slavonic races is already infected by the influence of barren Western Liberalism, which conflicts with the spirit of Russian orthodoxy. Russia is far more to me than all the Slavs, and my brother Constantine is reproached with absolute indifference to all Slavs outside the Russian Kingdom,—nay, outside greater Russia."

To this the emperor has added a note in his own handwriting. "And he is right, for everything else is madness. God alone can determine what is to happen in the far future. Even if every circumstance should combine to lead up to this union, its accomplishment would be the ruin of Russia."

*See, "Russia under Alexander III." 1883.

"Jellachich or JelaciC de Buzim was a Croatian general, who distinguished himself in the Hungarian revolution of 1849 which he helped to suppress."
THE NATIONAL THEATER.

No edifice, ancient or modern, is nearer to the hearts of Bohemians than the National Theater of Prague. The name "National" in this instance has a peculiarly deep meaning for the "golden house on Vltava," as the theater is fondly called, has been built with money raised by "national" subscription, and for the purpose of cultivating "national" dramatic art. From the first nobleman in the country down to the humblest soil-tiller, everybody contributed his mite and the result is that Bohemians have to-day, according to the testimony of such artists as Adelina Patti, one of the very finest theaters in Europe.

As early as 1845 the idea began to gain favor to build a Bohemian theater in Prague, that would be independent of the local German theater. In those days our countrymen in the capital city were destitute of a regular playhouse, (as they were of every other educational institution), and the Estates who owned the German theater graciously permitted the Bohemian amateurs to play once or twice a week in their theater. The first step toward the erection of a Bohemian play-house was made in 1850 when a number of patriots organized themselves into an association which soon after caused subscriptions to be opened in Bohemia and Moravia for the purpose. Before long 31,000 florins in silver were raised. The estimated cost of this future retreat of "Bohemian Muse" was "about 150,000 florins in silver." The stifling political atmosphere prevailing then, exercised a baneful influence on the whole work, and it was not till 1865 that subscriptions were re-opened. At the beginning of 1865 the committee had already 201,939 florins at its disposal. The following year a contract was entered into with architect J. Zitko and in 1868, on St. John’s day, the foundation stone was laid amid an imposing ceremony. From every Bohemian battlefield and from every hill and mound, famous in the history of the country,—like Domažlice, Svatobor, Blaník, Trocnov, Říp, etc.—stones had been sent to be used in the edifice. The original estimate, however, fell short of the actual cost and over 2,000,000 florins were spent before the National Theater was completed.

On August 12, 1881, an appalling news spread throughout Bohemia that filled the heart of every patriot with the profoundest grief—the National Theater had been totally destroyed by fire! But instead of vain regrets and feminine lamentations, the patriots, undismayed, went to work and while the ruins were yet smouldering, enough money was raised in voluntary subscriptions to recommence the building of a new National Theater. At no period of our national existence have we manifested such strength, patriotism and liberality as during the period following this national disaster. Wherever Bohemians lived—in the United States, Russia, Bulgaria, Austria proper, Croatia, Poland, Germany—collections were made and everyone was eager to contribute. In 1885 the new National Theater was completed with increased splendor—having arisen like Phoenix out of its own ashes. Such is the fondness for this national institution that Bohemian emigrants who visit their mother country, consider it their sacred duty to visit this "golden house on Vltava."

JOHN KOLLAR POET.

July 29, 1893, the Slavonian world will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Kollár,—the Isaiah of the Slavonic race. Slovak by birth and Bohemian by nationality John Kollár belonged to the whole Slavonic race. Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Croats, Bulgarians, Servians, Vends, and Slovaks,—all the people of the Slavonic stock who live in that part of Eastern Europe which is bounded by the North Sea, the Caucasus, and the Caspian Sea, the Oder and the Elbe, and along the valley of the Danube—had a warm place in his heart, he loved them all, consoled them all, and prophesied better future for them all. "Let there be no discord!" he appealed to them. "Russians, Servians, Chekhs and Poles unite! From Athos to Pomerania, from the fields of Silesia, to the plain of Kosovo, from Constantinople to the Volga,
everywhere where the Slav tongue may be heard, rejoice and embrace, happy in your immense fatherland!" And again: "If I have said to you a hundred times, and I said to you again to-day. Oh! scattered Slavs, be a whole, and no longer scattered groups! Be a whole or nothing! Ah! how have I thought, at times when my mind was sore perplexed, if our Slav nations were but gold, silver and copper, I would mould them into one statute. Of Russians I would make the hands, of Poland the body, of the Chechs the arms and the head, and, the smaller nations, the Wends the Lusatians, Silesians and Croats and the Slovaks should be the vestments and the weapons. And Europe should bow down before the image, whose head should touch the clouds, and whose step should reach across the world."

Two works may be said to have established Kollár's reputation. One was his German work: "Über die literarische Wechselbeziehung zwischen den Stämmen der Slawischen Nationen" (Of the literary interchange between the races of the Slavonic stock.) In this work Kollár has shown himself to be a Panslavist in the ideal sense, and this dream of Panslavism pervades his poetry, his sermons, his archaeological writings and particularly the above named work.

His greatest work, however, and one upon which his reputation must securely rest, is a poem entitled the "Slávy Dcera." (The daughter of Glory) which was published for the first time in 1821 under the less pretentious title of "Sonets." He believed with many other archaeologists of that time that the word Slav was derived from sláva, glory, and hence the name. In reference to this error Palacky wrote to him on November 23, 1830, as follows: "It is vain to claim that Slavs were so named from glory (sláva). What did this glory consist of before the 5th century? The Germans conquered mighty Rome—while our Slavonians could not even resist the Huns, or the Germans conquered mighty Rome—while our Slavonians, perhaps, should in the shape of the Wends the Lusatians, Silesians and Croats and the Slovaks, and the nestlings of the Chechs should be the vestments and the weapons. And Europe should bow down before the image, whose head should touch the clouds, and whose step should reach across the world."

Ják muselo v tom by stačeté být k národu srdečné, jenž by tu síla jak nad nosti milenku nelfil.

Avšak umlítko, tichá, na budoucnost patří, žalostí, oslněným rozptylým mraky myšlenek okem.

Největší je neřest v neštěstí láti neřestem, ten, kdo koli snítkem huňe nebe, lépe cítí.

Ne z mrtvých nek stačí, z ruky píše naděje kvůli, jak jen může i kdo státi, jenž vždyk by hověl, co to má.

Cesta křivá lidi jen, cílověcnost světí nemá, a znamení jednotnících často celostní hově.

Čas víše má, i časy, k větčasté ové vede pravdu, co to věkně bludných hodilo, zvěrno dobna.

FROM KOSCIUSZKO'S LAND.
Mythical History.

We can only make a passing allusion to the view of Szaunouka, that the organization of the Polish race, began like the Russian, from colonies of Norse settlers. Here and there in the old Polish stories, as in the Russian, we seem to come upon versions of Scandinavian sagas, but by far the greater portion of them can be shown to be replicas of old Bohemian legend; thus Cracus reminds us of Kroko and Premysl of his Bohemian namesake, and we find many similar instances in pages of Cosmas, the old Bohemian chronicler. The parallel is further strengthened when we see that so much of the earliest Polish literature which has come down to us is modelled upon that of the Chechs; thus the Polish hymn to the Virgin has its Bohemian prototype, and the early translations of the Bible were modelled upon Bohemian.
The Jews.

The Jews came to Poland in very early times; they carried on a great part of the trade of the country. In all probability the oldest Jewish immigrants reached Poland from the countries on the Lower Danube and from the kingdom of the Khazars, who had accepted the Jewish faith. The introduction of the Jews into the national sagas and the legends of the church shows that they were very numerous and not without influence on the country. At the end of the eleventh century another stream of Jewish immigrants came from Germany. In the year 1264 Boleslas the Pious granted them certain privileges. At first these advantages were only conceded to the Jews of Great Poland, but they were extended in 1284 by Casimir the Great, who was probably in want of money. Some think that the Jewish statute enacted by this monarch was suggested by a privilege granted by Frederick, Duke of Austria, in 1244, which was frequently imitated afterwards. It is computed that the number of Jews in the countries which once formed Poland amounted to 2,200,000. They have never become assimilated, and they use German instead of the Polish language.

Sobieski, the Savior of Austria.

The family of the Sobieskis is now extinct, and with him may be said to have sunk the glory of Poland. Dr. Robert South, eminent divine who visited Poland, as chaplain to an embassy, in his days has left us an interesting account of the country. He thus describes Sobieski:

"The King is a very well spoken prince, very easy of access, and extremely civil, having most of the qualities requisite to form a complete gentleman. He is not only well versed in all military affairs, but likewise, through the means of a French education, very opulently stored with all polite and scholastic learning. Besides his own tongue, the Slavonian, he understands the Latin, French, Italian, German and Turkish languages; he delights much in natural history, and in all the parts of physic. He is wont to reprimand the clergy for not admitting the modern philosophy, such as Le Grands' and Cartesius', into the universities and schools.

"As to what relates to his Majesty's person, he is a tall and corpulent prince, large-faced, and full eyes, and goes always in the same dress with his subjects, with his hair cut around about his ears like a monk, and wears a fur cap, but extraordinary rich with diamonds and jewels, large whiskers (i.e. moustaches), and no neck-cloth. A long robe hangs down to his heels in the fashion of a coat and a waistcoat under that, of the same length, tied close about the waist with a girdle. He never wears any gloves, and this long coat is of strong scarlet cloth, lined in the winter with rich fur, but in summer only with silk. Instead of shoes he always wears both abroad and at home Turkey leather boots, with very thin soles, and hollow deep heels made of a blade of silver, bent hoop-wise into the form of a half-moon. He carries always a large scimitar by his side, the sheath equally flat and broad from the handle to the bottom, and curiously set with diamonds."

Owing to the continual wars in Sobieski's reign, the common people suffered much, and the recollection of what they endured is embodied in the saying which was often heard in Poland during the last century of its independence:

"Za króla Sasa,
Jedz, pij, popuszczaj paea;
A za króla Sobca,
Nie bylo w poło snópek."

"In the time of the Saxon king,
Eat, drink, and loosen your girdle;
But in the time of King Sobho,
There was not a sheet in the fields."

Charles Szajnocha.

Charles Szajnocha, one of the foremost historical writers of Poland, was the son of a Bohemian, who had settled in Galicia, where he held a small government office. The historian was born in 1818. In the year 1857 this unfortunate author lost his sight from too much study, and thus, like Augustin Thierry and Prescott, was obliged to continue his labors by means of dictation. He possessed, however, a powerful memory, and this helped him to triumph over his disaster. He died in 1868.

Adam Mickiewicz.

Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest poet whom Poland has produced composed, shortly before his death, the following pathetic epitaph for himself:

"O ye exiles, who so long wander over the world,
Where will ye find a resting place for your weary steps?
The wild dove has its nest, and the worm a clod of earth,
Each man a country, but the Pole a grave!"

Sad Existence of Lelewel.

Lelewel, the great Polish historian, was an exile, who was compelled to leave his native land after the unsuccessful revolution of 1830, and subsequently settled in Brussels, where he spent twenty-nine years in poverty and labor. For many years he inhabited two little rooms in one of which he slept, worked and received ordinary visits; the other, a little better furnished, was only opened on special occasions. In the morning he was waited upon by an old Polish canteen woman, who boasted that Joseph Poniatowski, shortly before he was drowned in the Elster at the battle of Leipzig, had taken a draught from her flask. In spite of all his philosophy, Lelewel never succeeded in learning how to set his room to rights, or to make his bed. He lived worse than the poorest Brussels artisan, but would never receive any contribution from his richer countrymen. As he set in the winter in a room that could not be warmed, a Polish lady during his absence caused a stove to be put in, but when he came back, he turned it out of the room—just as Dr. Johnson did with the shoes which had been given him—and only at last allowed a pipe to be introduced into his own from a neighboring room, which was well warmed. Coffee was a great refreshment to him but he only enjoyed it once a week; on other days he breakfasted on bread and milk. When Poles who visited him, entitled him "Your Excellency," as he had formerly been a minister, he forbade it, and would not allow himself to be called "Mr.," but only "citizen." During the morning hours he sat at his work with bare feet in felt shoes and in an old
grey cloak, with a pocket-handkerchief which had been at one time white, but had now become brown, pinned to his knees: this he wished to have conveniently at hand, as he was a great snuff-taker. His linen, however, was always very clean. At mid-day he went dressed in a blue workman's blouse to a poor little public-house to get an humble meal among the artisans who frequented it. As he never took a walk, he tried to get the requisite exercise by running about the streets in a brisk trot. No one pushed against him; everybody greeted him, for he was held in much esteem, both by high and low. When on one occasion, a woman, who kept an eating-house frequented by Lelewel, at the instigation of his friends, gave him better food than usually at the same price, he noticed the attempt to assist his poverty and sternly refused all future efforts of the kind. His poverty, moreover was voluntary, and sprang from a desire to remain true to his democratic principles. He was contented with very humble payment for the work which he undertook. When he was entrusted by the corporation of Brussels with the arrangement and cataloguing of the city collection of coins, he charged only a franc a day for this very important work. On one occasion when he was taking some of the proofs of his "Coins of the Middle Ages" to his publisher's private house, the cook, who opened the door, thought he was a beggar. She saw before her an old man in blue workman's blouse with a huge cap, and shut the door in his face. After long fruitless parleying to get admission, he said: "I am Lelewel." The cook with tears begged his pardon.

In the year 1861 the veteran of seventy-five years fell ill. Some of his friends succeeded in persuading him to allow himself to be taken to Paris, where a comfortable room had been got ready for him in the house of Dr. Dubois. He only consented on its being understood that all the expenditure should be paid out of the profits of his works. But three days latter he was no more.

How the Peasants Used to Live.

Hauteville, whose work was translated into English in 1689, thus describes the Polish cottages of that period and the condition of the peasants: "The furniture of their houses consists of some earthen or wooden dishes, and a bed, which they make of chaff and feathers, with a sort of coverlet over it. Their stoves have no chimney to let out the smoke, so that their huts are always full of a thick smoke, which has no other passage but a small window about four feet from the ground. When they go in to their cottages they are forced to stoop that they may not be stifled by the smoke, which is so thick above the little window that one cannot see the roof, and yet 'tis impossible to go to bed in winter without stoves."

The Nobility

In the latter days of the Polish Republic the number of the nobility seems to have been steadily on the decrease. It was doubted whether a general levy would bring together 150,000. Most of the estates were heavily mortgaged; the nobles preferred a life at court or in the towns, frequently travelled, and were conspicuous for their luxury and imitation of French manners.

Polish Costumes.

Connor describes the fashion among Poles in the time of John Sobieski as follows: "The better, that is the richer sort, make use of the furs of sable, which are brought from Muscovy, when the others content themselves with the skins of tigers, leopards, panthers, and a kind of grey furs. Some of the finest of these furs cost above a thousand crowns, but they are worn only at diets, and descend from father to son." He adds afterwards: "Some few of the Poles imitate the French fashion, and wear linen, lace point, perukes and swords. The ordinary sort of gentry, and even some of the great men, put sifted chaff into their boots, which serves them instead of socks. The women formerly had only girdles on their heads, composed of gold, gems, flowers, silk and the like, but now they wear silk caps lined with fur like the men. Both women and men are extravagant to an infinite degree, in so much that some among them will have fifty suits of clothes at once, all as rich as possible; but what shows their prodigality yet more is, that they will almost have their servants go as well dressed as themselves, whereby they generally spend their estates, and are reduced in a short time to the extremest want."
THE WOES OF A LITERARY CRITIC.*

In many a country town you will find a young man who looks amid the good natured burghers, as if he had fallen from the moon. He usually wears long, disarranged hair, his face with its irregular but refined features is pale and languid, cheap spectacles sit on his nose, and the chin displays a tuft of colorless growth, which is in constant sympathtic connection with the restless hand. The good town folks already got accustomed to this strange individual, though at times when he walks in the center of the street with the far-away look of a somnambulist, they regard him with the same feeling as an ordinary man would look upon an albino. With compassionate smiles they listen to his rambling talk, when he occasionally discourses upon the various "currents" in belle-lettres and other such ephemeral matters. This man is a voluntary and gratuitous contributor of the local newspaper.

Such a man was Bretislav Luňáček. One morning he had arisen with the exalted thought, that, having the evening before met by accident, the editor of the "Bell" in a suburban inn, he had been engaged as critic, feuilleto­nist, and original Prague correspondent, and proof reader of that local weekly. This newspaper had almost one hundred and fifty subscribers, and its main program was: to fight the other local weekly the "Hammer"; to defend certain local dignitaries against the savage onslaughts of the opposition in the communal council, in the savings bank, and in the firemen's organization; to work against the careless letting of city contracts to any other architect but to Mr. X., who was a generous patron of the "Bell", and, finally, to defend all the sacred rights of the Bohem­ian-Slavonic nation.

With pardonable pride Bretislav Luňáček got up from his bed, and before all, hastened for his threadbare coat, in order to assure himself that the engagement was notsome delusive dream. Thank God, it was not, for he found in his pocket two volumes of poetry with pages yet uncut, and one Prague newspaper, which contained a criticism of these two publications. All this he had received yesterday from the editor of the "Bell", who requested him to commence his honoray office by writing a criticism of these volumes of poetry, just published. In giving him the volumes, the editor begged him to use a sharp knife for cutting and to handle them otherwise with care, as they were intended for a present to his, the editor's cousin. He had given the Prague newspaper to the future critic that he might see what other writers thought of the verses.

To the servant who brought him his breakfast, our critic gave orders to let no one in the room, except a man from the editor who would call for manuscript, sharp at five. The words "editor" and "manuscript" he pronounced in a peculiar and festal manner. Thereupon Bretislav Luňáček fastened the latch on his door and walked digni­fiedly to the table where he had placed both volumes of poetry, and the Prague newspaper. Having sat down he carefully brushed off a feather from the rimple of his sleeve, something he had never done before, and began thinking of how he sat there and how the two poets were ignorant of the fate which awaited them at this important moment. With a smile full of contempt he grabbed after the Prague newspaper. Then he cast a cursory glance over the article containing the criticism, but soon threw it violently on the floor, muttering: "Again such shameful praise! This infamy must be stopped! Our authors are thoroughly spoiled by this eternal adulation; they sit upon the pedestals of their imaginary glory like inaccessible idols and snub the entire public. They inhale through their nostrils the thick fumes which issue from the censors at their worship. This mutual adulation scheme must be checked. And the best way to do it will be, I think, to condemn it in the most scathing manner. Yes, I shall begin by writing a general condemnatory article, regardless of what the consequences might be. Of course they will get furious, but what do I care! I will unmask first the stupid and shameful criticism in this Prague sheet."

His eye on fire he seized a pen with his nervous hand. But at this moment he recollected that it would probably be better to read first these volumes of poetry which the critics have so brazenly praised to the skies.

So he began reading. At times he passed hastily over whole pages and then again cast piercing glances at single lines, nodded approvingly or laughed with a deri­sive smile, all the while twisting and pulling the colorless tuft of hair on his chin, till it looked like a sharp pointed dagger, aimed at the heart of the unfortunate author.

He just finished reading when the woman brought him his modest meal. This he ate in nervous haste and having also sipped the coffee he returned to his work. After mature deliberation of all the circumstances, he decided to write, first of all a sharp treatise censuring these volumes of poetry, just published. In giving him the volumes, the editor begged him to use a sharp knife for cutting and to handle them otherwise with care, as they were intended for a present to his, the editor's cousin. He had given the Prague newspaper to the future critic that he might see what other writers thought of the verses.

Bretislav Luňáček dressed to-day more carefully than usual, and scrutinized his face in the mirror with great attention. He then stepped to the window and with his head erect and chest swelling with pride, observed for a while, with a look of contempt the life in the dirty square below. Although his room was situated on the first floor of a low house, yet the people below appeared small and ridiculously droll to him, like the Christmas toys of children.

He could hardly keep from laughing when he saw how deferentially these folks bowed to the fat city mayor whom he saw strutting proudly across the square.

*From the "Povídky, arabesky a huamensky" by S. Čech, Prague, 1883.
white. At last these words made their appearance upon it: "Like the evening star upon the rose-hued horizon." After a while these words disappeared under a thick layer of scratches to give room to another effort:

"We hold in our hands, trembling with just indignation and apprehension for the prosperous growth of our literature. The printer who was promising start had to give place to another, and this again to the succeeding one and so on. For a long, long time Břetislav Luňáček paced to and fro, until finally he stopped, wearied out, at a window.

The houses on the square below shone in the rays of a spring sun, as if in supreme contentment and the picturesque groups of people, too, seemed to beam with happiness. It was a pretty picture indeed. Our critic, who was observing it, felt all of a sudden that his heart was melting. He felt a sort of pity for the two unfortunate poets. Tomorrow they will greet the day with smiles, and in the evening they will probably already hold in their trembling hands, their crushing condemnation. Who knows, one of them might commit—

However, I might pour some soothing balsam in the wounds. I might mention some of the praise-worthy features of their work.

Just then his gaze wandered toward the tower-clock on the city hall, standing opposite, and he saw the hands pointing toward four o'clock. Wretched man, he had only one hour's time! It was necessary to sit down to work without delay. The essay which he intended to write by way of preface, can be put off till to-morrow and he must limit himself to a critical review of the poetry at hand.

He recommended his walking, with increasing speed. He rubbed his forehead, he chewed the penholder, he twirled with his nervous hand the hair on his chin until it assumed the shape of a screw—of no avail. His hair was in poetic confusion, great drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

All at once he sees a man issuing from a house at the end of the square—it is from the house where the printing office of the "Bell" is situated—a man whom he knows well. It is the printer coming for the manuscript. Luňáček fell despairingly in a chair. What was he to do? Oh, could he but extricate himself from this!

Before our critic had time to fully weigh his unpleasant situation, the printer came in. Luňáček, sore perplexed, requested him to wait a moment; and then with a redoubled effort he recommenced writing. But his composition lacked all sense, and the sentences were incoherent.

The printer who was observing him compassionately remarked suddenly: "Why do you trouble yourself with this, Mr. Luňáček? Why don't you cut it out?"

The critic looked at him in amazement and then stammered out: "To cut it out?"

"Yes sir! Ever since I worked in this office we have always used only such written criticisms as were sent to us by publishers. All others we usually cut out from some other papers."

"From other papers? And the public—and the editor?"

"Our public does not read them, and the editor used to cut them out himself."

Luňáček mechanically reached for the Prague newspaper which he had thrown away so indignantly, and, with blushing face and trembling hand he reached for the scissors. He cast a dull look at the newspaper, and then with a slow movement he stuck the point of the scissors in the printed matter, which contained the objectionable criticism of the two volumes of poetry.

"Be careful! I see that you are a new hand at this," said the printer as he took the scissors and the newspaper from Luňáček's hands. With vacant stare the critic saw, how the printer carefully cut out both columns of the criticism, how he pasted them together with old post marks and how he left the room, carrying the clippings in his hand.

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**JOHN, THE KING ADVENTURER.**

John, the adventurous king of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Crécy, 1346, and whose motto, "Ich dien," has since been assumed by the Princes of Wales, was the whole of his life a stranger in the land of his adoption. He was the first king of the house of Luxemburg that retained possession of the Bohemian crown for one hundred and seventy years, and did much during this period to bind that country to Germany. It favored the German element within the land, and gave it a dangerous preponderance in the political life of the state.

John learned the Bohemian language most unwillingly, and only looked upon Bohemia as a place out of which he could get money. Passionately fond of gallantry and adventures, he was rather a knight-errant than a king, and was attracted alternately by France and Germany, according to the caprice of the moment.

Kepi within narrow bounds at home, John liked to interfere with all that was going on in other countries; it was considered a good thing to be one of his friends, since it was a common saying of the time that nothing could succeed without the help of God and of the king of Bohemia. But his great deeds were of little use to the country, and she had to pay dearly for them; the visits of the sovereign to his kingdom being invariably the signal for new taxes, new loans, or for fresh debasement of the coinage. Especially interesting is John's extraordinary fondness for France. He married his sister, Maria, to Charles IV., of France in 1322; he wished his son Václav (known in history by the name of Charles IV.) to be educated in Paris; and he married his daughter Guta to John, the dauphin of France.

The list of John's expeditions is a long one, but they all were worse than useless to Bohemia. To carry them on he not only exhausted the revenues of the crown, but was forced to pledge his estates, till at last, of all the royal castles, that of Prague was the only one which he had not mortgaged to his creditors. The royal authority fell into discredit, and the judicial power of his burgraves, or governors of castles came to an end; they were no longer obeyed, and "faustrecht," the reign of force, prevailed. But John cared little for this when he was not fighting. He was losing his time over tournaments. He usually lived on his hereditary domain of Luxemburg, or else at the court of Paris, where he wasted the money extorted from his subjects. During his absence the country was governed by captains, who farmed the crown revenues. The queen Elizabeth, never accompanied his husband, but lived in a solitude that was worse than widowhood.

On the death of Elizabeth (1350) the hereditary prince Charles came to Bohemia. He had been educated at the court of France, and brought from that country ideas of economy and good government. He at once set himself to work to restore order in the finances and succeeded so well that, at the close of 1356, John associated him with himself in the government with the title of co-regent.

In the year 1367, when on an expedition against the pagans of Lithuania, King John had lost an eye, and in 1359 he lost the other, through the unskillfulness of the physicians of Montpellier. But his blindness added nothing of his warlike ardour. Hearing of the invasion of France by the English, he hastened to offer his help to his friend and relative, Philip of Valois, and his death at the battle of Crécy is known to everybody. French historians put into his mouth the following words, which he is said to have spoken to his companions-in-arms during the battle: "I beg and earnestly entreat that you will lead me so far forward that I may strike one blow with my sword." His eyes were compassionately closed, and the day was lost, wished to lead him from the field of battle.

"Please God, a king of Bohemia shall never take to
flight," the knightly king cried out. His son Charles was also wounded in the fight. About fifty of the Bohemian knights and lords fell in the battle.

BOHEMIA, IRELAND AND NORWAY.

Three European countries are at present struggling for home rule: Bohemia, Ireland and Norway. Dissimilar in origin, differing in the nature and duration of their respective grievances, alleged or real, in their mode of warfare, in the number of their adversaries, they all three—the Slav, the Celt and the Scandinavian—hope ultimately to succeed, to recover their Rights of Man, to grasp the future destiny of their people in their own hands.

Ireland's case is the best known, not because it is better than Bohemia's but because it is being pleaded in a language spoken by one hundred million of freemen.

Bohemia's grievances are the least galling, at least seemingly; but if her claim is just she is entitled to home rule nevertheless.

Bohemia's case would be utterly hopeless if she had to contend with such powerful and homogeneous people as the English. Wedged in in a hostile country, surrounded by Germans on the north, west and south, over two millions of her people always in the opposition, and the government itself her stubborn enemy, Bohemia could never hope to succeed with such a strong government as the English.

But, fortunately for us, Austria is internally weak and the slightest European breeze is liable to change her policy. Such was the case before the Franco-Prussian war, and after the Prussian-Austrian war.

Gladstone's home-rule bill is watched with great deal of interest and its result, favorable or unfavorable, will create a corresponding impression in diplomatic circles in Vienna. The Irish question will probably establish a precedent for Bohemia.

If Gladstone should fail in his noble effort, Bohemians should not get discouraged. As we have said, Austria is not England and another Sadova may bring us that which England and another Sadova is not able to bring us.

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John Hus turns his eyes toward heaven. The memory of those to whom he had not the opportunity of speaking a cheerful word. In the quiet room in which he spent his last moments. He thought that he alone could understand himself and others who thought and acted rightly, who knew how to love and to forgive.

Hus the victim of perfidious foes, To heaven upon a fiery chariot rode.

Literature.

"Kroatisky poust" (Christian Messenger) 708-709 Lines St., Chicago, Ill., published an American edition of Dr. John Herben's polemical work on John of Nepomuk, the alleged patron saint of Bohemia. Pp. 25 cents. The publishers announce that the Bohemian Catholics of Chicago, have published, and are now circulating 50,000 copies of Bishop Brynych's biography of the saint, as it appeared in "Vel," a Catholic almanac for 1893. We recommend to our readers to read both biographies, as this alone will enable them to judge correctly of this interesting controversy.

Freundschaft und Kunst, pismo angielskie, illustrowane, poświęcone literaturze a chronice narodu Polskiego—A Polish American illustrated monthly which was to make its appearance in a few weeks, has died still-born. This we are sorry to learn. The advance copy of the Freundschaft und Kunst led us to expect a bright magazine that would certainly have done much toward acquainting the American people with Slavic languages and particularly Slavic art. Unhappily the cause of its premature death was a lack of patronage. Judging from its prospects, where reference was made to the articles of Walekman, Carpenter, Rockin, Talmage and the Review of Reviews, Stead's articles on Russia) "The new Era in Russia," etc., the magazine would have been anti-Russian in tendency.

To the long list of Slavonic newspapers in the United States, printed in the Bohemian, Polish, Slovak, Russian, Ruthenian, Servian and Croatian languages, must be added two new publications, namely, the Slav Americans Servian American and Draskovka Sloga (Draskov's Union) both of which are published in San Francisco, Cal. In its initial number the Slav Americans makes the surprising statement that the Servian population numbers about 5,000 in San Francisco, and over 20,000 on the Pacific Coast—Serbian Gora, principality of Servia and "Old Servia," Montenegro, Crna Gora and Zeta in Albania—all these latter countries in Balkan peninsula are inhabited by an interesting race known variously as "Croatians," or "Servians," or "South Slavonians," or "Bulgarians." According to an estimate of Safarik, the number of these people in Austria is 93,900, on the Balkan peninsula 2,600, in Russia 9,000, together 125,500. Serbian Czarnin believes this number to be exaggerating. Owing to the bewildering number of dialects which obtain among these people and their fondness for such local names, as "Croatians," "Crouts," "Slavenes," "Dalmatians," etc., it is difficult to make out what this Slavia is exactly. So with Bohemia, Slavia, and Serbia. It is a historical and linguistic enigma. No one knows for sure what this Slavia is exactly. It is a historical and linguistic enigma. No one knows for sure what this Slavia is exactly.
origin and language the South-Slavonians have always preferred to be known by local names. One of their most illustrious men, Ljudevit (Louis Gaj) has indeed attempted, in the first half of this century, to make an harmonious whole out of the scattered literary forces of Illyria, Styria, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Ragusa, Bosnia, Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria and Southern Hungary. The curds are not in tune together. What we desire is to make them sound in harmony.

This Illyrian, as it was called led to no practical results and to-day the dialects of the South-Slavonians are as numerous as they were before. The Servo-Croatian language has dialects: Southern or Hercegovian, Syrmian, Resavian and language of the coast or Dalmatian. The Slovenian or Slovenish: dialects of Upper, Middle and Lower Carniola, Styrian, Ugro-Slovenish, Resanien, Croat-Slovenish. Politically the South-Slavonian lands are dependent on Hungary, but the line which for instance binds Croatia to Hungary is ill-defined. Hungary is apt to look at Croatia as a conquered land, but Croatia considers that no tie but a personal one binds her to Hungary. It is well never forget the Pronunciamiento of Charles VI, which was not voted by Croatia before it was voted by Hungary. The South-Slavonians make good soldiers and sailors, and the Croats gave an opportunity to Napoleon to distinguish himself on the bridge of Arcole, the other end of which they determined to guard.

The future conqueror of Italy forced them back but it was a victory dearly bought. "It was a deadly combat," Napoleon wrote to the Directory, "not one of the generals but what has his clothes riddled with bullet." In the Hungarian revolution the Croats led by their various generals fought with the most valiant bravery.

Cassiopeia, the good aunt of Albert's interferes. "And why my poor child," said he, "do you fill your mind with these bitter thoughts and mournful memories?" "It is your genealogies, aunt, the excursus which you made into the past ages,—which revived in my memory the fifteen monks hanged upon the branches of the oak by the hands of one of my ancestors,—Oh! the greatest, the most treacherous, the most horrible; him whom they called the redoubtable blind man, the invincible John Žižka the Calixtine!"

The sublimely and abhorred name of the chief of the Taborites, a sect, which is still heard with a shudder and in words pregnant with execrations, is not without a certain vitality, and cruelty felt like lighting upon the abbe and the chaplain. The latter crossed himself while the aunt puffed back the chair.

"Good Heaven!" she cried what does the child mean? Do not listen to the scolding of these fanatics, and in any case, do not allow him to make common cause with the republique whose abominable name he has just pronounced.

"Speak for yourself aunt!" said Albert energetically, "you are a Rudolstadt at heart, though in fact you are a Podiebrad. But as for me, I do not care a fig for a few droppers of blood. You and I do not see the point in which the world is to be saved by the extermination of the blood of the Bohemian people."

you do not belong, I, who am proud of my nobility, will tell you if you do not know it, will remind you, if you have forgotten it, that John Žižka left a daughter, who married a Prachalitz; and that my mother being a Prachalitz, descended in a direct line from John Žižka, by the female line, and that my father is now, as you are disposed to believe, the old custos of Bohemia."

Soon after her arrival at the castle, Consuelo forms an acquaintance with baroness Amelia, who volunteers to tell her something of Bohemian history.

"Do you know a little about Bohemian history?" said the young baroness.

"Alas!" replied Consuelo, "I am altogether uneducated, as my master must have written you. I know a little about the history of Bohemia, but I am as ignorant of the history of Bohemia as of every other.

"In that case, I will tell you what you need to know that you may understand my story. More than three hundred years ago, the crushed and oppressed race into which you have been transplanted was a bold, unconquerable, heroic people. It had then, indeed, alien masters, and a religion which it did not understand, and which they wished to force upon it. Innumerable monks oppressed it, and a cruel, debauched king mocked at its dignity and outraged its feelings. But secret rage and deep hatred grew stronger and stronger, and one day the storm burst. The alien masters were driven away, religion was reformed, the convents were pillaged and torn down, and the nation turned to prison and exile for the reason that it believed in the freedom of discussion. This treason and disgrace touched the national honor so deeply that a bloody war raged throughout Bohemia and a great part of Germany for many years. This war of extermination of the enemies of the church was voted by Hungary. The South-Slavonians made good soldiers and sailors, and the Croats gave an opportunity to Napoleon to distinguish himself on the bridge of Arcole, the other end of which they determined to guard.

See how ignorant I am," said Consuelo innocently. "I have never heard of this, and I did not know that men could be so wicked and so unhappy."

There is hardly a second person in Bohemian history whose character and motives were more misrepresented than that of King Venceslas IV. Many people, as well as historians, believe to this day believe all the stupid lies about Venceslas, as for instance, that he was a blood-thirsty monster, who liked to associate with the court executioner, his alleged "god-father;" that oftentimes, in a fit of passion, he caused his best friends to be beheaded and tortured, etc. Albert was not one of these people. He knew well what Venceslas was, and what he has left behind him. This, and I did not know that men could be so wicked and unhappy."
yoke has lain heavier and heavier upon us. More than a hun-
dred years ago our nobility, ruined by foreign and domestic war 
and the scaffold, was obliged to fly from the country or to give up 
its nationality by forsaking its ancestry, by Germanizing its family 
names (remember this fact), and by renouncing religious liberty. 
Our books were burned, our schools were destroyed; in short, we were made 
Austrians. We are now only a province of the empire, and you hear 
German spoken by a majority of the people. This fact alone tells the whole story. "And now you sorrow and blush at this slavery, I can well under-
stand it, and I already hate Austria with all my heart."

"Oh, speak lower!" cried the young baroness. "No one can safely 
speak thus beneath the dark sky of Hungary." "How is it that a moment ago," said Conseulo simply, "you ap-
peared to me full of enthusiasm as you recite the exploits of your an-
cient Hungarians. I thought you something of a Bohemian and a 
heroic."

"I am more than a heretic and more than a Bohemian," replied 
Amelia, laughing, "I am something of a doubter and altogether a 
rebel. I hate rulers of every sort, and especially Austria, who is the 
most bigoted and straightlaced of despoilers."

Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, June 29th, 1893.

One hears much among the German papers and people, of 
the enmity of the Bohemian toward the German; yet one need only give 
the slightest attention to the daily journals and newspapers recently, in the 
field, to learn how a German expresses his opinion of the Bohemian and 
his national aspirations, and how utterly devoid of sympathy a German 
is for all that is nearest and dearest to the heart of the Hungarian. 
GIVEN THE FAVORABLE PROGRESS OF THE HUNGARIAN, ITS GROWTH 
AND THE PROGRESS MADE IN THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE, ITS 
ADAPTATION TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF LIFE HAS BEEN THE MOST 
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE. THOSE 
WHO KNOW THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE ARE THOSE WHO CAN BEST 
UNDERSTAND THE SOUL OF THE HUNGARIAN. IN THE MINDS OF THE 
hungarians, the word "Hungarian" has always been synonymous with the 
deadest ignorance to "Bohemian villages," from many of which 
have arisen men, who have contributed so much to the 
enlightenment and instructing the world. The ignorance of a "Bohe-
\minian village," at its dullest can hardly be as profound, as that of an educa-
ted man, who writes in such terms, or that of the journal which is 
blind, or ignorant enough to publish its ignorance. MRS. CHAS. ALS.

Miscellaneous.

Austria-Hungary had in 1892, 1890 breweries, the total output of 
them amounting to 14,365,356 barrels. Of this, almost one-half, that is 
6,956,356.350 barrels of beer, was brewed in Bohemia.

* * *

The "Stvbatov" society of Prague held a meeting recently, Dr. 
Rieger presiding, in which it was resolved to assist financially the 
following named authors: Josef Kohensky, in his intended voyage 
to America; Dr. J. V. Präks, to Munich, Bavaria; F. Groh to 
Berlin to prosecute his archaeological studies; Miss Rose Jesenska to the 
Baltic Sea and Sweden; F. Kvapil to Prague, to study the 
Silesian literature. Many literary people have used the word as a pseudonym. 
"Bohemian" in the real sense of the word is a per-
son, man or woman, who does not go into "society." who is happy-go-
\lucky, unconventional, now "flush" now short of money; who having 
the "King of the Bohemians," for Henry Clapp, Jr. etc.

Your true Bohemian is a philosopher, and in spite of his unconvention-
\al habits. "Bohemian" in the 
real sense of the word is a per-
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\lucky, unconventional, now "flush" now short of money; who having 
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The New York Herald is much pleased because of Dr. Antonin Dvoräk's 
declaration that American music must be founded on the negro 
melodies. On May 21, the paper says editorially: "Dr. Antonin Dvorak's 
declaration was a blow at the future of the negro melodies, and that he 
sees negro melodies comes with the force of a mature and expert judge-
ment. The article which we print to-day is a delightful surprise, 
especially as it announces that the National conservatory of Music is to 
be opened upon the negro melodies and that they do not require the 
priceless service to this country and to the cause of music by directing 
the minds of young American composers to the melodies that are 
already abundant here. Its order is not from an amateur, but from a 
master, possessed of a discerning mind that is varied enough in mood and character to fill the whole range of serious 
compositions. The refreshing utterance of a time when the 
lyrist is waiting over a degenerate race that substitutes the frills 
of every nation for music. The "Bohemian" society is to 
be organized and build up the coming American school of music. Mrs. Thurber 
and her friends ought not to carry the burden alone.

* * *

Of Charles XII., the famous Swedish king, Lord Raby, a contem-
porary, writes: "He wears a black cape or capote, but the cape of 
his coat is buttoned so close about it, that you cannot see whether he has 
any or not. His skirt and waist bands are commonly very dirty; for 
the boll of laces or gloves. Bohemia in Europe was long 
thought to be the original home of the gypsies. "Bohemian" is for all that is nearest and dearest to the heart of the 
Hungarian, and tells of an "enterprising Bohemian" who made her liv-
ing beaker small beer, which is his only liquor. At every meal 
he pours into his full cup of English tea, has the usual toast, 
which is either with a great piece of bread and butter, having stuck his napkin under his 
chin; then drinks with his mouth full out of a great silver, old-fash-
ioned beaker smaller beer, which is his only liquor. At every meal he 
chooses for himself two English wines, and makes a 
mark of beer, and his hands are com-
porary, writes: "He wears a black crape cravat, but the cape of his 
coat is buttoned so close about it, that you cannot see whether he has 
any or not. His skirt and waist bands are commonly very dirty; for 
the boll of laces or gloves. Bohemia in Europe was long 
thought to be the original home of the gypsies. "Bohemian" is for all that is nearest and dearest to the heart of the 
Hungarian, and tells of an "enterprising Bohemian" who made her liv-
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The "New York Herald" in sending us a clipping from the Chicago Record, 
writes: "I tremble with indignation to find the whole of our nation 
condemned for the folly of one person, and also to find it in the Chicago 
Record, a paper that travels all over the world. The editor of the 
Chicago Record is agitated by a maniac. As long as he is agi-
tated he may be, and very likely an enemy of ours, should be 
answered." The article to which our correspondent refers is entitled "In the 
world of Bohemian," and tells of an "enterprising Bohemian" who made her liv-
ing in England. It concerns a man who was very remarkable 
for the information of our correspondent and for the information of all those who might not know it yet, we will say, as we 
have explained it already, that "Bohemian" in the same sense is a term of mild reproach bestowed on persons of uncon-
venotional habits. "Bohemian" in the real sense of the word is a word 
which means a person, man or woman, who does not go into "society," who is happy-go-

* * *

In the Russian section of the World's Fair, cotton goods manufac-
tured from native cotton is attracting a great deal of attention. Such a 
display has hardly been expected at all. Russian cotton is a very 
black, or ignorant enough to publish its ignorance. MRS. CHAS. ALS.

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THE BOHEMIAN VOICE.

"Čech," Terre Haute, Ind. Both Thaddeus Kosciuszko and Casimir Pulaski have served in the American War of Independence, but it was the latter Polish hero who lost his life in the cause of freedom. At the siege of Savannah on the 9th of October, 1779, he fell in the assault at the head of the cavalry, and died on board the brig Wasp two days later. In 1824 Lafayette laid the corner stone of a monument to Pulaski, in Savannah, which was completed in 1855. Kosciuszko served as adjutant to Gen. Washington, and was decorated with the order of Cincinnatus and returned to Poland, where he lived till 1789. At Macejowice, being attacked by the Russians, he sank down, pierced with wounds, exclaiming as he fell, Finita Pulaski! He died as exile in Switzerland in 1817.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

Every letter of the Roman alphabet has its one distinct sound in Bohemian.
The accent is always on the first syllable.
The consonantal combinations cs, cz, sz, common to Polish, were removed and substituted in the 15th century by John Hus by a perfect system of diacritic marks.

Letters in the Bohemian names have the following values: Unaccented a in what; 4 in far; unaccented i in virgin; i—ee, in eve; unaccented e—ts in tsar; e—ch in check; e—rh in harsh; e—sh in shave; e—zh in rouge; e—y in yes. Thus: Jonas, pron. Yonash; Cermak, pron. Chermak; Dvorak, pron. Dvorshak; Simek, pron. Shimek; Žižka, pron. Zhishka.

The Politische correspondent of Vienna, says the fall of silver will not influence unfavorably the Austro-Hungarian operations in connection with the currency reform. The Austrian and Hungarian ministers, it says, are discussing the time at which the mints shall cease purchasing silver and what steps are being taken to provide employment for the silver miners in Pibrham and Schenunitz after the suspension of work in the mines around these places. The Neue Freie Presse prints an interview on the silver question given to its London correspondent by Mr. Goschen, ex-chancellor of the exchequer. India's action in closing her mints to the free coinage of silver, Mr. Goschen said, must be regarded as temporary and tentative. India now possesses no real standard of value. It was impossible that such a state of affairs should continue indefinitely. Everything depended in India upon how the natives regarded the new measure. The natives were naturally conservative and esteemed the rupee as almost sacred. If they absolutely refused to accept the new measure the government would be compelled to withdraw it.

ANTON T. ZEMAN,
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References: Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice U.S.
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(Illustration from a Bohemian work "Sto let prace," which is sold by J. Jironsek, 455 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ills.

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