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When Francis Ondříček, the celebrated violinist, appeared before the Vienna public some years ago, a local critic of distinction declared that the "little wizzard" had a few equals on the violin but no superior. Coming from a hostile source,—the Viennese critics and public have never been friendly to Bohemian artists,—the compliment must have been highly gratifying to Mr. Ondříček. Like most artists, our virtuoso began to display his wonderful talent in his earliest youth. When hardly seven years old, this future "Bohemian Paganini" was already known all over Prague for his fine playing. Encouraged by his father, himself a musician, who held constantly before his mind the two great Bohemian violins, Laub and Slavík, as models, the boy practiced on his instrument with passionate ardor. In 1873 he entered into the Prague conservatory, but Director Bennewitz assigned him immediately to the fourth class. When later on, to finish his musical education, Ondříček entered the Paris conservatory, its director, it is related, told him, "we cannot teach you any more than what you already know." Within the last few years our virtuoso gave concerts in every principal city in Europe, winning fresh laurels everywhere. There was some talk of his coming to the United States, and although the news proved afterwards to be untrue, it is certain that Ondříček will some day visit this "paradise of artists", and like Paderewski, reap both dollars and glory on his tour. Ondříček is still a young man, having been born in 1857, in Prague.
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Notes.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, nephew and successor of emperor of Austria is in Chicago on his tour around the world. The archduke traveled in India as the guest of Queen Victoria and was received in this quality by the native princes. His baggage, on starting, contained a great collection of suitable presents for the great personages in India, China, Japan, etc. From Yokohama to Chicago much earlier and the Austrians had hoped that some lustre to the occasion. But unfortunately for the prince -for he surely would have been mortified and his august uncle on that day. Moreover, he might have chanced to see the Austrian commissioner to the fair, General Anton von Palitschek, in the very moment when he was attacked and beaten with an umbrella, by Mrs. Schmidt.

The violent measures adopted by the Austrian government for the suppression of the nationalists, particularly the Young Chekh movement in Bohemia, evoked a great deal of editorial comment in the United States. And, while it is true, that some American newspapers have grasped the situation in our fatherland with surprising exactness, that some have condemned the brutality and rapacity of Austria in the most scathing manner, yet, the large majority of our press, we are sorry to say, has failed utterly to understand the great controversy. Moreover, a few of the newspapers actually ridiculed the pretensions of the Young Chehks, speaking of the trouble lightly, even sneeringly. We confess, that we are unable to account for this apathy and even hostility toward our affairs. Can it be that our nationality prevents some from doing us justice? But we have seen American newspapers taking the part of remote people, savages even. Or, can it be that our newspaper writers cannot distinguish between the news which is manufactured by the government at Vienna and between the news coming from Prague, the very seat of troubles? But our newspapers pride themselves on their fine discernment. How is it then that these champions of liberty lend themselves as tools to Austrian tyranny, that they sneer at people who are contending for their just rights?

* * *

The vigilant Austrian police claim to have unearthed a terrible anarchist plot, involving some of the foremost labor agitators in Moravia, Bohemia and Austria. The police is of the opinion that the Young Chekh agitation in Bohemia and the consequent suspension of the constitutional law in Prague and its suburbs, had much to do with the existence of the plot. There is no direct evidence as yet, the good police says, to connect any of the Chekh leaders with the conspiracy, but it is more than probable that the anarchists were about to take advantage of the political turmoil in Bohemia to start a campaign of terror against the government. Dr. Adler, leader of the Austrian socialists and head of the present agitation for universal suffrage, declares in his newspaper that “the present anarchist activity is traceable to disaffected Chekh workingmen, who have been brought under the influence of Russian nihilism.” It is needless to say that the story of the alleged connection between the anarchist plot and the Young Chekh party is a malicious falsehood. He who knows anything about Bohemian affairs, will also know that all the Chekh newspapers and principally the chief organ of the party, are intensely nationalist in their tendency; and, as such they must and do condemn in the most unmeasured terms the anarchist movement among the people because it ignores nationality. We see in these stories the fine Italian hand of the government. Universal suffrage and the Young Chekh movement will be chief subjects of discussion in the coming session of the parliament and it is obviously in the interest of Count Taaffe’s ministry to prejudice the public mind against both by false and stupid stories.
Almost simultaneously with the defeat of Gladstone's home rule bill in the House of Lords, news of the most threatening character comes from Bohemia. Owing to home rule agitation by the Young Chekhs and repeated demonstrations against the government—such as tearing down of imperial eagles in various cities of Bohemia, hissing down the imperial anthem on the anniversary of the emperor, singing of the marseillaise and rioting in the streets of Prague, on September 12, the day of the issuance of the irrevocable imperial rescript, where in Francis Joseph had promised to crown himself as king of Bohemia,—the ministry, 'it is said, had suspended articles of the constitution bearing on citizen's rights and suspending trial by jury for one year in the city of Prague and the surrounding districts of Vinohrady, Karlin and Smíchov. The clauses suspended include the freedom of the press and the right of holding public meetings. Prague has been placed in a state of siege. Emperor Francis Joseph, according to these dispatches, had sanctioned the decree of the ministry.

As a result of these repressive measures, the whole country has been thrown in a dangerous state of excitement. In Prague, which is the center of the agitations, revolutionary cries and speeches, songs and literature are to be heard or found on every side; the streets are being patrolled by squads of police and detachments of cavalry. The military are confined to the barracks and the public buildings are strongly guarded. Opposition newspapers are being confiscated daily and some of them have been suppressed altogether. Official sheets also hint that some of the leaders of this anti-dynastic movement will be arrested and tried for treason.

Any one who has watched the course of the Young Chekhs within the last year; who has read the bold speeches delivered in various parts of Bohemia and Moravia to the Young Chekh constituents—speeches breathing the fiercest defiance—will not be surprised at these demonstrations. They were anticipated. In starting them the Young Chekhs calculated like this: the Old Chekhs (a party now almost extinct) were tame and submissive, readily yielding to Taaffe's blandishments and their policy was an utter failure. The Magyars on the contrary, were always truculent and unyielding and they finally carried their point. Hence, let us also combat the government and like the Magyars we shall win.

American newspapers which have commented on these disturbances do not grasp the true situation in Bohemia. We have seen a western newspaper of great respectability expressing the opinion that the Young Chekhs are a set of political banterers without following, who should be dealt with summarily by the government. Again, some newspapers seem to think that things are coming to a crisis in Bohemia and that revolution is imminent there. Both of these opinions are wrong. The Young Chekhs are the dominant party in Bohemia to-day and the best blood of the nation is at their beck and call. They are, however, the victims of the vile electoral system of Austria, and, as a result, with all their strength, ability and intelligence they are rendered powerless. The notion is equally absurd that Bohemians are on the point of revolution. It must be manifest to every sober-minded man that revolution at this time, when Bohemia is girded with millions of bayonets and cannon, would be a madness—a leap in the dark. Instead of ameliorating the condition of the people, revolution would only tighten their chains. What course the Young Chekhs must pursue in order to regain our lost independence is either to unite—join hands with the clericals and the historic nobility—and united and seconded by the other Slavs in the parliament, there is no party strong enough to resist their just demands; or, they must remove the present electoral law and give one man one vote and nothing more.

The troubles in Bohemia are deep-seated. They date from our downfall in the seventeenth century. Since that time Bohemia has been cloven to death by Hapsburgs. Foiled in their crime to exterminate us as a race, the Hapsburgs have missed no opportunity since 1821 to strip us one by one of our constitutional liberties. Hatred bears hatred and consequently every Bohemian peasant regards to-day the Hapsburgs as the arch-enemies of his country. How the present emperor loves his Bohemian subjects the following incidents will show. During certain riots which occurred early in the sixties, Count Harrach went down to Vienna to assure the emperor that Bohemian nationalists had nothing to do with the riots and that they were organized by strikers who worked for starvation wages. Before he could finish his explanation, the emperor said to him angrily, 'I want to hear nothing of these Bohemian hoodlums.' On another occasion, when Count Clam-Martinić was pleading the cause of Bohemians at a private audience, the emperor turned his back toward him and looked indifferently out of a window.

Francis Joseph is the bane of the Bohemian people, he is the cause of all their recent misfortunes,
and, as long as he lives or reigns they cannot hope to recover their rights.

Francis Joseph has deprived the people of the liberties which were granted them by his uncle, Ferdinand.

He has given constitutions to abrogate them.

He has made pledges to his people in the hour of need, and when his people helped him he disregarded them.

He has increased the army of office-holders and organized the gendarmes to spy and harass the people.

He has meddled with European affairs without cause, arresting the progress of his subjects at every step.

He has increased the public debt enormously by useless wars.

He has always chosen for counselors the most inveterate enemies of the Bohemian commonwealth, like Bach, Schmerling, Meczery, etc.

Oppressor of all nations, he especially persecuted the Bohemian people.

One of our greatest publicists, Charles Havlicek, was hounded to death by him, scores of patriots, whose only crime consisted in loving their ungrateful country too well, were imprisoned, and those remaining at liberty were placed under police espionage. To pass for a Bohemian amounted to treason at one time. To publish Bohemian books was prohibited.

During the reign of Francis Joseph our children were being Germanized, our youth were taught to despise their ancestors.

"Pay and be silent!" that is the motto of the reigning monarch.

For many decades the internal affairs of Austria have been in a terrible state of anarchy. One nationality is arrayed against the other in a deadly combat—the Magyars harrassing the Slovaks, Croats and Roumenians, the Germans fighting the Bohemians—and to what purpose?

An impartial judge of Austrian affairs would have to confess unhesitatingly that Francis Joseph, in the first place is to blame for this chaos and anarchy. If he were a man of judgment and of force, instead of being the weakling he is, he would have seen by this time that federalism is the only salvation of Austria; that the country is doomed to be a prey to strife and contentions unless the just claims of all the nationalities inhabiting his monarchy, are satisfied; that peace and happiness of subjects cannot be won at the point of bayonets,—by muzzling the public press and speech, suspending trial by jury and placing the people under martial law,—no, it can only be secured through wise and beneficent ruling.

The state of siege in Prague and the suspension of constitutional liberties, brought about by the aggressive policy of the Young Chekhs will undoubtedly entail many hardships on the people. But every cloud has its silver lining and it is not too much to hope that future may yet have happier days in store for Bohemia. Ministries and governments are but human creations and when they have ceased to serve the purpose for which they were designed, man has right to alter or destroy them. Austro-Hungarian dualism is one of those institutions which have out-lived their usefulness, it is a crime, an irradicable stain on the escutcheon of the descendants of the Hapsburg free-booter. One of these days it will crash down with the other Austrian crimes and follies and upon its ruins will be erected new,—federalistic Austria, where all people will be happy because they will be equal.

Not before this is done will there be peace or happiness in the Austrian dominions. Bayonets may cow down the Young Chekhs in 1893 but "some other Chekhs" will take their place years hence and with a louder voice will demand the same inalienable rights, the same liberties which were demanded by their predecessors.

WHO ARE THE HUNGARIANS?

In the coal regions of Pennsylvania and in the states of New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Illinois and Minnesota there is a large foreign population known to the great American public as "Hungarians" or "Huns." The original home of the majority of these people is Northern Hungary in the districts situated at the base of the Carpathian mountains. The territory they inhabit in Hungary comprises 15 counties, four of which are exclusively settled by them, in nine of them they are in a majority and in two the Magyars predominate. Besides this contiguous territory which is known in their vernacular as Slovensko (the "land of the Slovaks"), they are found almost in every county in Hungary. Though they had lived for hundreds of years under Hungarian dominion they have never been assimilated by Magyars, the ruling race, from whom they differ in language, origin and customs.

The true name of these alleged "Hungarians" is Slovaks and they are a branch of the great Slavonic family. The language they speak comes nearest to Bohemian, and, indeed, up to the first half of the present century Slovaks used Bohemian as their literary language.

According to native writers, the word "Slovak" is a modern form of Slovan (i. e. Slavonian.) "That this explanation is correct," remarks a Slovakian writer and patriot, "is confirmed by the fact, that every intelligent Slovak is invariably an ardent Slavonian." "This," continues the same author, "is owing, in a great measure to
recollections of the past. Slováks of all the Slavs were the first to embrace Christianity from the hands of the Slavic apostles, Cyril and Methodius. In the midst of the Slovakian people, upon the soil of their ancestors, these same apostles have laid the foundation to Slavic literature by translating the Gospel. Slováks formed a nucleus of the first Slavic empire during the reign of Prince Rostislav and King Svatopluk.

Lamanski, a Russian author of great celebrity, said once of the Hungarian Slováks "that they were a race exceedingly talented and of all the Slavs nearest to the Russian heart." "Being the nearest neighbors and kinsmen of Hungarian Russians," adds Lamanski, "the Slováks must be regarded as a connecting link between Russia, Moravia and Bohemia on one, and through their many and prosperous colonies spreading in the center of Hungary, near the rivers Tissa and Danube between Russia, Servia and Croatia on the other side. If Russian is destined to be the diplomatic language of the Slavs, then it will be first propagated by Hungarian Ruthenians and Slováks."

The Slovakian language is a bone of contention between the Bohemians and Slováks. In the estimation of Bohemians it is only a dialect of Bohemian, and they point to the oldest remnant of Bohemian literature, "Libuše's Judgment" (in the Queen's Court manuscript) where the language employed is almost identical with the Slovakian of to-day. In fact, the old Bohemian would be more intelligible to a Slovak than it would be to the modern Bohemian. Slováks on the contrary, entertain opposite views on the subject. One of their greatest men, Šaľír, (History of Slavonic Literature) treats of Slováks as of an independent nation along with Bohemians and Poles.

The past of the Slováks people is veiled with impenetrable obscurity. Generally it is supposed that they had migrated to their present country toward the end of the 5th century after Christ.

Christianity made its first appearance in the land of the Slováks during the first half of the 9th century, from a German-Latin source. Later on Methodius, the apostle, already mentioned, introduced the Slavic liturgy. This national church, however, was of a short duration, giving way to the Latin. What is known in history as the "Great Moravian empire," and of which Slováks formed the nucleus, had also a short duration, owing to frequent incursions of Magyars. The battle of Breslau, in 907, marks the fall of the "Great Moravian empire." In the middle of the 10th century, Prince Boleslas of Bohemia succeeded in wrestling, temporarily, the land of the Slováks from Magyars, and it was subsequently annexed to the bishopric of Prague, recently founded. But already in the year 999 Slovensko, including the present Moravia, was retaken by Boleslas the Brave of Poland, and after his death, reconquered by Stephen, King of Hungary (1038-1031) to which latter country it has belonged ever since. The expiring independence of Slováks brightened up once more after the extinction of the kingly race of Arpad, 1301, when Mathias of Trenčín seized by force all the districts inhabited by Slováks and ruled over them as an independent king until 1312. With this man disappeared the last vestige of Slovakian national existence and Magyars gave to Slovensko the name of Mathias' Land (Mátyas földje).

The kingdom of Hungary, as will be remembered, is composed of a number of nationalities,—the Magyars, Roumenians, Ruthenes, Slováks, Servians, Germans, etc. As long as Latin was used in the schools and administration, all was peace and harmony; but the moment the Magyar language, favored by the native nobility, began to be forced on the other nationalities, discord arose at once.

The Slavonic nationalities, always faithful to traditions of the past, could not but perceive that with the introduction of the Magyar language, in all the schools of the kingdom, their own national existence would be endangered. Therefore they arrayed themselves against the Magyar element. The Slováks, owing to religious differences, took an unequal stand on the question. The Catholic party and, particularly the clergy, favored the Magyar tongue. To these latter the Bohemian language, which the Protestant Slováks had been using for centuries, was savored of heresy and Husitism, while their own dialect seemed to lack, in their estimation, culture and polish. Moreover, the Magyar language offered undoubted material inducements.

Fanned by a spirit of intolerance, on the part of the Magyars, the lingual strife in Hungary soon assumed a threatening aspect. When in 1848 Magyars struck for liberty it came to an open breach between them and the other nationalities. Remembering their past oppression the Slováks and Croats, arose in arms against the Magyar revolutionists.

Since 1867, in which year dualism was introduced in Austria, the Slováks are being oppressed by Magars with redoubled severity. And, fierce as is their determination to preserve their language from extinction, the uncertainty of their future must fill the heart of every Slovak patriot with apprehension. The whole Magyar state machinery pressing them down, their children kidnapped and transported to purely Magyar districts, thousands of them fleeing yearly to America, in order to escape the cruel heel of the despot, one cannot but think that the Slovak people—unless something unforeseen happens in the nearest future—are nearing the same fate that swept down in the German sea the once powerful race of Lusatian Serbs.

Slováks gave to Bohemians several illustrious men, the foremost of whom are Kollár the poet and Šaľír, the archaeologist. Tomášik gave them also a spirited song, that may truly be called "Bohemian marseillaise." For the benefit of those readers who are acquainted with the Bohemian language, we print this song as it was originally composed by the author.

[The Slovakian song is printed here, featuring verses such as:]

- Boh je s nami, kto proti nám, toho Parom zmete.
- Nech sa teda nad námi aj hrozna hůra vznesie.
- Jazyka dar ešer nám Boh, Boh nás hromovládný,
- Nezmlk nám bo teda vyraz na tom svete šladný.
- Žije, žije duch slovenský, bude žiť na večky,
- Hrom a peklo, marne vage proti ndm sti vzteky!
- Izaj sa teda nad nám štebo hromovládný,
- Skoča puká, dvo sa lám a nem chce se trápe.
- My stojime stále, pevne, jako stojí na hřebí.
- Čierna zem pohltni toho, kto odstiyi zradne!
In his work on "American diplomacy," Mr. Eugene Schuyler expresses the opinion that it is a wrong policy to send naturalized citizens abroad as consuls. "No person who has lived abroad," remarks Mr. Schuyler, "or has had to do with consular business, whether as an official or a client, can for a moment doubt that the interests of the United States would be far better served had native-born citizens been appointed to these posts." This objection of Mr. Schuyler's would undoubtedly be good in cases where the qualifications of the naturalized citizen would be inferior to those of the native. But, things being equal in this respect, a naturalized citizen is just as fit to care for our commercial interests in foreign countries as a native-born American. Moreover, the chances are that he knows the language of the country and is presumably acquainted with its habits—advantages of no mean value. It is from this point of view that we regard the appointment of Mr. John Karel of Chicago to the consular post at Prague, Bohemia, as a happy choice. An affable, courteous and well educated gentleman, Mr. Karel will reflect credit both on the administration which had accredited him thither and on the Bohemian nationality, of which he is a worthy representative. Mr. Karel is not a native-born, it is true; but if indomitable courage, restless activity and sterling honesty are the characteristic features of the American people, then Mr. Karel is a thorough American. Coming to this country as a boy, fresh from school, he went through many experiences and received many a hard knock like every ambitious immigrant. Merchant, lawyer, politician, banker,—Mr. Karel has always aspired higher and this is his greatest recommendation. He was born in 1851 in Bohemia and came to this country in 1868. His appointment was urged mainly by the allied Bohemian-democratic clubs of Chicago, by ex-Congressman Ben T. Cable and Congressman L. E. McGann, the latter from Mr. Karel's congressional district.
LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN BOHEMIA.

The liberty of the press and speech, as understood in Austria, is that people can praise when happy but they cannot condemn, criticize, deplore their misfortunes when unhappy.

Since the state of siege has been proclaimed in the city of Prague, the censorship of the press, always watchful, has become extremely rigid. Policemen are posted in the offices of every opposition newspaper and he would be a daring editor who would attempt to smuggle into his paper an article that would criticize the government.

By an order of the ministry, the following newspapers, all published in Prague, were ordered to send proof sheets to the directory of police 3 hours before publication: Národní Lísty, Šípy, Výsledků, Humoristické Lísty, Naše Záznamy, Čas, České Stráž, Běž, Českoslovanský Dělník, Dělnické Noviny, Pekař, Rakouský Kovalštík, Sociální Demokrat, Zář, Naše Hosi, Truhlářský Lístek, Věděníavé Bibliotéka Dělníků, Pražské Listy, Der Deutsche Volksbote. The publication of the following named newspapers has been suspended altogether: Neofícialita (Independence), Českoslovanský studentenstvo (Gazette of the Bohemian Slavonian students), Nové Pravdy (New Currents), Pokrokovité Lístky (Progress), Svoboda (Freedom).

In consequence of the state of siege, gloom and depression hangs like a pall over Prague. The city is infested with spies and the residents, even those who support the government, are extremely guarded in their conversations. Everybody talks in an undertone, fearing that what may be said may be heard by spies, distorted and reported to the authorities, in which event quick arrest is liable to follow. The streets of the city are in the possession of armed policemen who do not allow the smallest gathering of the populace under any circumstances. Even in the case of an accident the people who attempt to gather out of curiosity are sternly ordered to proceed about their business, and not the slightest information is vouchsafed to them. It is stated that the state of siege will be extended so as to include all towns in Bohemia that have over 10,000 inhabitants.

The Národní Lísty, which is the organ of the Young Chekhs and the most widely circulated Bohemian newspaper, has to bear the brunt of these persecutions. Confiscated almost daily, its publisher arrested on a charge of sedition, hampered in every way by the ever watchful police, the Národní Lísty resembles a beacon-light, surrounded by an angry, surging sea. Some Viennese newspapers are secretly hoping that this most Chekhish of all the Chek newspapers might be suppressed altogether. Under the date of September 14th, the Národní Lísty, commenting on the state of siege, remark gloomily: "Placed as we are in a state of siege, we must, during these trials, maintain the utmost caution and reserve. And even if circumstances will not allow us to answer freely certain unjust charges, our intelligent public will understand us nevertheless, always bearing in mind the words of Havlíček, uttered in times equally as cruel as these, 'that it is better to fly with one wing in a sling than to suffer the voice of the people remain silent altogether.'"

IMPERIAL PROMISES, A FRAUD.

Emperors, kings and all sorts of potentates, big and small, are wont to make pledges to their people, most commonly in times of public danger, which it is never intended they or their descendants should keep. If a private individual should violate the provisions of a contract, the courts would compel him to make amends to the injured party. But not so with kings and emperors who may violate pledges and obligations with impunity. This is owing to a famous axiom in law that kings are fountains of justice and that they can do no wrong.

On September 12, 1870, Emperor Francis Joseph has issued one of those imperial rescripts (by the way of distinction and to make it more formidable he called it "irrevocable") wherein he recognized Bohemia’s claim to home rule. In this famous decree he said:

"Majcze v paměti státotrpávní postavení koruny české a jsouce sobě povědomí slávy a moci, které jej tato koruna Nám i předkům Našim propojíla, mimo to jsouce pamětiví neobhájné věrnosti, a kterou obyvatelstvo země české každé doby trůn Náš podporovalo, uznáváme rádi právo tohoto království a jsme hotovi toto uznání přisahou naší korunovační obnovit."

(Recognizing the political importance of the crown of Bohemia, calling to mind the renown and glory which the crown has conferred upon us and our predecessors, and full of gratitude for the fidelity with which the Bohemian nation has supported our throne, we are ready to recognize the rights of the kingdom and to repeat this recognition by the coronation oath.

To-day the "irrevocable" rescript is dead and it will probably remain dead in the imperial junk shop, until another emergency, for instance such as calamity in being in 1870, arises. Then the august faith-breaker will again flaunt it in the faces of his credulous subjects. Meanwhile it is forbidden in Bohemia under penalty of law to talk about the rescript.

The Hohenzollerns also issued a number of these fake "imperial rescripts," the most notable of them being those addressed to the Poles. On May 15th, 1815, Frederick William III. issued a manifesto wherein he said: "Aueb Ihr (Polen) habt ein Vaterland und mit ihm einen Beweis Meiner Hochachtung für Eure Anhänglichkeit an desselbe erhalten. Ihr werdet Meiner Monarchie einverleibt, ohne Eure Nationalität verleugnen zu dürfen. Eure Sprache soll neben der Deutschen in allen öffentlichen Versammlungen gebracht werden."

Frederick William IV. September 6, 1841.

"Der Polnischen Nationalität ist durch die Wiener Trakteate verlehmt. Die rührliche Liebe Jedes Volkes ist der ihrer Sprache, seiner Literatur, seiner geschichtlichen Erinnerungen, auch in den Polen zu achten und zu schützen, war der Vorsatz der Vollzieher der Wiener Trakteate und auch unter unserer Regierung soll Ihr Wöhling und Schutz zu Theil werden."
JOHN HUS' MONUMENT IN BOHEMIA VILLAGE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

On September 25, 1893, the inhabitants of the quaint village of Bohemia, Long Island, N. Y., held a significant celebration. It was the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the memory of John Hus, the Bohemian reformer, who suffered martyrdom at the instance of the Council of Constance, July 6, 1415. Procession through the streets, speech making, etc., were the order of the day.

Strange as it may seem to the readers of the BOHEMIAN VOICE, this little shaft, erected by the patriotic people of Bohemia Village, is the first and only one erected in the United States to John Hus. Our beautiful public parks, like Central in New York, Prospect in Brooklyn, Humboldt in Philadelphia, Lincoln in Chicago, are stocked with monuments of all sorts; but none has yet been reared to the memory of him who dared to raise a torch in the darkness of the fifteenth century. And although it is true that, as Tacitus remarks, "human figures which are engraved in brass or marble are frail and perishable, and that we should rather revolve the actions and works of great men in our breasts and endeavor to retain an idea of the form and features of their minds," yet, national pride, if no other consideration, should prompt Bohemian-Americans to erect a suitable memorial to their greatest countrymen, on the soil of this free country.

The little monument in Bohemia stands on the village common and is 15 feet high. The stone base bears the following inscription: "Český reformator Jan Hus, upálen v Kostnici, dne 6 července, 1415. (Bohemian reformer John Hus, burnt in Constance, July 6, 1415.) William LaValley, marble cutter, built it. Many Americans contributed toward the monument. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, for instance, sent a check for $50, saying that "it gives him pleasure to contribute toward a memorial of that great man."

The officers of the building committee were: Mat. Karshik, president; Jos. F. Tuma, secretary; Joseph Sebek, treasurer.

Let us hope that the praise-worthy action of the inhabitants of Bohemia Village, will spur on the people of some large Bohemian colony, like that in Chicago, to erect a monument to John Hus, worthy of that great man’s renown.

Here is a sample telegram coming from official sources in Prague and which our gullible newspapers swallow as true: "Proprietor Grégr and editor Anýž of the Národní Listy, one of the largest Chekh dailies in this city, have been arrested and will be tried by a special court for inciting the Chekhos to breach of the peace. Their journal has been for years the most virulent anti-German sheet in Bohemia, and since the recent disturbances began, has lost no opportunity to stir the people against the government." The sentence, "their journal has been for years the most virulent anti-German sheet in Bohemia," is manifestly calculated to stir the German people against the Chekhos. The fact of the matter is, that the Národní Listy is a virulent anti-government paper and the number of conciliatory articles which it had published from time to time, advocating peace between Bohemians and Germans in Bohemia, should be sufficient proof to brand the above dispatch as a stupid fabrication of the government.

The Bohemians be d—d. Franz Josef, m. p.

Louis Viták of Canton, Ohio, has lately published a grand selection from the national opera "Bartered Bride" (Prodaná Nevěsta) for orchestra. It can be played with good effect by small orchestra. Every leader should order a copy of this beautiful selection, also musicians playing with American orchestras should insist on their leader having a copy.
Dobrovský rendered an immense service to the Slavic cause. By his historic and philological writings he was the first modern scholar to throw light on the life of the early Slavonians, and to point out the close kindred, which existed between the various branches. His researches were not confined to any particular race; they embraced the whole Slavonic stock. The effect of his writings, in one respect at least, was such as he himself did not anticipate. We refer to the revival of Bohemian literature, which he did not consider either practicable or possible, but to which he, indirectly it is true, contributed more than any man of the last century.

In his mistaken mind, Dobrovský regarded Bohemian history and language as dead subjects, that could only interest scholars. "Do not disturb the dead," he used to say, composing all his works either in German or Latin. But the researches of the venerable scholar were instrumental in producing a live issue—the issue of nationality. Others followed in his pathway, but already with the avowed purpose of arousing the national spirit among the people.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the number of books printed in the Bohemian language was already considerable. The majority of them were translated from German. Like Russians in the eighteenth century, the Bohemians of those days were perfectly satisfied with their literature, despite all its shortcomings. The authors landed themselves to the skies. Sebastian Hněvkovský, a man of average ability left us the following estimate of some of his contemporaries: "Václav Thám displays the spirit of Bürger. The odes of Puchmayer breathe the loftiness of Horace and his fables rival those of Lafontaine. V. Nejedlý's poems recall the grandeur of Virgil, and John Nejedlý; our noble Ciceron, has demonstrated his ability to be a Bohemian Tyrtæus and Alceus. George Palkovič can yet become the Horace of Bohemians. Bohuslav Tablic shall be our Tibullus and Haller, in Rožnaj seems to dwell the genius of Anacreon and Bion. In history Prof Kinsky promises to follow in the footsteps of Tacitus. The same S. Hněkovský bitterly resents the imputation that Bohemians as yet had "no Homer, Petrarch, Camoens, Milton and Klopstock," saying that "each nation had something which the other lacked." Of the many obstacles which stood in the way of the early pioneers of our literature, none was productive of more troubles and mischief than grammar. The early revivalists found the written language in the same condition in which it was left after the decline and fall in the seventeenth century. During the long period of disuse that followed, with all its attendant evils, the worst of them being a lack of healthy reading matter, the correct use of Bohemian was forgotten. Ignorant transcribers, who "composed" books during the latter half of seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made things worse. Thus were the revivalists brought face to face with the necessity of forming a new literary language. Accordingly, they set to work and with an enthusiasm peculiar to those days, began composing grammars. This was a praiseworthy task, but it soon led to violent disputes. One set of writers, having at its head John Nejedlý, professor of Bohemian in the university of Prague, opposed every innovation, insisting that the new literature should return to the use of old Bohemian—which was employed by Veleslavín, during the so-called "golden age." The innovators again claimed that Veleslavín's Bohemian, though pure and idiomatic, was inadequate to the need of the times. Simultaneously another war broke out on account of Bohemian prosody, some writers like abbe Dobrovský founding it on the accent, others on the quantity of syllables. In time the spelling was attacked also. Tons of ink and paper were wasted in this fierce and long war, which at one time engaged every Bohemian writer of note. It was left to succeeding generations to agree upon and adopt a written language.

During the third decade of the present century when Dobrovský's career was drawing to a close, Bohemian letters already had a host of friends, and though some of these were agitated by gloomy apprehensions, yet, the majority of them were confident the nation would not perish. True sons of the people, they were ready to sacrifice everything at the altar of their little country. They were bound together by the loftiest of bonds, that of patriotism. As political life had no existence then, their patriotism was confined to a harmless and peaceful cultivation of national spirit among the people. Poverty and equality of rank both tended to make their friendship closer. From this little band issued the first Panslavists, some of whom furnished historical proofs of the kindred of the Slavic race, while others appealed to the Slavs to unite in the future. This attracted the attention of other Slavic scholars to Bohemian literature—another merit which must not be overlooked.

With the year 1820 commences what is known as the second period of the revival of Bohemian letters. Here already we meet with the names of men, who became renowned as eminent scholars and poets—Jungmann, Šafařík, Palacký, Kolář, Čelakovský. The oldest of these is Joseph Jungmann (1773-1847). This eminent scholar was born in Hudilice a village belonging to Prince Fürstenburg. His father was a sexton and cobbler and it was only in 1799 that Joseph Jungmann, then a teacher, secured for himself and his heirs a release from his lord and became a freeman. Like all the youths of that period he attended German primary schools, after which he secured admission into a Latin school under the management of Piarists. That completed he entered the university of Prague, taking successively courses in philosophy and law. Educated in German schools, Jungmann was naturally more proficient in German than in his mother-tongue; and but for the taunts of his former school mates from Hudilice who gibed him for his imperfect Bohemian, when he came home to spend the vacation among them, it is probable that Jungmann would have become a German writer. This incident is
said to have been the determining point in his life. With assiduity he now applied himself to the study of his mother tongue, and so successful was he in this that in the latter years of his life he was considered the very highest authority on the Bohemian language.

The most important works of Jungmann, are the "History of Bohemian Literature", and "Dictionary of the Bohemian Language." The first work is a compendium showing the progress, the rise, decline and fall of Bohemian letters. Although not a continuous and complete narrative, yet it contains invaluable material. The dictionary for which Jungmann commenced gathering material as early as 1800, remains to this day the richest depository of our native language. This dictionary alone would have secured immortality to Jungmann.

THE STORY OF MARIE SOBIESKI.

The Nouvelle Revue contains an interesting article from the pen of Count Wodziński, which tells of an interesting incident from the life of Clementina Sobieski, the grand-daughter of the great Polish hero of that name.

This lady, who came so near to becoming Queen of England, spent her youth at Olaw, a little town in Silesia, for it was there that her father, James Sobieski, had established himself with his wife and young daughters—three roses on one stalk, as they were styled by a poet of the time. Mary Clementina, whose second name by the way, came to her from her god father, Pope Clement the Eleventh, was seventeen years of age, and already exceedingly beautiful, when a certain James Murray, a Scotch gentleman, in the service of the Pope, arrived at the castle of Olaw to ask for the hand of Sobieski's youngest daughter for James Stuart, then styled the Chevalier Saint George. It is said that the Pope, who had an equal affection for both young people, had long wished the marriage, and even before the subject was publicly mooted, the Chevalier Saint George always wore round his neck a miniature of his future betrothed.

The Pope's envoy brought with him a quaint royal love-letter, which doubtless laid the foundation of the sincere and loyal affection afterwards borne to the pretender by his wife. "Madame" ran the epistle, "the incomparable graces of your person, the eminent qualities of your wit and of your heart have long inspired in me the truest admiration. May I hope that you will not repulse him who hopes to henceforth love you alone. My supreme wish is to see you happy. Your virtues will draw down a divine benediction on my cause, and will redouble the affection and ardor of my subjects."

But the young Princess was destined to go through many perils and trials before she finally met her lover. As it was obvious that the Chevalier Saint George could not come to seek her at Olaw, it was arranged that the Princess and her mother should go to meet him at Bologna. George, the First, king of England, was then the close friend and ally of the Emperor of Austria, and although Mary Clementina and her mother traveled incognito and under an assumed name, they were both rested at Innsbruck. Meanwhile, the Chevalier, who seems by this time to have worked himself to a perfect frenzy of affection for his unknown betrothed, suggested to her parents, her pontifical god-father and herself, the possibility of her escaping from her quasi imprisonment and making her way disguised to Italy, where he could ultimately join her. After much hesitation the little Princess consented to her lover's plan.

The couple was married in Venice. From the day of marriage, Mary Clementina bore the name of Queen of England, being always styled by the Pope "Your Majesty." She then entered the Ursuline convent, and waited patiently for the return of the husband. At last he came back from his disastrous Spanish expedition to his faithful bride, and during their all too short married life it is said that he had but one reproach to bring against her—of her exceeding piety and love of God. To her two sons, Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, and to the Duke of York, afterwards Cardinal of the Roman church, she was much devoted, and it was owing to her efforts that they were both brought up in the Roman Catholic church rather than as Anglicans, which their father would at one moment have preferred.

The heroine of this romantic episode died at the age of thirty-four in a Roman convent. Curiously enough, her dead body was treated in more queenly fashion than she had ever been herself during her short life, for although she had asked to be buried in the Dominican habit, her wishes were disregarded, and around her corpse was wound a purple mantle, while a gold crown was put on her brow; and so, with a sceptre in one hand and a golden apple in the other Mary Clementina was buried in Saint Peters, the Pope placing on the stone which marked the spot:

CLEMENTINA MAGNAE BRITANNIAE, FRANCIAE ET HIBERNIAE REGINA.

SLAVONIANS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Slavjanska Sloga a semi-weekly newspaper published in San Francisco, Cal., writes in one of its English columns: "Many Americans would not believe, or did not know, that there are between eight and ten thousand Slavonic people on this coast, all good behaving citizens. The Slavonians are most populous in San Francisco, the Santa Clara valley and up through the mining districts. We have a number of very well known business houses right here in the city of San Francisco, as Ivanovich & Company, Sreovich & Company, Radovich Bros., Toma­novich & Company, Troboc & Bergen, Zun Bros., J. Kucich, Stuparich Bros and a great many other smaller and prosperous places. Thank God, there are no Idle persons in our colony; all are generally working, even the new arrivals. "The people of our colony are mostly from the Balkan peninsula, as from Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Croatia. They have more or less been oppressed and kept backward while under the Turkish rule and presently under the Austrian."
Louisa was standing in her boudoir, by an open window, and gazing with a wondering eye toward the garden gate, to see if Gustav was coming from the office.

The little hand on the alabaster clock, which ornamented her writing desk pointed at seven; it was time for the opera. Louisa in her complete toilette was waiting for her husband, and was glancing with an increasing impatience, successively at the hour hand and to the park where Gustav was to pass. As he was leaving the house that afternoon he requested his wife to wait for him, and they would attend the new opera together that day.

With that promise, however, he had left the house nearly every day, and yet Louisa often attended the theaters alone, when after a long vain waiting for his company, she did not wish to spend the evening alone. But yesterday, when she came to her seat alone, and Gustav's seat remained again unoccupied, she heard behind her, two intimate ladies whispering words of sympathy: "Poor wife—only three months married, and comes to the theater alone—if she does not wish to weary the evenings alone at home. Mr. Molan lives again like a bachelor."

Louisa blushed to her forehead, the blood rushed from her heart, her breath stopped short within her, she shivered all over her body, she imagined, she heard all those who were present say, why she was there alone? She thought that every wife was there with her husband, and she—was there alone, she feared she had sinned against womanly honor, the sight of all burned her like hot coals, she gazed at the scenery before her, but did not see or hear what was going on, she wished she could suddenly disappear. And when after two hours of agony Gustav came at the end of the last act, to accompany her home, she wished she knew whether his late arrival helped her or mortified her. She was thankful, for the public commotion and rustle for she could not more hear what the ladies behind her said to each other about Gustav, when he entered; she was afraid to look up towards them, less she should betray the fact that she overheard their conversation, she hurried away from her seat, and fell on Gustav's arm, requesting him to take the coach, that she was weak. On the way home, she asked Gustav very sweetly, why he did not come sooner, to accompany her to the theater? He caressed her cheeks, kissed her hands, begged forgiveness, and talked, about the cares of his business, which, he said, would weary him to death.

Louisa heartily sympathized with her husband, but thought, that on account of her, he might leave some of his cares to the bookkeepers, and live, at least the evening for her. "During the day you are at home to dinner only, and I feel very lonely, I do not like to go to the theaters alone, not having by me any friends with whom I could converse between the acts, and when all around me are enjoying themselves, I am very lonely, and ashamed! I should rather always be at home." "My dear, there are many things about business which I cannot trust to any one, and which keep me in the office at work, when I should like to be enjoying myself as well as you. "You are a married lady, you can attend theaters alone; there are many women, who go without their husbands, in fact, theaters are more for you, than for us who have very little time allowed for pleasure. But tomorrow, I will neglect my business, and we will attend the new opera together."

When to-day he repeated his yesterday's promise, Louisa fondly came up to him, threw her white arms around his neck, and with a trembling smile between thankfulness and exasperation begged him to be at home before seven. It was just seven, but Gustav was not coming. Louisa felt the quick pulsations of her heart. Never did any young girl expect her lover with such impatience as Louisa was expecting her husband this evening. She wished in her heart, her anxiety the day before, her humiliation, she wished to stop the undesirable sympathy and awake jealousy, she wished all to know that she came alone, whenever it was her choice, and that Gustav did not live after three month's marriage again as a bachelor. She wished to convince others without suspecting that she was deceiving herself. Time was swiftly passing by, she wished to forget its flight, repeatedly she pulled off her gloves, seated herself to the piano, and began to play the notes open before her. But having no harmony in herself, she found none in the music, she did not even hear what she was playing; her ear and thought were centered on the door, she ceased in the middle of a measure, quickly stood up, and in a nervous excitement pulled on her gloves again, walked about with an increased and uneven step, every now and then glancing to the park's path, then again stopping before the large glass, arranging the flowers in her rich hair, overlooking her pretty toilette, and sinking down on the sofa, and with her beautiful fan cooling her burning cheeks.

It was now half past seven. Louisa sighed, "he will not come, I'll stay at home." "My dear, there is a young woman in a low, straw hat, a white dress with a long green ribbon around her slender waist, came out of the house, and with a languid step stroayed over the fine sand of the side walks, her thoughts deeply buried in a storm of dark feelings, her white hand unconsciously nipping the leaves and flowers whenever she passed and unknowingly tossing them about like the feelings of her heart. Her mind was occupied, her body could not remain silent. At last, tired out, she walked to the shady arbor, encircled with blooming bushes of roses and jasmines, and rested herself by the small center table. Laying the book by her side, and placing her elbows firmly on the desk, she placed her restless head in her soft, alabaster palms, and wonderfully gazed before her. But she had never been accustomed to thinking about herself, she had always been more inclined to think about others, she wished quickly to forget today, she needed company and so began to examine the large album of photographs, which lay before her, on the table. She had seen the familiar and unknown faces a hundred times, always passed over them hastily and heedlessly; but to-day they were all new and interesting. Silence reigned all around. The house stood in the midst of a large garden, like an island of nature, swinging on the waves of civilization. It seemed to be situated beyond the passions of the noisy world, or was it that the passions of the quiet house could not reach the busy world?

It was a bright June evening. Of late Louisa had spent many sunset hours here alone, entertaining herself as well as she could by looking over the garden and further through the bars towards the street, where people seldom passed in the daytime, much less of evenings. She had always felt lonely here, but never before did loneliness fall as heavily upon her as it did this evening.

Before she married Gustav, she had always lived at home, under the care of her mother, in the busiest part of the town; her mother, a conscientious and careful guardian of the good old manners, was very cautious in the rearing of her daughter. Louisa never was allowed to come close to the window, lest she should be seen from the street, but, from her work table, piano and through the curtains and flowers, she never allowed a noisy carriage, funeral procession, or a ladies' new bonnet pass by without her closest inspection. Her thoughts, directly after her wedding—she felt as though she were in a wilderness, and to-day she felt her loneliness had reached the highest point. Strang
thoughts were filling her mind, tears stood in her eyes, the hands fell motionless into her lap, and her head dropped on her restless breast and like a frosty breeze on new verdure—a secret fear, of life filled her heart and shook her whole being. She felt as though she wished to be pressed to somebody's heart. Was it Gustav's? The evening breeze aroused her. She arose, dropped the album on the table, picked up her hat, and over the shortest path quickly hurried home. Entering the house she passed through the glass door, to the wide marble steps, and over the rich carpet into the first story, then through a high side room where drawings, sketches, water color paintings and brushes were scattered as the artist had left them, into her own apartment. The foot hesitated on the threshold and she was seized with feeling of gloom—but different from that, which she felt when she first stepped into this room on the evening of her wedding day—the young wife was struck by the whiteness which around her white form was even more impressive than above the velvet draping of her couch. Unvoluntarily Louisa thought of her first entrance into this room—and when a young wife begins to muse, her happiness is likely at an end. As yet, she has not noticed it herself, but yesterday she had learned from others that all around her was changed. Suddenly, she understood it all. Only a few weeks after their wedding did Gustav spend the evenings with his wife. He would return early from his office, every day they would take a walk together, make calls, attend theaters, and after they returned, they would dine together and he would remain the rest of the evening. But now, she sees him only at the dinner hour, and even then not always; in the evenings he comes to the opera to accompany her home, at the door of her boudoir, he bids her "good night," saying, he must attend this or that meeting, that, this or that one will be there, that an important part is aftaft in his hat business, politics, a dustry, art, literature and who knows what more will gain by it.... but herself. She will not see him till morning. Mrs. Setnik told the truth yesterday, "Gustav lives again as a single man." Louisa sighed, although she did not know how her Gustav had lived, when a single man. Mrs. Setnik knew, thousands of others knew, and her words, "poor lady," concerned Gustav's past as well as Louisa's present and future. Unable to banish the words from her mind, she repeated them every minute, ever since yesterday. The words reminded her more of herself than of Gustav, and she could not understand her mother's prophecy, which lead her to the altar, was ever to become true, that is: "she will soon become accustomed to Gustav Molan who was more than twenty years her senior." How will she get accustomed to him, when she does not even see him? That she would not see him to-day any more, she knew. How was she to spend the evening? What was she to do with herself. Eighteen year old girl knows only the poesy of evening dusk, she gathers treasures from the whole day for this sacred moment. Eighteen year old wife knows only the enthtml and dreads of evening loneliness, and when a young wife begins to yearn for loneliness, her poesy and wedded bliss are at an end. But, when in that most sacred moment of maternity, poesy does not exist, when in that mysterious moment, in which life reaches its apotheosis, a forty-three year husband had in his heart no more for his eighteen year old wife than—mere politeness—then her sudden wish for loneliness is no more than natural. But it is all the more pitiful, for Louisa does not know how to occupy her mind. Her education and especially her past had no foundation for maternity, with all their outward flattery, and all their inner hysteric, so insignificant and vacant, that they could not help to fill the empty space between two enjoyed moments, much less were they capable of occupying the mind for the whole evening's loneliness and scatter the clouds from her unsettled mind. Grief and despair dwells at the bottom of one's heart, but lulled by work it remains sleeping there.

Why should, however, a rich eighteen year old wife trouble herself with study or work of any kind? According to fashion and her mother's judgment, she received a very careful education, she could entertain others, but for herself she had nothing. In order to close the weary day, Louisa sought relief in sleep. Youth does not call long for dreams; that sweet bird flies but to alight on fresh, blooming twig. Louisa fell asleep. The lamp on the marble table by her bed is burning; its light, dimmed by the white shade, streams on Louisa lovely face and by the white shade, streams on Louisa lovely face and plays with a man's portrait, which hangs above her bed. It is the portrait of Gustav. A common portrait of a common man, who has lived; a faint, unexpressive eye, and not a thought on the wrinkled forehead. Various are the moods of nature. That young, plump wife, would wilt and wither away, perhaps long, not knowing and never regretting, in the power of this man, and alas! had this man but a piece of honest heart in his breast!

Gustav was a rich business man. His firm stood on the busiest and noisiest street in Prague. He had built his residence several years before, far from the city's center, in a quiet beautiful garden. The gardener and builder joined their artful knowledge in its construction, and Gustav was praised for his good taste. During the carnival, when Gustav found a young, beautiful and rich wife for his lonely home, all the young as well as old men of Prague were envious. Gustav married for two reasons; in the first place he did not wish to be called an "old bachelor," and then, he thought a wife belonged to the lustre of a rich man. As he had all, he thought it best to have a wife also, besides the world demanded it. He lived more than forty years without her, he might have lived longer. Like many husbands, Gustav never loved. Sensuality awoke before love; he had passions but no feelings. He knew all about women; but knew nothing about love. He dissipated his youth and finally, when he decided to marry, he searched, like all men of his moral standing—for an angel wife, for one—the like he had never met. Louisa first saw him in their parlor when her mother presented him to her as her future husband, whom she was to marry in two weeks. And because the poor girl had never heard anything about marriage from her mother, and who teaches the inexperienced and that was—lavishness. But because she knew that every marriage in itself was an abundance of bliss and happiness. In her happy surprise, she could not but look down with blushing thankfulness and bow in her innocence to the one who brought the promised reward. She admired him because he wished to marry her. But her heart was sleeping. Mr. Gustav Molan, who always dressed with tasteful elegance, and was an experienced beau of courtesy, was the first man to whom Louisa had spoken. In our days a forty year old dissipated man has enough manners to make his presence agreeable to an eighteen year old girl, who knows the world around her, through the lace curtains of her home. Mrs. Terpil had raised her daughter very carefully and took her only to the homes of her few intimate friends, where the girls were generally younger than herself. Of the rich repertory of woman's heart her mother had encouraged but one, and that was—lavishness. But because she knew that the heart of a woman, in its eighteenth year, had more wants, and because her greatest fear was that Louisa might through some cunning trap fall in love with one "who does not think," the careful mother planned for an early marriage. She therefore received the pleasant and rich Gustav Molan in the most friendly way, believing in her mistaken mind, that such a man not only did not
care for Louisa's wealth, not needing it, but that he would marry for real love. But the most rapacious are not the poorest; and as to the love of the young couple, Louisa did not find it in Gustav, and Gustav did not seek it in Louisa.

It was long past midnight, when quietly and slowly the door of Louisa's boudoir opened. Gustav, with a cautious step remained still at the door, and smiling like a gourmand, he gazed at his dreaming wife. Love brings back innocence; but Gustav's heart was dead. With a heavy head, his cheeks dusky red, his lips exhausted, flabby, the eyes dullo, he closed the door carefully and went to bed.

CHAPTER II.

The heart has its peculiar astronomy, its days and nights are independent of a calendar. During honeymoons, for instance, sun comes up late, sometimes very late. Contrary to habit, Mrs. Molan was very early at the piano this morning. The weather was lovely. A small shower had swept over Prague, the golden sunbeams of morning sun pierced through the fresh, fragrant breeze of the garden, which blew into Louisa's chamber. It was that charming time of late spring, when nature lavishes her miracles, like a child its innocent smiles, when opening wide all the treasures of its might and wealth, quickly passes to the zenith of its beauty. It was that blissful time, which could we but dream all our lives... But he whose heart does not blossom cannot understand spring.

Louisa did not rise on account of spring, she did not know its beauty that morning. She did not know how beautiful its charms had made her, being attired in her morning costume of white lace, and cap, from under which her beautiful, rich hair fell on her snow white neck. A storm had also swept through her heart, but it did not make her cheeks as clear as the azure sky. That storm woke up within her a wife. Since yesterday, Louisa felt as if she had lived many years. What she played was not written before her in notes; she played at random, although she did not think about it. And yet, she was so deeply buried in her thoughts, that she did not in the least perceive that Gustav from the side door had stepped behind her, and walking up slowly, shaking a gold jewel, which he held up by both ends, he, with a masterly gracefulness, locked the beautiful jewel around her neck, and bending over pressed a sudden kiss upon her cheek. She faltered, a cry of surprise half escaped her lips, she brushed and rising from her seat, looked with a frightened eye at her husband. With a trembling voice, she said: "Good morning, Gustav," extended her hand and quickly took her seat again. Gustav took her soft hand, kissed it, and not noticing his wife's excitement, replied, "good morning, my dear Louise! Pardon me, have I frightened you? I was impatient for the morning, to ask your forgiveness for yesterday's negligence. If you wish, we will go down into the arbor, I have ordered breakfast there. I'll tell you on the way about my accident." Louisa turned over the notes and gazing obliquely at Gustav, who walked across the room lighting his cigar, tried to conceal her unsettled feeling. For the first time in her life she did it forcibly. "I am very sorry that you forgot me yesterday, Gustav; I had a mournful evening," she said in a quiet tone, and raising, took off her cap, and looked around for mantle and hat. "You did not miss a great deal, dear," said Gustav, consoling his wife, and puffing up thick clouds of smoke from his cigar, "the opera did not amount to much, we left after the second act." "You were there...?" exclaimed Louisa in her greatest surprise, and her hand fell with the mantle into her lap. But quickly regaining her mind, she was soon ready with her garden toilette and kindly said: "I am very thankful to you for ordering the breakfast; it is so close here. Let us go—" And taking Gustav's arm, she took the basket of embroidery work, and the new bazar in her other hand. As they passed the mirror she glanced toward it to see if her face did not betray her inward unrest. And just then her picture reminded her of the rich jewel, with which Gustav had ornamented her this morning. The beautiful gold ornament was certainly very becoming. "Oh yes, I am so excited yet, that I have forgotten to thank you for the present, dear Gustav. When did you buy it? I should really think, that it was not domestic work." Gustav with pleasure at last heard Louisa speak of the jewel. He began to think that she knew nothing about it, and he could not begin himself. He was glad that his plan was to be a reward for yesterday's neglect and for the many moments of loneliness. With gold, Gustav tried to substitute love for his own wife, as with gold he bought pleasures elsewhere. He had accustomed himself to live with women; with his own wife he did not know how to live. He thought poorly of her, he had only gold for her. "You have guessed rightly. It is a masterly piece of work from Italy. I bought it yesterday from a painter, who had just come from Rome, and was out of money. If our Harlot comes to-day, he will probably tell you more about his colleague. Happy man! A beautiful Roman mistress sent down that jewel through her window, to carry down her letter to him." Louisa drew her arm away from Gustav and with trembling fingers took the messenger and memento of some stranger's bliss from her neck. Like a flash of lightning, a sharp pang of reproach pierced through her heart, as she thought that she was sinning against the poor Roman lady. The rare jewel, which pleased her so much at first, despite all her bitter feelings, lost all its value in her eyes. In the depth of her heart, her more tender, a feebleness which told her the value of that gold, for some one else. For her, it had no value.

"Poor man," she said, with a quiet nod of her head. "How sad it must have been for him, to part with the memento!... "He immediately ordered a few bottles of champagne," Gustav dryly replied, "and asked us to drink to the health of that beautiful mistress." "Mistress?" exclaimed Louisa and dropped the jewel on the little arbor table, which they had just reached. "Yes, mistress," repeated Gustav with a grave coolness, seating himself opposite Louisa.

"Painters are very fortunate with Roman ladys."

The servant had brought the breakfast, Louisa poured the beverage and passed it to Gustav. She then, slowly, poured some out for herself and turning her inquiring sight around for mantle and hat. "You did not miss a great deal, dear," said Gustav, consoling his wife, and not noticing his wife's excitement, replied, "good morning, my dear Louise! Pardon me, have I frightened you? I was impatient for the morning, to ask your forgiveness for yesterday's negligence. If you wish, we will go down into the arbor, I have ordered breakfast there. I'll tell you on the way about my accident." Louisa turned over the notes and gazing obliquely at Gustav, who walked across the room lighting his cigar, tried to conceal her unsettled feeling. For the first time in her life she did it forcibly. "I am very sorry that you forgot me yesterday, Gustav; I had a mournful evening," she said in a quiet tone, and raising, took off her cap, and looked around for mantle and hat. "You did not miss a great deal, dear," said Gustav, consoling his wife, and puffing up thick clouds of smoke from his cigar, "the opera did not amount to much, we left after the second act." "You were there...?" exclaimed Louisa in her greatest surprise, and her hand fell with the mantle into her lap. But quickly regaining her mind, she was soon ready with her garden toilette and kindly said: "I am very thankful to you for ordering the breakfast; it is so close here. Let us go—" And taking Gustav's arm, she took
his faults, that simple question, which forgave, and still condoned, he did not expect. He leaned back against his chair, and throwing his hands above his head, he said with an ill humor: "That is the way it goes with a man who marries. To-morrow, after his wedding, he is to part with the whole world, leave all his friends and relatives, give up his public rights, or his wife at home will worry herself to death!"... "Oh, Charley, Charley," he exclaimed in a loud tone, perceiving a few steps from the arbor Charley Harvot, the painter, advancing through the orchard toward the house. "Charley, remain with us for a quarter of an hour and I will give you advice for life!" exclaimed Gustav, who suddenly bowed and paused at the arbor's entrance. "I am afraid to come a step closer, lest I should destroy the full harmony and blissful beauty of the picture, which pleasure of human life framed in the most beautiful frame of nature," said the artist, gazing with intense pleasure at the husband and wife. "Thank you, happy Gustav, for the advice, which you intend giving me for the happy future of my life. But your happiness, one may only imagine but never experience," he added, bowing to Louisa, and casting his earnest look on her beautiful face. "They would have married you in a woman's hand concerns heart." "Say one more happy woman," remarked Louisa, leaning back against his chair, and throwing his hands above his head, and finding it empty, turned his face and began to light his cigar. He offered one to Harvot also. "Happiness of a woman is her love, and that most often changes owing to habits a compact territory, there is a number of Lusatians fom the country of the Lusatians, 105 parishes, 130 churches, 2 villages and 4 cities; in Lower Lusatia 42 parishes, 192 villages, 4 cities and 62 parishes. Altogether there are, in the Lusatian territory.

The number of Lusatians in Germany who speak the Slavonic (i.e. Serbian or Lusatian) language is computed as follows: In Saxon Upper Lusatia, 56,354; Prussian Upper Lusatia, 37,303; in Lower Lusatia (Prussian) 72,410, together 166,067 souls. Besides this population which inhabits a compact territory, there is a number of Lusatians scattered in various countries as follows: In Saxony 9,692; in Prussia 1,000; in foreign lands and principally in Texas together 7,462. Dr. Michael Hornik estimates the total number of Upper Lusatians at 100,000 and of Lower Lusatians at 75,000, together 175,000 souls. Dr. Muika furnishes these additional data: The Lusatians have in Prussian Upper Lusatia 33 parishes, 37 churches, 410 villages and 4 cities; in Lower Lusatia 43 parishes, 162 villages, 4 cities and 62 parishes. Altogether there are, in the country of the Lusatians, 165 parishes, 130 churches, 763 villages and 14 cities.

Letter Box.

Frank U., Pennsylvania. After the defeat of the Protestant army at White Mountain, Ferdinand II. proclaimed that no religion but the Roman Catholic should henceforth be tolerated in Bohemia, and that all who did not immediately return to the bosom of the church should be banished from the kingdom. This cruel edict drove into banishment thirty thousand families. These Protestant families composed the laity portion of the community, including the most distinguished in rank, the most intelligent, the most industrious and the most virtuous. No state could meet with such a loss without feeling it deeply, and Bohemia has never yet recovered from the blow. A Bohemian historian, himself a Roman Catholic by birth, thus describes the change which persecution wrought in Bohemia.

"The records of Bohemia scarcely furnish a similar ex-
ample of such a change as Bohemia underwent during the reign of Ferdinand II. In 1620 the monks and a few of the nobility only excepted, the whole country was Protestant. At the death of Ferdinand, it was, in appearance at least, Catholic. Till the Cattle of White Mountain the States enjoyed more exclusive privileges than the parliament of England. They enacted laws, imposed taxes, contracted alliances, declared war and peace, and chose or confirmed their kings. But all these they now lost.

"Till this fatal period the Bohemians were daring, un­daunted, enterprising, emulous of fame; now they have lost all their courage, their national pride, their enterpris­ ing spirit. Their courage lays buried in the White Mountain. Individuals still possessed personal valor, military ardor and a thirst of glory, but, blended with other nations, they resembled the waters of the Vltava (Moldau) which join those of Elbe. These united streams bear ships, overflow lands and overturn rocks; yet the Elbe is only mentioned, and the Vltava forgotten.

"The Bohemian language which had been used in all the courts of justice, and which was in high estimation among the nobles, fell into contempt. The German was introduced, became the general language among the nobles and its citizens, and was used by the monks in their sermons. The inhabitants of the towns began to be ashamed of their native tongue, which was confined to the villages and called the language of peasants. The arts and sciences, so highly cultivated and esteemed under Rudolph, sunk beyond recovery. During the period which immediately followed the banishment of the Protestants, Bohemia scarcely produced one man who became prominent in any branch of learning. The greater part of the schools were conducted by Jesuits and other monkish orders and nothing taught therein but bad Latin."

"It cannot be denied that several of the Jesuits were men of great learning and science; but their system was to keep the people in ignorance. Agreeably to this principle they gave their scholars only the rind and kept to themselves the bulk of literary and scientific knowledge. They traveled from town to town as missionaries, and went from house to house, examining all books, which the landlords were compelled under pain of eternal damnation to keep the people in ignorance. Agreeably to this principle they gave their scholars only the rind and kept to themselves the bulk of literary and scientific knowledge. They thus endeavored to extinguish the ancient literature of the country, labored to persuade the students, that before the introduction of their order, nothing but ignorance prevailed, and carefully concealed the learned labors and even the names of the ancestors.

Russia has 12 cities having a population over 1,000,000. The growth of some of them within the last few years was quite phenomenal. St. Petersburg has 1,032,000 inhabitants (in 1852 it had 550,000); Moscow has 938,000 (in 1858 380,000); Warsaw, 655,000 (in 1852, 165,000); Odessa, 343,000; Charkov, 198,000; Lodz, 190,000; Vilno, 130,000; Berdycev, 101,000.

"God's Warriors", a radical sect of the Hussites.

The authorities were notified at once and as a result a number of domiciliary visits were made in Loun in order to ascertain the name of the culprit. Among others the gendarmes visited the house of one Mikulasek where they found a ladle and a coat smeared with a paste of which he heard from his clerk next morning that the paper had been confiscated by the police. "For what reason?" asked the astonished editor. "For malicious ridiculing of the institutions of the Austrian empire by the commission of the leading article," replied the clerk.

An amusing story of the thoroughness of the press censorship in Austria is told in a German newspaper. An editor, being at his wits' end for a leading article, had the inspiration at the last moment to print these lines: "After carefully perusing the leading article written for the present number by one of the ablest of our contributors we have arrived at the conclusion that it may be misinterpreted by the authorities and regarded as an attack upon the government. We ourselves consider it to be perfectly innocent, but as we are unwilling for our readers' sake as well as for our own, to have our newspaper confiscated, we have very unwillingly, though as we think, prudently, re­solved to withdraw the article. This must serve as an apology to our readers for the blank space in our present issue." Imagine the shock with which he heard from his clerk next morning that the paper had been confiscated by the police. "For what reason?" asked the astonished editor. "For malicious ridiculing of the institutions of the Austrian empire by the commission of the leading article," replied the clerk.

"Pancakes and treason. On the day the anniversary of emperor Francis Joseph the gendarmes of the city of Loun, Bohemia, secured a number of seditious posters which were posted on street corners. The authorities were notified at once and a number of domiciliary visits were made in Loun in order to ascertain the name of the culprit. Among others the gendarmes visited the house of one Mikulasek where they found a ladle and a coat smeared with a paste like the one used on the revolutionary proclamations. In consequence of this discovery Mikulasek was arrested. Arraigned, however, before the examining magistrate he denied the charge most emphatically, saying that he never heard of any revolutionary posters. The coat and the ladle, he claimed, were such things which he wore during his youth, on the day in question, was making pan-cakes. The mayor of Loun who was called in as a witness had to tell the examining magistrate all about the Loun pan-cakes, how they were made, what material was used in their preparation, etc. In the meantime the coat and the ladle were sent to Prague to be examined. If the paste used on them should resemble the one that was used on the fatal posters, it is certain that the housewife will be sent to prison for making pancakes on the anniversary of the Austrian emperor.

Literature.

Soká, a humorous weekly, Mr. B. Bittner editor, has made its appearance in Chicago. The paper is exceedingly bright and contains many original cartoons by Mr. Q. Parék. Address, 9 Loomis Str., Chicago, Ill. Mr. B. Bittner also published a humoristic almanac (Cesko-americký humoristický kalendár) which is bubbling over with unadulterated humor. Price 25 cents.

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