8-1-1893

The Bohemian Voice, Vol.1, No.12

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.unomaha.edu/bohemian
Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.unomaha.edu/bohemian/6

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Digitized Series at DigitalCommons@UNO. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bohemian Voice by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UNO. For more information, please contact unodigitalcommons@unomaha.edu.
John Kollár is a poet whose heritage belongs to all the Slavs. Slovak by birth and Bohemian by nationality he sang like for Russians, Poles, Serbs, Croats, Bohemians and all the people belonging to the Slavonic stock. He comforted all, he prophesied a better future for them all. Minister of the gospel he was subjected to much annoyance, and even persecution for his "panslavistic" tendencies, which, his enemies claimed, were a menace to the security of Austria. In the Slávy Dečera, the poet introduces us almost to every man and woman of note in Slavic history, from the remotest times to the present day, and he does it in a manner that is both instructing and entertaining. Some of his prophesies as to the future of the Slavs are striking, and the time is not far distant when one by one, they will be realized. The Slávy Dečera is the embodiment of what we call the "Slavonic idea." Its author was born in Mošovce, Hungary, July 29, 1793, and died in Vienna, January 29, 1852. His monument bears the following significant inscription: "Živ jsa nosil v srdci národa celého, zemřel žije v srdci národu celého." (Living he carried the whole people in his heart, dead he is carried in the heart of the whole people.)
We are complaining incessantly that the English, American, German, French and even Russian press misrepresents our efforts, and belittles the extent of our suffering. That these complaints are justified is true; but it is no less a fact that our leaders at home are to be blamed for the bad opinion prevailing about us abroad. Like the Russians, they have been wonderfully indifferent to what the western world had to say about our nation. And, as “silence gives consent”—no systematic effort was ever made to refute the stupid lies circulated about us—the western people really begun to believe that we are such as our enemies have, from time to time, pictured us. Forty years ago, when our national organization was yet imperfect and weak, this indifference was excusable; now it is not. Hundreds of young heads and hearts are eager to enlist in the service of the nation and there never was a time more urgent or propitious, for a concerted distribution of truthful news about the Bohemian people.

An international correspondence bureau should be established in Prague—with English-American, French, German and Slavonic sections—a bureau that would supply regularly the foreign press with reliable news, etc. This is the only way to go at it and the best way. If our people abroad think that foreigners will do for them what is manifestly their own duty, they will wait till doomsday. The Prague Čas, in a remarkable letter from Paris, advocated the same project and it again recurs to it editorially in its issue of July 8. “The Magyars,” said the Čas of that date, “seek and maintain a correspondence with the entire political world—and how about us?... The Magyars keep the world informed of all their wishes both in native and German newspapers, they maintain besides, paid correspondents in every principal city of Europe, they contribute to all principal European journals, they write of their achievements to foreign scientific journals—and what are we doing?...”

The Magyars always had secret political organizations, they maintain a wide-spread intercourse with similar organizations abroad—and we? Our political work is limited to newspaper articles and to meetings, which are held in the presence of government officials.”
The Austrian-Germans, who, although in minority are now the dictators of the monarchy, should remember that while "privileges must have an end, the people is eternal."

Dr. Edward Grégr, leader of the Young Chekhs has been impeached by the Austrian government for inciting to racial hatred. This is deplorable, not for the sake of Dr. Grégr who can easily justify his course—but for the sake of the government which instead of pouring oil on the troubled waters of Austrian politics is pouring it into seething flames. Mirabeau before the revolution warned the optimists who slumbered in presence of the menacing state of affairs, with these words: "We sleep; but do not people sleep at the foot of Vesuvius?"

William Amort, a Bohemian sculptor is the fortunate winner of the first prize (amount 1,500 fl.) which was offered for the best design of John Hus' monument in Prague. Nine artists competed for the prize. The jury consisted of four Bohemians: V. Brožík, Professor A. Jirásek, Professor O. Hostinský and J. Zíttek and three Frenchmen: Messrs. E. Barrias, A. Mercié and T. Noe. Amort's design is original and its artistic conception correct. Hus stands erect before an imposing shaft upon which is placed a calix (cup). A genius, reposing on the shaft places a laurel on Hus' head. A little below Hus and on his right sits John Žižka, the blind defender of Hussitic faith, on the left, George Poděbrad, the calixtine king, and behind, Procopius the Bald.

A Prague correspondent of one of our Bohemian-American weeklies characterizes the political situation in Bohemia as follows: "Bohemia seems to be in a state of siege. Every political meeting and tabors (open air meeting) is either prohibited or dispersed. The tabors at Blaník, at Křtín, at Říp were prohibited; voter's meeting in Plíšek, Králové Hradec and elsewhere were denied; the tabors at Něvany, meetings in Prague, in Mýto, etc., were dispersed and, in meetings that were allowed, the speakers were continually interrupted and called to order by the agents of the government. We dare not criticize the nobility, or the government, or Plener, (the leader of the Germans) or the army, nay, not long ago one speaker alluded to potmenders (dratenci) who go from house to house mending broken potware, etc.,) and he was called to order. Ah, this liberty of ours guaranteed to us by fundamental laws! The freedom of the press is curtailed even more than the freedom of speech. Our newspapers are confiscated daily or at least every other day."

The New York Tribune of July 24 prints a two-column article about the Slováks people from Hungary. The article is headed: "Slováks from Austria. Interesting people from the dual empire. Oppressed by the Magyars. Finding homes and happiness in America." Enumerating the various nationalities that live in the monarchy of Francis Joseph, the writer of the article remarks: "You seldom or never hear it said of any person who comes from Austria, "Oh he's an Austrian." On all occasions such a man is referred to almost invariably as a "Bohemian," or a "Hungarian," and while it is known that Bohemia or Hungary is not all Austria, there is a vague idea with many people that all Austrians are either Bohemians or Hungarians. The reason the dislike which the Slováks entertain for the Magyars is interesting, because, like love, it is the old, old story in every land where people dwell and where one class spends the time in dancing and the other class pays the piper. It seems that in the seventy-two counties of Hungary there is a population of about 3,000,000 Slováks, who are chiefly scattered through about twenty counties in the northern part of the country. To the question of the writer of the Tribune, "How are the Slováks oppressed by the Magyars?" the answer was, "just as England oppressed Ireland and even worse, for we have taxation without representation." The article is warmly written throughout and is supplemented by a picture of Slováks in their picturesque national costume.
The Bohemian day at the fair, August 12, promises to be the greatest national demonstration which was ever held by our people in the United States. In the line of march will be found not only our people living in Chicago but those of other cities and states as well. Moreover, Slovaks from Hungary, Slovenes, Croats and probably the Poles—who are opposed to the “Austrian day,” to be held August 18,—have signified their intention to march out with the Bohemians.

Open any English or American encyclopedia at the article “Screw Propeller,” and, while you will find an honorable mention of such inventors as Shorter, Woodcroft, Smith, Ericsson, etc.,—there is not the slightest allusion anywhere to the achievements of Joseph Ressel—the true inventor of steam screw-propeller. Like many other modest inventors, our Ressel was ingeniously robbed of the product of his brain, and other people, less skillful and deserving, claim the honor that is eminently his. The idea to introduce a screw-propeller occurred to Ressel in 1821, when he saw an English paddle-wheel boat in Terst, whither he was transferred as an official of the Austrian government. In Terst, Venice, Paris and other places Ressel’s invention was tried and always proved successful. When in 1835 the English government offered a purse of 20,000l to the rightful inventor of steam screw-propeller, Ressel at once made up his mind to compete for the prize. He forwarded all his papers and testimonials to the admiralty and patiently awaited its decision. He felt sure that the English jury would award the prize to him. Unfortunately, he was attacked by malignant fever and on October 9, 1837, he died in Ljublanje, before he had heard from England. His papers, it was stated after his death, were lost. Ressel was born in Chrudim, Bohemia, June 29, 1793, and the screw-propeller was not the only invention of his fertile mind. Cognizant of his great services, the city of Vienna erected a monument to his memory a suitable monument in front of the Polytechnic school. A few years ago the words “natione Bohemus” (Bohemian by birth) were erased by some zealot from this monument. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ressel was celebrated in the cities of Vienna, Prague, Chrudim, Ljublanje and Maria Brunn.

**AUGUST 12, 1893.**

August 12 will be “our own” day at the Chicago world’s fair. What was originally planned to be a Sokols’ Tournament is fast assuming the proportions of a national demonstration—undoubtedly the greatest gathering of the Bohemian people that was ever witnessed in the United States. The entire colony in Chicago, regardless of religious creed, will turn out on that day and its ranks, in the line of march, will be swollen by numberless guests from every state of the union, where our countrymen live. Even old Bohemia will be represented by a large delegation.

The program will be very interesting. It will consist of a concert in the Festival Hall, under the direction of Dr. Antonin Dvořák, director of the National Conservatory of Music of New York, and V. J. Hlaváč, director of the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg. The music will be exclusively Bohemian. The “Sokols” will give a grand tournament in Stock Pavilion. The procession will consist of hundreds of civic societies of Bohemians, Slovaks, Croats, Serbs and other South-Slavonians, and it will include a number of floats, representing events from Bohemian and Slavic history. On the grounds, Hon. Charles Jonáš, acting Lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin, will address the people in the English and Bohemian languages.

Many people were justly wounded because the directors of the World’s Fair, in their haughtiness, refused to recognize Bohemia as a distinct nation; this affront has been fully condoned when the directors conceded to our people a national holiday. Now it is a manifest duty of every Bohemian-American citizen to contribute to the success of the “Bohemian Day,” August 12, and to demonstrate our individuality, our strength and our patriotism. On this day we must show that although Austrians by compulsion we are yet Bohemians by birth and Americans by adoption.

**THIRD ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE**

July 6, the Bohemian-American National Committee met for the third time in Chicago, the following delegates being present: Charles Jonáš, V. Snajdr, L. J. Palda, J. Rosický, F. B. Zdrůbek, John F. Sprostý, Max Kirchner, J. V. Matějka, Mrs. Barbara Pitté, F. C. Layer, Charles Štulík, A. Volenský, L. W. Kadlec, P. V. Rovniánek, J. Piknyralský, Julius Oszwald, Dan Šustek, P. Dropa, G. Krno, Anton Jurka, Joseph Matonšek. The delegates represented the following named associations: the Č. S. P. S. (Bohemian-Slavonian Benevolent Order), the J. Č. D. (Order of Bohemian Ladies), National Sokol Association, Knights and Ladies of Honor, National-Slavonian Association.

The meeting was called to order by president L. J. Palda. After the secretary, R. V. Miškovský, had read the proceedings of last year’s meeting, the chair appointed committees for the coming year.

Correspondence Bureau: Jonáš, Snajdr, Kadlec.
Bohemian Voice and History: Rosický, Zdrůbek, Štulík.
Bureau of Immigration: Snajdr, Rovniánek, Sprostý.
Miscellaneous: Štulík, Klohosa, Oszwald.
Ethnographic exhibition in Prague: Jonáš, Snajdr, Matějka.
Resolutions: Mrs B. Pitté, Kadlec, Volenský.
By-Laws: Rovniánek, Layer, Rosický.
On the recommendation of the “Correspondence Bureau” Committee it was resolved to dispense with the services of a special correspondent in Prague and send, instead, material to the Paris office of the New York Herald. Besides this, occasional telegrams are to be sent via London from Prague, and a reasonable sum has been set aside for this latter newspaper service.

“Bureau of Immigration” committee recommended that a society be formed in New York bearing the name: “Bohemian-Slavonian Immigrants’ Protective Association.” The motion was passed. As soon as the association is
organized and in working order, it is to employ an agent, at a salary of $700 a year, whose business it will be to assist and counsel Bohemian-Slavonic immigrants. The committee further recommended that the work of compiling statistics concerning Bohemians in the United States be pushed forward with renewed vigor and, if possible, completed before March 1, 1894. Then it is to be put in print. The secretary of the committee was instructed to continue to collect interesting material for the coming ethnographic exhibition in Prague.

The committee on the Bohemian Voice recommended that the publication of that journal be continued. It likewise accepted Mr. Rob. H. Vickers' manuscript of Bohemian history. Mr. F. B. Zdrábek, Charles Jonáš and J. J. Král have been selected to prepare the manuscript for print. A Chicago firm will publish the work.

Committee on miscellaneous matters reports that the firm of John Alden, of New York, is about to publish a volume of poems translated from Bohemian into English by Mrs. F. P. Kopta, an American-born lady, now residing in Bohemia. As the authoress promises to donate the net profit from the book to the school fund of the "Matice," the committee hopes that our people will subscribe liberally for the book.

Committee on resolutions recommended for passage:

1. to invite to the next year's session of the committee, which is to be held in Cleveland, O., representatives of all the Slavic people, who live in America, as the Poles, Slováks, Slovenes, Croats, Servians, Dalmatians, Ruthenians, etc. Messrs. Rovnianek, Sprostý and Miškovský were entrusted with the management of this pan-Slavic Congress. Resolved, to recommend to our people the observance of anniversaries of great Americans, of historic days, etc.; to subscribe and diffuse the Bohemian Voice. Amongst further resolutions may be mentioned one congratulating the Slavonic Society of St. Petersburg to the 25th anniversary of its existence; another, thanking the school associations of "Matice," both here and abroad, for their efficient work in the cause of education; another, expressing thanks to the Young Chekh deputies for their valiant defense of our old country's rights; another, condemning the Magyarization of Slováks of Hungary, etc.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: John Rosický, Omaha, Neb., president; Peter V. Rovnianek, Pittsburg, Pa., vice-president; Anton Klobas, St. Louis, Mo., treasurer; F. B. Zdrábek, Chicago, Ill., librarian; R. V. Miškovský, Omaha, Neb., secretary.

It was resolved to hold the next session in Cleveland, O., on the day of Thanksgiving, 1894.

CRNA GORA (MONTENEGRO).

The people of Montenegro (Crna Gora) await still their great epic bard—their Virgil or their Homer. If such a one shall ever arise—which is not perhaps probable for ages, he will find at his hand ample materials for a glowing tale of glorious heroism, immense bravery and wonderful self-sacrifice and submission to hardship. For centuries Montenegro has never been wanting in whole families of Teils, in little legions of Achilles, in heroes de-
and built, square, solidly knit and stalwart, with tough bronzed skins; having altogether the aspect of a race of women who are wont to share with the men their hardest toils.

The Montenegrin, like the Swiss and other dwellers among the mountains is exceedingly hospitable. He welcomes a stranger guest with effusion. He seizes the newcomer, imprinks hearty kisses upon his forehead, and overwhelms him with hugs and caresses. As the guest approaches the house, a salute of guns is fired in his honor; and, as the guns point downward in the direction he is coming, this method of greeting is not without its dangerous chances.

The Montenegrins are always armed and they spend their leisure time in firing at a target, and are accustomed to this exercise from their boyish years. Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue and in high spirits, very long and forced marches; they climb the steepest rocks with facility, and bear with the greatest patience hunger, thirst and every kind of privation.

When the country is in danger, the Montenegrins forget all personal feelings of private advantage and enmity; they obey the orders of their chief; and, like gallant republicans, they consider it a happiness to die in battle.

At the end of July the Montenegrins celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the first printing press in Montenegro. Guests from every Slavonic country were present.

NOTES ABOUT OUR BOHEMIAN WOMEN.

Among the many brave women from the various European nations, who have come to this country, partly, for the sake of the sights, The World's Columbian Exposition, the Women's Congress etc., are two women from Bohemia. The first two women, who came here with that noble motive of studying our national life, and especially the life and works of our American sisters. At first Miss Karla Máchá a teacher from Prague, and Miss Anna Rössel had intended to attend the Woman's Congress; but like many of the foreign delegates, they were detained and arrived too late. The ladies are both interested in woman's work of every kind and have already visited all the leading philanthropic and educational institutions in New York and Boston, including, of course, Wellesley and Vassar Colleges and the Boston University. They are at present in Chicago, where they are especially interested in the "Erring Woman's Refuge," and other similar institutions. Miss Máchá has been delivering addresses to our Bohemian women, and we are certain, that her earnest words will inspire our women to greater efforts in the field of woman's work.

One of the good results of Miss Karla Máchá's visit to the United States, is the organization of a "Union," among our Bohemian women in Chicago, which is to be modelled after the "Ženský Výrobní Společ", (the Woman's Industrial Society) in Prague, that of "Vesna" in Brno, Moravia, or after our Industrial and Educational Unions, in Boston or New York. The Union was organized the 2nd of July, at a meeting called by Miss Karla Máchá, for the purpose of presenting to the Bohemian women of Chicago, a generous gift sent to them by their Moravian sisters of "Vesna." The gift consisted of embroideries, photographs of great women in Bohemia and Moravia, and of reports of their benevolent and educational work. These articles were a part of the beautiful exhibit which "Vesna" had prepared for the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition, but for which there was no room, in the now almost empty space of Austria, and like Bohemia, Moravia too, was refused place in the Austrian section of the Woman's Building. Miss Máchá with earnest words told the heroic work that the Bohemian women are doing, for the sake of bettering the condition of women. She urged our American-Bohemian women to co-operation and her address resulted in an urgent appeal for them to build a building for themselves, in which they could have a good library, lecture room, and classes in industrial training and household art. She laid stress upon the higher education of women. In the enthusiasm, which she aroused, an organization was formed and a committee elected, consisting of Mesdames: Klementina Novák, Štefskal, Wisteyn, Dr. Patera, Blahnik, Artzt, Kotovic, Dr. Jirka, and Nagl, and we are sure, that in the near future our women will have a home of their own, in which they will be able to train and educate earnest young women for the great battle of life.

We are happy to see this eagerness reach the highest, and hope that they may not be disappointed.

* * *

The Bohemian women took an earnest part in the great Congress of Women in Chicago, where they had their representative in Madame Josefa Humpal-Zeman. That the interest was not momentary is proved by the fact that the International Council of Women elected Madame Eliška Krásnohorská, one of its vice-president and Mme. Josefa Humpal-Zeman a correspondent for Bohemian women. Another of the results of this participation of our Bohemian women in this great congress, was the meeting called by fifteen of the leading Bohemian women in Chicago, which was to testify the appreciation the Bohemian women have for the services rendered to them by one of their sisters, Mme. Humpal-Zeman. At this meeting she delivered an address on "The Result of the Congress of Women," and Susan B. Anthony, the mother of the modern American womanhood, addressed the meeting also. She was warmly received, and could read in the faces of the 800 or more present, that the women of Bohemia, are today standing very near to all the women warriors, for the elevation of the position of women.

* * *

The "Gallery of Honor" in the "Woman's Building," at the World's Columbian Exposition, will contain much of interest for our women, if they will remember that two of the glass cases in the north corner of the "Gallery of Honor," are filled with the beautiful embroidery sent here by Mr.
and Mrs. Náprstek from Prague. These things are now the property of the Board of Lady Managers, and have a great ethnological value, for all who study the development of aesthetic taste of any nation. They are mainly the work of peasant women, done without any design and are very old and rare. Many of them can never be duplicated. Besides this exhibit, the Bohemian women are represented in the "Library" of the same building. The "Society of Bohemian Teachers," has generously given 317 books, worth more than $500.00 to the Board of Lady Managers, for the library of the Memorial Building. These books are all bound uniformly in brown covers, and are the gems of the Bohemian literature. We may well be proud of our women, if we consider that it is only since the '60's that Bohemian women began to write and that the nation itself is very small in comparison with its neighbors. Germany has sent only 500 books, many of these being translations, and Austria only 107, while the Bohemian women have sent only original works and no translations.

"Woman's Journal," published in Boston, Mass. we quote: "Mrs. Josefa Humpal-Zeman, the bright little Bohemian woman who was one of the most popular speakers at the World's Congress of Representative Women, will henceforward be a contributor to the columns of the Woman's Journal. (June 3, '93.)"

In the "Bohemian-American National Committee," which had just finished its sessions, 4,000 of our Bohemian women were represented by Mrs. Barbara Pitte, who as a delegate of the J. Ë. D. has become a regular member of the Committee. We hope that next year we will be able to report still better testimony of interest from our women. Y. X.

** AUSTRIAN STATESMEN **

Count Taaffe is seldom absent from the chamber. His hale face and bright eye present a cheerful aspect. He speaks rarely, and more often in the lobbies and at committee meetings than in the chamber itself, but when he does get upon his feet he talks with the racy humor which he has inherited from his Irish ancestors. In the Ring-Strasse and Prater he is a familiar figure, with his grey overcoat and grey felt hat, which he wears very much on the back of his head. His coachman is as well known as his master; he has much the same figure, and wears his old clothes, even pushing his hat back in the same manner as the count, so much so that a witty Viennese once said: "This Taaffe, one never knows when one meets him, whether he or his coachman is driving. The German party would never be able to upset him; if they were to throw him out of his carriage he would get up on to the box."

Near Count Taaffe in the chamber sat until quite recently a tall, blonde man, with refined and delicate features. This was Dunajewski, minister of finance. Julian von Dunajewski was for many years professor of political economy at the university of Cracow, where he lectured in Polish. He was chosen into the cabinet of Count Taaffe as a concession to the Polish faction, of which he had for many years been the leader in the Galician Diet. He was the chief orator of the ministry and an ardent supporter of the federalistic idea. It is he who made the famous statement that the government had shown that they could govern without the Germans, and could satisfy the demand of the state without them. He speaks with remarkable facility, and possesses in a high degree the art of grouping figures so as to render the most arid subjects interesting in discussion.

Dr. Rieger used to be a star in the parliament. A miller's son, he liked to coquet now and again in his speeches with his humble origin, as though he would herewith silence his opponents who reproach him, that he, the man of the people, and the leader of the people, should have placed his cause and theirs under the protection of the aristocracy. He replies that all roads are good that lead to Rome, and that even if the Chekhs must seem to play with feudalistic toys in order to please the party that holds the power, the main thing is to attain their purpose, and that everything can be arranged after. In short he was an opportunist. His aim is the autonomy of Bohemia. He married the daughter of Palacký, the historian, the great apostle of the Bohemian cause, and he held that on his shoulders. When the Chekhs retired from the parliament of Vienna ignignant, and declaring that they had been duped and misled by false promises, Dr. Rieger continued their leader. Nor was he idle in the seventeen years during which he and his party remained silent. But of late his popularity has vanished, on the one hand, because it is said he bends his knee to the princes of the church; on the other hand, because, never officially concealing his pan-slavistic views concerning Austria's foreign policy, he approves at the same time of the triple alliance. And he signed the compromise bill which it was hoped would settle the Chekh demands forever, and the public opinion of the younger members of his nation has outlawed him. At present it is Grégr's star which is in the ascendant. Rieger has been cast to the political dead, and the word hanba (shame) is continually thrown in his face. He is an old man now, and with the trembling hand of age he has addressed a melancholy farewell to his people. He bids adieu to those who will no longer recognize his leadership, and who so ungratefully reward his life-long services, his exhausting struggles against the Germans, against mighty governments, even at moments against the crown itself; combats which he has conducted with the wild enthusiasm of a Žižka and the passionate ardor of a Hus. Dr. Rieger has certainly done more for the revival of Chekhlil nationalism than any other man alive, and to him the Bohemians owe the creation of the Chekh university and the Chekh Academy of Sciences. In company with his father-in-law he was the first who by pen and

*These pen-pictures are partly taken from the observations of an American abroad.*
tongue stemmed the Germanic current that was fast obliterating all the distinctive nationalist features of Bohemia, and for many years he was the most popular man in the country. No one can doubt the sincerity of Dr. Rieger's patriotism, and when the passion of electoral contests has subsided, there must inevitably be a feeling of regret throughout Bohemia that the eloquent statesman should have failed to find a constituency to return him.

Ritter von Hohenwart counts among the first orators of the chamber; a discourse by him is always regarded as an event. He was in his youth a gay and brilliant cavalier, and he carries so well the weight of his years, that he appears to have the gift of everlasting youth. At times in the chamber he may have a tired air, but if he notices that he is observed, he draws himself up like a race horse, and looks young, fresh and ready for battle. He is cautious and astute, and he hopes by wiles and patience and concessions to obtain in the end everything that his party demands.

Chief among the nobility are the two princes Alfred and Alois Liechtenstein, related to the Lobkowitz and the Belcredi. Prince Alois is an eloquent orator, a perfect club man, and an aristocrat of the old-fashioned type. He has certain ideal leanings toward demagogy; his antipathy is the bourgeoisie, whose work possess and fill or aspire to those posts which were formerly the exclusive privilege of the nobles. Both princes have been carefully brought up by Jesuit fathers, from whom they have learned to use the weapons of invective, irony and pseudo indignation. The language employed by them in the chambers is a curious mixture of the seminary and the Jockey Club of which latter they are great ornaments.

It may be interesting to note that the Austrian parliament contains 50 lawyers, 12 doctors, 8 architects and engineers, 29 civil servants, 20 priests, 146 landowners, 90 merchants and manufacturers, 9 authors and journalists, 40 professors and 6 gentlemen of no profession.

** **

MARTIN KOSZTA'S CASE.

There is hardly a case more celebrated in the international law than that of Martin Koszta. It arose in 1853. The main facts in the Koszta case may be briefly stated thus: Koszta, born an Austrian subject, engaged in the last Hungarian rebellion and on its suppression by the united arms of Austria and Russia, fled across the frontier into Turkey, where at the instance of Austria he was confined with Kossuth and other refugees in the fortress of Kutahia, whence, after some months of imprisonment, he was liberated on condition of never setting his foot again on Ottoman territory. After his liberation he came to the United States, where he declared his intention to become a citizen, and where he remained one year and eleven months. Sometime in the spring he returned to Turkey, and was arrested in June, at Smyrma, as an Austrian subject.

It seems that on the evening of the July 22, 1853, he was quietly smoking in a Greek coffee house on the wharf at Smyrna, when a band of ten men came to the spot and arrested him as a Hungarian, who was in banishment with Kossuth at Kutahia, and was permitted to go to America on pledging his word never to return to Turkish territory. Koszta struggled with his assailants, and knocked one or two of them in the water, and at length leapt into the stream and swam towards a ship. He was soon overtaken, dragged into a boat and taken on board the Austrian brig of war Hussar, where he was heavily ironed. It was observed that six of his captors remained on board the brig, and the rest returned ashore.

The affair would appear to have blown over that night, but the next morning it was generally talked of, and the most intense excitement arose. Mr. Brown, the U.S. Consul, learning that Koszta was last from America, waited on the Consul-general of Austria, saying that he understood that a native of Hungary, who had become an American citizen, had been taken by force on board the Austrian brig-of-war, and he wished to see the man, and ask him for explanations. The Austrian Consul denied all knowledge of the fact! Mr. Brown then proceeded to the brig and requested an interview with the prisoner which was refused, and meantime the vessel was preparing to depart. Just at that moment, the corvette St. Louis, Captain Ingraham, sailed into the harbor, and the Consul lost no time in communicating the circumstances. The accounts clash here; it would seem that Captain Ingraham having gone on board the Austrian, was told by the lieutenant that he had no prisoner in the ship. Returning on board a second time, and accompanied by Mr. Brown, they found Commander Schwartz, captain of the brig, whom Captain Ingraham thus addressed: "Your lieutenant, sir, has lied. The meanest cabin-boy in the American service would not be guilty of such cowardice." Demanding then to see the prisoner, Koszta was brought on deck in irons. Captain Ingraham asked: "Are you an American?" "No, I am a Hungarian." "Have you an American passport?" To which (like a blockhead) he replied: "No, I am a Hungarian and will die a Hungarian." The Americans could do no more and left the ship. Learning, however, soon after, that Koszta had taken the oath of citizenship, and seeing the Austrian brig preparing to depart, Captain Ingraham sent a message, that as they had "on board a prisoner, carried off by force from a foreign independent territory, and who had sworn allegiance to the government of the United States, he should feel it his duty to insist upon the brig remaining under his guns until he received instructions from Constantinople, and if any attempt was made to depart, he would at once fire into the brig." While this was passing in the harbor the excitement was no less on shore.

The Austrian minister endeavored to evade the matter and defer its settlement, while his orders were sent to hasten Koszta's departure for Trieste in one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers. The presence of the St. Louis prevented this until Mr. Brown's instructions could be received, and as these were, to demand his immediate re-
lease and in case of a refusal to take him from the Austrians, they were carried into effect in the most admirable manner by the noble hearted commander of the corvette. Captain Ingraham had hauled up between the Hussar and the steamer to prevent Koszta's secret abduction, and hearing from the legation at Constantinople, gave the Austrian frigate three hours in which to give up its intended victim. One cannot imagine the excitement which this position of things produced in Smyrna. The little quay was soon covered with some 10,000 persons, Christian, Mussulman and Jew, to witness one of the most gallant acts of our time. The crew of the St. Louis beat to quarters, and with lighted matches stood at their guns, ready to carry out the orders of their noble-hearted commander. It is said that the Austrian did the same, and to help him, he had called to his assistance a schooner of war, an Austrian of 10 guns, (his own was 29) with 3 steamers of each 4 guns to defend their unrighteous cause. Here were 42 guns against the 20 of the St. Louis. The good cause, however, gained the day. Before the three hours expired, Koszta was conveyed to shore in a boat of the Hussar and given in charge to the French consul, who has given him comfortable quarters in his hospital, until the question of his nationality could be settled. When he put foot on the quay, 10,000 voices shouted: "Long live the Americans!" "Vive la Republique Americaine," and the groans for Austria were loud and long.

Captain Ingraham was much applauded for his spirited and successful conduct. Soon after the whole affair became known, an immense meeting was held at the Metropolitan Hall, New York, for the purpose of voting a testimonial to Captain Ingraham, in appreciation of his gallant conduct. The hall was densely crowded. French, Italian, German, Hungarian, Swiss and Cuban exiles gathered in immense numbers, marshalled under their respective revolutionary banners. The speeches, delivered in French, Spanish, German and Slavonian, elicited tremendous applause, and the demonstration was of a most effective character.

To-day the celebrated case of Martin Koszta may be found in every history of the United States.

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN BEFORE THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

On February 9, 1748, a bill was introduced in the English Parliament, "to relieve the United Brethren, or Moravians, from military duty and taking oaths." Several speakers spoke on this occasion both for and against. General Ogilthorpe, the settler of Georgia, held a long and interesting speech concerning the early history of the brotherhood, and he pleaded for the relief which it sought.

"All the brethren ask," said he, concluding his speech, "is a full liberty of conscience, under which they comprehend the scruples that great numbers of their people have, and which they desire to obviate. viz: the taking of an oath, and the bearing of arms; they pray that their affirmation may be accepted instead of an oath; and that they may be allowed to pay in lieu for personal services." In glowing colors the General painted the advantages that would accrue to the British colonies in America, if these Moravian emigrants could be induced to settle there.

"The benefit of industrious people, who, without expense to the public, will settle in the colonies, must be obvious to every one. A great prince, in order to engage these people to settle in his dominions, granted them these privileges which they here petition for, and a much larger one. The King of Poland; the King of Denmark; and other Princes have done the same, to encourage them to settle in their dominions."

On the subject of their history Gen. Ogilthorpe grew especially warm, and we only regret that we cannot print the whole of his curious speech, as it is recorded in the Universal Magazine.

"The petition, now presented" said Ogilthorpe, "is from the people of the first rank in Germany, Deputies for the Moravian episcopal church; a church long known to this nation by a friendly intercourse with the church of England; but, first, I beg leave to say something of their ancient history."

"The Sclavonian countries, to which Moravia and Bohemia undoubtedly belong, received the Christian religion from the apostles themselves. St. Paul saith: Rom. XV. 19, 'he had filled all places with the gospel, even from Jerusalem, round about unto Illyricum:' and he informs us also, 2 Tim. IV. 10, that Titus was gone for the same purpose into Dalmatia, both which were Sclavonian provinces. In the fourth century, Jerome, being born in Strido, a city of Illyricum, in order to advance the success of the faith, received in his own country, is said to have translated the bible into his mother tongue.* In the seventh century these churches increased very much; the sixth synod of Constantinople, held in 680, making remarkable mention of the Sclavonians, who would not appear at the said synod, because they abhorred image worship.

"In the following age God opened the door for the gospel in almost all Sclavonian countries. The Emperor Michael the Third, having made peace with the Bulgarians, and restoring to them the sister of their King, whom the Greeks had taken in a battle; this lady, having embraced the Christian religion at Constantinople, prevailed with her brother to turn Christian; whose example his subjects followed, and even some of the neighboring nations of the same language, which contributed much assistance to Cyril and Methodius, two Greek Bishops, expert in the Slavonic tongue, who entered into Moravia in the year 861, converted unto Christ Svatopulik, King of the Moravians, and a short time after Borivojus, Duke of the Bohemians, from whence the brightness of the gospel darted into Poland and even in Muscovy.

"It also appeareth from hence that all these countries were converted by the means of the eastern church and were initiated in the Christian religion, with the Gregorian rites and forms. How the Bishops of Rome, who lay even then in wait to make a prey of all the churches in the world, incroached upon this Bohemian and Moravian church, is too long to be related here. It was in the year 940, that the Roman Emperor Otto, having subdued the

*This conjecture has been exploded long ago.
Bohemians, enjoined them by the express order of the Pope, to use the Roman liturgy, in the Latin tongue, which did greatly offend the Bohemians: and, since that time there has always been a contest between the Bohemian and Romish churches; the one always laying on, the other always shaking off the yoke of their superstitions.

Then the speaker went on describing the causes of the reformation, the martyrdom of Hus, the Hussitic wars, the origin and growth of the Bohemian Brethren, (the ancestors of the present Moravians) their sufferings, etc.

"But the history of the Bohemian persecutions," continues the speaker, "and also the history of the Slavonian churches, both written by Bishop Amos Comenius, having been printed in English, there is no need to enlarge thereupon.

"Soon after these dawns of reformation, Luther and Calvin preached the pure doctrine; and both of them gave the greatest praises to our Bohemian Brethren, as the forerunners of the reformation. They were also received into England under King Edward the Sixth, and com­mented upon by all the good men. He granted to John a Lasco a Minister of these brethren the church of Austin-Friars, and made him superintendent of the German and other Protestant congregations, from more distant countries, as Bohemia, Moravia, Poland and Hungary. And to speak a few words of their further intercourse with the church of England. Their Bishop, Comenius himself, presented the history of his church to King Charles the Second, in the year 1660, with a moving account of their sufferings, addressed to the church of England. He looked upon himself as the last bishop, but providence was pleased to direct better, and he lived to see the succession continued by the Polish branch.

"In the year 1683, a most pathetic account of these brethren was published by order of Archbishop Sancroft and Bishop Compton. They also addressed the Church of England, in the year 1715, being reduced to a very low ebb in Poland; and his late Majesty, Geo. I., by the recommendation of the late Archbishop Wake, gave orders in Council for the relief of these reformed episcopal churches, and Letters Patent for their support were issued soon after.

"But since the year 1724 their circumstances have altered for the better, and they have wonderfully increased, and spread in several countries; they have even made some settlements in America; in the province of Pennsylvania, they have about eight hundred people, to whom the proprietor and governor give a very good character.

"The bill resulted in the passage of "an act for encouraging the people, known by the name of Unitas Fratrum or United Brethren, to settle in his Majesty's Colonies in America." The "Act" granted to Moravians all the privileges for which they had asked.

"The history of the Bohemian church was printed under the title of "An exhortation of the Churches of Bohemia to the church of England, with the history of the Slavonican church, etc., printed for Thomas Parkhurst, in Cheapside 1661."

"Count Zinzendorf, the protector of the Moravians abroad, obtained from the king a grant of five hundred acres of land, on the Ogeechee river, and Bishop Spangenberg another of fifty acres, formerly settled by the colony of Georgia. In the spring of the latter year, the latter began a settlement on his tract, with a number of Moravians. A second colony, numbering twenty persons, and led by Bishop David Nitschman, reached Georgia in the following year, 1735, and, on the 25th of February, the first Moravian Church on the American Continent was organized, under the pastorate of Anthony Sattter. He was ordained by Bishop Nitschman, in the presence of John Wesley, who, together with his brother Charles, had come over in the same vessel with the Moravians.—But the war, which broke out, between England and Spain, forced this work and brought their colony in Georgia to a premature end. In order to avoid taking up arms, which, at that time was contrary to the principles of the church, they relinquished all their improvements, and emigrated to Pennsylvania, arriving at Philadelphia, April 20, 1740, in company with George Whitefield, and in his ship..."

FACTS ABOUT BOHEMIA.

Bohemia has an area of 19,822, sq. miles. In 1890 the population amounted to 5,843,250. Of this number, 2,645,086 people employ the Bohemian language, 2,108,872 the German, and 866 other languages. The number of men in 1890 was 2,822,145, of women 3,021,105.

The number of Catholics was 5,812,297, of Protestants (of the Heliand confession) 66,499, of the Augsburg confession 60,737, and of Jews 94,479, of people without confession (in this are included religious denominations, which the state does not recognize) 1,150.

As regards illiteracy, 4,368,384 people could both read and write, 127,003 could only read and 1,159,076 could neither read nor write. Bohemia is an agricultural country. In 1890, 408,7 inhabitants out of every 1000 were occupied in agriculture and forestry, 332,6 in manufacturing and mining, 59.2 in commerce and transportation, 87.8 were laborers, etc. In 1890 there were 465 blind people in the country, 5876 deaf and dumb, 13,019 insane and idiotic.

More than one half of the area consists of arable land; nearly one-eighth is laid out in meadows and gardens, pastures form about a twelfth; vineyards a very small portion; and forests cover nearly a third.

The land produces wheat, (about one-seventh of the produce of the whole Austrian empire) rye, barley, oats, flax, and hops (the latter famous all over the world.) A great variety of fruit is cultivated and there are extensive vineyards in the vicinity of Prague and along the Labe (Elbe.)

Horned cattle, sheep, goats and swine are reared extensively in some districts; in the south, geese form an important item in the resources of the country. In manufacturing Bohemia stands first in Austria. It is the chief center of dyeing and calico printing. The linen manufacture, which is more extensive than of all the other Austrian provinces together, consists of damask, cambric, lawn and other fine varieties. Of the 408,000 spindles employed in flax spinning in the empire, Bohemia reckons 200,400. Of paper manufacture Bohemia possesses more than one half. The glass works are celebrated. Beet-root sugar is manufactured extensively and there are hundreds of breweries and brandy distilleries throughout the country.

The mineral wealth is varied and extensive, consisting of silver, tin, copper, lead, iron, cobalt, alum, sulphur, graphite, calamine, cinabar, porcelain clay, with several precious and ornamental stones, such as the celebrated Bohemian garnet, rubies, saphires, etc. Of coal Bohemia produces more than all the rest of the Austrian empire together. Mineral springs are abundant, and those of Carlsbad, Marienbad, Teplitz, etc., are celebrated places of resort.

The country was peopled by Bohemians some time in the 5th century A. D., and Christianity was introduced in the latter part of the 9th century. The country was ruled up to 1566 by a native dynasty of the Premyslides, then it passed to the house of Luxemburg in which it remained until 1437. From this time on it was an elective kingdom, till 1526 when it passed to the house of Hapsburg with Hungary.

Bohemia had the first university in Central Europe,
founded in 1348 in Prague—and she first gave an impetus to reformation, hundred years before Luther. In 1620 Bohemian Estates rebelled against Ferdinand II. of Austria, and were defeated near Prague. Ferdinand thenupon set about rooting out Prætestantism in the country, annulled the right of Bohemia to elect their own king, and destroyed with his own hand the patent of religious freedom, which had been granted by Rudolf II. Confiscations, exile, and persecution followed, which nearly annihilated the nation, and from the effects of which it has not fully recovered yet.

THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.*

From “War and Peace” by Tolstoi.

Prince André’s regiment was one of those kept in reserve and inacive till about two o’clock, behind Séménovski, under heavy fire. At that time when the regiment had already lost more than 200 men, it was ordered forward on to the open ground between Séménovski and the mameIon battery. Thousands had fallen in the course of the day on this spot, on which the fire of some hundred of the enemies’ guns was now steadily directed. Without stirring an inch or firing a shot, the regiment was soon reduced by a third more. In front, and especially on the right, the cannons were thundering through a wall of smoke, and throwing out a hail of shot and shell without one instant of respite. From time to time the storm passed over their heads, the projectiles singing through the air; but then, again, several men were hit in the course of a few seconds—the dead were laid aside and the wounded carried to the rear. Each explosion diminished the chances of life for the survivors. The regiment was drawn up in columns of battalions, three hundred paces in length; but, in spite of this length of line, all the men were equally, and painfully impressed. They were all gloomy and silent; at most they spoke a few words in an undertone, and even those died on their lips as each ball took effect, and as they heard their comrades calling for the hospital men.

The officers had given orders that the men should keep their ranks sitting on the ground. One was carefully tying and untying the runner in the lining of his cap; another rolling the clay into a ball, polished up his bayonet with it; a third loosened and buckled the straps of his bag; a fourth was diligently turning down his boot-tops, and pulling them on and off; some were scraping out a hollow shelter in the earth, and some aimlessly platting straws. They all seemed absorbed in their occupations, and when a comrade rolled over close by, wounded or dead—when the litterers touched their heads—when through the rolling vapor they had a glimpse of the foe, no one took any notice; only if they saw the Russian artillery or cavalry move forward, or fancied the infantry were being marched about, they would all shout with joy. Then, the moment after, all their attention was centered once more on trifles that had nothing to do with the drama going on around them. It was as if their moral force was exhausted, and had to be revived by a return to the details of daily life. An artillery train presently passed by; one of the horses harnessed to a caisson had got his leg caught in the traces.

“Look out there, at one of your teams—take care! He will be down! Have they no eyes!” was shouted on all sides.

Again, when a poor little dog, who had come, no one knew whence, rushed, terrified out of its senses, in front of the line, a ball fell close to him, and he ran off with a melancholy yelp, his tail between his legs, lying in pools of blood. Neither Napoleon nor his generals had ever seen so many slain within so small a space. The hollow roar of the cannon, which had never ceased for ten hours and of which the ear was weary, made a sinister accompaniment to the scene.” The attack at Borodino became general—so passionate and violent, that on both sides they scarcely took time to manoeuvre. For the first time in his long career as head of an army, Emperor Napoleon remained in the rear, looking on the struggle without taking part in it, yet opposing the eager demands of his generals for re-enforcements. “If there is a second battle to-morrow, what troops shall I give it with?” he replied to Berthier, who entreated him to send assistance to Murat and Ney, on their carrying the enemy’s re­sults. Generals fell on every side dead or severely wounded. They hurriedly wound up the wounds of Marshal Davout, who was seriously hurt; and Rapp, wounded for the twenty-second time of his life, was carried before the emperor. “Always Rapp!” said Napoleon.

This stirring period of Russian history, the French invasion, was chosen by Tolstoi as a subject matter in his greatest work, “War and Peace.” Prince André Bolkonsky, who is a pessimist and a sceptic goes to war and Tolstoi takes us with him into a world of action, which he describes with rare power. We are dazzled first by the brilliant art with which the novelist moves armies, shows the troops with their passionate dash or their senseless terrors, represents their hesitations or their unconscious activity, all alive, true, recognizable, from the humblest of the German officers to Napoleon the great captain. At the battle of Borodino André Bolkonsky is mortally wounded by a bursting shell, and there is nothing more pathetic than the contemplations of the wounded soldier, as the assistant-surgeon unbuckles his uniform on the operating table of the field hospital.
thoughts of the previous evening had left no trace in his mind; in fact he was thinking of nothing, and listened warily to the unceasing noise, always the same—the crackling of shells and musketry. Now and then he looked round at the foremost battalion: "Ah! here it comes—straight at us," he would say to himself, as he heard the sharp whistle of a ball through the smoke. "Here is another. Down it comes!—No, it has passed overhead ... There, that one has fallen!" and then he would count his paces once more—sixteen across to the edge of the meadow.

Suddenly a ball flew past and buried itself in the earth, not five yards away. He shuddered involuntarily, and looked down the line; several men had no doubt been struck for he saw a great bustle close to the second battalion. Not five yards away. He shuddered involuntarily, and looked down at the scene at hand. He sighed and half-closed his eyes.

"Tell the men not to huddle together so much!" he said to an aide-de-camp.

The order was transmitted and the aide-de-camp came back to Prince André at the very moment when the major rode up on the other side.

"Look out!" cried a terrified soldier, and a shell came flying down like a bird alighting on the ground, whizzing and shrieking, just at the feet of the major's horse, and not two yards from Prince André. The horse did not pause to consider whether or no it were dignified to betray his fear; he reared, neighed with alarm, and flung himself on one side, almost throwing his rider.

"Lie down!" shouted the aide-de-camp.

But Prince André stood still, doubting; the shell spun round like an enormous top, the fuse smoking and fizzing, close to a shrub of wormwood between himself and the aide-de-camp.

"Can this really mean death?" thought he, looking with a vague feeling of regret at the wormwood plant and the black whirling object. "I do not want to die—I like life, I like this earth ... ." These were the words in his mind and yet he understood only too well what it was that he saw.

"Monsieur l'aide-de-camp," he began, "I should be ashamed ... ."

But the sentence was never finished—There was a tremendous explosion followed by a strange clatter like that of smashing glass; a fountain of fire leapt into the air, and fell as a shower of iron; the air was full of the smell of gunpowder. Prince André was jerked forward with his arms out, and fell heavily on his face. Some officers rushed up; on his right there was a pool of blood; the militia-men were called to help, but waited behind the group of officers; Prince André lay with his face in the grass, breathing hard.

"Come on—come!" said some one. The peasants drew near and lifted him by the head and feet; he groaned—the men looked at each other and laid him down again.

"Pick him up; it must be done!" said another.

They raised him once more and got him on to a stretcher.

"Good God! what has happened? In the stomach? Then he is done for!" said the officers. "It actually grazed my ear!" said the aide-de-camp. The bearers went off quickly, along a path they had kept open to the ambulance in the rear.

"Take care how you go, Fédor!" said one.

"All right,—now then!" said the other falling into step.

"Excellency,—My Prince?" murmured Timokhine in a tremulous voice, running by the stretcher.

Prince André opened his eyes and looked at the speaker; then he closed them again.

Prince André was carried into the wood where the ambulance carts stood, and the hospital tents, three in number, had been pitched close to a plantation of young birches. The horses were in harness and very contentedly munching their oats, sparrows fluttered down to pick up the seeds they let drop, and crows, scenting blood, flew from tree to tree croaking impatiently. All round the tents, sat, lay, or stood men in blood-stained uniforms; the litter bearers crowded about them and could hardly be persuaded to move. They were staring at them with downcast looks; deaf to the commands of the officers, they leaned over the wounded, wondering, as it seemed, what could be the meaning of this appalling spectacle. Inside the tents sobs of rage or pain might be heard, mingled with more plaintive groans; now and then a surgeon rushed out to fetch water, and pointed out which were to be taken in next of the wounded men who were waiting their turn—screaming, swearing, weeping or clamoring for brandy. Some were already delirious.

Prince André, as a commanding officer, was carried through this crowd to the first tent, and his bearers paused for further orders. He opened his eyes, not understanding what was going on around him; the meadow, the wormwood shrub, the mowed field, the whirling black top, the sudden longing to live that had come over him—all recurred to his mind. Quite near him a tall and fine officer in a uniform as new as his own. Prince André heard too, and felt comforted.

"But what can it matter to me now?" he thought. "Prince André heard too, and felt comforted.

"What can it matter to me now?" he thought. "What has happened to me? And why am I here? — Why am I in such despair at the idea of dying? Is there something in life after all that I have failed to understand?"

One of the surgeons, whose hands and apron were covered with blood, came out of the tent; he held a cigar between his thumb and forefinger. He looked up and away, over the heads of the wounded men; it was evident that he desperately wanted a moment of breathing time; but he almost immediately looked down at the scene at hand. He sighed and half-closed his eyes.
"In a minute," he replied to an assistant who pointed out Prince André, and he had him carried into the tent. There was a murmur among the rest of the victims. "Why, you might fancy these gentlemen were the only folks that have a right to live, even in the other world!"

Prince André was laid on an operating table that had but just been cleared; a surgeon was sponging it down. The prince could not clearly make out who was in the tent. The cries and moans on one hand, and the agonizing pain he felt in his back, paralyzed his faculties. Everything was mixed up in his mind into one single impression of naked, blood-stained flesh, filling the low tent; and that, again, was one with the scene he had witnessed, that scorching August day, in the pool on the Smolensk road. Yes, it was this very "chair a canon" which had then filled him with sickening and prophetic horror.

There were three tables in the tent; Prince André was placed on one of them and left to himself for a few minutes, during which he was at leisure to look at the others. On the nearest, a Tartar was sitting up—a Cossack it seemed from the uniform that lay near him. Four soldiers were holding him, while a doctor in spectacles was probing under the swarthy skin of his muscular back. "Oh!" roared the Tartar, and suddenly raising his tanned face, with its wide forehead and flat nose, he gave a piercing yell and flung himself from side to side to shake off the men who held him.

The further table was surrounded with people. A tall, strongly-built man was stretched upon it, his head thrown back; there was something familiar to Prince André in the color of his curling hair, and the shape of his head. Several hospital attendants were leaning on him with all their weight to keep him from stirring. One leg—fat and white—was constantly twitching with a convulsive movement, and his whole body shook with violent and choking sobs. Two surgeons, one quite pale and tremulous, were busy over his other leg.

Having finished operating on the Tartar, who was cowered up in his cloak, the surgeon in spectacles rubbed his hands and came across to Prince André; he glanced at him and turned away. "Take his clothes off! What are you thinking of?" he exclaimed angrily to one of his assistants.

When Prince André felt himself in the hands of the attendant, who, with his sleeves turned back, hastily unbuttoned his uniform all the memories of his childhood suddenly flashed upon his mind. The surgeon bent down examined his wound, and sighed deeply; then he called another to help him, and the next instant Prince André lost consciousness from the intense agony he suddenly felt. When he came to himself the pieces of his broken ribs, with the torn flesh still clinging to them, had been extracted from his wound, and it had been dressed. He opened his eyes; the doctor bent over him, kissed him silently, and went away without looking back at him.

After that fearful torture a feeling of indescribable comfort came over him. His fancy reverted to the happiest days of his infancy, especially to those hours when, after he had been undressed and put into his little bed, his old nurse had sung him to sleep. He was glad to be alive—that past seemed to have become the present. The surgeons were still busy over the man he had fancied he recognized; they were supporting him in their arms and trying to soothe him.

"Show it me—show it me!" he said; fairly crying with pain.

Prince André as he heard him felt ready to cry too. Was it because he was dying ingloriously, or because he regretted life? Was it by reason of these memories of his childhood? Or because he had suffered so acutely himself that tears of pity rose to his eyes when he saw others suffer?

They showed the other man his amputated leg, with the blood-stained boot still on it. "Oh!" he exclaimed, and wept as bitterly as a woman. Just then the doctor moved, and Prince André could see that the miserable creature who lay sobbing and exhausted by his side, was Anatole Kouraguine.

"What—he?" said he to himself, as he looked at him; a hospital servant was lifting him, and holding a glass of water to the swollen and quivering lips that could not close on the rim. "Yes, certainly it is he—that man, so close to me that I could almost touch him, is bound to me by some painful association—but what is it?" He asked himself, but could find no reply, till suddenly, like a vision from an ideal world of love and purity, Natasha seemed to stand before him; Natasha as he had first seen her at the ball in 1810, with her thin bust and arms, and her radiant half-scarred, enthusiastic face—and his own love and tenderness woke up, deeper, warmer than ever. Now he knew what the link was between himself and the man whose eyes, red and dim with tears, were fixed on him. Prince André remembered everything, and tender pitifulness rose up in his heart which was full of peace. He could not control those tears of compassion and charity which flowed for all humanity, for himself, for his own weakness, and for that of this hapless creature. "Yes," said he to himself. "This is the pity, the charity, the love of my neighbor, the love of those that hate us as well as of those who love us, which God preached on earth, and which Marie used to talk about,—but I did not understand it then. This was what I had yet to learn in this life and what makes me regret it. But now, I feel, it comes too late!"

LILLIAN LEWIS ON BOHEMIA.

The noted actress, Lillian Lewis, publishes a racy article in the last issue of the Dramatic Times (World's Fair Midsummer Number) on "Bohemians." The fair writer treats of two classes of Bohemians: of the nomadic class, who are domiciled in every large city of the world and of the genuine Bohemians, whose home is within the quadrilateral mountains.

Speaking of the latter Bohemia, our fatherland, Lillian says: "A trip to, and a jaunt through Bohemia is delightfully pleasant. The country is remarkably picturesque, and history and fate confronts one at every turn. The poor Czech is like the Irish. He has a kingdom, but his king is the emperor of the empire which makes the
laws to hold him down. He has a government, but no say in it. The language of the law is foreign. German is the legal tongue. One Czech sees another, neither understands a word of German. The case is heard, argued, passed on and decided and the two principals through an interpreter, are informed how it went. Such is the law that Austria gives those faithful Slavs, who time and time again spent rivers of blood in her defense. All the Czech knows of the law is that it imposes and collects as taxes seven tenths of what he earns. Everything is taxed. The woman selling the dozen eggs which the hen that roosts in one room with her laid, must pay a tax for selling them. At twenty-one all healthy men are drafted, and made soldiers. The criples, the sickly and the aged, in conjunction with the women, raise the crop and sell it to pay taxes. The youth, the strength and health and flower of the land for fourteen years is taught to march and shoulder arms, and throughout those fourteen years receives as pay two cents a day, a ration of tobacco and a loaf of schwarzbrod. Advancement for the ezesky vojdk is the legal tongue. One Czech sues another, neither understands a word of German. He don't understand it, no one takes pains he should, and so at twenty-one he starts in one room with her laid, and so at twenty-one he starts private, and at thirty five he quits as private. There is one thing which this standing army does accomplish. It provides every servant girl in the kingdom with a beau who wears brass buttons. Every soldier has a sweetheart in a cook. There is a grim philosophy in this which has nothing to do with love. On his "urlarb" days he takes her for a walk, and "blows himself," two cents worth. On all other days this girl manages to install him as a secret boarder with the family she is cooking for. It is thus that the soldiers live on the fat of the land. The language, though many of the words have no vowels in them, and seem to get along without them without any apparent inconvenience, is a soft and musical one. To the English speaking, words without vowels seem unpronounceable, but the Slovan manages it very easily. Even a whole sentence without a vowel in it can be joined, and is spoken by the Czech. For instance, strõ-prst-skrz-krk (stick your finger through your throat) has not a vowel in it.

The Bohemian songs have an air of sadness about them. A semi-national song begins with "kde domov můj; kde vlast je můj," (where is my home, my native land?) It is not possible that this could refer to its present lack of self government, so it must be that at some time the Slavs, like the Jews, were in captivity, and these songs like the Hebrew melodies from the banks of the Euphrates have drifted down to the present time.

That these Slavs, hemmed in and oppressed as they are at home, earning such poor wages and living so precariously, should not know what to do with the freedom and liberty and equality which they enjoy when they come over here, is not to be wondered at. But that any of them, even the most foolish and wicked should in this big broad country hatch socialist and anarchistic ideas is incomprehensible. Bohemia is beautiful to visit. Prague, with her galleries, her magnificence, her stone bridge, with her Belvidere, her Smichov and her Belvedere, carved in the heaps of antique ruins, whose origin no one knows, undoubtedly fill one with awe and admiration. They are good to look at, but for good substantial every day life give me the good United States, without zámky and Žižka and mediaeval lore and legends, but with plenty of good people who are well off, and have no cause to find fault with their country, their government, their God, or their own condition."

Miscellaneous.

A New York paper writes concerning Smetana's great opera, "The Bartered Bride," which will soon make a tour through the United States: "Messrs Charles and Theodore Rosenberg make the announcement that the negotiations which they had been carrying on with the Bohemian National Operatic Company of Prague have been completed and that the contract has already been signed. The company consisting of 180 artists will make its appearance in the United States next season. The first performance will take place in New York in October. This company will be by far the greatest which has ever crossed the ocean. It will have its own orchestra, national ballet, scenery, etc. From New York, where a stay of eight weeks will be made, the company will proceed to Boston, Chicago and other large cities. The program of the company will consist of "The Bartered Bride," added to above and of "Der Fantasion," which latter opera was composed by Dr. Anton Dvořák, now living in the United States.

The following visitors of the World's Fair from Bohemia are expected shortly in Chicago: Joseph Drahoslavský, teacher; John Černý and son, from Prague; Jos. Strnad, teacher; Fr. Vydra, land-owner; Fr. Cimcici, farmer; Jos. Smaha, theatrical manager* F. Faktor, professor; F. Kucharz, superintendent of iron works; E. Germain, farmer; Al. Schifner, manufacturer; V. Ném, manufacturer; John Vilim, proprietor of lithographic establishment; William Haviček, priest; Henry Četel, government official; Otto Horálek, retired merchant; Miss T. Zech, teacher; F. Koheš, manufacturer; Miss Theresa Mann, of Prague; Miss M.糗, of Tabor; Charles Daněk, man manager with wife and daughter; Miss Marie Pažímková, school teacher; John Kalis, musician; Václav Gabriel, merchant; Peter Klíkava, of Prague; George Kressl, engineer with wife; V. Picha, tailor; Otakar Flaša, type settter, Adolph Vojta, teacher; Miss Komeřík, from Moravia; John Poláček, retired merchant; Emanuel Kutteš, Miss Anna Neubaur; F. Herites, author, with wife and two daughters; Miss Fanny Míčan, of Vodňan; J. Fischner, butcher; Dr. John Dvořák, member of the land diet and parliament, with wife; A. Stuas, merchant, with wife and two children; F. Fiter, teacher; Mrs. A. Bláhová, of Vienna; Messames N. Zapletal, with child, Anna Nebera and A. Burian; A. Mihulka, merchant and wife; M. Urbánek, of Prague; Mrs. Theresa Kubik, of Prague.
their lives in the innumerable cafes which line the streets, going from one to the other at stated times, and with such regularity that it is much easier to seek an individual at his favorite haunt than at his office or his home. As a logical consequence it may be imagined that people there drink freely. In Bulgaria no one is allowed to intoxicate himself till entering upon old age, and any young man, who should transgress this tradition would be seriously disgraced. As a matter of fact it is only once a week, after market, that one may find a few old peasants incapable on the high roads, whereas the streets of Belgrade resound with shouts and brawling every evening till midnight.

Some English papers seem to think that there is no longer any doubt that a truce has been agreed upon between Austria and Russia on the subjects about which they were most at variance—viz., the affairs of the Balkan states. There is no written convention or treaty, but there is an understanding that the two powers at the interview of the emperors at Reichstadt in 1874 re­

A very high authority on eastern politics recently declared that no combination for the defense of the south-eastern states of Europe against aggression would be worth anything if it did not include Turkey.

J. V. H., Nióbrara. In Baltovský's edition of "Slávy Dcera" by John Kollár, we read on page 18, this note by the editor: "Ve výdání z r. 1832, Kollár totiž domnívá se, že jméno Slovanů vzniklo od "slávy," už "slavenský" nebo "slavsky," místo "slovansky." Again in a letter, dated November 24, 1896, Francis Palacky wrote to the poet himself: "Za manou pak chlopu já pokládám k. pít to, že Slávové od "slávy" jenomováli. V čem pak asi zízešta ta sláva před V. stoletím?"

Anton T. Zeman, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Chicago, Illinois. Slovak and Polish novels, essays, stories, poems, song books, and music sheets, and the works of Joseph Vitek are furnished. A wide range of literary and scientific works, not much available in the United States, are also procurable.

THE IMPROVED EUREKA HAND CYLINDER PRESS.

A strong rapid worker, which lays out anything ever before put on the market in the shape of a hand printing press.

It is the easiest to operate.

180-182 E. Washington St. CHICAGO

It occupies least floor space.

9th Door West of 5th Avenue.

It is the lightest, although built of iron and steel.

Nobly furnished rooms and first-class table board.

It can be operated from either side.

This hotel is newly refitted with.

It is the safest to operate and.

It occupies least floor space.

Makes less noise.

It does excellent newspaper and flat job work.

New Prague, Minn.
CHICAGO ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHOLESALE LUMBER.
Office and Decks, Cor. Laffin and 33d St.
Write for Estimates.

F. KORBEL & BROS.
WINE GROWERS
Of Sonoma County, Cal.

THE PILSEN LUMBER CO.
WHOLESALE LUMBER.
Office and Docks, Cor. 7th and 33d Sts.

LEGAL BUSINESS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

435 TEMPLE COURT,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE BOHEMIAN VOICE.

CHICAGO ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. F. KORBEL & BROS.
WINE GROWERS.

THE PILSEN LUMBER CO.

F. KORBEL & BROS.
WINE GROWERS
Of Sonoma County, Cal.

LEGAL BUSINESS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

435 TEMPLE COURT,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE BOHEMIAN BREWING CO.,
OF CHICAGO.

The Largest Bohemian Brewery in America.

BREWERS OF THE HEALTHIEST
BEERS IN THE MARKET.

* BRANDS *
"Genuine Bohemian Lager," "Prague," "Granat" and "Pilsen."

Address all orders to

BOHEMIAN BREWING CO.,
684 to 706 Blue Island Ave., - CHICAGO, ILL.

M. SIKYTA.
Dealer in
Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors
383 Center Ave.
CHICAGO.

Established 1879.

JOHN SIMAN.
ART GLASS
Cut, Ground and Beveled Glass.
11 and 13 S. Canal St.
CHICAGO.

Established 1885.

J. WALES.
GALVANIZED IRON CORNICES
Zinc Ornaments a Specialty.
Tin and Slate Roofing.
518 Blue Island Ave.
CHICAGO.

Established 1891.

FRANK KASPAR,
Proprietor of the

NEW GROCERY HOUSE,
537 Blue Island Ave. 643 Loomis St.
CHICAGO.

FRANK TRINER,
Wholesale Dealer in

MICHIGAN AND CALIFORNIA WINES,
Fine Brandies and Kentucky Whiskies.
American Elixir of Bitter Wine, Specially
recommended by prominent physicians.

585 to 401 W. 18th St.
CHICAGO.

JOSEPH HOIS,
Practical Plumber and Gas Fitter
SEWER BUILDER.
609 W. 31st St.
CHICAGO.

JOSEPH KRAL,
Whole Sale and Retail Dealer in
Hardware, Cutlery and Sporting Goods
423 West 18th Street,
CHICAGO.

MRS. F. A. DOERING,
THE LEADING MILLINER,
378 Ontario St. CLEVELAND, O.

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

WESTERN BUTTON MANUFACTURING CO.
OMAHA, NEB.

FRANK J. KASPAR,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
99 Seventh St., New York City.

WESTERN TOWER CLOCK MFR.
J. BARKER,
Manufacturers of Tower Clocks of Every Description,
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

L. J. PALED,
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE HAVANA CIGARS
AND CIGAR CLIPPINGS.

LOUIS VITAK,
CANTON, OHIO.

TAUSSIG & WEDELES,
The Only Bohemian Importers and
Packers of

LEAF • TOBACCO
No. 238 and 240 Randolph St
CHICAGO, ILL.

Bohemian Importing Co.
117-119 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

Bohemian & Russian Dry and Fancy
Goods, English Lover Shawls
And Smokers' Articles.

V. W. HILDEB. J. J. LANGER.
European Office: Rockport, Bohemia.

MAX KIRCHMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF FINE CONFECTIONERY,
Marzipan Toys, Pure Ginger Bread,
And Carlsbad Wafers.
74 and 756 W. 18th St., Boulevard.
CHICAGO. Send for Price List.

Elegant New Custom Tailor Parlors
were opened by

JOS. KULUČEK,
At 585 W. 18th St.
CHICAGO.

Special Attention Given to Uniforms, Clothing
Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired Promptly
at Moderate Prices.

J. W. ZERZAN,
Manufacturer of
Flags, Banners, Badges,
U. S. Nat'l Bldg, Omaha, Neb.

Pohrok Zapadu Printing Co.,
Printing in Different Languages,
611 S. 13th St.
OMAHA, NEB.

FRANK ZODICKA.
FASHIONABLY MERCHANT-TAILOR
312 South 13th Street,
United States National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

FRANK HOLASEK.
Real Estate, Loans, Collections
Wills drawn and estates probated.
Legal Business Promptly and Carefully Attended to.
435 Temple Court,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.