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BOHEMI[AN]

ORGAN OF THE BOHEMIAN

VOL. II. OMAHA,

JOHN HUS.

Burned at Constance, July 6, 1415.

"Of the names dear and venerable to nations, soon is the number told whom the common voice of mankind agrees to rescue from obscurity. So feeble is the triumph, so narrow is the domain of fame! Not but that Bohemia has furnished her full contingent of illustrious men, for the names of John Hus, Jerome of Prague, and the heroic Zizka, occupy a distinguished station in the roll of European history."—*Sir John Bowring*, in the *Foriegn Quarterly Review*, II-145; 1828.

"The character of Hus is one that the most virulent calumny has scarce dared to touch. The purity of his life, the simplicity of his manners, his love of truth, his deep conscientiousness, his aversion to all assumption of display, his strong sympathy for the poor and ignorant, his chivalrous readiness to obey each prompting of duty, though it might carry him to the prison or the stake, are plainly legible in the whole story of his life."—*E. H. Gillet*, in the *Life and Times of John Hus*, II. 79-80, Philadelphia, 1861.

TTEE.
eb.
J. J. EDITOR.

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For the illustration on the preceeding page we are indebted to Chas. H. Sergel Co. of Chicago, publishers of Vickers' History of Bohemia.

* * *

Serbia has had a new coup d'état. On the 20th of May the young king Alexander, following the advice of his father, proclaimed a suspension of the constitution of 1888 under the pretense that he had discovered an anti-dynastic conspiracy headed by Peter Karadjordjevitch:

* * *

Franco Bohemian friendship has again been demomonstrated at the tournament of the French athletes at Lyons, where the Bohemian delegation was most cordially received. A number of congratulatory telegrams was received from Bohemia and Moravia.

* * *

The total value of declared exports from Austro-Hungary to the United States during 1893 amounted to $11,-744,325 as against $10,197,576 in 1892, which shows an increase of $1,546,749. The total increase is almost entirely covered by the immense increase in the amount of beet-root sugar exported from Prague. The other articles in which there has been a decided increase are coffee, glassware, hops, linen goods, umbrella fixtures, beans and lentils. The increase in glassware and jewelry is largely due to increased trade caused by the Chicago Exposition. The articles in which there is a decided decrease in the amount exported are dried fruits, wine and manufactured articles, such as buttons and fans. The quarter ending December 31, 1893, shows a decrease of $741,229.77 when compared with the corresponding quarter of the preceding year. This decrease is evidently caused by the hard times in America, as there is no other reason sufficiently important to account for it. Sixty-two per cent. of all exported goods, amounting to $7,261,655.44, came from Bohemia alone. The principal commodities exported from Bohemia to the United States during the last year, were: Beet root sugar $3,299.391.83, glassware $24,985.06, porcelain and pottery $655,726.33, linen goods $531,734 47, jewelry $252,622.93, gloves $208,818 79, beans and lentils $202,540.77, buttons $196,139 74, bed feathers $189,931.56, beer $102,867.-62. wool $317.46, pulp $80,356.82. The exports of books and papers from Bohemia amounted to $13,784.77; from the district of Vienna to $8,953,95; from that of Buda Pesth, $5,785.52; from that of Trieste and Reichenberg, none.—From the *Consular Reports*.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN DIET.

The Bohemian diet, formerly the supreme legislative body of Bohemia, does no longer posess the influence it exercised under the Přemyslides or the Luxemburgs; it is merely a shadow of its former self. In theory, the diet represents the principal of autonomy, in practice, however, it merely assists the government in carrying out its measures. Should the autonomists themselves introduce any measure of their own, the government is always able to suppress it by the united vote of its faithful servants, the Germans, the Old Checks and the nobility; or if the diet should actually pass an "odious" measure, the government kills it by refusing to lay it before the emperor for his sanction—an enactment of the Diet not sanctioned by the emperor is of no force or validity.

The authority and jurisdiction of the Diet, has, unfortunately, been considerably curtailed and thus its importance lessened. It has no longer in its hands the control of the finances, the politics and the educational needs of Bohemia. These three important subjects of legislative action have been taken away from the Diet and reserved for the Reichsrath and the delegations to pass upon. In the latter two bodies, the voice of Bohemia dies away unheard, unheeded. . . .

The Bohemian Diet is merely allowed to pass upon governmental measures, to approve the budget and sanction new burdens and taxes. After all this has been done the Diet might well devote its remaining time to economical and other like important questions—if any time were left at all for their consideration. The condition of the land diets is the more miserable, as the government may adjourn or dissolve

them at its pleasure. And the Austrian government is particularly careful in this respect and adjourns the diets as soon as they have approved of the budgets and the government's measures.

The sphere of the Bohemian Diet's legislative powers is accordingly limited, yet, notwithstanding their limitations, the deputies, if they be men of energy and resolution, may accomplish much, at least in a passive way by defeating obnoxious measures proposed by the government (as was the case with the infamous "settlement" offered to Bohemia by Taaffe), if not in the way of positive legislation. By skillful tactics the Young Chekhs lately succeeded in delaying the discussion of the budget and passing, in the meantime, several important measures in the interest of domestic industries and agriculture. The Bohemian deputies must ever be on the watch to guard the rights of the Diet, and seek to enlarge the scope of its authority, inasmuch as the Diet is the highest representative of the autonomy of the Bohemian crown.

The Diet is presently composed of 242 deputies. Six of these hold their seats by virtue of their office, they are: the two rectors of Prague universities (Bohemian and German), the archbishop of Prague and the bishops of Budějovice, Kralové Hradec and Litoměřice. The other deputies are elected—not by the people, however, but by *classes* and must therefore be looked upon as mere representatives of certain proprietary interests. The division among the classes is most unfair, the rich being unduly favored to the predjudice of the poor, as will appear from the following figures: the large landholders have 70 representatives (16 for feudal estates, 54 for allodial estates), the four chambers of commerce have 15 representatives, the cities 72, and the country districts only 79. Among the cities, Prague has 10, Liberec (Reichenberg) three representatives; nine other cities whose population ranges from 10 to 50 thousand elect one each, in the other cities one deputy is given to a group of two to five cities, the German cities being always given undue preference. Reichenberg (German) which has but 30,890 inhabitants, has three representatives, whereas, Pilsen, with 50,227 inhabitants (Bohemian) has but one. In the country districts the elections are indirect (through electors) and only those who pay five florins or more of direct taxes have the right to vote. Through its functionaries the government exercises considerable influence, if not absolute control, over the elections and may easily disregard the peoples choice and elect its own henchmen to office.

The present political complexion of the Diet dates from the last general elections of 1889. Of the 242 deputies, 65 only are independent, that is, 58 Young Checks and seven followers of Dr. Škarda who left the Old Chekh party in consequence of Taaffe's ill-advised effort to divide the kingdom of Bohemia. The Old Chekhs number 32. In national matters they usually vote with the Young Chekhs, but on other occassions they support the government which also controls the 70 German votes and a greater portion (if not all) of the large landholders. Thus it appears that in questions of Bohemian rights vs. the Government the vote would stand 97 to 145. This proportion, however, is not always preserved. Some of the landholders take no part in the deliberations of the Diet, while others vote with the Bohemians, so that now and then the government has to face defeat. The Young Chekhs are now attempting to win over at least a portion of the nobility to the support of the people's cause. If they succeed, the government's partisans will find themselves in a minority. The deputies are elected for a term of six years; consequently, the present Diet will retain its political complexion until 1895, when a new election is to take place, unless the government should dissolve the Diet before that date, which seems to be rather improbable. The Old Chekhs expect to secure a few more seats but the present indications are, that the people of Bohemia will select men of more pronounced and radical views for their representatives.

The legislative power delegated to the Diet by the constitution of December 1867, extends to those affairs of state, which have not, by that same constitution, been expressly reserved for the Parliament of Vienna. In reference to matters so reserved the Diet is merely authorized to make suggestions to the Parliament, as to what laws would best promote the interests of Bohemia. The Diet regulates the instructions and pay of land officials, and exercises supreme control over all public institutions in charge of the kingdom.

The Diet is convoked once a year to Prague by the King of Bohemia. It is forbidden to enter into any negotiations with any foreign body or make any proclamations. The Diet is presided over by the Land Marshal appointed by the King. Its sessions are accessible to the public, unless the Diet should declare a particular session to be secret. The deputies receive a compensation of five florins per day during the session. They are required to attend the sessions regularly, and if a member, without excuse should fail to attend within fourteen days after having been notified by the President of the Diet, his seat may be declared vacant and a new election held. A quorum consists of 121 members, and, to pass, a measure must receive the votes of an absolute majority of all members present. If constitutional questions be passed upon, the presence of three fourths of the

members (182) and a concurrence of at least two thirds of those present is necessary.

The right to introduce new measures in the Diet may be exercised by the government or by committees of the Diet; an individual member may submit a bill, too, provided it be supported by twenty other members. It is within the descretion of the Land Marshal to declare whether or not a certain proposed measure keeps within the jurisdiction of the Diet; if he thinks it does not, he simply cuts off all debate and consideration of the bill. This gives the government an undue advantage and prevents the Diet from extending it authority by assuming jurisdiction of new questions, as the English parliament has done. In order to carry out its policy and enactment within the sphere of local autonomy, the Diet selects from its members a *Land Committee* of eight, which acts as an executive.

ROUMANS UNDER MAGYAR YOKE.

Transylvania (in German, Siebenbürgen) is the easternmost country of the Hungarian part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. A considerable majority of its inhabitants are Roumans, the minority consisting of Germans and Magyars. The Magyars, however, appear to have determined to Magyarize the entire non-Magyar majority, and they treat the Roumans very much in the same fashion as a barbarian conqueror would treat his slaves. Themselves descendants of a savage race and related to the Turk and the Tartar, the Magyars have preserved the brutal instincts of their ancestors. The idea of "humanity" seems to be totally unknown to them. In northern Hungary they are oppressing the Slovaks, in the east, the Roumans, whose lot is not unlike that of the Bohemians in the western half of the monarchy.

Until 1865 Transylvania enjoyed complete autonomy. In that year, however, the Diet of Kluž consented to an incorporation of Transylvania with Hungary. This surrender of homerule which at first blush might appear to have been voluntary, was really a crime; of all the members of the Diet only 133 had been elected by the people, and of the latter only 13 were Roumans, while 189 members, who voted for the surrender, had been created deputies by the emperor and selected from Magyar aristocracy!

Since that time the Roumans are governed by the parliament of Budapest. The electoral law of Hungary is, if possible, still more unjust than that of Austria, and the boundary lines of legislative districts have been so skillfully drawn, that the non-Magyar majority is not only unable to secure majority in the parliament, but is unable to elect any representatives at all! Inasmuch as the Roumans live mainly in the country, the country districts have been made to include six times as many voters as the city districts. Some of the country districts of Transylvania contain as much as nine times the number of voters requisite in a rural district of Hungary! The citizens do not vote in their own communities, as is the case everywhere else; there is but one polling place in the district, and the farmer is obliged to travel over a considerable distance, if he wants to cast his vote. The inconvenience attending such travel is confidently hoped to deter many a Rouman voter from leaving his home on election day. Notwithstanding all this the Roumans would still elect a number of representatives to the parliament, were it not for other infamous machinations on the part of the Magyars, which make the election of a Rouman an impossibility. If all other means fail, the unscrupulous Magyar resorts to force. The entrances of the Magyar city, where the votes are to be cast, are guarded by soldiers, Rouman voters are denied admission, and the Magyar candidate is safely elected! Thus it happens that all municipal and state offices are in the hands of Magyars who use their power and influence in the interest of Magyarization.

The principal weapon of Magyarization is naturally the school. In the whole country there is not a single public school where Rouman would be taught! Accordingly, notwithstanding the enormous taxes they have to pay for the support of the state, the Roumans are obliged to maintain *three thousand common schools* at their own private expense! Nor is this all! The Magyars place all sorts of obstructions in their way, and the Magyar inspectors who superintend those private schools will make use of any pretense to close some of them or change them into "public", that is, Magyar, schools.

The same injustice prevails in regard to middle schools (the gymnasia, real schools and teachers' institutes). While the state maintains 167 middle schools for the six and one half million Magyars, the three million Roumans have to be satisfied with three institutions of this kind. They are not even allowed to establish any at their own expense. When they had founded the gymnasium at Beiuc, it was taken from them and Magyarized. Two gymnasia, at Arad and Caransbec were refused aid from the public treasury, because, as the government alleged, "Roumanian gymnasia would not subserve the interests of the state". The inhabitants of Transylvania are nearly all Roumans, yet they have no university of their own; the university located at Kluž (Kolosvar), in the heart of the country, is a Magyar institution without a single Rouman professor.

The gymnasial professors are willing tools of the

government. In lectures on history the Roumanian students are told that the Roumans are descended from ancient Roman colonies of criminals, and that the leaders of Rouman revolutions have been chiefs of large bands of robbers. The Roumanian students are frequently addressed by their Magyar professors as "Wallachian dogs, wretches, Wallachian cattle" and the like. Their "reading circles" have been dissolved and their books confiscated. The Magyar students are known as base informers, and investigations, punishments, and dismissals are accordingly frequent.

All text-books are subject to severe censorship. If the book should contain an item, however small, concerning the Roumans, which would not be in accord with the policy of Magyarization, its use is at once prohibited. Rouman topographical names of common use among the people must not be employed by the text book writers, they must use Magyar names which nobody understands. In order to prevent an exchange of thought with the free Roumans of the neighboring state of Roumania, Roumanian literature and Roumanian newspapers have been placed on the list of prohibited works in Transylvania.

In the appointment of public officers of any kind, extreme care is taken not to select too many Roumans. In proportion to their numbers the latter ought to have at least 3310 district officials, whereas they have, in fact, but 405. In the ministerial offices they ought to hold 320 places, but have only 18. They ought to have 15 district captains, but have none. They cannot even secure justice in the courts. It is true that the law expressly provides, that the trial shall be conducted in the language of the prisoner, but the law is dead letter and is constantly violated by the minister of justice and all concerned down to the judge who presides at the trial. Although a citizen's life, honor or liberty may be at stake, the judge, the state's attorney, the defendant's counsel, all speak Magyar and the defendant is obliged to sign documents and records not a word of which he understands. Neither does he understand his sentence, because it is pronounced in Magyar.

The commissioners whose duty it is to asses the income tax are usually Magyars, who assess the incomes of Magyar merchants or other proprietors as low as they can, and make amends by throwing the burden of the tax upon the shoulders of the Rouman's. Should a Rouman dare to appear at any national festival in his national costume, he is at once indicted, tried and sentenced to several weeks imprisonment. He is never allowed to let a little flag in the national colors wave over his house.

Hungary has no general laws under which a private corporation or society can be established. The right to form a corporation or club depends upon the consent of the Magyar government. It is therefore, easily understood why the Magyars are allowed to form societies or clubs of any kind, whereas the Roumans are not permitted even to establish educational, agricultural, or scientific societies which would surely become great aids to the dissemination of Rouman culture.

Rouman journalists are constantly living in a state of siege—their position differs, however, from their Bohemian colleagues in this: the Bohemian journalists are tried by special tribunals, whereas the Roumans are tried by juries. The juries, however, are composed of Magyars who administer true Magyar "justice". The Roumans once had an impartial jury, that of Sibin (Herrmannstadt), composed of Saxons, but this institution was abolished by a ministerial edict in 1884 and the Roumans placed at the mercy of the Magyars.

The real master of Transylvania is—the Magyar gendarme, supported not by the authority of the law alone but also by his sabre and his shotgun, both of which he knows how to use to advantage. The trial of a Rouman reminds one of the Spanish inquisition. A man who had been tried and found not guilty died a few days after his discharge. The horrors of the trial had undermined his health. If a peasant is to be brought into court, he is simply fastened to the gendarme's coach and has to keep pace with the horses. If he falls down, they drag him along. Magyar society looks upon the Roumans with contempt. "Those rude masses of Roumans must be forced into subjection", is the leading motto of Magyar newspapers.

The latest outrage perpetrated by the Magyars upon the Roumans and one whose memory is still fresh, has been the trial and sentence of a number of Rouman patriots at Kluž. What was their crime? They published a memorial originally addressed to the emperor, in which they petitioned for the redress of certain grievances. They therefore did only what they had a constitutional right to do—but in the eyes of the Magyars this was high treason. . . . no one must complain in Hungary!

The Rouman leaders who signed and published the memorial were brutally treated during the trial and finally sentenced to imprisonment and fine; Dr. Lukaciu to a term of *five years*, Professor Comsia, *three years*, eleven others to terms ranging from two months up to two and a half years, amounting in all, to *twenty nine years*. They have also to pay the the costs of the trial, in the amount of 3,248.00 florins and all this has happened in the last decade of the 19th century.

The Germans and the Magyars are, no doubt, good politicians, they understand well the meaning of the ancient maxim *Divide et impera* which they have followed in the infamous division of the Austrian monarchy, whereby the German and Magyar minorities were to be enabled to rule the majority composed of Slavs and Roumans, but their brutal treatment of the Bohemians and the Roumans ought to put the ruling races to blush if they aspire to the noble name of civilized nations.

SLAVONIC DAY AT THE MIDWINTER FAIR, JUNE 24, 1894.

Slovanský den, B.—Sl'owianski dzien, P.—Slavenski dan, SC.—Slavianskij den', R.—

Sunday, June 24, was the Slavonic day at the Midwinter Fair. It was one of those rare occasions of Slavs acting in harmony and concert, and it was a success notwithstanding the inclemencies of the weather and the plotting of its enemies. The friendly meeting of sons of the several Slavonic races on the Pacific coast suggests the possibility of the acting in harmony of these great races themselves. . . . . Will they ever overcome the stumbling blocks of religion, alphabet, historic pride, etc., that has made united action impossible in the past—will they join and resist the common enemy?

The celebration of the Slavonic day was brought about chiefly by the united efforts of the Serbo-Croatian and Bohemian societies of San Francisco, which triumphed over the attempts of a few renegades who tried to persuade the Slavs to celebrate the so-called Austrian day, arranged not in honor of any people or nation, but a monarch. All the races of the Slavonic family were represented, but the Serbo-Croatians, the Bohemians and the Slováks were the most numerous. The following societies took part in the parade: The Oakland Cavalry, Jan Klecak commanding; the Panslavists; the Slavonic Illyric Benevolent Society; the Slavonic National Social Club; the Fr. Sasinek Assembly No. 33 of the N. S. S.; Slovenic Catholic Society; the Bohemian Club; Zlatá Brána, Č. S. P. S.; the Zvonimir Club; the Slavonian American Societies of San José; the Slavonic Societies of Sta. Clara County; beside a great many guests both on foot and in carriages. A few came from as far as Pittsburg, Penn., and Cleveland, O. Two allegoric floats were to be seen in the procession: one representing Liberty and the other, Slavia, both very suggestive, for Slavia and Liberty are both cherished by every true Slav. The editor of the VOICE regrets his inability to have been present owing to important engagements at home. We give below an account of the celebration as it appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Monday, June 25.

"Though the weather was extremely disagreeable all day yesterday, the celebration under Slavonic auspices was indeed a success. The parade was a decidedly satisfactory demonstration and the exercises in Festival hall filled that large structure to its fullest capacity. Many of the buildings bore special decorations in honor of the day.

"Once again the elements conspired to spoil the Sunday attraction at the Fair, as it has done for the past six weeks, but the Slavonians would not down. They paraded and celebrated in spite of the wind and fog and made a splendid showing. Their procession was one of the finest seen in a long time. The line consisting of three floats, three bands of music and several hundred people on foot and in carriages, started from New Montgomery and Market streets at 10:30 A. M. and made the entire trip to the grounds in the teeth of the gale. The cold wind whistled around the thinly clad young women on the float representing the Slavonic states, and the characters representing the poets and heroes of that country shivered in the breeze, but they all clung manfully to their posts. But the greatest sufferers were the standard-bearers, as it was with the greatest difficulty that they could navigate against the wind.

"Carrying a large flag on a pole was a feat which required muscle, as the fabric caught the wind like a sail and made the bearers very weary.

"The trip was made without mishap, however. The marchers were met at the north gate by a detachment of guards under Captain Baldwin. Led by the Mexican band, the circuit of the grand court was made. Several thousands of visitors were on the ground by that time and the procession was given an ovation as it passed along.

"A feature of the parade was the decorated carriages containg the committees and other distiguished people. There were 25 of these vehicles draped with flags and flowers lined up in the first division. The procession extended entirely around the court.

"The following distinguished Slavonian citizens acted as vice-presidents of the day: J. Ivanović, N. Barović, J. Klecak, I. Slavić, M. Rabasa, Marko Malovoz, Dr. Josef Parošek,, Josef Korbel, F. Laštufka, Captain Bielawski, Jaros Vostrovský, F. Adtunovič, M. Gljubetić, N. Milko, Dr. Pavlicki, Václav Šnajdr, Hugo Fisher, D. Mengola, T. V.

Tadić, F. Truhlář, A. Gecan, Boža Radović, N. Plancić.

"At two o'clock the exercises opened in Festival hall with the rendition of the overture "Awakening of the Lion" by the Mexican band. Chevalier de Kontski, the venerable composer of the piece, conducted the overture which created a great furore. In fact this musical masterpiece was so well rendered, that the audience insisted on a repetition, and the "Lion" was again awakened to the delight of the multitude.

"Antonín Korbel, honorary president of the day, refrained from speech-making, but a few introductory remarks were made by A. E. Barbić as president of the day. In the absence of Director-general de Young, a short address of welcome was made by F. H. Trusdell.

Mr. Barbić in his introductory remarks expressed himself as greatly pleased to see such a large gathering on this glorious day as the result of the labors of the Midwinter Fair Slavonic Association to invite all the Slavonians of California on this occasion. Mr. Barbić said that when the first meeting of Slavonic societies had been called in December last, there was immediate evidence of their interest in the proposition. The work done since that time has been principally devoted to arouse the same enthusiasm among the Slavonic societies outside of San Francisco. He humorously remarked that it was remarkable to notice, how many Slavonians were discovered, as soon as it became apparent, that Slavonian day was to be a success; but leaving all that aside, Mr. Barbić said, that the Slavonians were surely to be congratulated and that they would no doubt receive a great deal of good from the Midwinter Fair reunion.

The president of the day concluded his remarks by introducing Frank Zan of this city, who spoke in English. Mr. Zan's speech was an exhaustive review of the history of the Slavonic race, its trials and its triumphs. He called the roll of the men who had made the Slavs noticeable among the nations of the earth and pointed with pride to their achievements. Mr. Zan spoke for fully half an hour, but the audience sat patiently through it and applauded his every mention of names and deeds that were known to them.

Following Mr. Zan's address, Chevalier de Kontski gave as a piano solo his own "Serenade," and the audience were once more called upon to manifest their appreciation of good music; Later in the programme a piano solo was played by Miss Annie Vostrovský,* of San José, and a song was sung by E. J. Zan, of Portland, Ore. Addresses were delivered by Dr. V. G. Vecki, of San José, in Croatian and by Jaros. Vostrovsky, of San José, in Bohemian.

The exercises closed with another piano solo by Chevalier de Kontski. The celebration concluded in the evening with a display of fire works and a grand ball."

The *Daily Record* of San José, Cal., in its issue of Monday, June 25 says of the Slavonic day:

"The Slavonic people of the state yesterday celebrated the day set apart for them at the Midwinter Fair by a grand patriotic reunion. By reason of the fact that San Joseans occupied a large part in the exercises, the observance can be said to bear a local aspect; and certainly San José can feel proud, that it numbers within her boundaries such splendid representatives of this oppressed but liberty-loving people.

An excursion was run to the Fair by which over 500 persons took the opportunity of the low rate to attend. The Slavonic Society went in a body and headed by the Fifth Regiment band and L. V. Slavić as Grand Marshal, made one division in the parade.

The Literary exercises were held at Festival hall in the afternoon and were listenen to by a large and enthusiastic audience. Among those who occupied seats on the platform were: J. Vostrovský, L. Gljubetić, Dr. V. G. Vecki, Boža Radović and others of this city.

Dr. Vecki was the orator in Slavo-Croatian language. He preluded his remarks in his native tongue by a short address in English by which he proved himself to be an orator of much power. His diction was elegant and often poetic and delivered with force and effect, he kept his auditors on the top notch of enthsiasm and his patriotic allusions were applauded to the echo. He paid the following graceful tribute to California: "The Slavonians of this country love California with all the ardor of their warm-beating hearts. I do not claim that it is a particular merit to love California because any man who loves nature in her most beautiful appearance, any person who loves freedom, who loves human progress, who is delighted with hospitality in its most exquisite forms is compelled to appreciate, to admire and to love California."

It is to be hoped he will be heard often.

J. Vostrovský of the Willows, one of the best

*It was a selection from Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances," brilliantly interpreted by the young lady.

known and highly respected Bohemians in the United States, delivered an address in his native tongue. On account of his place in the minds and hearts of his countrymen he was warmly received. His address was closely listened to and frequently interrupted with applause.

Václav Šnajdr of Cleveland, O., a guest of Mr. Vostrovský, read a number of congratulatory telegrams from the Slav countries and he then addressed them. Almost every sentence he uttered was met with a loud response. Mr. Šnajdr is considered one of the first Bohemians in the country and is everywhere cordially received by his countrymen.

Besides, there were two young ladies on the programme—Miss Anna Vostrovský, who played A. Dvořák's Eight Slavonic Dances on the piano with artistic effect; and Miss Katie Gljubetić who recited the "Polish Boy" with a great deal of dramatic fire."

The attendance on Slavonic day was 29,583, a large number, if the inclement weather be taken into account. The attendance on Austrian day was merely 13,000 among whom there were very few, if any, Austrians. The Slavonic citizens of the United States have no affections for Austria, or its ruler, who has never been a friend to them. They are proud of the freedom they enjoy in the United States—though often misrepresented and maligned by the press—and would like to see their brethren in the Old World free from Habsburg or other yoke, May the Slavonic day strengthen the bonds of friendship that binds the Slavs of the republic!

THE BOHEMIAN BRETHREN AT LESZNO.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leszno (lesh'no) was a small village. To-day it is an industrial and manufacturing city of about 15,000 inhabitants. The most interesting of its many church edifices is that of the Reformed church, established in 1652 by the Bohemian Brethren. It reminds us of its most illustrious preacher, Jan Amos Komenský (Comenius), as does the gymnasium of Leszno, which once numbered Komenský among its teachers.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many exiled Bohemian Brethren found refuge and shelter in this town. Indeed, it is to the Bohemian exiles that Leszno owes its growth. The first came in 1516 and 1517; a greater exodus took place in 1548 when, by a mandate of Ferdinand I. (dated May 5th),a number of prominent Brethren were exiled and their estates confiscated. Raphael IV. Leszczynski, the lord of Leszno, received the exiles with unusual kindness, and in 1552 himself joined their church, because, as he explains in one of his letters (dated 1580), he found in their teachings, both in theory and practice, the nearest approach to primitive Christianity. Thereafter the church of Leszno was to be presided over by a preacher selected by the seniors of the Unity of the Bohemian Brethren, for whom he appropriated a parsonage with a garden, fields and meadows, and certain incomes.

Under the fostering care of the Leszczynskis the church of the Bohemian Brethren flourished and grew, and new communities which were established still maintained their connection with the mother church in Bohemia and Moravia, having one common bishop and a senior of their own. The number of the Bohemian Brethren at Leszno and in Poland generally increased heavily after the battle of the White Mountain. The preachers were banished in 1624, the laymen three years latter. On a cold winter day, in January, 1628, the exiles, headed by Jan Amos Komenský and his father-in-law, brother J. Cyrill, left their mother country in bitter grief. On the eighth of February they reached Leszno. They were chiefly artisans, scholars and noblemen, and were soon numbered among the foremost citizens of Leszno, to which they gave the biblical name of Segor. Thither they removed the "jewel of the Unity," the printing establishment of Králíky, their archive, and a large number of books. In that same year the lord of Leszno established for the exiles a school for which he appointed four teachers.

The influx of foreigners to the town had been so large, that, in 1631, the king, Sigismund III., chartered Leszno as a "city" endowing it at the same time with some valuable privileges. At that time Leszno had three public squares, more than twenty streets, over 1,600 houses and about 2,000 registered citizens, four churches (of which the brethren had two, the Lutherans one and the Catholics one), and a gymnasium (high school). The city was fortified by walls, moats and towers, it had a flourishing industry and carried on considerable commerce.

The Bohemian Brethren gave their attention principally to educational reforms; they firmly cherished the hope that they would soon return to their mother country, and, seeing in their children the future champions of Bohemia's freedom, they naturally considered the proper education of their

children as their first sacred duty. Komenský, the foremost educator of his time, was at their head, and he published here a number of his famous educational works, including the famous *Janua linguarum*, 1631; Informatory for Mothers' Schools' *Vestibulum januae latinitatis*, 1633; The New Method of Languages, 1648; and other works in Bohemian and Latin, notedly the great satiristic allegory, The World's Labyrinth and the Heart's Paradise, 1631. From 1630 till 1655 the Brethren published at Leszno a considerable number of works by Komenský and other writers: histories, sermons, letters, educational and religious writings.

The Brethren of Leszno remembered their exiled countrymen in other communities: they sent forth ministers and preachers to Lusatia, Meissen, Bohemia, to encourage the faithful. Their many enemies, however, were not idle. As early as 1628 and 1629 they tried to destroy Leszno but failed. In 1633 the German Lutherans became firmly established at Leszno. They hated the Bohemian Brethren because of national and religious differences, although the Brethren were peaceful people, if there ever were one. The Lutherans were arrogant, they sought to rule the city and by all manner of wrong and injustice hoped to make a further stay at Leszno intolerable for the meek Brethren.

Bohuslaw, the new lord of Leszno and successor of Raphael, was an unworthy son of his father. In 1636 he had promised to be a protector and defender to the Brethren, soon afterwards, however, hoping to secure a state office, he renounced his faith and became a Catholic. The Brethren were deserted. Their only hope, their only desire, was to return to their native land, Bohemia. In 1643, when peace was to be negotiated at Osnabrück, Komenský and Peter Figulus (Jablonski), his son-in-law, urged the Swedish chancellor Oxenstjerna to protect the Bohemian exiles and stand by them when the treaty of peace would have to be signed, so as to insure them a safe return to their fatherland. The chancellor assured them that he would take care of the interests of the exiles and guard the liberties of the Bohemian kingdom. Gustavus Adolphus, he said, had undertaken the war in Germany for the sole purpose of defending Protestantism for which he gave his life. The Chancellor promised to stand by the Protestants of Bohemia even though Sweden had to wage another war. In the most unfavorable case, he said, the Bohemian exiles would be placed in such a position, at least, as they held before the commencement of the war.

However, all these promises were broken and the Bohemian Protestants shamefully deserted by their German and Swedish brethren; the Bohemians were wholly excluded from participating in the benefits of the peace of Westphalia, 1648; return to their country was denied them! The prophetic soul of Komenský foresaw the near end of the Unity; in bitter grief the venerable bishop wrote his touching "Testament of Our Dying Mother, Unitas Fratrum," 1650. The end was, indeed, very near.

The enemies of the Brethren again raised their heads. The Catholic bishop of Posen demanded that they give up their church to Catholics, and the courts actually took the church and its incomes from the Brethren and gave it to Catholics, though the latter numbered three or four families only and had no right to other peoples' property! The Brethren were allowed, however, at their own expense to build for themselves a new church which they did in 1652 to 1654.

Hardly had they their church fitted up when a new misfortune suddenly befell them. A war broke out between John Kazimir, the king of Poland and Charles X., the king of Sweden. The Swedes took possession of Leszno but spared the city and its inhabitants who had surrendered without resistance, because they considered the Swedes their friends. This incensed the Polish Catholic party, and when Bohuslaw Leszczynski went to seek aid in Prussia, he was denounced as an enemy of his country and the Catholic religion. Upon his return to Leszno he was promised pardon if he would leave Leszno, to its fate. He followed the advice and on the 23rd of April, 1656, he left Leszno for Breslau.

The enemies of the Bohemian Brethren then determined to destroy Leszno. There were stationed at Leszno three battalions of Swedish horse, who engaged in occasional skirmishes with the Polish near the city. On the 27th of April the Poles approached the city and were repelled; but their reserve forces drove back the Swedes and the citizens, and returning, set fire to some barns and mills. The citizens lost heart and many of them left the town in the night. The Swedes evacuated the town so that on the 26th the Poles found the gates open and the city nearly devoid of inhabitants. The next day they returned in greater numbers, plundered the town and set many buildings on fire. The church of the Bohemian Brethren they

filled with straw and then set it on fire. The conflagration lasted three days. All the buildings, including churches and the city hall, and about seventy windmills in the immediate vicinity of the town were destroyed. Komenský suffered an irreparable loss: his greatest work, a complete *Dictionary* of the Bohemian language, the result of forty years of labor, was destroyed by fire, as was also *Sylva pansophiae*, a philosophical work, a collection of sermons, etc.

The conflagration of Leszno was a fatal blow to the Unity. The Brethren fled to Silesia where they established new congregations; only a few returned and, assisted by their friends in Germany, Switzerland, England and Holland, rebuilt their church and school. The Bohemians had their preacher again, but the German element increased in power and influence, and German encroached upon the domain of Bohemian until Bohemian church services ceased forever.

Jan Tobianus, a Hungarian exile, was the last Bohemian preacher at Leszno (since 1676), and the last sermon preached in Bohemian was delivered here in 1700.

The Brethren, always faithful to their mother tongue, had died out; their descendants preserved their faith but nothing more. A few graves and a few books, that is all that reminds us to-day of the good old Brethren, who were driven from their country by religious fanaticism and never allowed to return from exile and never allowed to labor for the moral and material advancement of their mother country.

SVETOZAR HURBAN VAJANSKY.

It was on the eighth of September, 1892. Hluboké, a quiet Slovák village near Senice, witnessed a singular edifying spectacle. Crowds of Slovák men and women swarmed into the village, for it was a national holiday: a statue of Dr. Josef Miloslav Hurban, the gallant political leader of the Slováks and a real father of his people, was to be unveiled in the cemetery. The monument had been erected by the nation as a token of gratitude to its departed counsellor and leader, and thousands of faithful Slováks came to witness the impressive ceremonies. The gathering of Slovák patriots at the grave of the good old father would surely strengthen their patriotism and inspire them with new hopes for the future.

The solemnity of a grave—what is that to a Magyar fanatic? The Magyars hated Hurban while he was alive, they feared him when he died. The government officials immediately dispatched to Hluboké a troop of gendarmes who surrounded the cemetery and refused to admit any one. The widow of Dr. Hurban and his children were denied permission to enter, to see the grave! "The spot where a good man trod is sacred for ever," says Goethe. For a Magyar fanatic, however, there is nothing sacred. Ladies bringing wreaths to the grave were brutally driven away. Some of them began to weep.

A solemn mass was read in the church. Senior Leška delivered a sermon eulogistic of Hurban The gendarmes in the meantime kept guard over the gate and the grave. The commander was willing to let in the family and the nearest relatives of Hurban, provided they would ask for it and sufficiently identify themselves. This humiliating offer the family refused. The commander of the gendarmes then stepped forth and ordered the crowd to disperse "in the name of the law." The district captain followed, telling the people he had the right to prevent any gathering of people. The people were accordingly allowed merely to march by the cemetery wall; they saluted Hurban's statue and left for their homes. Maťuš Dula, Pavel Sekerka and three other prominent Slováks wrote a memorial of the events of the day and deposited it in the village archive. The telegraph soon informed the civilized world of the brutal treatment, to which the Slovák patriots were subjected at the hands of Magyar gendarmes.

Is it to be wondered at that Hurban's Son, Vajanský, should use bitter words when writing of these occurrences in his *Národnie Noviny* (National News)? He had been wronged both as a Slovák and as a son. In his account he simply told the truth and voiced the indignation of his countrymen. The truth displeased the Magyar despots who had Vajanský indicted for "instigating the people against state institutions and the Magyar nation." Telling the truth about the rulers has ever been a crime in Austro-Hungary. An opposition journalist is always sure of conviction. The courts of Presburg found Vajanský guilty as charged, and on the 17th of December, 1892, the Slovák journalist was sentenced to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for one year, to pay a fine of 300fl. and the cost of the trial amounting to 157fl. The injustice of the proceedings is only a small chapter in the history of Magyar tyranny. In his misortune Vajanský found many active sympathizers in the Slavonic world, and notedly in Bohemia, where persecution of national journalists has ever been the regular order of the day. Vajanský served the full term in the penitentiary at Szegedin; he was released February 17, 1894, and at once resumed his duties as a teacher of the Slováks and a fearless champion of their sacred rights.

Svetozár Hurban Vajanský, poet, novelist and journalist, is a worthy son of his father, the late lamented Dr. Josef Miroslav Hurban. His has been an eventful and interesting career. Having originally studied law, he was in turn a lawyer's clerk, a soldier, and then a lawyer himself, though for a long time he was unable to settle down permanently: with a book of Pushkin's poems he traveled all over the country, looking for a place where he might open a law office. At last he embraced journalism as a profession, and, it must be admitted, has rendered his people invaluable services as a journalist, though at the same time, he had to drink of the cup of bitterness,

which is ever in store for a Bohemian or Slovák journalist in Austria as well as Hungary,as may be gathered from the incident we have narrated above.

As a novelist, Vajanský, holds the foremost place among his Slovák contemporaries, particularly in regard to a faithful portrayal of contemporaneous Slovák life. He is noted for his unusual power of accurate observation of men and matters, and a faultless form of expression—for he is a master of language. His early works, *Siroty*, 1873; and *Tři kabanosky*, 1879; naturally betray a novice in the art, but a steady progress is noticeable in his later productions, from the *Obrázky z l'udu*, sketches of the People's life, 1880; the novels *L'alija* and *Kandidát*, 1880, down to his latest productions, the novels *Babí léto*, Indian Summer, and *Klid duše*, The Soul at Rest, Olomouc, 1894.

As a poet, Vajanský opens a new era in the history of Slovák poetry. The pseudo-classicism of Hollij, the romantism of Sládković and Paulíny, the popular tone of Chalúpka's Muse are all things of the past: the poetical works of Vajanský, inspired by love of liberty and a belief in a brilliant future of the Slavonic race, breathe an independent spirit of their own. In respect of poetical form Vajanský is *facile princeps* among his colleagues, for he is the first Slovák poet who has carefully followed the laws of verse and poetical composition. This has been due to his studies of contemporaneous poetry of Bohemia, where the form of poetic expression has attained to perfection.

What has just been said of Vajanský's poetry is true of both volumes of his poems: *Tatry a more*, The Tatra Mountains and the Sea, and *Z pod jarma*, From under the Yoke. The name of the latter sufficiently indicates its contents: complaints of the son of an oppressed nation and the belief in the ultimate victory of justice and liberty. In the first collection, the Tatra mountains represent the poet's home, Slovensko; the "sea" is the Slavonic sea, the Adriatic, the eastern shore of which is inhabited by Serbian Slavs. The *Jaderské listy*, Letters from the Adriatic are a fruit of Vajanskýs journey to Dalmatia, 1878. The volume *Tatry a more* contains both epic and lyric poems. The largest epic *Maják*, The Lighthouse, is well and effectively composed, its story, however, appears to be hyperromantic. The best poem of the collection is the epic *Herodes*. It tells of the kidnapping of Slovák children by the Magyars, who carry them away to thinly populated Magyar districts in order to increase their own numbers—a crime daily perpetrated by Magyar barbarians,—of the escape of two little children from their tormentors and their death under the wheels of a railroad train. Judging by the subject, we should expect a tragic poem, but the poet has given his work the form of an idyl rather than a tragic satire. Of the smaller poems the best are: *Jelena Guslar*, The Fiddler; *Jedla*, The Pine; *Na rozhraní*, On the Border; *Gnom*, The Gnome; and the great allegory *Kykymora*.

Vajanský is truly a poet of his country. His poems breathe the true Slavonic Spirit which, clothed in the light musical verse, cannot fail to make his poems popular. To be sure, Vajanský's readers are to be found not only in northern Hungary, the poet's home, but throughout the Bohemian countries. Of his *Tatry a more* all copies printed were sold and the volume *Z pod jarma* was published at Prague. It is not to be forgotten that Vajanský writes his poems not in the Bohemian literary language but in Slovák, and for this reason the appearance of his poems at Prague is doubly significant. Vajanský's faith in the future of the Slavs is fittingly expressed in these manly verses:

Duch slavský
vyšinul sa na kosmickú slávu:
Slavian drži zemgul'u za hlavu!
— — — — —
Zaleť, duch mój, na chvilenku smelo
od severnej točny ku rovniku!
Vráť sa! Čo si videl na tom lete?
"Slavian rozprestretý po pol svete!"

Slavské slovo zvučí na severe,
mená dáva polarnému svetu;
do neznámych končín rúbe dvere,
nieto hraníc víťaznému letu:
a ty, synku, čo pod Tatrou stojíš,
ty sa o to svoje slovo bojíš?!....

THE POET OF PANSLAVISM.

(Continued.)

III.

This poetry just budding was to expand under the influence of a new sentiment: love. One day the young student was invited to come to preach to Lobda, or Lobeda, a town in the neighborhood of Jena. The pastor, John Frederic Schmidt, was sick; he had a daughter, Wilhelmine; the improvized preacher fell in love with her, and his love was returned, Schmidt! Wilhelmine! There was very little of Slavonic in them. Was Kollár going to love a German maiden? What a disappointment for his patriotism! After some conversations he discovered with immense joy, that his beloved one was of Slavonic descent. The family of the Schmidts had emigrated from Lusatia in the past. They still spoke the Wendish or Serbian language, which has survived to this day between Bautzen and Kottebus. They represented that extinct race of Polabian Slavs in whom the poet was so deeply interested. His patriotism and his heart were in accord. He could love Mina without scruples; to him she became a living symbol of Slavia, the Laura of Petrarch, the Beatrice of Dante. Under the influence of love he devoted himself to the study of those extinct peoples with greater zeal than ever.

"After my return to Jena," he says, "I began to experience feelings heretofore unknown, poignant griefs like those that seize us in cemeteries, but grand in a different way. I grieved for the death of the Slavonic people of those countries, for the extinct and crushed-out Serbians. Every locality, every village, every river and every mountain bearing a Slavonic name appeared to me like a tomb, a monument in a gigantic cemetery. I would visit and study all communities bearing Slavonic names and search if I could still find any traces of the primative nationality."

It may be that this archaeological patriotism will make

the reader smile; let him remember, however, that it was an analogous sentiment that brought about a union of Germans. Unfortunately, Kollár forgot that historical and geographical conditions of the Slavs had nothing in common with those of the German people, who possessed an unbroken territory and a common language. However, poetry cares little about realities; the dream is its element; and to those dreams Kollár owes some of the highest inspirations of our century. Hear his verses:

"Ay, here lies that country before my tearful eye, once the cradle now the coffin of my nation. Stop, my foot, sacred are the spots that thou treadeth on. Toward the sky, son of the Carpathians, lift thine eye, or rather rest against that tall oak, which to this day resists the ravages of time. But he is worse than time who, in these regions, let fall his iron rod upon thy neck, Slavia; worse than savage wars, worse than thunder, worse than fire is the blinded man who directs his rage against his own race. Oh! ye long centuries, that lie around me like a night, O country, image of glory and shame! From the treacherous Elbe to the voracious fumes of the Baltic, where once resounded the harmonious voice of the valiant Slavs, there is reigning dead silence. That voice is mute. And who is guilty of that injustice that cries to heavens? Blush, thou envious Germania, Slavia's neighbor! Thy hands committed that crime. No enemy ever shed as much blood and ink as thou didst, in order to destroy Slavia. He who is worthy of liberty himself knows to respect the liberty of others. He who throws slaves into chains is himself a slave, though he fetters the hands or the tongue, it is all the same . . . for he does not know how to respect the rights of others. . . .

Whither have you disappeared, Slavonic nations, who had lived here, nations that drank the sea and the Sale? The peaceful race of the Serbians, the descendants of the Obotritan empire? Where are you, tribes of the Wiltsi, grandsons of the Ukri? I look to the right in grief, I turn my eye to the left, but in vain does my eye seek Slavs in Slavia. Tell me, trees, their growing temples, in whose shade they used to burn offerings to ancient gods. Where are those nations, their princes, their cities? . . . . When a son of Slavia comes to see his brethren in this country, his brother knows him not, presses not his hand in sympathy. Foreign language flowing from Slavonic lips amazes him; the eye sees a Slavonic face, but the ear hears a stranger and undeceives the eye* . . . .

This passionate love for the Slavonic race and the love for Mina fought a duel in the poet's heart and the first was a victor. After the death of pastor Schmidt, Kollár was offered the vacant curateship of Lobda. He refused: "I am not a German," he replied, "I am a Slovák and must consecrate my life and powers to my people." It was nearly the same as that later given by Palacký to those who offered him a candidacy for the German parliament of Frankfort-on the-Main. The sacrifice was a painful one, for Mina's mother would not marry her daughter out into Hungary, which she considered a country of Barbarians, a sort of Siberia. The unhappy lover had to leave Saxony broken-hearted; it is true he obtained permission to correspond with his sweetheart, but the correspondence often left him without news. He finally tried to imagined that Mina died; being dead, she became his Muse more than ever; he was to marry her at the end of 15 years. We should like to know whether they were happy in family life; unfortunately the poet's memoirs do not go farther than his student life, and the latter part of his career we know only from his writings.* He left Jena with his heart broken; a sojourn in Bohemia brought him consolation, for there he was among his brother Slavs again. It was his second visit to Prague, the golden city of a hundred turrets:

"What a difference," he writes, "between this sojourn and the first one! The first time I was as ignorant as Adam in the paradise; now I have tasted of the bitter and painsgiving fruit of the tree of knowledge; it seems to me that Prague represents the history of Bohemia in stone."

After his return to Presburg he often talked with love about Bohemian history with his young friend Palacký. Both were equally engrossed by the miseries of their race and thinking of some means to remedy them: Palacký calm and grave, as became a future historian; Kollár fiery and ardent, like a poet.

"My dear friend," he would exclaim during their intimate conversations "we are unhappy, our people is miserable. Now I see its sad situation and all that it lacks. While I was speaking thus, we both wept, holding each other in embrace, having no witnesses save the moon that was shining above our heads."

This noble grief the poet expressed later on in one of the most touching sonnets of the "Slávy Dcera," The Daughter of Sláva.

"O Lord, O Lord, Thou Who hast always willed good for all Thy people, alas! there is no one in the world who would render justice to the Slavs.

"Wherever I have gone, the lamentations of my brethren have everywhere clouded the joy of my soul. O Thou, judge of judges, I ask Thee, what is my people's guilt?

"They heap wrongs, great wrongs, upon my people, and the world laughs at our complaints and our sorrows.

"May Thy wisdom enlighten me about this, at least. Who is the sinner: he that does the wrong or he that suffers it?"

In 1819 Kollár was appointed vicar of the evangelical community of Buda-Pesth. It comprised Germans and Slováks; he endeavored to elevate the moral and intellectual standard of his countrymen; he founded a school for them and established them as an independent parish. His Slavonic patriotism made him unwelcome to the Magyars and he had constantly to struggle to maintain the delicate post he occupied. Sometimes he had to seek

*From the Prologue to Kollár's poem entitled "Slávy Dcera." It is one of the most celebrated pieces of Slavonic poetry.

*His wife survived him; from those of her letters which have been published in the correspondence of the Russian servant Pogodin we learn, that she fell into poverty, that she and her daughters were supported by the Emperor Francis Josef I., and that she finally retired to Weimar. After her husband's death she sold even his books in order to make a living and offered them at a discount in order to obtain money to enable her to return to Germany. Such was the end of her who had been the Muse of the Slavs!

protection by the Emperor Francis I., who really was not angry to see the Magyars kept in check by the Slavs. Now they would attempt to wrest from him a resignation, and again they would threaten to assassinate him. In spite of all the efforts of his enemies he remained firm and staid. He left no memoir of that period of his life but from those of his letters which have been published we may judge what persecutions he had to suffer.

"We the Slováks, he wrote in 1834 to his friend the Pole Maciejowski, "have hardly any time to occupy ourselves with archaeology. Our enemies the, Magyars, endeavor to annihilate our language and our national character; the struggle for life is our most sacred duty".... We must fight for the prize of our blood," he wrote a few years later, 1839, to the same correspondent. "Year after year the Magyars treat the Slavs more cruelly; their fury against me whom they consider to be the chief, passes all description. They look upon every Slavonic book that appears here as an attack upon the Magyar nation".... "Several times they have suspended me from the pastorate, he wrote in 1841 to the celebrated physiologist Purkynje. "On a Sunday they sent a bailiff to me to forbid me to go the church."*

We ought to cite the whole letter, but he speaks more of the troubles of his Slovák countrymen than of his own. Those sufferings are testified to by other men beside him. In a letter of the young Russian professor Bodiansky to his colleague Pogodin, dated March 13th, 1839, I read this: "As I write these lines, Kollár enters my room with his face distorted with pain and hands me a letter in which numerous threats are made against him, if he shall not quit busying himself with Slavism and the Slavs. The anonymous writer promises he will come to kill him on the 12th of September next, unless he changes his conduct. The Magyars are still as savage as they were a thousand years ago. One must be here to see to what degree of brutality the persecution of the Slavs has been carried... "But what are you going to do?" I asked Kollár.—"Withdraw thyself away from the wicked and thou shalt do well" he answered; "for twenty years I have been fighting against those savages and cannot pass a day that would not be poisoned by them......they have ruined my health."

From this letter we conclude that Kollár once entertained the idea of retiring to Russia; but he did not dare to decide to go. Mayhap he was detained by his wife. In 1849 he made a journey to Northern Italy, Tyrol and Bavaria, not so much for the sake of seeing those interesting countries, as for the purpose of finding out the more or less authentical traces of Slavonic peoples by whom they had been inhabited. Though always a great poet, Kollár was really only a mediocre archaelogist; in him imagination prevailed over judgement; but the science was still in its infancy and the dogmatical form in which he announced his supposed discoveries over awed many readers. In 1849 he was appointed professor of Slavonic archaeology and mythology at the university of Vienna; in 1850 the grand duke of Mecklenburg invited him to come to his country to study Obotritan antiquities. Two years after he died; upon his tombstone his countrymen engraved the following inscription: "While living, he carried the whole nation in his heart; being dead, he lives in the heart of the whole nation."

*Slovanský sborník, 1887.

III.

The work of Kollár is considerable and its different parts are of very unequal value. As a preacher he has left a collection of sermons which do not rise above honest mediocrity; as an archaeologist and linguist he has writen voluminous dissertations concerning the goddess Slávia (who has never existed, however, except in his imagination) and the origin of the Slavs; an enormous volume ancient Slavonic Italy, a collection of archaeologist fancies; his book of Italian travels reads agreeable notwithstanding its caprices; his memoirs from which I have borrowed more than once, are full of charm and interest. We owe to him also a collection of Slovák folksongs, which have remained a classic and which would deserve to be republished; but his principal work which, notwithstanding its defects, will cause his name to descend to the remotest posterity, is the great poem entitled the "Daughter of Slávia." We shall study it presently. But we must first examine a little work which made considerable noise in its time and which marks an epoch in the history of Panslavist ideas; it is a pamphlet entitled: On the Literary Reciprocity among the Tribes and Dialects of the Slavonic Nation (Uber die Literarische Wechselseitigkeit zwischen den verschiedenen Stammen und Mundarten der slawischen Nation). This little work which appeared in 1837 in Pesth was only a reprint of articles published in the "Hronka," a Bohemian review. The Hronka did not have readers among all Slavonic nations, and the best way to make oneself understood at Belgrad, Warsaw and St. Petersburg was still to write in an international language like the German. Really, it was in German that the manifesto of literary Panslavism was published. This Panslavism appears not to be very dangerous. For a long time, Kollár says in effect, the Slavonic peoples had been separated from one another. Since some time they have commenced to regard themselves as a great people and they consider their different idoms as dialects of an identical language. This moral union answers to an urgent need, it deserves the attention of every enlightened Slav; perfectly innocent in itself as it is, it may give ground to misunderstandings and errors. Now what is the literary reciprocity of the Slavs? It is the common interest which all the branches of the Slavonic people take in the intellectual productions of their nation. How is it practiced? By buying and reading books published in all Slavonic dialects. Each dialect is to draw new strength from the others, to refresh and enrich itself with their aid. This is really a very just idea; the Slavonic languages have too often been vitiated under the influence of foreign idioms: of German, (the Bohemian and the Polish;) of Turkish, (the Serbian and Bulgarian;) and of French, (the Russian.) They have the greatest interest in invigorating one another. Fears may arise lest this lexicographical or grammatical reciprocity should be a mask for the idea of po-

litical union. Kollár anticipates the objection. This reciprocity, he says, does not consist in a political union of the Slavs, in the intrigues of demagogues or revolutionary movements against the governments which only bring about disorder and catastrophes.* It may exist even though one nation be living under several sceptres and be composed of many states, principalities or republics. Reciprocity is still possible in a nation which practices several religions, has different alphabet, customs or climates. It does not endanger secular authorities, for it does not attack either the frontiers or the power of rulers. It preaches love for the nation and the language, but also obedience and fealty to the monarch. Then follows an able eulogy on the emperor, Francis I, a protector of the Slavs who encouraged the labors of their savants in Dalmatia and Bohemia.

*The Croatian Jellacich also said: "They accuse us of being Panslavists; but our sympathies are with the Slavonic peoples and not with their governments.

[To be continued.]

THE SOLOMON OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY JAKUB ARBES.

[CONTINUED.]

The mother and boy recovered their health in a few days and left the hospital. The mother's first thought was to find for her son a home and some bread for the beginning.

God alone knows how those poor people manage to succeed in like cases! That much is certain, however, that they usually secure those two prime necessaries of a wretched existence with greater ease than any member of the so-called higher classes of society when, with or without his fault, he suddenly becomes bankrupt. Strange to say, nearly always do they find sympathy and support among wretches like themselves....

The boy began to "make his way in the world." He lodged at a poor tailor's in an old house at the Malá Strana, in a little room occupied by seven persons, the windows opening on the Petřín. In spring, summer and autumn the view was magnificent.

In winter he would sleep in the shelf of an old clothes-press, in summer, on top of the narrow hen-house which the landlord had built some years ago and in which he kept old rubbish instead of young chickens. And it was in this very place where through the only window he could view the royal castle of Hradčany and the St. Vitus Cathedral, that he spent the happiest hours of his life in dreaming....

For his rent he paid "in kind," as the lawyers say, by working at odd jobs wherever his assistance was needed: chopping wood, tending the children, running errands, drawing water, etc. And as he was a smart, cheerful and obliging little boy, he obtained occasionally an extra reward: a slice of bread or what was left of supper....

Dinners he knew well how to secure: he had been instructed by his mother. Every day he would go out with a little pot in his hand and wait till noon in front of the main entrance to the nunnery of the Ursulines. And when the door opened at twelve, he would quickly slip into the dusky hall, offer his pot at the window, and the pot having been filled by the charitable sisters, he would sit down somewhere in the corner and eat his dinner face to face with Christ, who looked down upon him from the crucifix with an expression of sympathy and disdain, as it seemed.

Thus he began his career, in this wise the modern Solomon commenced to pick up grains of truth and wisdom on the arduous path of life.... All that was, however, a mere beginning! For nearly a quarter of a century he had to make his living in a similar way. He had to live a life of anxiety and fear of to-morrow, a life of constant struggle for the necessaries of life, a life full of hardships before he gathered a sufficient number of the grains of wisdom to be rewarded by the office of judge in a small country town, presiding over one of the numerous Bohemian circuit courts of the first instance.

The road to that brilliant "goal of life" upon which many subordinate state officials fasten their eyes in vain longings, presented an unbroken series of battles with many-headed monsters which even in our "enlightened" times are still awaiting their redemption, such as: prejudice, envy, hatred, contempt, suspicion, inhumanity and all the numberless graces, which accompany all honest efforts, all real talents whether exhibited publicly, or in the narrow circles of a few. He had to fight separately each of those monsters in different garbs and disguises, and at times he had to resist all of them at once. He had to shun, avoid or evade them, to flee or manfully brave them, in a word, he had to travel a thorny path, amid the hot shot of human prejudices, in order to reach the land of promise.

In the lower classes he was always looked upon as a child made of a different sort of clay than were those charming little creatures fashionably clad in velvet and silk, who were not to blame, because their good parents, rich in worldly goods, did not dress them in coarse cloth, as was the case with him—in processions and on other like occasions, when his class appeared in public, his coarse garb always spoiled the good effect upon the spectator's eye of his colleagues' fine dress. Besides, the timidity, bashfulness and humbleness which he exibited on all occasions, would not convince anyone, that the mind of the strong and healthy, though hungry, boy would require any particular care and attention. He will get along somehow or other, they said, he will get along without any educational aids in the form of private tutors, picture-books and other playthings—and if he won't—what does it matter?

After two years he entered the "higher classes." Thanks to his advancement in learning, he was able to render some service to "society," for he was appointed tutor and private instructor to boys, richer though less talented than himself, whom he taught the ABC and other sciences; and grateful society, or rather those, who called those less gifted boys their possession, or rather their little angels, pets, golden treasurers, etc., rewarded him, as a useful member of society, for his work, trouble and loss of the most precious time,—now with what was left of dinner, now with an article of shabby clothing, or with a few pennies.

The higher he rose in learning and age, the more he was able to earn. However, he enjoyed no yearly stipends. For he had among his ancestors no one who would have been particularly successful in life, and would have provided, in his testament, for an annuity for any of his descendants who would prove himself an industrious and talented student, to be descended directly or indirectly from one common ancestor, and to have been vaccinated.

He did not have enough powerful friends to apply for any stipend granted upon the conditions just enumerated: he was neither the son of a bankrupt banker, or wholesale merchant, nor the son of any state official of high or low degree, or of any person, who had done some service of note to the state or to society, ay, he was not even the son of a man or woman who had any friends among those, who graciously distribute the aforesaid stipends and fellowships among the "most deserving" applicants—and for this reason he never thought of making any application at all.

Tuition fees were occasionally remitted to him, but this extraordinary grace he had to win, by presenting a so-called "testimonial of excellency," a document showing that he had digested all that was taught in the school just as it was presented to him to be digested.

And thus he rose step by step, on the ladder of the traditional system of general education. Soometimes the ground was quaking, that it was a wonder the climber did not fall down at once; at other times the ladder would give way, so that a chill would run through the bones; at times the foot would slip and the climber fall down several steps,—still the instinct of self preservation gave him strength and courage.

Thus he completed at last the prescribed preparation for life and with a bound he entered active life: he became a practitioner at court and later on, a state official.

Even now his advance in office was very slow. It is true—it was not so very bad, he might have been justified in feeling proud and happy.... But the object of man's life, it would seem, is rather different from what thousands of selfish sybarites understand it to be, who know no one but themselves and their nearest friends, and in whose eyes everyone who

has not been so happy as to rise above all incongruities of the world and with Olympic tranquillity to look down upon misfortune and suffering—is a poor fool....

Our hero was not a sybarite. His past had made it impossible for him even to rise to that philosophical standpoint. A mere child, he already thought of his parents and their misery....

And when he had succeeded in Prague in securing a living, so that he was sure he would not starve the next day, he ever sought to alleviate the sufferings and misery of his dear old mother and his unhappy, cripple father whom the world had forsaken.

For several years he had to subsist on the small salary of a judge's assistant, whom they would transfer from one place to another, and at the same time he supported two boys of his sister, who were then studying at Prague; suddenly, however, and without any apparent reason, almost by chance, he was appointed circuit judge.

It was in that office the admirable qualities of his mind and heart began to attract any attention: first then even men of dull apprehension began to understand, that the judge was what, in common parlance, we style, a "character"—that he was a good, straightforward, kindhearted man, that he was an honest, impartial, wise and humane judge, in a word, that he was a model man....

That is all that can be said of his past. Those numberless impressions which inevitably affect the thin threads from which a man's character is gradually woven, will doubtless remain a secret for every one who traveled a different path in his life; but he that traveled a similar path will agree with us, if we conclude that our hero became a charitable Solomon for the very reason, that he had to travel the thorny path we have just shortly described.

* * *

There is no doubt that the presence of a man with a like past, a man of such principles and mental qualities as was the judge, would, in due course of time, certainly have exercised considerable influence upon impressionable people and all who are accessible to enobling influences.

True humanitarians, who are ever glad and willing to acknowledge any "turn for the better," however slight, every mark of progress, and every hopeful sign that predicts a better future, would have surely admitted that the beneficent influence of the new judge was palpably evident.

It is true, that, at first, his influence appeared merely in the resolutions of those, with whom the new judge came in contact, and to whom, either by an honest impartial decision, or by his model life, he had opened the prospects of a new life.

Here and there one might have registered certain good resolutions followed by action; which seemed to indicate a real "turn for the better" in isolate cases at least; yet it was still impossible to prove, whether all this was done under his influence or from selfish motives.

Thus a half year passed away. Time destroys all the charms of novelty, genuineness or other striking features of anything that may have surprised the public at first—and similarly the halo which had surrounded the new judge began to disappear.

He ceased to attract the universal attention. All that had been so striking in his character, his life and his demeanor, gradually lost the charm of novelty. By and by the people grew accustomed to all his peculiarities, and before a few months had elapsed, there was not a single man in town who would have believed that things might run otherwise than they did.

Besides, the quiet, modest, almost model man, did not make any attempts to draw waning public attention towards himself once more. He did nothing that would arouse curiosity or force his personality to the front—he simply attended to his duties and lived exactly like any other man, who, satisfied with his own lot, does not ask or expect anything from the world or its inhabitants.

He was no longer spoken of as frequently in public and private walks of life as used to be the case before. It is true, his name was still mentioned as respectfully as before and no one would dare to pronounce an opinion of him less favorable than was usual in the early days of his stay in the town, and whenever he appeared in public or in a family circle, he was always treated with the respect due to the most deserving of men. Notwithstanding all this he gradually lost the eminent position he had held in the public life of the county, until he sank to the level of a man, to whom retirement is the ideal of life. It seemed, however, as if he had desired himself such a state of things to come about; for as his popularity was waning, he shunned all publicity and intercourse with men with whom he had nothing to do, so that he was at last rarely missed even at the noisiest public celebrations.

He loved seclusion; in the evening he would go out all alone and take a stroll among the trees; at times only, when the weather was particularly fine, could he be seen in the company of his sister or his aged father.

And whoever met him, saluted him most respectfully—and whoever saw him supporting the silver-haired old gentleman, was unable to suppress a singular emotion—and greeted them all the more respectfully, or would stop and take a long look after that model of a son.

All things have an end, says a certain proverb.... The judge was not only an honest, wise, impartial judge, but also an ideal of man, a man with a good heart, who was ever willing and ready to assist the poor and the unfortunate regardless of condition or age, whether they were responsible for their misery or not.

He did so in secret, with all the prudence of a man who desires that his actions should remain unknown to others.

But what will ever remain secret in a little country town?

The benevolence of the judge and his acts of charity did not remain secret for long. It is true he did not publish the facts himself, but was betrayed by those whose bitter lot he had sought to sweeten for a few moments at least.

No one in the town and the vicinity saw anything unusual in the matter. Everyone looked upon the matter as something quite natural and also honorable, for who in the world would, in the nineteenth century, be struck with wonder seeing a man doing good, and who would dare censure a humanitarian for his sympathy with the poor?

Nobody was surprised, no one censured him therefore; on the contrary, every one praised him, ay, many citizens expressed the desire to see all men of means do likewise.

It is true the judge did not work any wonders in charity. His means were limited: yet he had enough to enable him to satisfy any beggar who ever knocked at his door.

He could not give rich alms—but the dime which any one who came to beg for alms on a Thursday was sure to receive from the hand of the judge or his sister or father, would satisfy any beggar, especially so, as he was made understand, that he would receive a like alms on any Thursday he might come in.

Why he was to come on Thursday, and not on Friday, "the beggar's day," was incomprehensible to those unfortunates. However, he who knew that years ago, when the judge, then a small boy, made his first journey to Prague, it was on a Thursday that he and his mother were rescued from a snowdrift, and he who would have known that the judge would not hinder the beggars in their Friday expeditions, might have explained the peculiarity.

The poor and the needy sought no explanations; every week they would drop in on Thursday and get their alms....

It is natural that this mode of giving alms should but slowly have found its way to publicity; for even among beggars there are envious and selfish individuals, who, gladly receiving alms themselves, are afraid to give any information to others of their class, lest they should lose their usual alms themselves, or lest it should be diminished.

In the first months the matter was known almost exclusively to the native beggars of the town who were the sole recipients of alms at the judge's hands. Later on beggars from adjacent communities learned of the matter and they, too, would regularly call for alms every Thursday.

[To be Concluded.]

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