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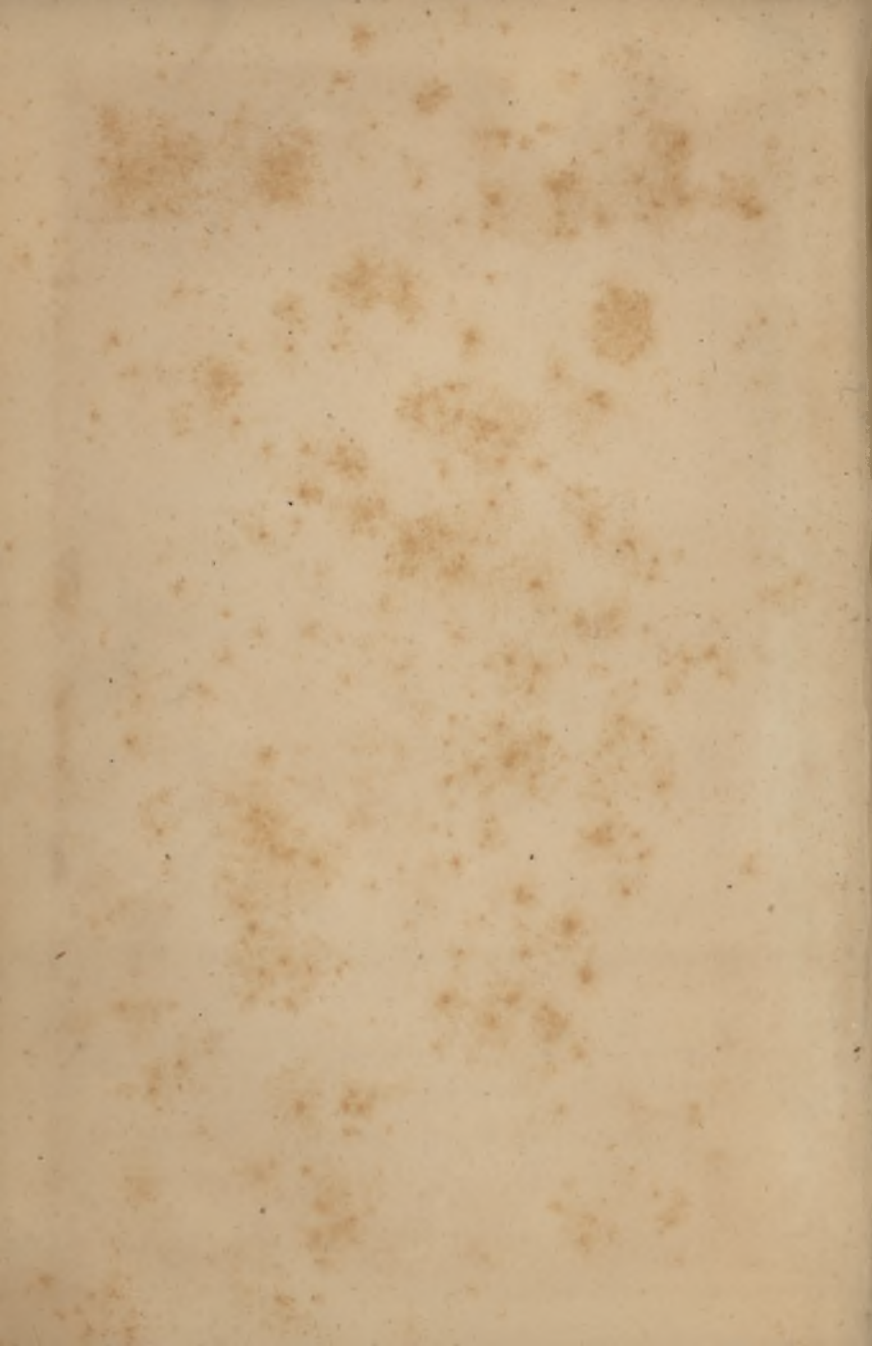
p 40 MONTESSORI 1866  
p 36 AUSTRIA - PRUSSIA

revenge for 1866 JULY

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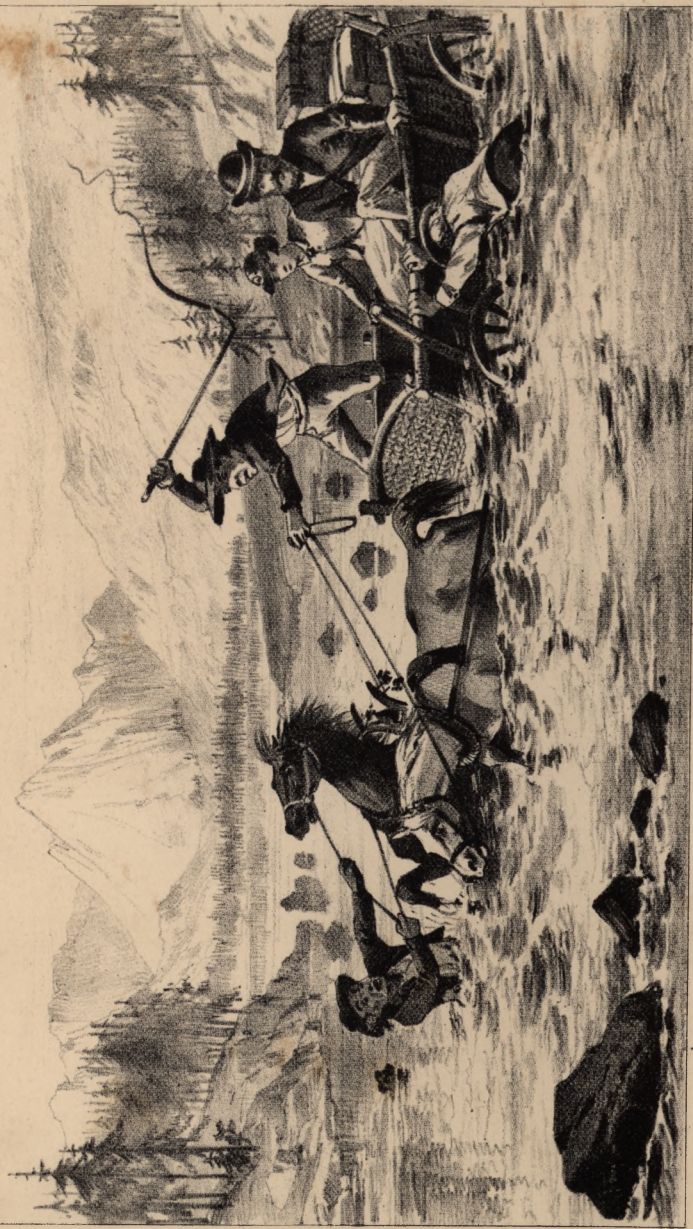
p 45 SLAVES = CZECHOSLOVAKS  
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FRONTISPIECE.



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TRY CRACOW  
AND  
THE CARPATHIANS,



*Our Carpathian Guide.*

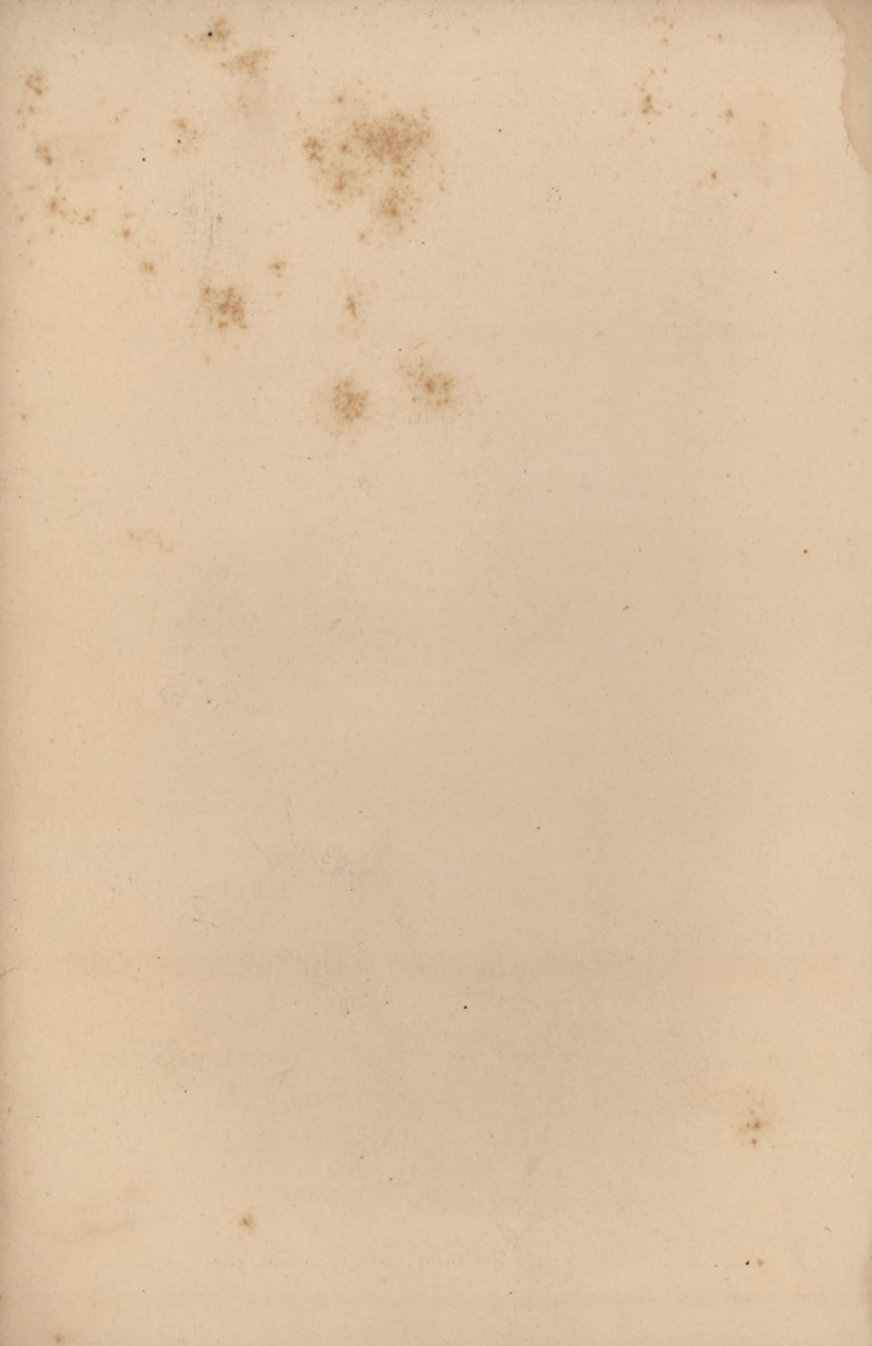
By  
ALEX<sup>R</sup>. H. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S.; F.G.S.,  
CAPTAIN ROYAL ARTILLERY.

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Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly, London.

c. 1871 - OR 1872  
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TRY CRACOW  
AND  
THE CARPATHIANS.

*under Haddon*  
BY

ALEX. H. HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S.,

CAPTAIN ROYAL ARTILLERY,

Author of "Try Lapland," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK :  
DODD AND MEAD, PUBLISHERS,  
762, BROADWAY.

1872

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# TRY' CRACOW AND THE CARPATHIANS.

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## CHAPTER I

Preliminary preparations—The start—Ostend—Its Digue and bathers—The sea is properly blessed—Thirty miles of pear trees—Cologne—Berlin—The returning heroes—Unter den Linden—The Zoological Gardens—The Aquarium—The Emperor and his Generals—Breslau—We eat land lobsters—Polish politics—The burnt theatre.

AGAIN the holiday season has arrived, and many symptoms warn the brain-worker that a resting time must come. He is unusually irritable and snappish, put out by the smallest trifles. Wakeful nights have taken the place of peaceful repose—his appetite fails—and lastly, the top of his head *will* feel like a huge hot potato, in spite of every attempt to cool it with the palm of his icy hand.

Away then from English scenes, air and food! Lock up books, papers, ledgers and letters! Fling to the winds that dearly cherished scheme and hobby: that

pet morsel of literary production, over which you have racked your aching head the last ten days—and if you object to “Try Lapland,” as many have done, from dread or dislike of the frequent voyages, come with us and try the Carpathians instead! the small streak of silvery sea is not difficult to cross.

Once more, on the 1st of July 1871, we start for an unknown land, armed with our usual amount of luggage, thirty pounds’ weight each. A bundle of wraps, lady’s handbag, fishing rod and tackle, and Mr. Solomon’s well-known travelling barometer. Alas! another article has to be added this time, more’s the pity!—a passport!—but we shy at the French visa, 8s. each, and no end of bother, and therefore discard the route by Calais or Boulogne, and choose the London passage to Ostend, by which the boats are larger and far preferable to those from Dover, the sea very little longer, and the expense very much less.

So after many barometrical observations and calculations, as to moon, &c. behold us once more outward bound! pacing the deck of the stout old tubby paddle, the “Holland,” as she steams away from St. Katharine’s wharf, with weather middling, and wind gusty, blowing in fitful starts from every quarter; and, we, poor creatures! anticipating the worst.

Every one knows the passengers on a short trip

steamer. There is the newly-married couple, attentive and affectionate; the stout mama from her shop for a time, bustling about with a brace of grandly dressed daughters; the retiring German governess, going home for her summer holiday; paterfamilias, blandly smiling on his troop and their numerous boxes; the dandy young man; and the young old man; with many a nondescript creature, from the shabbily clothed countess to the fashionable dressmaker, all scattered about promiscuously, with a few Belgians to complete the party.

Again we admired old Greenwich, sighed over deserted Woolwich, smelt Crossness, which ought to have an Eau like Cologne, passed dreamily on to Gravesend, Sheerness and Southend, and with a steady pace reached the Nore and found the "briny" tranquil as Virginia Water.

A lovely moon lighted us through the piles of the Ostend breakwater, and after the usual rocket had been fired to ascertain that the passage was clear (for it is a nasty narrow little place to enter), we drew up at the port to be bullied by our ancient enemies, the passport inspectors.

None but the ladies were allowed to go on shore without first descending into the cabin to show their passports and receive a ticket to be given up on landing.



Then came the Douane inspection. Huddled together in a very dirty room at 1 A. M. for such an object does not improve the temper! especially as our tormentors were particularly offensive, dragging out each article from our tightly packed little portmanteaus, as if a leader of the French Commune were lying perdu in every boot. This over, we must run the gauntlet of all the touters outside, jumping at last into the bus of our hotel and waiting another half-hour for the rest of the passengers before we started. We then and there registered a vow to have nothing more to do with hotel busses, and ever after took a carriage to ourselves, our light baggage enabling us always to arrive first at the hotel and get the pick of the rooms.

Safely housed in the Hotel d'Allemagne, we congratulated ourselves on being free at last from the babel of Flemish porters and drivers, though the shrieking and trumpeting of railway trains all night greatly interfered with our rest, and caused us to register vow number two, never again to choose a resting-place near the station.

Ostend may well be proud of its Digue, as the long breakwater is called. It is in fact a sea-wall, forming a promenade superior to anything in England, running for half a mile along the open sea and protecting the town of Ostend from further encroachments. There is

a fort at one end to keep off intruders, though they could easily shell the town without any danger to themselves, from ships opposite the other extremity. The sands at the base of the sea-wall stretch out a considerable distance at low water, and are quite as extensive as those at Scarborough, and at the same time harder and drier.

The bathing, too, affords much more amusement and seems to be more universal. Whole families may be seen flocking down all the morning, with the usual bundle of bathing dresses under their arms. Man and wife dressed in a more or less becoming costume, solemnly descend the steps of the same bathing machine, and hand-in-hand advance into the water, joining the throng of gaily dressed bathers of both sexes; their varied dresses of blue, mauve, green and scarlet forming quite a pretty picture from the shore. The men look as if in cricketing costume and the ladies like small Zouaves. Very few attempt to swim or float, they content themselves with bobbing up and down and round and round in circles, as if dancing the Mulberry Bush, occasionally diversifying the pastime by splashing the water in the face of some unfortunate individual whom they<sup>d</sup> have selected as a victim. It was a pleasant contrast to see an English boy dash into the sea diving under, or breasting a

wave, as he swam steadily out as far as the boundary boat.

This is moored at the extremity of the bathing-ground, with a red flag flying at each end of it, and occupied by two men ready to give prompt assistance if necessary, and also to warn all truant bathers to keep within the spot marked out by long posts fixed upright in the sand. Great care is taken by the authorities to prevent accidents; and besides the above named precaution, a professional swimmer perambulates the beach clothed in bright scarlet from top to toe, and provided with a large cork jacket. There is also a fixed bathing-machine in the rear, marked "Medical," and fitted up with every requisite for the recovery of the half-drowned. No doubt many valuable lives would be saved, if we took as much pains at our seaside watering-places.

We were fortunate in one respect, namely, that the day we were resting in Ostend, July 2nd, was the one devoted to the annual custom of blessing the sea, by showing it the sacred wafer, and by offering up prayers that it may perform many cures on the invalids, who flock here in great numbers at this season.

At daybreak, the numerous excursion trains began to arrive, discharging their varied loads in quick succession. One train bears a posse of gaping villagers,



who, with open mouths, peculiar costumes, and great bundles, rush pell-mell out of the station, anxious to secure a good position for the spectacle; the next, a detachment of soldiers, very small baggy-legged young men, marching or rather staggering along after a couple of discordant buglers.

Let me say what the poor soldier has to carry. His rifle, of course, then a ponderous knapsack with his cloak rolled round it, and fastened behind this, a large cooking-kettle; at his left side hang his sword, bayonet, and knife, each having a separate case and sling; at his right, a large water-bottle, and I must not forget a hatchet strapped on to the bottom of his knapsack; if he falls, he must be like a turtle on his back. He marches with a true "Grecian Bend," panting at every step, and as for running, it is out of the question, he could only glide gently along.

"La Bénédiction de la Mer," is no ordinary affair. Not only do all the people from the surrounding country attend, but a procession is carefully arranged, and dresses and scenery prepared weeks beforehand. It was a lovely day, the sun shining brightly as we entered the market-place, and found all the ecclesiastical authorities marshalling their followers ready for a start. Soldiers lined the streets to keep the way clear; and we took up our position at a corner, past

which the whole procession must defile. It seemed to be made up of various religious bodies and fraternities, interspersed with schools of boys and girls. Flowers had been strewn along the streets for them to walk on. One old woman dressed in white muslin, carrying some holy picture, wore a tinsel crown on her head, with six or eight festoons of flowers suspended from it, the ends borne aloft by children with gauzy wings to represent angels. The effect of the various parties as they walked along in their coloured dresses was extremely pretty.

First came an order of young girls in white and blue, another in white and red, like shepherdesses, with pastoral hats; then a number of little boys in white and green, and a group of acolytes clothed in scarlet and white lace, bearing banners and lilies, and life-sized figures of saints under huge gilt canopies. These were followed by grown-up women all in white, representing different virgins, the principal one personating the Virgin Mary herself, with a long white satin train borne by three others. A large image of the Virgin, also under a glittering canopy, was carried by priests at the head of this party; and a band of music brought up the rear, escorting figures of favourite saints in tawdry wood-work, as large as life and hideous to behold. Their honoured bearers were

surrounded by priests and saintly men, young and old, of the most devout mien and behaviour, who frequently relieved them of their burden, for these saints were of no slight weight, and a trestle was always at hand upon which to place them during a halt. The host itself was borne by an intelligent looking old priest, in gorgeous costume, walking slowly along under a baldacchino, his eyes never leaving the sacred treasure, which he carried in both hands. Acolyte boys swung their censers before him, and attendant priests guarded him on either side.

Every now and then a halt was called, and prayers were chanted by a band of chorister-boys, the bass supplied by four men in the background, who blew loudly through brazen instruments. At such a time, when everyone was expected to fall on their knees, there were but few among the crowd who responded to the call, and they principally peasant women from the country and children. Sad to relate, during one of the pauses, when the signal was given for all to kneel, an unfortunate chorister-boy near us, dressed in a long white surplice, found himself encumbered with a large bun, which he had purchased on the sly from an old lady who perambulated the skirts of the procession with a basket of these tempting delicacies. What was he to do? Both hands must be



folded in prayer, and down on his knees he must go. Happy thought! Tuck the bun (equal in size to three English ones,) under his chin, and the devotional droop of the head secures it in that position. The effect was marred, however, by his anxious glances towards the close-cropped ecclesiastic in charge of his detachment. We were happy to see he escaped detection.

On the sea-wall a wooden altar had been erected facing the sea, and after the whole procession had filed by it, the head priest mounted the steps, the others arranging themselves at the base and chanting prayers. The host was elevated three times before the people, and then the officiating priest carried it round and performed the same ceremony for the sea; minute guns from the fort at the harbour bringing the ceremony to a close.

By this time the clouds had been gathering around, and rain began to fall, soon coming down in a perfect deluge. Few of the unfortunate excursionists were provided with umbrellas, and many a smart bonnet and new coat must have fallen a victim to the elements. One elderly spectator from the country came plodding down the centre of the street, the rain pouring off his bare pate, not overwell thatched, while he carried his new tall black hat under his arm, carefully wrapped up in a red pocket-handkerchief.

Next morning we took the new route to Cologne *viâ*

Louvain. Along each side of this railway for fifteen miles, there runs a hedge of pear trees. They are trained on a fence made of iron posts standing four feet out of the ground, and six feet apart. These support three lines of iron wire, a foot above each other, the lowest a foot from the ground. Sticks are tied in a slanting direction between the two first wires to support the tender shoots of the young trees. They all looked well and thriving. What will be the amount of fruit upon these thirty miles of trees ?

Every traveller must be struck by the fertility of the country. Crops of rye-grass, buck-wheat, barley, hops and potatoes, crowded upon each other, testifying also to the industry of the people. Yet the captain of our steamer told me that the same cargo, which would take him the whole day to unload at Ostend, he could discharge in London in three hours, simply because the English worked so much harder than the Belgians.

Cologne was already full ; no beds at the Hotel du Nord, but we fortunately found a high back-room at the "Hollande." The Kölnites had not yet recovered from the war festivities, and were shrieking and howling all night.

Up early next morning, and off by the Hanover express to Berlin. The train shaky, as there had not been time to repair the permanent way since the war,

and tedious to boot, for convoys full of happy returning soldiers and Landwehr occupied every siding, and prevented our getting on at the usual pace. At one station we saw a valiant warrior wreathed from top to toe in a flowery garland; it passed round his neck, under one arm, and reached to his heels. We did not hear to what great exploit he owed this mark of distinction, but he was a hero in the eyes of the young damsel, who had not only decorated him with the conqueror's laurels, but now hung tenderly on his arm in loving admiration, and plied him with "Baierische Bier."

The foreign luggage-vans are very superior to ours in size, and when used for the transport of troops are fitted up with wooden benches. Forty men are stowed away in each van, and no small squeeze must it be, as their arms and kits must go in as well.

At Potsdam we stopped opposite one of these military trains ornamented with flowers and evergreens. The men said they were travelling back from France to be quartered in Königsberg, not far from the Russian frontier. They had already been four days and four nights on their journey unable to lie down, but seemed perfectly contented and happy. The officers were better off, occupying first-class carriages; each had his towel hanging to dry over the top of his own partition. The soldiers looked twice the weight of the brave



“Belge,” and had about half the things to carry that he had.

The country, as we neared Berlin, was flat and monotonous, and although we craned our heads out of the carriage window, nothing could be seen of the city till we drove, or rather crawled, down the “Unter den Linden,” in one of the slowest of the slow Berlin cabs. To the stranger, Berlin is almost all “Unter den Linden,” and “Unter den Linden” is Berlin; but I think every one must be disappointed, as we were, at sight of the two rows of wretched looking lime trees, of all ages and sizes—a dreadful scratch pack—scarcely a thriving one to be seen, and many dead and dying branches disfiguring the best of them. I suppose most of my readers are well acquainted with Berlin, and all know that the far-famed “Unter den Linden” runs through the centre of the town, extending from the palace to the Brandenburg gate, a distance of one mile.

They will also remember this heavy gateway in the style of the Propylean art at Athens, surmounted by a chariot of victory drawn by four horses, once taken by Napoleon to Paris, but afterwards restored again. Rauch's bronze statue of Frederick the Great, probably the finest military monument in Europe, can never fail to strike the traveller with admiration, while the beautiful bridge, adorned by its eight marble statues, seems

worthier of a better object than spanning the dirty little river Spree, which at this spot is barely fifty yards broad.

Of course we visited the Museum, that fine Grecian building exactly opposite to the royal palace; the latter huddled away in a corner, gives but a poor idea of the grandeur it really possesses.

Guide-books will give the best information as to the valuable collection of pictures and statuary in the Museum, and as this is not a guide-book we will descend the imposing flight of steps, adorned on either side by two magnificent bronzes,—the Amazon group, by Kiss, and the Lion Combat, by Wolff—and passing to the plateau below, admire the splendid granite basin, cut out of a single boulder, upwards of twenty feet in diameter.

Outside the Brandenburg gate lies the beautiful Thier-garten, which is nothing more than a large wood of birch, beech, and oak, with plenty of alder and under-wood, and here and there an unpleasant stagnant pond. Through this wood is cut in every direction enticing drives, walks, and rides, and you may walk for miles in the hottest day of summer and never see the sun. Its outskirts are bounded by handsome villas, with pretty little gardens in front, only requiring a lawn mower to make them perfect. At the extreme end

lie the Zoological Gardens, well worth a visit, not so much from the value of the collection itself, as for the very tasty and picturesque manner in which the habitations of the different animals are arranged. We noticed the new Lion House especially. Five of these noble beasts were pacing up and down in an immense iron cage, so constructed as to stand out from the brick building in which they slept, like a bay window, giving them almost the appearance of being at liberty in the grounds.

The Berlin Aquarium has long been celebrated, and is the model upon which the grand one at Brighton is being constructed. It is situated in the centre of Unter den Linden, and contains a number of birds and reptiles, as well as of fishes, mollusks, et cetera. The first corridor is lined with glass cases with sandy bottoms, where dwell snakes, vipers, lizards, and such like. The thermometer inside marked 82°. In one may be seen a number of bright green lizards, running about as lively as crickets; in the next, a collection of vipers, twenty or thirty of them, coiled in a knot round each other on the top of a small tree inside their case: they amuse themselves by putting out their fangs ready for a dart. Larger snakes follow, with several frogs hopping about in happy innocence of their danger, jumping from the back of one snake to the back of

another, and not caring a fig for their deadly enemy. We saw one of these monsters remove a pensive frog from his path, by giving him a gentle butt with his nose, and tossing him on one side. Then came rattlesnakes, most of them asleep, and a hungry looking puff adder, into whose den an attendant had just dropped a poor guinea pig from the top; it shivered with fright and cowered in a corner of the cage. As this did not arouse the adder, the man took a long pole and made the poor little creature run up and down. The adder opened his eyes and raised his head for a moment, stedfastly beholding his victim, but could not be persuaded to take any trouble about him, and before we left both adder and guinea-pig had quietly composed themselves to sleep.

Further on was the collection of birds, gathered together in high wire cages: they looked in good health, all had trees kept nice and clean by varnishing, a gravel walk, clear water, and green chickweed. Many were building nests of all sizes and shapes. The aquatic birds were provided with a sham seashore, sand, rocks and all, but in spite of this they looked rather miserable, and were in consequence somewhat quarrelsome; two of them with long legs and ruffs round their necks, had a cock fight on a small stone just standing out of the water. The weaker one



gave way at the third round and fled into the water, leaving his antagonist the sole possessor of the little island.

The fish and crustacea were on a lower story in a cavern, the only light coming through the water in which they lived. There were several fine specimens of crabs and lobsters. While we were looking at one of the former, he caught a passing tadpole, which he held fast in his mouth, pulled off the tail with his claws, threw it away, and then quietly devoured the head and body, much in the same way as some people eat shrimps.

Both water and air are continually flowing into each tank ; the latter has the appearance of spray. The fish were very healthy, especially the sea-water fish, and had but little of that white fungus outside their scales which used to make some of the fish in the Paris Exhibition so unpleasant to look at. Sea anemones, too, were in wonderful beauty ; and what a variety of colour and form they displayed !

Besides all these wonders of the deep, we saw crocodiles, alligators, bats, &c. Even a chimpanzee found a home in this unique aquarium.

It took three hours to go through the whole collection, and although in a confined space, there was no unpleasant smell. We enjoyed this exhibition beyond

anything; and if the Brighton one be only as good, it is sure to prove a great attraction to the town.

Berlin has every appearance of being one of the most prosperous and rising cities on the Continent. It has already doubled its population in the last thirty years, and its prosperity is shown, not only in the increased number of its streets and the total absence of all beggars, but in each of the principal thoroughfares the older and smaller houses are being pulled down to make way for handsomer and more imposing edifices. It had scarcely yet recovered from the great excitement caused by the reception of the victorious troops, when shoals of visitors only found food and shelter in the surrounding villages. The triumphal arches were still standing. On a public building opposite our hotel (du Nord) were coloured frescoes (executed in three days), capitally painted portraits of the Crown Prince and his principal generals, a plaster bust of the Emperor himself occupying the centre niche.

We could not admire another of these temporary erections—a white plaster monument in front of the palace, representing Victory crowning the returning heroes—as it looked uncommonly like a gigantic wedding-cake.

Not far off was a bronze statue of the late king on

horseback, which was unveiled on the same occasion. The less said of its beauty the better. These bronze statues abound everywhere; but they are always those of generals or kings, never of any civilian, however much he may have distinguished himself. One does not, however, require to be thus reminded that this is in the capital of a military nation, for officers and soldiers are swarming the streets all day. We saw the Emperor himself at his palace windows. He was holding a levee of his generals, who drove up, covered with decorations, in their carriages and crawlers. On one great man I counted fourteen medals alone, which overlapped each other in a long line across his breast, besides other orders hanging about in various places, wherever there was a vacant spot. Two dismounted Uhlans kept guard at the palace gate. What would Aldershot have said, had they ventured to turn out there as they do here, with boots far from clean, and accoutrements put on in a most slovenly manner? Yet these very men—for they carried the war-medal on their breasts—had not been found wanting in the hour of trial. Is not the ring of their praises still sounding throughout the world?

On the other hand, the appearance of the officers was very different. They always turned out as smart as new pins in their becoming uniforms. Happy fellows!

They said it only cost them £4 a suit, and there was no undress, mess dress, &c., to pay for besides.

The peculiarities of Berlin may be summed up thus : detestable old stone pavements, very bad horses (where are those they captured from the French ?), very few private turn-outs, no sparrows, and no striking clocks.

On leaving Berlin we had again a drive of a good mile to the station ; and gladly would we have exchanged our tedious bone-grinding cab for a London crawler.

The Breslau train formed no exception to most of the foreign ones—plenty of passengers, and a good deal of crowding. Here we found the Swiss or American cars, through which you can walk, in fact (if allowed) perambulate the whole length of the train. They are decidedly preferable in hot weather, as there is a cross current of air, which helps to cool the carriages. These being made of iron, and painted black, most certainly require it.

We noticed again, as we did all through Germany, that nearly every family was in mourning for some relative or connection who had fallen in the late war ; in fact, the saying of old is almost true again here, “there was not a house in which there was not one dead.”



Breslau, the capital of Silesia, once Polish, then Austrian, until it was taken by Frederick the Great, is a large manufacturing city, the second in size in Prussia, presenting to us nothing very remarkable in appearance as we drove in a most wretched drosky to the Golden Lion Hotel, a very grand building, with better accommodation and attendance than we had met with in Berlin itself.

But we begin to feel ourselves out of the English track. No *Times* to be found among the newspapers,—“So few English come here,” says the waiter in answer to my enquiry: and as we walk along the streets we attract such attention and are stared at so unmercifully, that we stare again at each other, to discover whether our hats are wrong side foremost or any other ridiculous accident has happened to the rest of our apparel.

We visited a garden concert in the evening, paying one penny apiece for our entertainment. Under these circumstances we are perhaps scarcely justified in complaining of the indifferent music, the miserable gardens, and second-rate set of visitors. We were finally driven away by the roaring of half-a-dozen children; swarms of them were round every table, and successively going into tantrums as bed-time arrived.

In the centre of the square opposite our hotel

stands a stone monument over the body of General Tauentzien, who was killed on this spot, while defending the town against the Austrians in 1760.

A grand dinner was given in the ball-room of our hotel the next day—a hundred and twenty of the principal journalists of Germany were having a “Sammlung,” and eating, drinking, and shouting to their heart’s content.

I was told that upwards of three-fourths of the party were of Jewish birth, which speaks a good deal for the Israelitish supremacy of brain.

Our table d’hôte took place at the same time, which may account for it being rather indifferent. One dish was new to us, which they called Land Crabs. In reality they were freshwater lobsters, boiled and served up in the same manner as we do ours, but they could not compare in flavour with their marine cousins. They were handed round, together with a napkin (for each person) highly ornamented with drawings of crabs. My neighbour was a Polish gentleman, from Warsaw, and as soon as I told him I was an Englishman he began to talk politics. He assured me that they still looked to France to revive and help them, expecting troublesome times very soon, when they might have something to gain, as they certainly had nothing to lose. As I penetrated deeper into Poland, I found his views

held by but a small portion of the educated Poles. He belonged to the extreme Conservative faction.

I tried to get some information out of him about the Carpathian mountains, but he knew nothing, and although he had never been there, he strongly advised us not to go, but to turn off into the adjacent "Riesengebirge," where there was pretty scenery, and above all, good accommodation and plenty to eat and drink. This was the third time, similar advice had been tendered by kind foreigners, but as we knew their tastes to be so very different from our own, we were nothing daunted, and thanking them for their consideration we "gang our own gait" nevertheless.

Sunday morning we attended service in the principal and very handsome church of St. Elizabeth; and a capital sermon we heard; a large congregation, consisting of quite as many men as women, listened with great attention. Nearly all the inhabitants of Breslau are Protestants, and the many little side chapels were all closed, and curtains hung before the pictures and images of the Virgin Mary and Saints. The church contains some fine pieces of old carving, and several antique wooden chairs. There are also a few curious old pictures. We returned by the charming shady walks which nearly surround the town.

Here, as in every German city, the inner fortifications

have been pulled down (the increased range of projectiles having rendered them useless), and a very pleasant promenade for the inhabitants has taken their place, planted with fine avenues of trees, and interspersed with beds of flowers.

There was water still in the old ditch, and big fat carp lay in dozens on the surface, basking in the sun.

There are no signs of the Jews in this place, with the exception of a magnificent synagogue, which is almost finished, surmounted by a large dome, towering over the city. It will take two years more before the internal fittings are completed.

We could not walk along the principal street without noticing the ghastly ruins of the grand theatre, an immense building, as large as Her Majesty's, which was burnt down for the third time a month ago.

The fire originated in the painting room, no one knows how, and soon spread in every direction; there was a full house, and the first act was just over. One can easily imagine the terror and confusion; but as it was an isolated building, it was provided all round with means of egress, and thereby only two lives were lost. Many had a very narrow escape, especially some of the actresses, who were lowered down by ropes out of the first-story windows only just in time.

The theatre belonged to a company, and with



300,000 thalers it was fully insured against fire. A grand museum is to rise from the ruins, while the legitimate drama will be removed farther away from the centre of the town.

I must not forget to mention the Rathhaus, a delightful old mediæval-looking place, with the scourging column in front; a grotesque figure of a little man stands on the top, armed with sword and cat-o'-nine-tails, reminding one of the ancient mode of administering punishment.

The river Oder, on both banks of which Breslau is situated, is navigable for steamers; we saw two plying up and down stream full of passengers, and carrying the Union Jack.

## CHAPTER II.

The Silesian black country—We cross the frontier into Galicia—The Polish Jew—The good-looking Jewess—Cracow—A poor night's rest—The bells, &c.—The Cloth Hall—We change our hotel—Satisfy the police—Soldiers bathing in the Vistula—Kosciusko and his mound—Splendid panorama—Austrian and Russian politics—Tumbledown fortifications.

THE next day we left Breslau for Cracow, in a very slow train, wondering how we should get on in speaking Polish, for though the notices in our room at Breslau had been written up in German, French, and Polish, and we had tried to master a few of the words in the latter tongue, we felt that we had failed entirely.

We travelled with a Prussian family, as usual in mourning. I was praising the marching of their troops during the last war, but they said it was at a great cost. The lady herself had lost a brother, in making a forced march to Strasburg. She went on to describe the difficulty there was in recovering the body of an officer, in order to bury it at home. It cost £200 to have it embalmed and sent, and she had known several cases

when after all the expense and trouble, the corpse on arrival proved to be that of an utter stranger.

The day was intensely hot, and we thoroughly appreciated the pleasant drinks handed round at the stations on this line; a glass of cool hock and soda-water, with strawberries floating on the top, for  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d, was most refreshing, but all these luxuries disappeared as we came near the Austrian frontier and passed through a regular black country. These Ober-Silesian mines looked as ugly as our own, destroying the vegetation and filling the air with smuts. They continued for miles to our intense annoyance, as we had to stop every ten minutes at one of these dirty stations. The coal was poor and dusty, and even when well screened, lustreless and small. The whole work of loading and unloading seemed to be in the hands of women, who stood ankle-deep on the tops of great heaps of coal (most pitiable-looking objects), filling the railway coal-waggons. Small towns were springing up around the stations, and several churches were in course of erection.

At length we bid adieu to this horrible district, and the scenery changes to fields of hay, all in large cocks ready for carrying.

The dark indigo-coloured dresses of the peasantry have given way to some of gayer colours, and fresh

white bodices and scarlet handkerchiefs adorn the Polish maidens ; for do not all the stations now end in " witz," and is not that distant outline on the horizon the noble Carpathians ? Yes, truly, we are at last in Poland. As for the cottages, they are changed as well as the costumes. Constructed now of whole logs of timber, one might almost fancy we had landed in Norway again, were they only painted red, and the interstices filled with moss instead of clay.

At a place called Oswiecim we had to change our train for one from Vienna to Cracow, waiting for it an hour and a half. We were not sorry for this break in our journey, as it gave us time to pass our luggage through the custom-house (as usual we spoke only English and had no trouble) and get something to eat.

We were now in Austria, to which half the station belonged, while the other half was allotted to Prussia, and as the two trains stood side by side there was a marked difference in the officials ; big stalwart Prussians, and neat small-featured Austrians. The Prussian train looked flourishing and comfortable, as if paying good dividends ; the other quite the reverse !

As we entered the station, we beheld for the first time a true Israelite, coming forward with no small alacrity to enquire whether we had any money to change, or if there was anything else he could do for us.



After we had politely told him we expected to return to Prussia, and should therefore retain any of that most disagreeable coinage we might happen to have left, he departed to try a deal with a compatriot. We watched this little incident with much interest.

On the steps of the station sits a good-looking not over-clean Jewish maiden ; she has two baskets in front of her with eatables for sale ; one contains hard-boiled eggs, the other coarse white fish, a kind of dace, which have been split open and dried and look like dirty white Finnan haddocks. He advances to inspect her wares. There is much gesticulation and much talkee, and it takes about five minutes for him to come to terms with the girl concerning one of the largest fish in her stock, which at last he takes possession of and slips, just as it is, into a long side pocket in his gaberdine.

With lingering regret he produces his purse and counts out seven copper kreuzers (a little over one penny) to pay for the fish ; while doing this, he unwittingly drops another kreuzer into her basket. The girl's dark eyes glisten as she saw it, though she said nothing. After the old Jew had left, a bystander, who had seen the coin fall, came up and told the girl about it, but she put on a most innocent face, pretended to look in the basket, and shook her head. We saw no more, but I fear the Jewish maiden appropriated the

coin, while we took the likeness of her careless purchaser. And here he is! A fine tall fellow, shrewd of countenance, with the Jewish physiognomy strongly portrayed. He wears a black skull-cap on his head, just showing under his tall chimney-pot hat; and a long black stuff caftan which buttoned up single-breasted to his chin, reaches down below the knee to the top of his high Polish boots. His hair is cut rather short, with the exception of a couple of corkscrew curls which hang down on the side of each cheek from under the aforesaid skull-cap. He walked erect, carrying a small stick in his hand.

This description will fit every Jew we met all through Poland. The richer ones had better clothes than the poorer, but if placed in ranks together, they would have matched as well as Her Majesty's Foot Guards.

There were several of them walking about at this junction, as different as possible from the people amongst whom they dwell. The stranger may well ask why do they flourish in Poland more than in other lands, although they are hated by the so-called Christians, and oppressed whenever there is a chance? Simply for this reason, that the Pole will not take to business of any kind; he is either a grand gentleman or a tiller of the soil, and despises trade most heartily.



We had often reason to be thankful for the Jews, as without them we should frequently have had nothing to eat or drink, and no one with whom we could speak in German or who could interpret our wishes to the natives.

The scenery as we approach Cracow becomes more interesting. The unvarying plains have given way to adjacent hills and distant mountains. The houses are quaint and tumble-down, and the coloured dresses of the peasants light up the picture as the sun sinks in fiery red below the horizon. The temperature in our carriage registers 87°. The soil itself is still sandy and evidently favourable for potatoes, which are planted across the ridges, three feet wide, instead of along the top as with us.

It is early in July, and the day has been cloudless, but at 8.30 it is too dark to read.

At 9 in the evening we landed at Cracow, and jumping into a two-horse drosky we were soon bowled along the streets at a pace more like that of a good London Hansom than anything we had experienced in Germany, pulling up with a jerk at the Hotel Dresden in the principal square.

This hotel, with walls like an old fortress, had been recommended to us by a Polish gentleman, but again we found that it is not advisable to consult foreigners as to

an hotel for English people—their requirements and ours are so very different.

The best plan is to ask for the hotels most frequented by the English, and at these one is more likely to find the little specialities in which we delight. We were shown into a large handsome room fronting the square, the outer walls five feet thick and the inner ones four feet. The beds were to all appearance perfectly clean, and we looked forward to a good night's rest after our long and fatiguing day of travel.

Our interview, however, with the chambermaid was not quite satisfactory, and might have been a warning as to what was to follow. We viewed our one small basin and water jug with dismay, and begged for some addition to this department.

“Impossible!” was her reply, “we never put more than one jug or basin in one room. No one that comes to Cracow ever requires more.”

“Could we have a hip-bath or foot-bath?”

“Oh dear no! Not such a thing in the hotel. There is a very good public bath close by, where anyone may go,” and we must do likewise.

Be it so!—when at Cracow, bathe as the Cracovians do, and so to bed and to sleep.

Yes, if you can sleep through the striking of what



seemed half a hundred clocks, and a number of other equally distracting noises too numerous to mention. The windows must be open, it is so hot and close. First came the loud cathedral, with its deep-toned sonorous voice at every quarter, followed by its many surrounding churches, and when the clocks have all finished striking, the various sentries round take up the time and whistle the passing hours. They are succeeded by a gentleman performing on the horn; he is passing his night on a watch-tower looking out for fires, and, I suppose, by this means keeping himself awake. But ah! there are other enemies to slumber, more deadly than cathedral chimes,—enemies that make night hideous! What's that? . . . Pshaw! fancy! turn over the other side—Ah! again! Something there? Impossible! one of the best hotels in Cracow!—Perish the thought!—Strike a light to explore! True, too true; the advance guard of the largest, longest and thinnest fleas I had ever beheld, had taken entire possession of the bed.

“Keating to the rescue!”

A packet of Persian powder is soon opened and sprinkled over the hungry army; great is their dismay! they either become torpid, and are readily secured, or disappear whence they came.

Placing a good preventive layer in the bed, and with

many blessings on the noble inventor of this domestic luxury, we fancy we are dozing off again, but what with fears of a further onslaught and the everlasting clocks, we are still awake at daybreak. At four A.M. as soon as the Hungarian sentries have yelled their unearthly howl, the mainguard opposite our window turns out, the drums beat a sharp reveillé and wake the sleeping world. Thousands of swallows roused by the drums fly shrieking round the square, pigeons coo loudly on the roofs of the houses, jackdaws ad libitum add to the din as they caw in and out of their holes in the adjoining church tower, and screaming cats and yelping dogs all help to murder sleep. Again we compose ourselves, when a deep, soft-toned bell from the above named tower is heard, calling the faithful to matins.

Further efforts are useless, so I go to the window and at five A.M. for the first time survey the large square at Cracow, the scene of so many events in the history of Poland.

The sun was already up, shining with that heated glare so unpleasant to the eye of the fisherman, and the distant rattle of musketry told that the Austrian soldier was already engaged at rifle practice. The thermometer in our large room reads 77°.

What a curious scene lay before me! In front was the Austrian sentry, pacing up and down op-

posite his guardhouse with a long row of piled rifles at his side ; on the right, stretching straight across, stands the old Cloth Hall, built in 1340 by Casimir the Great, now made into a kind of Eastern Bazaar, with shops all in the dark underneath : on the left is St. Mary's church, with its perforated old tower surmounted by a splendid golden crown. Droskies were already on the stand, and peasants and townspeople of all classes, and in all kinds of costumes, hard at work buying and selling in the market. Here, mixed up together in a vast throng, is the Polish peasant from the adjoining county, the furred Wallachian, the fat friar of orders brown, the Austrian soldier, the sleek priest, the everlasting Jew and pretty Jewess. The followers of Mahomet alone were absent.

Look at that modern Polish lady walking along with her high-heeled boots and pannier of the latest fashion ! Close behind comes a Jew with curls and gaberdine ; he holds an old umbrella in one hand and two old waistcoats in the other, stopping any passer-by he thinks may prove a customer, and he soon finds one in the person of a Moldavian in a long white coat reaching down almost to his ankles, covered with no end of worsted tags, his head surmounted by a conical black chimney-pot hat, bound round with coloured braid. Two soldiers in one of the Hungarian

regiments, with faces the colour of pale mahogany, almost push him into the road ; their coats are also white, and their blue trousers drawn tightly in at the ankle, give them an awkward and ungainly appearance. Here comes a Jewess dressed in black, with flashing eye, and hair piled up in a large chignon, the edge of which enormous erection lies within half an inch of her eyebrows. She is married, and has therefore been compelled to shave off all her own hair and wear a wig, a most palpable sham, for anything more unnatural in appearance can scarcely be imagined. A gentlemanly Austrian officer in his blue coat and brown trousers is already astir. The change from the tight-fitting coat to the present loose blouse has done away with the smart look they had in former years ; we are obliged mentally to compare him with his Prussian neighbour, and we say to ourselves, there is small chance of any revenge for '66.

The houses in Cracow have most of them enormously thick buttresses, leaning into the street, as if it was necessary to fortify every residence.

We dressed early, and finding it impossible to understand a word of Polish, we were provided with a guide to show the way to the baths close by. They turned out to be more than half a mile away, and were very inferior to any we had seen, except in the price, which



was four times as much as we had paid elsewhere. We had been led to suppose that we should find Cracow a decayed, almost lifeless city, with its Jews a mass of impoverished Hebrews, surrounded by every sign of wretchedness and misery. This was not the case, for though many of the people presented a most squalid appearance and were dirty to a degree, the busy streets and bustling population gave signs of a revival of trade and prosperity which has probably taken place within the last few years.

This ancient city, the home when living and the resting place when dead, of all Poland's kings and heroes, is still looking forward to a brilliant future, hoping on with the same tenacity of purpose as the strict and orthodox Jew. For while the latter longs for the time when Jerusalem shall be given over once more to its rightful owners, just as certain and eager also is the former for the restoration of that kingdom which, even in its greatest splendour, was turbulent, oppressive and corrupt. It is true that Warsaw is a more important and more modern town than Cracow, still it does not lie embosomed in the affections of the Pole in the same way as the ancient capital of his race; and when the day comes, which does not seem to be far distant, that a Polish Parliament assembles to discuss their country's good, it is pretty sure to find itself

sitting in the old castle within a stone's throw of their sacred cathedral.

After breakfast we moved into a better hotel, called the "Hotel de Saxe," although afterwards we heard that the "Pollner" was better still; but as this information was from a Polish source, we received it with reserve. Our new quarters were certainly cleaner than the last, but the eating saloon and several other departments needed much improvement.

Until we arrived at this hotel, no one seemed to trouble themselves about us or care who we were.

Our passports were not even required at the Austrian frontier; but before we had been a few hours in our room, a long string of printed questions was given us to answer, such as,—How old are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going to? How long do you intend to remain here? What is your profession? To what religion do you belong? &c. We did our best to satisfy the Chief of the Police, and this examination was continued at every place we stopped at subsequently. The same blank form was presented, and had to be filled up. Had we only known, we might have come prepared with a supply of answers ready printed, and then we could have handed them in at once.

Several alterations have taken place in the Austrian

dominions since our last visit. For instance, the money is much improved; you have not now to reckon the difference between paper and silver. The florins are all paper (we never saw a silver one) and the kreuzers all *coin*, running one hundred to the florin, the easiest of all calculations. It is a pity *we* have not the decimal coinage. The taxes, however, have undergone a change for the worse; they are much heavier. Let us take one, the advertisement tax. Do I wish to put a small advertisement in the Cracow Journal, the editor will charge me about eight kreuzers ( $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) while the government stamp, which I must pay in addition, costs thirty kreuzers ( $6d.$ ). What would the *Times* say to that?

We could get no mutton here, either at hotel or restaurant, only beef and veal; in fact, for the next five weeks we were destined to live entirely on these two animals. We were also about to take a fond farewell of vegetables, as they do not flourish in the Carpathians; but we were never short of food, very different from Norway and Lapland.

The weather was intensely hot during our stay in Cracow, and it was almost impossible to venture out in the sun. I may here remark that though July and August were the two months we spent in the Carpathians, these were the only very hot days we experienced. As the sun went down and the intense heat

began to abate, we took a drosky to drive to Kosciusko's mound, about three miles out of the town.

As we drove along the banks of the Vistula, hundreds of soldiers were being marched to the river to have a lesson in swimming. Long poles had been fixed upright in the water to mark the places where it would be safe for beginners. Since the dreadful calamity of the battle of Königsgratz, when so many thousands were drowned in the Elbe, every Austrian soldier is obliged to learn to swim, just as much as to learn his drill. Why should not our men do the same, especially as we have so much more time to teach them ?

The recruit takes his first swimming-lesson in the gymnasium, by being placed upon a broad leathern band, the ends of which are supported by two posts ; and he is here taught to ape a frog with his arms and legs, in three motions, and not until he is perfect indoors is he allowed to enter the water. Then, fastened to a rope from the end of the Professor's pole by a band round his waist, he carries out the instructions he has already received on dry land.

After a bit the pole is done away with, and the rope only is used ; and in twelve lessons or so he should be able to swim perfectly by himself.

We continued our course through the suburbs, our excited driver yelling to the peasant carts to get out of



his way, and nearly driving over the naked little children (as brown as the ground they sat upon) who were cooling themselves in the middle of the road.

A long tug up-hill, and our trap stops opposite the drawbridge of an imposing fort. Here we got out, and found ourselves on an isolated hill four hundred feet above the Vistula. We walked past a few soldiers on guard into the main ditch, which was well lined with casemated barracks, all empty now.

Two Polish heroes and one heroine have been honoured by the erection of mounds to their memory. The first was a gentleman of the name of Cracus, who is said to have founded Cracow; but no one seemed to know much about him; the second, a lady called Wenda, who drowned herself to escape marrying a German she objected to; the third to Kosciusko himself, the idol of Poland!

This last memorial was commenced in the year 1820, and thousands of nobles and patriots helped to raise the mound by bringing earth from all the great battle-fields of the Poles, especially from the disastrous field of Macieiovice, where "Freedom shrieked, when Kosciusko fell!" Even delicate ladies brought parcels of earth, and foreign potentates from afar joined in this national enterprise. It was four years before it was completed, and stands about 150 feet high.

The mound itself is exactly in the centre of the fortress, which surrounds it with a double wall of red brick battlements, erected by the Austrians when they took the city; the ascent is made by means of a spiral ramp or walk about two feet broad, with no protection on the outer side, so a steady head is necessary.

On the summit, crowned by a small plateau, stands a large unhewn granite boulder, upon which is the one word "Kosciusko" in large letters. A low border of flowers, geraniums, &c., is planted round it, and carefully tended.

Kosciusko was born in the year 1746, and was educated in the Cadet school at Warsaw, where he distinguished himself by his great talents and persevering industry. His military career was for a time cut short by an untoward love affair when quite a young officer; the consequences were, that he was obliged to fly to America, where he joined the staff of Washington in the War of Independence.

Nevertheless, in 1792 we find him made a Major General by the Polish Diet. His wonderful defence of his post at Dubienka, when, with 4000 men, he drove off 15,000 Russians, brought him into the notice and favour of his countrymen. He served under the weak-minded Stanislaus till the latter signed the ruin of Poland, and again came prominently forward in the great

rising of 1794, when he was unanimously chosen leader of the insurrectionary forces at Cracow. All went well at first: he defeated the Russians at Raclawice, and captured Warsaw; but his army was outnumbered by the junction of the Prussians with the Russians; and on the fatal field of Macieiovice, after the most determined resistance, his army was destroyed, and he himself fell a wounded prisoner into the hands of the Russians. It was on this occasion he is said to have exclaimed, as he lay among a heap of his dead and dying countrymen, "Finis Poloniæ!"

He suffered two years imprisonment in a Russian dungeon at St. Petersburg, and was released, on the death of the Empress Catherine, by Paul I., her successor. He made his way to England, then to America, settling finally in France, where he turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of Napoleon the Great, seeing through his hollow promises, and finally died in 1817, without ever revisiting his native land. His body was brought back with every demonstration of mourning and laid in the vault of the Cathedral at Cracow between Sobieski and Poniatowski.

Before attempting to describe the magnificent panorama which lay stretched below us in every direction, it might be well to state the reasons why at this time one's eyes were more particularly directed to the circle

of forts round the city, and finally to the frowning Russian frontier.

There is just now between the Russians and Austrians a somewhat similar feeling to that which existed between the Prussians and French in 1869 ; to a smaller extent, certainly, yet all think that the time cannot be far distant when a struggle must take place between them.

The Austrian is anxious to keep what he already has, while the Russian is eagerly coveting Galicia to rectify his frontier, but still more to do away with that spirit of dissatisfaction prevailing among the Warsaw Poles, who, from their side of the frontier, behold the perfect freedom of their Austrian brothers in Cracow. The Russian leaves nothing to chance, slowly and carefully is he making his preparations ; no expense is spared to complete the network of military railways so as to launch his troops on any weak point with the greatest ease, and every railway station on the frontier is carefully fortified.

How is it with the Austrian ? Just as we found him in 1865, always "going" to do something. He is going to fortify Przemysl, a junction on the Cracow and Lemberg Railway, besides Eperies in Hungary, and also make arrangements for the better defence of Cracow and Olmütz. Let us hope he will not be too



late ; were there only money enough, no doubt matters would move faster. His trump card is not a bad one though ; and it is this,—

Immediately war breaks out, to offer to the Russian and Austrian Poles, that they should either form an independent kingdom and take an Austrian archduke for their king, or else have a constitution like Hungary and form a part of the Austrian Empire. On looking at the map we see how thoroughly such a kingdom of Russian-hating Poles would form a barrier against the encroachments of Russia, on the west at all events.

But although the Austrian has an ally in the Russian Pole, things look rather ugly as regards the Sclaves who live in Bohemia, Moravia and part of Hungary (Prague being their capital city). They are almost identical in their languages and sympathies with Russia. If the Sclaves, however, are dissatisfied, not so the Hungarians. They will not easily forget '48 and '49, and the defence of the Hungarian frontier may safely be left in their hands. 200,000 of them could be placed in line in a few days, and there would be small chance of any Russian column forcing its way through the Carpathian mountain passes *en route* to Vienna or Pesth. The Austrians, too, are pushing on with their railways, and when the line is open from

Pesth to Przemysl, it will give another northern route by which help can be sent to Galicia in case of need. It will take two or three years more before the Empire will be able to call out 800,000 drilled soldiers, though they are certainly losing no time: wherever we went young soldiers were hard at work with their drill, the officers themselves the instructors, their duties seldom over till five P.M. The Infantry soldier is only enlisted for three years, and the Artillery and Cavalry for four, so that a great deal has to be learnt in a very short time. I spoke to an artillery sergeant-major, whom I suppose is a fair sample of his class, and he said he was going to resign and obtain an appointment on one of the railways: not that he disliked soldiering, but the constant succession of fresh recruits gave so much trouble that he really could stand it no longer.

As we leaned against poor Kosciusko's memorial-stone, we beheld the most magnificent panorama it has ever been our lot to witness. For miles and miles in every direction there was an uninterrupted view; the country seemed, as it were, to creep up to our feet, towering as we did over city and plain, village and river.

To the north lay the Russian frontier, a long range of hills, skirting the horizon and gradually sloping

down towards us, until it ended at the white palace of Casimir, now an Austrian barrack, close to which a huge marshy meadow protected the town from too near a grip in that direction. To the east lay the city of Cracow, looking far more beautiful from without than from within, its numerous pinnacles, domes, and mediæval spires glittering in the evening sun, overtopped by the bold outline of its blood-red castle Zamek. Another couple of frowning forts beyond could easily be distinguished, with far too much masonry to please the soldier's eye. Facing the south, how lovely! At our feet the Vistula, gracefully curving and winding along the plain, and on the opposite bank the well-cultivated, undulating ground, becoming by degrees more and more hilly, till at last, in the distance, rose the snow-tinged peaks of the Carpathians, melting away into the fleecy clouds above.

The Vistula forms a capital barrier to protect the city, as it is too deep to ford; but to the west, within easy range of modern artillery, there is a hill covered with dense woods, which completely commands Kosciusko's fort, and therefore settles the question that Cracow can never again rank as a fortress.

Looking down from this grass-covered conical mound,

we could see that the whole fort below was in a rickety state, walls crumbling and parapets caving in, the latter thin and weak. No wonder the government has voted this year half a million florins for the repair of the defences of Cracow.



### CHAPTER III.

The soldier's funeral—The Jews' quarter—The Jew in Warsaw—  
The ancient castle—The military hospital—The cathedral—St.  
Stanislaus—Sobieski—The royal vault—The Wielizka salt  
mines—We descend "en costume"—The chapel—The Salt Lake  
—The dancing saloon—We make ready for the mountains—  
Leave Cracow by diligence—Cows help us.

As we left our hotel the next morning we came upon a soldier's funeral. The band in front played a most plaintive air, with that delicate softness which seems peculiar to Austrian military music.

Close behind, drawn by one horse, was a kind of catafalque, on which lay a common black coffin. A priest, with a man in front holding a cross, appeared to be in charge of it, and behind sauntered six soldiers. As it passed us, a woman rushed from a little group of bystanders, jumped upon the bier, and throwing her arms round the coffin, rode along for some distance, till a soldier interfered and dragged her off; whether this exciting scene was due to grief or drink, no one seemed to know.

People at home have little idea how much there is to interest the traveller in Cracow, and amongst the many different objects, the first is decidedly the Jew. Street after street, with nothing but Jews to be seen, all living together in their own quarter, so thickly populated that the lanes even seem full of them. The Stradom, where the Jews live, lies on an island formed by two branches of the Vistula. Take a walk into this Jewish quarter and you may well ask, "Where am I? In Jerusalem?" The inscriptions over the shops, together with the names of the streets, are in Hebrew. A curious population, all of the same type, is swarming around you. During the summer they only go indoors to sleep at night. All day they are in the streets, and rush out to meet the traveller as he saunters down the centre of the road, offering to sell or buy every conceivable thing under the sun.

The young girls are decidedly pretty, and many have red hair. Of their cleanliness the less said the better, but they are well clothed, and look well-fed. The men walk about with head erect, as if the place belonged to them, and truly they occupy an important position.

On Saturday (their Sabbath) the shops are all closed, and no business is done in the streets. The town looks as it would on an English Sunday.

Very different is it on the *first* day of the week. On that day every shop is open. One party hard at work at business, the other at pleasure.

At our hotel door stand always three or four Jews, ready to act as valets-de-place or to deal in anything. One of these men was far superior to his fellows, not only in personal address and manner, but also in intelligence. He was evidently a well-read and educated man. I gave him a Polish New Testament, explaining to him that it had been written, like the Old Testament, by Israelites, and asked him to read the Epistle to the Hebrews and Romans. He promised he would, and on meeting him again the following morning, he said he had sat up reading it till past midnight, and that it was very good and very wonderful.

An extract from a Breslau newspaper, May, 1871, will show how very different is the condition of the Jew in Warsaw to his brother in Cracow.

“The Imperial ukase prescribing a change of costume to the Jews in Poland has not met with a ready obedience. The long coats have indeed been easily disposed of. Whenever the owners refused to shorten them, the police obligingly took the task off their hands.

“The curls have undergone similar treatment. But as the myrmidons of the law are not as skilful in handling

the needle as the shears, the trowsers have for the most part remained as short as before.

“The provision exciting most resistance is that of ordering the chin to be shaved. Barbers’ work seems a ticklish matter for policemen to undertake; the Jews on the other hand venerate their beards almost as a sacred thing. They would as soon think of cutting their throats as their beards. The Warsaw police still allow the latter, shunning an application of force as likely to produce a disturbance, but in provincial towns a crusade has been opened against them. At Goica, the police began the campaign by an experiment on an old man of about eighty years of age, who was perforce spoiled of his beard in the public market-place. The old man’s cries speedily attracted numbers of fellow-creedsmen anxious to rescue their Nestor. No better opportunity could have been desired. As fast as the men arrived, they were seized, forced into chairs, and shaved in rather too hurried a manner to be pleasant. The lamentations of the helpless victims are described as most touching.”

The authorities, however, are mightily pleased with their success, and are said to intend adopting the same method in other towns, until the law imposed by the paternal government shall have been everywhere complied with.



Previous to entering the Jewish quarter, a broad road leads up to the Castle and Cathedral. Every Polish king has twice made this ascent, surrounded by his nobles, with all the pomp and magnificence attending his station. The *first* time, when, with a monarch's pride and hope, he entered the sacred Cathedral to receive his crown from the hands of the Primate of Poland; and the second time, when, with similar state, his cold and lifeless form was borne to its last resting-place, to lie by the side of its predecessors.

The Schloss, or Castle, occupies a commanding position on a rock called Wawel, towering over the town and adjacent to the Vistula. It is protected on all sides by walls. These may have been all very well fifty years ago, but would be found about as useful as brown paper in these later times.

The castle is now used as a barrack and hospital. The barracks are most complete, and the officers' quarters luxurious, judging by the one I saw belonging to a medical officer. Seven large lofty rooms had been allotted to him, splendidly decorated. He would have found a difference had he been in Her Majesty's Service at Aldershot, with part of a not over weather-tight wooden hut, pleasantly situated on a sand heap.

We visited the hospital with a Protestant pastor, who introduced us to one of the principal doctors, and he kindly took us through the different wards.

Every care seemed to be taken of the sick ; the only outward difference compared with our own, being, that the bedsteads were made of wood instead of iron. This is on account of the much greater expense of the latter material in this country.

The doctor said that his number of sick was about 18 per cent., and he attributed the height of this average, first, to the large number of young recruits coming up half-fed from their homes, and suddenly receiving so much better food (the Austrian soldier is well provided for in this respect), and, secondly, to the very hard work they have to go through, in order to learn their drill and become perfect soldiers in three years. The weakly ones soon give way under it.

It was curious to notice how soldiering mixed up the different nationalities of the Empire. In one bed lay a Hungarian, in the next a Wallachian, the next a Slav, and then a German, and so on. We had brought with us some Testaments in four different languages, which the Foreign Secretary of the Bible Society in London had forwarded, and it was pleasing to see the eagerness with which they were received. The doctor held up a Hungarian Testament, and asked if any man would like

to have it. (There was probably scarcely a man in the room who had ever even touched one.) A feeble voice cried out "*Yock*" (as it sounded to me), and a hand was anxiously stretched out for it. Other "*Yocks*" soon followed. Not for the fun of the thing, as some might imagine, but as far as we could tell, with a real honest desire to read for themselves what God had written.

The poor pastor here seems to be struggling alone in a crowd, his congregation on Sunday averaging 80 souls out of a population of 35,000 Christians and 25,000 Jews.

The mass of the people are Roman Catholics, and nearly all belong to the Infallibilists.

How rapidly the unity of Rome is fading away under the strokes of Dollinger & Co.! One finds everywhere abroad a division between the "Infallibilists" and the "Old Catholics," much the same as between our High and Low Church.

We made several attempts to learn a little Polish, but found it extremely difficult. It is very like Russ, especially in the insertion of the letter "z" at every opportunity. Our friend the pastor tried to give us some assistance by writing down a few Polish sentences which he thought might prove useful to us. I give them in the Appendix for the benefit of any who may

be tempted to visit Poland. Here are two inscriptions opposite our hotel window :—

*Translation.*

SZWALNIA.	A Sewing Machine.
KAROLINY SOBLIK.	Widow Caroline Soblik.

Next door :—

I. KLEIN,	I. Klein,
FABRYCZNY I MEBLOWY.	Upholsterer.

The old Cathedral, close to the Schloss, is far from imposing in its external appearance. Founded in the year 966, burnt down 1306, and rebuilt 1320—1359, the jumble of styles both within and without is more curious than pleasing. But it has been well called the “Polish Westminster Abbey,” containing as it does the ashes of Poland’s greatest kings and heroes.

In all the spoliations of Cracow the Cathedral has never been touched, and it is full of the richest treasures. Over the lofty door by which you enter the building is suspended the thigh bone of a mammoth, besides other gigantic antediluvian remains.

In the centre of the nave (which is hung with some fine pieces of Gobelins tapestry taken from the Turks before Vienna by John III. and given to the Bishop)



stands the costly shrine of St. Stanislaus. It is a mass of solid silver, the coffin supported by four silver angels, and on the top lie his mitre and crozier. He was Bishop of Cracow and Patron Saint of Poland. The story we were told of his life was as follows.

Stanislaus was born of poor parents, but adopted when young by a wealthy noble and educated for the Church. His talents soon raised him to the bishopric of Cracow. He led a virtuous and godly life, thereby disgusting the vicious king Boleslaus II., especially when the prelate spoke to him of his licentious life.

The king paid no attention to his remonstrances, and the Bishop forbade his entering the church. This however he effected by force, so the latter stopped the service and pronounced a curse upon the king, who then rushed upon him and cut him in pieces, throwing his body into the Vistula. Fishes and birds collected the bits, the limbs united themselves, and the body was then placed in the aforesaid silver shrine, and has been prayed to for hundreds of years. The wicked king was excommunicated and fled into Hungary, where he soon killed himself.

The chair in which the Polish kings sat at their coronation before the altar is still preserved.

Sixteen chapels surround the nave, every one of which is worth a visit. The Sigismund chapel, 1568, is

especially beautiful, filled with recumbent effigies of all the Sigismunds, in magnificent red marble. The roof is of copper gilt. Chapel No. 2 contains a beautiful figure of Christ by Thorwaldsen, and there are also fine pieces of sculpture by Bartolomeo of Florence in another chapel, the gates of which alone cost 16,000 gulden. In the royal chapel, formerly set apart for the private devotions of the king and his family, the seats are all of black marble, with a beautiful throne and monument in red marble to king Stephen Bathory. Behind the high altar is a monument erected to John Sobieski, but his remains are deposited in the crypt with those of Poniatowski and Kosciusko.

Sobieski was one of the greatest captains of the 17th century. His life was spent in warfare against the Cossacks, Turks, and other enemies of his country. Called to the vacant throne of Poland in 1676, he was scarcely proclaimed king, when he was attacked by 200,000 Turks and Tartars. He had only 30,000 to oppose them, and concluded peace. In 1683, 300,000 Turks under Kara Mustapha invaded Austria and besieged Vienna. The emperor Leopold called for Sobieski, who collected 20,000 of his Poles to come to his assistance. According to a French writer, some of the infantry had not even any uniform, and ashamed of their appearance wished to parade before the king by night instead of by

day. To this, however, he would not consent, and when the infantry approached, he said to the foreign officers who surrounded him, "Look at those brave invincible men! They have one and all taken an oath to wear nothing but the clothes of their conquered enemies. In the last campaign they were dressed entirely à la Turque!"

He arrived before Vienna with 75,000 men just as the defenders were at the last gasp, defeated the Turks with great slaughter, and took enormous booty.

Sobieski had become the hero of Christendom, but on his return to Cracow, his selfish subjects demanded why he had shed the best blood of Poland in the service of the Austrian Empire. His last days were cloudy, gloomy and unsuccessful, and he died almost broken-hearted on the anniversary of his election. On his death-bed he declared all Poland to be corrupt.

The entrance to the royal crypt is guarded by a heavy copper door, let into the pavement, requiring the united efforts of two men to open. A pair of thin, mediæval, half monk, half beadle-looking individuals, each armed with a short pole, came forward, and inserted the ends as levers into two copper rings on the door. Together they heaved up the ponderous weight, disclosing a flight of steps, down which we made our way to the icy vaults beneath, dimly lighted by a distant grating and the candles carried by

our guide. The roof was arched over, and supported by pillars; there is no superfluous ornamentation. In massive marble and sandstone sarcophagi rest the remains of those who have been far better spoken of by their country since their death, than they had ever been treated during their lives.

There are several coffins of kings and other worthies, but three names alone (conspicuous above them all) occupy the attention of every visitor: "Sobieski," "Kosciusko," and "Poniatowski." The education of no son of Poland is considered complete until he has gazed upon these sacred tombs, so dear to every one who has a drop of Polish blood in his veins.

Cracow possesses a very ancient university, founded by Casimir the Great in the adjacent village of Bawal, afterwards transferred to the city by Wladimir Jagello, and from him it took the name of Jagellonian University. An astronomical observatory is attached to it. Copernicus was Professor here, and there is a statue of him by Thorwaldsen in the building. . . . . Like Breslau, the ground once covered by fortifications round Cracow is turned into a garden, and in place of the city walls splendid rows of chestnut trees are planted, which form a complete circle of shade. Under these you may sit and listen to the military bands which play here two or three times a week.



Formerly there were eight gates communicating with the suburbs, but these have all been destroyed except the St. Florian gate. It is one of the finest remains of Gothic defences, a barbican erected when Poland was threatened by the Turks.

We finished our sight-seeing this day by a stroll through the bazaar in the centre of the market-place, a long dark archway, lit up even at noon by lamps and candles. There are shops on each side, some with little refreshment rooms at the back. It is a cool walk down the corridor at mid-day, when the heat is unbearable elsewhere.

There is a capital restaurant opposite the Castle, where we dined and tried native dishes. Defend us from a very favourite dish called "Pils," made of small toadstools floating in grease, with poached eggs, considered a great delicacy by the Cracovians. Capital beer here, and good Weidlingen (an Austrian wine). This restaurant is situated in close proximity to the shady walk round the town. You can never lose your way in Cracow, as every stroll must end within this charmed circle.

No one should leave Cracow without paying a visit to the great government mines of Wieliczka. They are the most beautiful, and, I believe, on the largest scale of any in the world. The whole town is undermined by

them, and at one time, owing to the penurious system which prevailed, and grudged the expense of investigating whether the earth would bear this scooping away, the upper crust fell in, and whole streets and houses disappeared into the mines below, as if swallowed up by an earthquake. All is on a very different footing now. In 1772 they became the property of the Emperor of Austria, and everything is in good order. The stair-cases down the shaft are as easy or perhaps easier than some in your own house, and as there are no noxious gases, explosions and other dreadful accidents are unknown.

The journey from Cracow can be made either by road or rail; we preferred the former, as there is only one train in the day, which causes a longer detention at the station than is agreeable.

Through the Jews' quarter and over the Vistula by a handsome modern bridge, we left the town. The country we passed through was poor and sandy, the scenery monotonous, and a ruined cottage here and there added not a little to the general neglected look of the outskirts of the city. Beggars abundant and pertinacious, especially one old man, who would run after our carriage hat in hand. The distance was only seven miles, so we soon reached the little town of Wieliczka with its curious irregular streets and neat

little houses belonging to the German colony engaged in the working of the mines.

We pulled up at the office of the government official, where was already assembled a motley group (fourteen in all) of Russians, Poles, Germans, and ourselves.

We were asked what sort of entertainment we should like, as there are about twenty different kinds, divided into so-called classes, and payment varying accordingly: from the first class which we selected, and therefore paid nearly five florins apiece, down to the lowest, which costs but a few kreuzers. Before descending the mine we were all ushered into the robing room, and arrayed in long white or grey robes like night-gowns, with Polish caps on our heads to protect us from the saline drippings.

A dozen men were told off to accompany us, provided with old fashioned iron lamps filled with grease, and large wicks lying on the top; these they carried by a chain, swinging them as they walked along in most unpleasant proximity to our legs.

The descent commenced, and we all trooped down the shaft by means of a spiral staircase of 200 steps.

The first chamber we entered was a chapel, in which service is held and mass performed every year; ceiling, walls, pillars, altars, crucifixes, niches and life-size statues of different bishops and saints, are all cut out of

the solid salt. The salt is very clean, and free from percolating moisture. It is of a greenish colour and opaque, somewhat similar to the rock salt we have at home. The crystal salt is only found in small quantities in narrow veins, white, and transparent as glass. The workmen manufacture out of this crystal salt all kinds of pretty little trifles for sale, such as necklaces, bracelets, pipes, inkstands, rosaries, &c., and we bought a few of these on leaving the mine, which are still in a good state of preservation, and none the worse for their sea passage to England, as some of our friends imagined might be the case.

We only saw two men actually excavating the salt; they had chiselled round a block twenty feet high, fifteen broad and three thick, and they were driving it forward by forcing in iron wedges till it fell, and was then ready to be broken up. Other men were at work, packing in bags, breaking up and assisting in wheeling the tram cars. They earn about  $4\frac{1}{4}d.$  an hour and work eight hours a day—good wages in this country.

Salt being a government monopoly, and sold at a high price (it costs six times as much as in London), they only dig out sufficient for the market, and there seemed to be little doing. The profit from these mines is about £250,000 a year. The number of vaults, rooms, et cetera, is unknown. For 600 years these



gigantic subterranean works have been steadily increasing, and some parts have not been entered for years. We were walking for more than two hours through galleries, caverns, vaults, et cetera. Some of these were an enormous height, with gigantic columns, obelisks and pyramids, all of salt. One of these caverns was lighted by a chandelier fifty feet high, with 120 lights, and in another a volley of rockets was fired with grand effect. As we had paid the highest price, our guides burnt blue lights, occasionally lighting up these vast vaults in every corner. At last we came to the underground railway station for the use of the miners; this was illuminated in our honour with different coloured lamps, red, white, green and blue, and refreshments of cake and wine were awaiting us on the counter. Here we rested about half an hour while a band played for our amusement.

Then two huge doors were swung back, and we beheld the most striking spectacle of a large underground salt lake. A transparent figure in salt of Queen Kunigunda, the foundress of the mine (1251), stood glittering at the edge; and as we entered the boat and floated over the calm still waters to the sound of distant music, such a sense of unreality prevailed over the whole scene that one fancied it was some theatrical illusion.

The last chamber we were shown was the dancing saloon, some eighty feet long, and broad in proportion. It is used at the annual subterranean fêtes on the 3rd of July, and lighted up by splendid chandeliers, every crystal of which is cut salt, and shines like diamonds.

Before we had completed our inspection, we must have walked four miles at least; every part was capitally ventilated by shafts run up into the outer air: there was neither stuffiness nor draughts. The waste water pumped up to keep the mine dry, runs down the hill in a good-sized stream, which is carefully watched and guarded, lest anyone should take of this precious brine before it is finally lost in the Vistula. Perhaps if the salt were extracted from it by evaporation, as we do, we should not have had to eat the dirty stuff which is provided in the Cracow hotels.

Unable to linger longer in this interesting city, preparations had to be made for our departure, and as we had hitherto failed in obtaining any information concerning the Carpathians, we made our way to a bookseller's shop, where we purchased a map, and from him obtained the address of a professor in the university, who had travelled in these mountains.

Fortunately we found him at home, and his advice proved of the greatest benefit to us, although here again his ideas and ours were very different. He recom-

mended our taking teapot, cooking kettles and frying-pans, bed-linen, pickles, brandy, &c., in fact enough to load a railway van.

It was difficult to decide what to do in the matter, but having some preserved soup, tea, and a packet of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, which we discovered in the window of the principal grocer, we resolved to try our luck with these alone. Had we known that *mustard* could not be had for love or money throughout the country, we should certainly have taken some of this also, especially as wherever we went, there was plenty of good beef to be had. We often noticed the splendid oxen leaving Cracow for the Vienna market. As to kettles, fryingpans, and beds, you might as well carry them about with you on a tour in Scotland.

The next step was to take places in the Post diligence, as far as the town of Neumarkt, about fifty miles south, and with difficulty we succeeded in doing so, for there was a regular rush of Polish families from Warsaw to the baths of Stefanitza, which, though not exactly in our route, are situated at the foot of the Carpathians and much visited by invalids. Consumptive patients are frequently sent there.

The Post-wagens are very comfortable vehicles with pretty good springs; and we chose one in preference to a private carriage, not only because it was infinitely

cheaper, but wishing to travel by night on account of the intense heat, and being unable to speak Polish we thought we might be safer in an unknown land in a public conveyance.

We were not the only passengers : two Post-wagens were bound for the same place, and were to run together. Our seats were in the second ; the first contained some ladies from Warsaw, their luggage had just been weighed when we arrived with ours, and the charge was 17 florins,—about 30 shillings.

Fancy the man's astonishment and disgust at not being able to charge us more than 4*d.* ! This was the only time that we ever had to pay anything for our luggage. As a rule the amount which two people generally travel with, costs us as much as one ticket.

It was 8 P.M. on Friday evening as our heavy diligence rattled out of Cracow. The sun had just gone down, and as we drove through the Jewish quarter, we saw that the Sabbath had begun. The shops were all barred and bolted, and the Jew had exchanged his dingy garment and chimney-pot hat, for a long black shining caftan (generally of silk), and a low Polish cap trimmed with sable. The men were all hurrying with books under their arms to the synagogue, while the women had lighted up each little room with candles, most of them stuck into a chandelier hanging from the

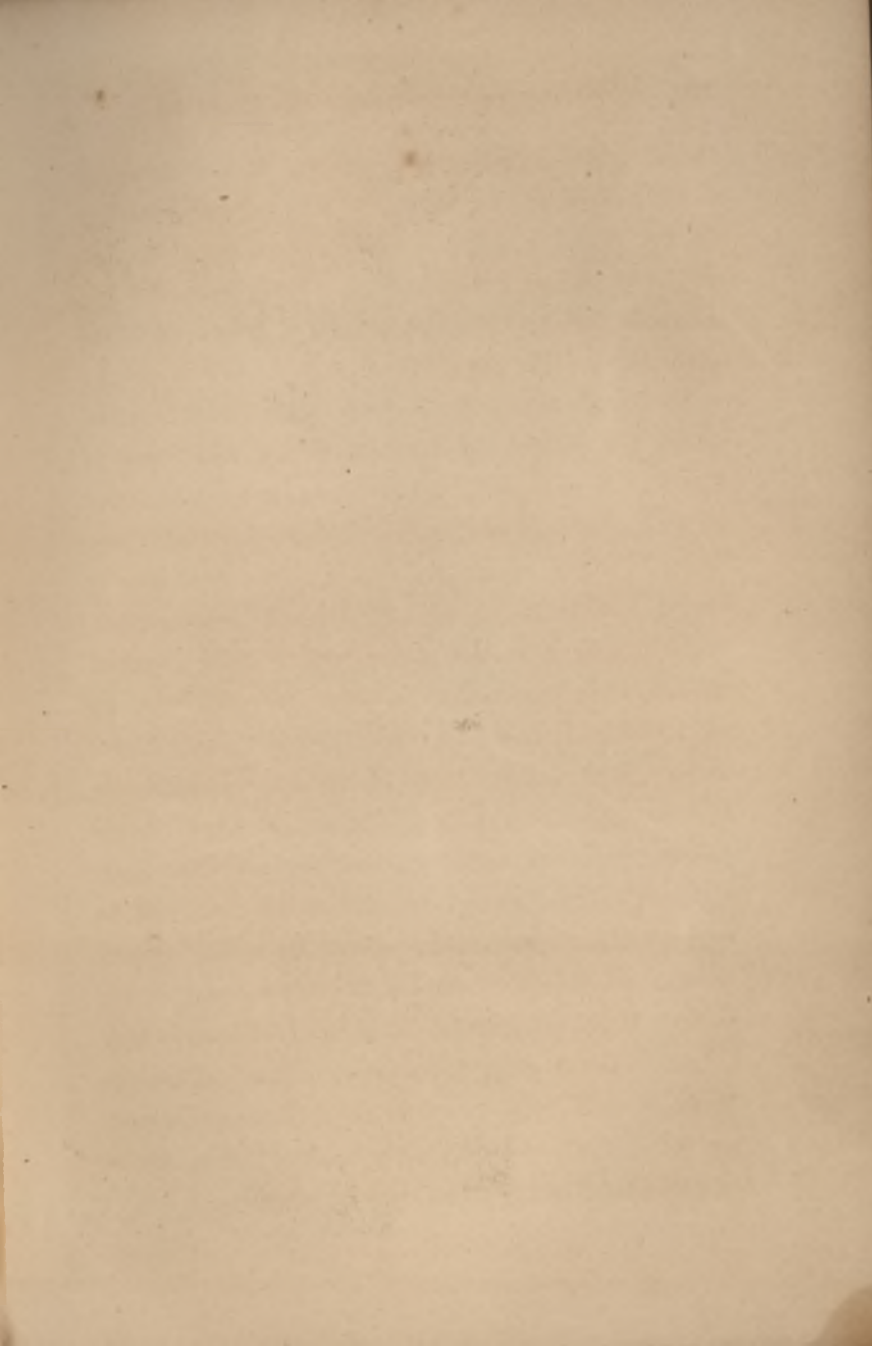


centre of the ceiling. The windows were open, as it was such a close evening, so there was quite a blaze of light down the different Jewish streets; and even the most miserable hut that we passed in the suburbs had its four candles burning together on the table. I could not help noticing one well-dressed middle-aged Jew leading his little son by the hand, evidently on the way to the synagogue; no sooner did he observe my attention, than he put out his tongue and spat on the ground—afrail of the evil eye of the Christian on his way to prayer.

At a steady pace our Post-wagen rumbled through the outskirts of the city. We were glad enough to leave behind us the heated atmosphere of the murky towns, for we began to long for the fresh and bracing air of the mountains! The sun had left a yellow glow on Kosciusko's mound, and it was nearly an hour before we lost sight of the outline of this national monument, so flat and even was the road we were traversing. There was but little to vary the monotony of our drive; occasionally we overtook detachments of soldiers on the march by night, during the hot weather; they stepped out briskly to the rather monotonous tap-a-tap-tap of the drum; many had little lanterns with candles stuck in the barrel of their rifles, to prevent their being run over by any of the numerous vehicles which drove past

them at a tearing pace. Again, we met a string of country carts, and our postilion blew a hurried fan-fan on his horn to wake the weary peasant as he lay stretched in his waggon on his way back to his mountain home, laden with bags of flour and other luxuries from the plain.

The road had suffered from some terrible rains which had fallen ten days previously, and some of the ruts were very deep, or rather seemed so to us at this period of our journey, but on the whole there was a certain amount of comfort and steadiness of spring in this lumbering trap. Would that as much could be said in favour of the cattle! Poor wretched beasts! three abreast were only just able to drag us the fourteen or fifteen miles, allotted to each stage. It took two hours and three quarters to complete the first—a miserable looking village—which our driver thoroughly roused with his powerfully discordant horn, tearing down the streets as hard as he could till he reached the Posting House, where we waited twenty minutes to change our steeds and walk about in the dark. Here we saw at least thirty country carts gathered together in the square of the village, the horses asleep harnessed to their carts, their owners snoring inside. No need for any picketing, and no chance of a stampede among these grass-fed creatures.





Milburn & McClellan, 11, Abchurch Lane, London.  
New York: Scribner's Sons.

MOONLIGHT TRAVELLING IN POLAND



There was a similar bivouac at every town or village on this route.

A grand Polish lady joined us here on her way to the baths. Two gentlemen had driven over with her from Cracow in an open carriage, and when the parting time drew near, she gracefully held out the back of her hand for the gentlemen to kiss, as is the custom in these parts, and then consoled herself with a cigar. For the next stage our lamps were lit, as it was quite dark, and for three hours we saw nothing, though we felt and heard a good deal, being continually shot up to the roof by an extra deep rut, and startled from a doze by the piercing shrill horn of our driver. Once we pulled up at the beginning of a hill and could not make out what was the matter, till we saw a couple of sturdy cows fastened on in front of our horses, to help in dragging us to the top.

At 4 A.M. we halted at a little inn, wonderfully like some in Norway, and about as dirty. While they were changing horses, we got some coffee and drank it on the doorstep, a peep at the *inside* being quite sufficient to deter us from penetrating further. The beds were of hay; and one man who turned out of bed to look at us was so disgustingly dirty, that I recommended a speedy wash in the stream below. To our astonishment he went off immediately, returning in a few minutes to

show his hands and face (now fresh and glowing with the pure cold water,) and demand payment for having been so obliging as to comply with our fancies. We gave him some kreuzers and urged a *bath*; whether this was ever accomplished or not, I cannot say. Our diligence was ready and we resumed our seats.

Hitherto our road had been pretty level, but during the third stage as morning broke, we were ascending and descending something more than mere hills, till at last we reached, after an hour and a half's good tugging, the summit of a very high mountain.

Here was indeed a magnificent prospect. At our feet lay a vast lake of thick white cloud, doubly white from the rays of the rising sun which were falling upon it. To the right and left of this lake were isolated hill-tops like islands in the sea, thickly covered with fir forests, while well in front stood the Carpathians themselves, the Tatra range interlined with snow, rising majestically above them all.

It might be as well to explain that the "Tatra" is the name given to the central and highest range of the Carpathian mountains, towards which we were making our way. We soon lost this splendid view, as our cumbersome vehicle blundered wildly through the sea of white mist down the opposite side. Surely this must be a Roman road, it goes straight on

over everything, sadly wanting in engineering skill ! No sooner at the bottom of one hill than we are toiling up another ; but Neumarkt, our destination, is seen at last, at 9 A.M., and tired enough we were as we got out at the principal inn, and so determined to remain quiet for the rest of the day. The friendly faces of the landlord and landlady (both Jews) encouraged us in this resolve. We had a very fair dinner, and tasted some (to us) new Hungarian wine called "Szegzarder." It was the strongest we had met with, and put us rather in mind of poor but pleasant port.

## CHAPTER IV.

Neumarkt—Good fishing—The Polish fly-fisher—The Ruthenian peasant girl—We drink tea à la Russe—The hay-wagon and its peculiarities—We ford our first river guided by a friendly peasant, and survive our second with the help of many more—Nearing the mountains—The village of Zakopani—Its beautiful valley—Our guide—The Koscieliszker Thal charcoal burners—The Tatra range—The Fireflies.

NEUMARKT, a central market-town, is a curious little place to look at; the houses are of one story, all of wood, more fanciful in their construction if possible, yet putting us much in mind of what we had seen in Lapland. It lies in the middle of a plain at the junction of two rivers, the White and the Black Dunajec. Woods of dark pine cover the plain in patches, the trees looking as if they had run together for protection against some enemy from without.

The two rivers which unite close outside the town, are really magnificent streams, where salmon may be caught, as well as good-sized trout and grayling.

I went down in the evening, but the water was so



thick with the late rains, besides being twice its usual height, that the fish could not so much as see the fly. However, I caught six grayling and one trout, averaging half a pound each. They were in poor condition and wanting in colour, but nevertheless lively enough when hooked. The landlord says an English gentleman stayed here a month to fish and had capital sport : it is all free. He also told us a story of a Polish gentleman, who thought of course he could catch fish if he had only a rod and some flies. The latter he purchased at Cracow. I saw some of them there, they came from France, and were large and coarse enough to frighten all the fish away. He had been sitting for some time on the bank, when our friend asked him, What sport ? He shook his head in a melancholy way, and said nothing. His bait was examined, and he was found to have tied two of these large flies together, and a piece of lead just over them, then throwing it into the river, he had sat down patiently by the water side with every hope of success.

The church is a Turkish-looking building with a minaret, surmounted by a pinnacle covered with bright tin plates.

There was a fair congregation. Some of the worshippers here (as in Cracow), spread a little mat for their knees, and then kneeling down on it, bow their heads

till they touch the floor, putting one in mind of the Moslems in Stamboul.

The images and pictures were simply horrible, but whenever they are seen either in the church or by the wayside, every passer-by lifts his hat, while the women drop a curtsey.

In one street we perceived a picture over a house which puzzled us a good deal, thinking it had something to do with the occupation of the owner. It represented a grandly-dressed gentleman sitting at a table, with two wine-glasses and two bottles of wine before him; close under the table lay a poor wretch, with an animal like a fox engaged in licking his legs. After much thought and examination we made out it was "Dives and Lazarus!"

More Polish grandees arrived to-day en route for the Baths, from the Eastern part of Galicia called Ruthenia. The woman who had the care of the children, was dressed in a blue overcoat, with lappets trimmed with black; her gown was bright red, and so were the beads which, strung in ten rows, she wore round her neck; she had Polish top boots, and on her head a yellow and red handkerchief fastened on like a turban. Gay as her costume was, she does not surpass the Polish peasant of Neumarkt; he wears white trousers braided with red on the pockets and seams; a coarse overcoat

reaching below his knees, coloured brown, and trimmed with scarlet braid ; underneath this a white waistcoat of lambskin, with the wool inside, next his white shirt ; on his head a heavy broad-brimmed black wide-awake, also ornamented with red braid : and although the temperature in the sun is unbearable to us, he walks about as cool as a cucumber.

The inn here was pretty clean and fairly comfortable, though we had now reached a region where nothing is provided unless you ask for it, and the labour of this constant demand for the numerous necessaries of life, is inconceivable to those who have never tried it. Our tea was made after the Russian fashion, in a Russian machine ; the teapot standing to draw over the steam from the top of the urn. It is always drunk out of glasses instead of teacups, with the addition of a *petit verre* of rum in place of milk. I cannot say we found the mixture pleasing, but it was always a struggle to procure milk.

One night at Neumarkt, and the next day at 2 P.M. the start must be made for the Carpathians in earnest. Now was to come the really ticklish part of our journey. Hitherto it had been pretty plain sailing, railway and diligence known to everyone, and there could be no uncertainty as to our means of transit or accommodation ; but here all this came to an end, and unknown

roads, untried conveyances and doubtful inns stared us in the face. It was even a conjecture whether we should obtain enough to eat, or a place in which to lay our weary heads.

Our obliging landlord told us that the late storms had broken up the roads, and we might find a little difficulty he thought, but nothing much worth mentioning—that he could provide us with a good hay-wagon (a peasant's cart with hay seats,) a stout pair of ponies, and a steady driver to take us to our destination, which was a village called Zakopani, on the northern slope of the Tatra range. We naturally looked with no small interest upon the vehicle which was to be our only means of conveyance for some time to come.

The wagon (of the same description as that used by Attila in bygone days) stands about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and has four good wheels with a light framework holding them together; two or three boards are laid inside at the bottom, and the sloping sides are made of basket work. There are two seats, one in the forepart for the driver, and another further back for ourselves, made of tightly pressed hay covered with a blanket. Behind, there was room enough for our luggage, each package of which was carefully wrapped in hay and stuffed tightly into its appointed place. The ponies were better than most, fourteen hands at least, the



harness simple and serviceable, and the driver a likely looking young fellow who drove capitally, and never talked or went to sleep.

Without the slightest misgiving as to the journey, we took our seats and drove off to the "glückliche reise!" of all the lookers on.

We passed through the village at a good pace, jolting over the stones, for our only spring was the bundle of hay which formed our seat. The recent floods had washed away all the softer parts of our road, leaving only the larger and fixed stones standing about all over it, and the shock of the concussion, as the wheels came bang up against these frequent obstacles, seemed to loosen not only every bone in your body, but the very eyes in your head, and the teeth in your jaw!

After the first half hour, we had lost all idea of the smoothness of railway travelling, and became more accustomed to this new sensation. It was really not so bad after all, and by the end of our eighteen miles' drive, which we did in three and a half hours including stoppages, it was all but pleasant.

So well had the landlord packed our traps that nothing was broken; not even the bulb of the thermometer.

Our journey for the first two or three miles lay through a tame, poorly cultivated district. The peasants we met in every case respectfully took off their

large black wide-a-wakes, their wives and daughters giving us a friendly nod. A little further on we left the plain, and entering a valley passed close alongside and followed up the course of the river Dunajec. Undulating hills lined the sides of this valley, with picturesque wooden cottages dotted here and there at intervals; the splendid snow streaked Tatra range keeping always well in front. The weather was very pleasant, not too hot, and we were making out our journey as we thought most comfortably, trotting along at a good pace and followed closely by a peasant cart like our own, with a man and his wife inside; when after passing the village of Rubelly, we were unpleasantly surprised to find our road had come suddenly to an end, and we were standing on the banks of the rushing river, about half the breadth of the Thames at Windsor. We could see that it had overflowed its banks a considerable distance and had carried away all vestige of the bridge we had naturally expected to find.

I called to our driver to halt, as he was about to plunge into the torrent, in order that we might consider the case. Happy thought! send the peasant and his wife who were waiting behind us over first, in their cart, to show us the way, on the principle that if their lightly laden trap could withstand the stream, *we* surely could likewise—and if they were carried away

and drowned, we might benefit by their experience and retreat. We therefore made signs to them to pass, which they soon did, laughing at our fears, and their sturdy little pony dashed into the river, dragging the wagon after him. We followed. The sensation was strange and exciting, as the wheels hitched and pitched over the granite boulders at the bottom of the river, the wagon swaying with the current, and the water rushing underneath, just touched the boards on which our feet rested. Fortunately, the river widened itself at this spot and became more shallow, and our driver took us across according to the most scientific principles. We breathed again as we once more regained the road on the other side, thanking our friend the peasant for showing us the way.

There was a certain amount of comfort and even luxury apparent in the villages we drove through. Each cottager must have possessed a fair amount of live stock ; one had a lone pig tethered on his plot of ground, another a cow scarcely larger than a fine Newfoundland dog, another, a flock of geese. Fields of potatoes were also plentiful, though looking wretched from being washed out and flooded by the rains, as well as crops of rye, barely able to hold up their heads,

At length we reached our half-way house in the village of Bialy, beginning to feel a little anxious as to

the weather, as we could see the gathering clouds and hear the distant thunder rumbling far away over the Russian frontier.

But what is that in front of us, as soon as we left the village? A crowd of peasants and various carts lined each bank of the river, all seemingly in a great state of excitement.

Can there be a fair going on?

Horror of horrors! Another bridge gone! And the people are waiting, some as spectators to see the fun, while others, afraid to cross themselves, gather no courage from the proceedings around them—which, indeed, are ominous! This time the fording would evidently be no joke. The river was considerably narrower, and the current tearing along with much greater depth and force than in the previous case. A stout rope slung across below the ford, was held by a man to lower to any stray mortal who might be accidentally washed away in the transit.

And behold! also, a government official in charge, with several men to protect life and property. We called him up, and found him to be a pleasant gentlemanly man, who spoke German well. He said the stream was deep and the current strong, but he thought we might get through all right with the help of his men to wade alongside and hold up the wagon.



Go we must! So, after fishing up all our loose things which were lying at the bottom of the trap, and putting our feet on the top of the driver's seat in front, down we went into the water, one man leading our horses, two men on the right side of our vehicle where the stream came, and another on the left.

We had scarcely time to notice the anxious and eager faces of the little crowd on either bank, or the "now I am ready" look of the party who held the safety rope, before we felt the tremor of the wagon as the water rushed over the boards where our feet had been. In fact, were it not for jolting over the stony river-bed, we might have fancied our truss of hay turned into a boat.

Bravely our horses fought against the current, but it was frightfully strong, and just at the critical moment in the centre of the stream, when, with a greater rush, it threatened to overpower the little animals, one of them grew terrified, and began to rear and plunge instead of continuing his course.

With bated breath we watched the anxious moment!

The plunging of the beast, the yells of the men who tried to urge him forward, and the roar of the rushing water, made it more exciting than pleasant; we felt our wagon and our steeds to be all but afloat!

Now our careful driver came to the rescue, and

applied his whip with such vigour, that the terrified creatures could stand it no longer, and bolted forward, dragging us happily across and up the bank on the other side.

One moment's pause to recover our equanimity, and after rewarding our helpers with Trinkgeld, which they did not seem to expect, we drove thankfully on our way, feeling somewhat like they of old, who had burnt their ships behind them.

Fortunately, we did not know at the time that three men had been drowned at this ford the previous week.

As we neared the mountains, our enjoyment became a little tinged with anxiety as to the accommodation we might find there. We soon entered a large pine wood by a road cut right through it straight as a dart; and then began to mount upwards past several houses with detached workshops on the opposite side; these were the Zakopani Iron Works. At the top of a secluded valley we found a collection of better houses, one of which was the Inn, to which we had directed a messenger to announce our intended arrival, and where we hoped every arrangement would have been made to receive us, but unfortunately, we were unexpected; our despatches had gone to the village itself, two and a half miles away, where the quarters were very inferior.

Our Inn looked like an enormous white barrack with three larger rooms for the reception of the better class of visitors (in one of which was a kind of billiard table). Public rooms, kitchens, et cetera, all communicated with the same long central passage, down which peasants, dogs and poultry, were perpetually perambulating. Our landlord and landlady received us with every civility, and did all they could to make us welcome.

The place felt rather chilly after the great heat of Cracow. Besides, we were now three thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, so a roaring fire was lighted in the stove, and a hot meal ordered to comfort us after our exciting journey.

We paid our driver eight florins, and made him happy by giving him another for himself as "Trinkgeld."

Let us take a turn in the open air while our dinner is preparing, and look about. On the long form outside the door, are various peasants, who sit here for hours together basking in the sun; one is an old Austrian soldier who fought at the battle of Leipsic in 1813, and had seen poor Poniatowski dash into the fatal Elster and sink beneath the waters. He had helped to take out the body, and bury him; and the old soldier's eyes quite glistened, as he went on to describe the

triumphal entry into Paris, and his stay in that city. He was now a hale, hearty old man of eighty-eight years of age, and in receipt of the handsome pension of nearly three farthings a day!

The valley itself is lovely, sloping gently down from the mountains towards the plain beneath, and the more we saw of it, the more we appreciated it. Two minutes' walk in any direction took you into the shady pine forest, with grassy glades of brightest green, abounding in ferns and curious plants and flowers; the wild strawberry was still only in blossom, and would not be ripe till August. An impetuous stream of snow water dashed past the settlement down the hill to Zakopani proper, and was so cold, it would not raise our thermometer above  $40^{\circ}$ . To the right and left were hills between one and two thousand feet in height, while in the background rose the gigantic Tatra we had come to explore.

We found our Inn pretty comfortable, and our dinners good, in spite of beef every day and new potatoes the size of cherries. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of our Jewish landlord and his wife. They spared no pains to make our stay pleasant and agreeable.

The Professor in Cracow had recommended a guide to us, who soon made his appearance, offering eagerly



to take us anywhere and show us anything ; but owing to his very slight knowledge of any language but his own, we did not make much use of him. The first day we discovered his little weakness ; *i.e.* : to *pretend* to understand everything, and make a nod of assent to every enquiry or observation.

For instance, we asked "Were there any bears in these mountains?" "Oh! yes!" "Any lions?" Another nod. "Tigers too?" again a solemn nod. After this we gave up all further attempts at conversation in despair.

One of the principal excursions from Zakopani, is to the neighbouring valley called "Koscieliszker," universally considered the prettiest piece of scenery in all the Tatra.

Our landlord gave us his own wagon and horse, and we drove off in the afternoon, down our vale out upon the high road, passing through the long straggling village of Zakopani with its Church, and two bells as usual in a detached belfry. We met here numbers of visitors who were lodging in the various peasants' houses ; many of them invalids ordered up from the plains to breathe this invigorating air during the summer months. After leaving the houses the scenery improved, with the precipitous face of the "*Gewhan*" mountain rising abruptly on our left, and a solitary

peak of the Lower Carpathians miles away in our front. Through woods of dark pine and fir, with pretty peeps out of many a cutting, up hill and down hill we trotted for another couple of miles, and then reached the entrance of the gorge or valley by a sharp turn to the left.

One might easily fancy the drive was through an English park in a fir-growing neighbourhood, and felt inclined to grumble at the owner for having such a bad road. Bright green sward lined each side of our course, with hills of firs beyond. The rivulet was now swollen to a good-sized stream. As we further advanced, the valley began to contract till, as we neared the ruins of what was formerly an inn, the sides closed up, forming a perfect gorge of surpassing beauty. Some charcoal burners hard at work on one side the river, and children from a dilapidated cottage on the other, gave life and animation to the scene. Here we were able to purchase some milk, one penny a quart, from a child (oh! so ugly). In this district we never saw a nice-looking peasant girl, or a fat peasant man. The children generally wear nothing but nightgowns during the day time in the summer months.

Charcoal workers are to be met with all over the Carpathians, as a great deal is made, not only for

transportation to the plains, but also for the iron works in the mountains themselves. The traveller in these parts must always keep a sharp look out as he drives along, if he sees any traces of these gentry, for they cut down the trees on the tops of the mountains and set them sliding down promiscuously, trusting to chance that there is no one beneath. Often we were startled by a crushing noise like a rocket, which proved to be some of these immense poles tearing their way down to the water below. On our return journey, one of these monsters had just descended and been stopped in its course by our road, which was now completely blocked ; as he measured three and a half feet in diameter at the base we could not move him, so were obliged to take the wagon over a ditch across the open, in making which détour it was half hanging over the precipice. As soon as the wood reaches the bottom, it is cut up into lengths and piled together in large heaps twenty feet high, and thirty feet in circumference, and when lighted, are observable for miles in the daytime by the smoke, and in the night by the glow of the fire.

Before entering the gorge itself, we pause to admire the almost perpendicular cliffs of white limestone which stand out from the background of dark firs in bright relief. In the distance are the high peaked Tatras, as usual overtopping everything. This range of mountains

lies nearly east and west, is thirty-seven miles in length, and averages nine miles in breadth; they are covered with snow till the end of June, when it disappears except in a few sheltered places, but already by the middle of September, the highest peaks have resumed their winter garb. The Carpathians were conquered by the Romans, under the Emperor Diocletian, in the year 295, after a desperate battle, in which most of the mountaineers were destroyed.

How solitary and quiet are these valleys!—we saw but two birds during the whole day, one a kind of dark-coloured thrush, and the other a black-headed and black-breasted fly-catcher with an auburn tail. As for insects, such as flies, midges and mosquitoes, they seemed all to have gone dead. Cows of the usual mountain breed were feeding on the hillsides; the sheep, handsome creatures with twisted horns and long fleecy wool, (more of them black than white) looking like small buffaloes, as they rampage down the declivity. The goats walk about with a gentlemanly air, their heads small, very like a deer's in expression, their wool also long and silky. The Carpathian fir-tree is a different tree in some respects to his Alpine and Lapland brethren; he grows up straighter, taller, and more gracefully feathered, and is of a darker colour. Variety in the foliage is wanting



here, owing to the absence of the delicate light green birch tree.

A gateway of precipitous peaks, seems to bar the upper entrance to the Thal. There is but just room apparently for the black Donajec. Directly you pass through this narrow portal, the valley widens like a court-yard with masses of rock rising again in the back ground. A hundred paces from the Inn is the famous "Eisquelle" (ice stream)—the water of wonderfully icy temperature. It is surrounded by enormous blue chalky rocks, some perpendicular, and some even overhanging the plain; a little further on these rocks assume all kinds of fantastic shapes, and one group like a ruined castle is the most beautiful of all in the Koscieliszker Thal. It was getting dark as we drew near home again, and the fire-flies were dancing and floating in the air in all directions. They were such a size and so long stationary in the air, that they might almost have been taken for stars. The light they give far exceeds that of our own glow-worms.

Every man in these parts carries in his hand what appears to be a walking stick, but it is in reality a short straight-handed axe. Those used by the higher classes are highly ornamented; the head, which forms the handle is made of polished steel, fantastically engraved and cut in the form of the Polish eagle, the

bird's beak acting as a hammer and the end of his tail forming the axe, the edge of which is protected by a brass cap screwed on. The wood for the stick itself is burnt black in the fire.

We were very glad to be able to purchase one from a Zakopani peasant.

## CHAPTER V.

The Ironworks at Zakopani—The workmen—A terrific thunderstorm—The Alpine flower garden—Trout fishing—One of the party comes to grief—Female labour—We visit the Bad with the dreadful name—Terror of juvenile resident—Ascent of the Magura Spitze—The caverns—The Lammergeier—The magnificent spring.

THE Ironworks at Zakopani merit more than a passing glance. They will probably be better known before long, as it is proposed to build a railway which will overcome the, at present, very great drawback of transport. They are in the hands of a Prussian banker, in Berlin, who purchased the property from its former Polish owner as a kind of spec to form into a limited company.

These works are conducted upon the most primitive principles, and consist of a number of wooden workshops, each separate and complete in itself and placed at such a distance apart, that if one catches fire, it cannot communicate with the rest. One was burnt down last year, which is not surprising, as the charcoal

sparks can be seen at night flying all over the wooden roofs, rendered doubly dry by the heat of the fires within. The iron ore, a red hæmatite is found in bands running through the limestone strata and cropping out continually from the mountain sides ; it is excavated by peasants, and brought down to the works and paid for at so much a cart. The natural consequence of this arrangement is great waste and extra labour, for the peasant merely digs out any portion of ore that he sees, and works along the seam till it stops ; too ignorant to be aware that this is probably merely a fault, he gives it up and begins again somewhere else. The charcoal is also obtained by contract with the peasants and delivered at the works in carts. As there is plenty of limestone about, of which they add a little as a flux, the ingredients themselves do not cost much.

And now for the labourers, these are long thin Polish mountaineers, who never taste meat from year's end to year's end. They are sober and steady workmen, have never heard of trades' unions or dreamt of a strike. They receive on an average 10*d.* a day as wages, and their principal food is rye cake, which they mix themselves and bake in their fires. One large melting house suffices for the whole colony, and the other buildings are forges, each with heating ovens, hammers and anvils.



The furnaces, placed back to back, occupy the centre of the shop, and are supplied with a cold blast by fans.

The sole motive power is the mountain stream running down the valley, which has the invaluable property of not freezing in winter, so that the works can be carried on all the year round. This stream drives the fans, lifts the hammers and gives motion to the lathes. The hammer is made of a large, long piece of timber, one end shod with iron, which is raised up by cogs on a drum-shaped driving shaft, and then allowed to fall by its own weight on the anvil. The blows given by these antediluvians were feeble indeed, though the manager said they came down with a force of six hundred pounds. This I very much doubt. Its velocity is regulated by means of a stone buffer which is pressed by a screw against the shaft of the wheel. At the time of our visit, the workmen were principally engaged in rolling iron plates and forging axletree arms. One great comfort is, that although full of iron works, this lovely valley is not polluted by smoke and smuts, and for this we are indebted to the charcoal.

A wet morning succeeded the splendid weather of yesterday, and thus prevented the expedition we had planned to the summit of the Zakopani Magura, one of the high mountains behind us, where we should obtain

a view of the whole of the northern side of the Tatra range. A guide had been ordered at 5 A.M., for us to make the attempt should the weather still hold. Alas ! how it thundered and lightened at 2 A.M., with pouring rain to follow ! When the guide came he shook his head and refused to budge in such weather. Patience was now the order of the day, and the reward came shortly after breakfast by a break in the clouds, and a certain amount of clearing up. Eager to do something, and the alpenstock being handy, though the guide was not, I took the course up our valley simply to explore, and after half an hour's walk came to a mountain on the right which seemed easy of ascent. As a waterproof was strapped on my back, I could afford to laugh at the distant tremble of thunder. The slope of this hill side was covered first with grass and then with stones, and it took a good hour's stiff climb to reach what I thought to be the summit, which was not the summit after all, as I found the mountain to be part of the great Gewhan. I must confess that I do not belong to the Alpine Club, having never exceeded eleven thousand feet in Europe, and am nervous when crossing awkward glaciers, yet the view now mapped out around was one not to be despised by any mountaineer. Stretching away in the distance to the north lay the town of Neumarkt with rivers converging upon it ;

gleams of sunshine breaking here and there through the driving clouds lit up the green rye-fields, contrasting beautifully with the patches of dense black fir woods. Further still the neighbourhood of Cracow could be discerned, and lastly, dark and ugly-looking, the Russian frontier in the distance. Close by rose mountain upon mountain, with jagged summits of bare white limestone, the highest streaked with snow.

Beautiful however as was the distant view, it found a rival in the wonderful carpet of flowers upon which I was standing. Here was the coveted Edelweis, which in many places is sold by the children to tourists at 2*d.* or 3*d.* apiece ; the yellow and white anemone, the blue gentian just over, and others too numerous to mention, exceeding in beauty of colour and rarity almost every other flower-bed we met with in the Carpathians. For the benefit of future botanists, I have marked it on the map. All further research was quickly put an end to by a peal of thunder, quickly followed by a lightning flash, showing that the storm was coming this way. An overhanging rock, which had its back, so to speak, to the storm, formed a tolerable shelter; and crouching down underneath the friendly limestone, with the waterproof coat well buttoned up, I awaited its approach. First came a spattering of large rain-drops, driving in grand columns across the valley,

and then, depriving one almost of breath, a bolt of fire shot down into the very centre of the gorge beneath. A pause of half a second, and a crashing peal of thunder, shaking the limestone rock to its very foundation, gave one the idea that the whole mountain would topple over. The sound was echoed back from mountain peak to mountain peak, dying away at last into comparative silence. At such a moment man realises, for once at any rate, what an atom he is "when HE uttereth His voice."

Again and again came the lightning and its attendant thunder; and the rain continuing to descend in perfect sheets of water, I thought it better to make my way down to the stream below, and try and find the track to lead me home again, especially as dense volumes of thick white clouds were beginning to cling round the hill-sides and shroud the valley in complete obscurity.

When I reached the bottom, the effects of the storm were distinctly visible; the paths were turned into streams, and the river into a torrent double its size.

All traces of it, however, disappeared by the afternoon; so we made up a party to go down to one of the lower streams and fish for trout, with a hope that the rain might have been sufficiently partial not to have much affected the lower regions.

Our way lay for some distance over swampy meadows

till we struck the river Olsza; but the water pleased us not—too high and turbid. We did not expect any success and were not disappointed, as I only landed one trout, and rose two others. The river formed itself at intervals into small rapids, starting from as likely-looking pools for fish as any one could desire. Our landlord who accompanied us, said that with a bright torch, he often went at night and speared numbers of trout, frequently from three to four pounds weight.

There was one pool in particular which we were anxious to try from the opposite bank. As the water was too deep to ford with any comfort, we looked out for a bridge, and a little lower down came upon a tree which had been thrown across, not more than six inches in diameter at the thickest end. The upper side had been smoothed with an axe to facilitate the crossing; but by some means or other, the tree had received a twist, and was now lying with the sharp edge uppermost. Move it round again we could not, as the ends were fixed between two closely growing trees. Already it bent down in the centre with its own weight; what would it do with a passenger?

Well, it bent *more*, and swung from side to side, as by the help of a friendly pole I reached the opposite bank, net in hand, in safety. Not so fortunate was the next comer; he had proceeded some little distance,



when, dissatisfied with the assistance of the pole, he must catch at an overhanging bough. This was fatal: it snapped asunder, and up went his heels and down went his body, head foremost into the running stream below. A pair of boots and outstretched gloves—a swimming hat and floating stick—for one second this is all that is visible! In another, a tremendous struggle and plunge; head and shoulders reappeared, and with a desperate clutch at the treacherous bridge, our friend waded heavily across to the opposite bank to shake himself and return home, “a wiser and a *wetter* man!”

So ended this day’s fishing. The spoil we brought back was small, but proved good in the eating, owing some of its excellence doubtless to the cook—a very important personage in our little inn. She was such a celebrity, that she was employed by all the neighbours round, and at one P.M. you might see her savoury dishes walking off in every direction. We all dined at the same hour, from the same *menu*, to save her trouble.

Opposite our windows is a potato-field; it has been constructed by carting away the granite boulders which so thickly strew these valleys, and then covering well with manure. In this field were generally a dozen peasant women of all ages, hard at work hoeing



Milner & Mansfield, Lith. & Engrs. London.  
New Illustrations Printed.

A FISHING CATASAROPHE.





the potatoes. Their leader was a jolly, communicative old dame, who was German born and bred. She complained that the women had all the hard work to do—field work and harvesting in summer, carrying wood in winter; and as they neither smoked nor drank, she said they got through much more than the men. Judging by the sample before us, I have no doubt she was right. They receive very good pay, about 6*d.* per diem—a sum which goes a long way in these mountains. Though *she* declared they did not smoke, we noticed at different times many Polish *ladies* smoking openly, not cigarettes, but cigars, as they sat in the cafés.

The invalids who visit Zakopani, have great faith in the medicinal powers of a spring which rises from the ground in the next valley to ours. It rejoices in the dreadful name of Jaszczarowka. We thought we should like to inspect it ourselves, so the next day took our towels (we never travel without a couple of bath towels) and started with the intention of trying a bathe in it. On emerging from the bottom of our road, we followed a footpath leading directly to the right, over some cultivated ground and through a small wood—a lovely walk of half an hour, with pretty views the whole way. The path came to an end at two houses, one a peasant's hut, and the other the Bad,

which was merely a wooden shanty erected over the spot where the healing stream gushed from mother earth, and made into a kind of bath which was emptied after each bather. I could not detect the slightest sign of mineral properties, either by taste or smell. The water used to be much warmer; now it is only 55°, and remains at the same temperature all the year round. I heard afterwards that a spring of sweet water had intermingled with it, diluting it to such an extent, that its former characteristics had almost disappeared.

Two Polish gentlemen, however, who had just emerged from their bath, assured me that the effect was wonderful, making the skin glow again. This we attributed to the unusual wash, so foreign to their natural habits; and as the place looked particularly uninviting, we gave up the idea of making a personal trial of this no longer wonderful spring.

Returning through a cottage garden, one of the little urchins clothed in his nightgown was seized with a sudden fright at the sight of strangers, and ran down into a mud oven in the garden, made very like our field ovens at Aldershot. Here he yelled and screamed as loud as he could till we were out of sight, regarding us probably as ogres or vampires. Even a girl of fifteen or sixteen, whom we came upon accidentally in



the forest, covered her face with her shawl as with a yishmak, exactly like the Turkish women.

The mountains of the Tatra are comparatively easy to climb, in consequence of the absence of ice and snow, the only difficulty being the loose granite boulders. I should not, however, recommend any excursion to be made without a guide—first for safety's sake, and secondly because it is much easier to ascend a mountain by the usual footpath or track, than to strike out one for yourself, and find out frequently when you are half-way up that you must turn back some distance, or make a long *détour* in consequence of some hitherto unforeseen obstacle. It takes also less time to follow a man who never hesitates on the road, than to have to stop and consider what is the best thing to do.

The ascent of the Magura Spitze was still unaccomplished, so we took advantage of the first fine morning, securing one of the best guides in the village for the expedition.

Let me try and describe him as he stands waiting before the window to accompany us. On his head is a black wideawake, adorned with a string of white cowrie shells, which has taken the place of the ordinary piece of ribbon. His white flannel coat hangs like a hussar jacket over his shoulder, and is trimmed with scarlet

braid; the trousers are also trimmed in the same manner and made of the same stuff; his waistcoat is of sheep- or lamb-skin, and his short white shirt which does not reach lower than the waist, just shows beneath it. Round his feet are wrapped linen cloths, which come like a stocking above his ankles. Over these are sandal shoes of skin (very like those worn by the Lapps); they are tied with thongs of leather, which also secure the bottom of the trousers. In his hand is the usual short straight axe, which also serves as an Alpenstock. A canvas bag, tied round his neck, carries the provisions.

Thus provided, we start on the mountain track to the left of the valley, leaving the main road a little above our inn. The scenery for the first mile is bold and picturesque, huge masses of limestone standing out in grotesque form above the slopes. To the north is a slanting wall of bare limestone, unrelieved by vegetation, and friable by exposure to the weather, while the pretty peeps through the fir trees opposite form a charming contrast.

Soon the valley opens out to a good-sized meadow in a hollow basin, upon which numerous cattle and sheep are feeding. Before ascending the mountain, we are recommended to visit the limestone caves. They are reached by a zigzag pathway on the right, and it takes

quite half an hour for the traveller to gain the entrance. Here are patches of snow, with lovely beds of wild flowers growing in between; especially cowslips which flourish most luxuriantly.

As soon as the candles are lit, the descent can be made; but it must be carefully done, as the boulders and stones on the bottom are loose and treacherous. These caves, or succession of caves (they seem to have no end) are in no way remarkable; there does not seem sufficient moisture to allow of the formation of stalactites and stalagmites,—only just enough to form an incrustation of lime on the walls, dull in colour and wanting in lustre. In isolated places water had found its way in after rain, and frozen into ice blocks on the floor, three or four feet high. Leaving the cave, we descend by the ticklish goat-track until the main pathway below is struck once more, and continue our course past several entrances to defunct shafts of iron excavations. Higher up still we came upon the *Krummholz*. This abounds in the Carpathians. The *Krummholz* (deformed wood) resembles a Scotch fir in leaf, but instead of growing upwards, it spreads its branches in bush-like form along the ground. It varies in height from one to five feet, and standing thickly together, forms an almost impenetrable barrier. At the edge of the moss and lichens, the *Krummholz* ceases, and the birch tree is altogether unknown.

On the summit of the Zakopani Magura is a comfortable moss-grown group of rocks, where the wearied traveller may take his rest and enjoy on a clear day a prospect second to none.

The Lammergeier, or lamb-stealing eagle, is soaring majestically beneath him, until startled by his sudden appearance, it darts upwards with an almost imperceptible motion of the wings and is quickly lost to sight in the clouds above—a very different-looking bird from the unfortunate captives we had seen in the Zoological Gardens at Berlin.

One peculiarity of the Tatra range is, that while the south side of the mountains rise in solitary grandeur from the plains below, the northern side (of which the Zakopani Magura forms a part) ascends by degrees, hill gradually overtopping hill, each higher than the last. The sombre character of the Carpathian scenery may possibly disappoint some people at first, but from a vantage-ground like this, they must surely confess that it possesses a peculiar charm of its own, not to be found in other mountain chains. The absence of large bogs and tracks of marshy land, as well as of any great masses of ice and snow (the green turf stretching in patches almost to the mountain tops), makes them most pleasant to roam over, while to the geologist they suggest many subjects for consideration, as he notes



how the main chain consists only of jagged peaks of granite, which have forced their way upwards through the overlying limestone strata.

It is more agreeable to the eye to range over hill and dale, village and stream, than merely to survey a succession of snow-clad peaks, as is so often the case in Switzerland. How prettily at our feet lies the tiny lake of Czarni, embosomed among the granite peaks and nestling in the snow! It is dark, still, and fishless, overflowing into a little stream running through the bright green grass.

The descent of the Zakopani Magura is easy enough : a good path runs the whole way, and a short homeward cut can be made through the large pine wood overhanging the village.

A day of rest is quite necessary after one of these expeditions, and at Zakopani there are plenty of short walks to interest and amuse without fatigue. We went the next day to visit the source of the stream which flows past our inn. Leaving the village, we took a road to the right, steering due south through the pine forest, and soon came upon an open park-like plain, with green turf as soft and smooth as velvet ; flowers in abundance, but neither birds nor insects.

We were now in one of the finest basins of the Carpathians ; we looked down upon a sea of fir-tops,

dark and uniform; around us were mountains and peaks of every form and hue, from the bright green turf and white barren limestone, to the jagged and angry-looking granite. The clear blue atmosphere above, the sun shining without a cloud, but the heat tempered by a cooling breeze from the snow, made one's enjoyment of this lovely scene thoroughly perfect.

Guided by the murmuring of the stream (the sound of which we never lost for a moment) we at length reached the spot from which it burst from the ground, dashing down a steep declivity in a headlong torrent to the river below, forming a magnificent cascade. It was about thirty feet broad as it issued from the mountain, and became a respectable stream of twelve feet wide and three feet deep as it traversed the valley; the water as cold as ice. One can scarcely understand the phenomenon, as there was no cavern of any kind; but just as if the earth here had turned into the gigantic rose of some monster watering-pot, the water spurted out in fifty different places at once, and then joining together in one huge volume, it swept and leapt over ferns, mosses, and boulders till it subsided in the stream at our feet.

We remained for some time watching and admiring the pretty picture before us, quite unique of its kind.

The following day being Sunday, and no church nearer

than two and a half miles, and that a Roman Catholic one, we persuaded an educated Pole to hold an open-air reading in the afternoon. A messenger was despatched to the different peasants' houses to summon the people, and thirty or forty assembled themselves together as the time approached. It was a curious sight. The reader stood on a balcony raised above the little gathering who were leaning against the railings or sat down on the grass with upturned faces, listening with the greatest interest to the parable of the Prodigal Son, and other parts of the New Testament, which had been selected for the Pole to read. The result of this reading was a great anxiety to become possessed of a copy of the Polish Testament, and villagers flocked in from a distance to try and get them. Our small stock was soon exhausted in giving to those by whom it was likely to be appreciated.

Two weddings, both of the better class of Polish peasants, were to be celebrated the next day; and as we were invited to be present and participate in the festivities, we resolved to postpone our departure for another day and enjoy the novel amusement of a *double* village wedding in Poland.

## CHAPTER VI.

The double wedding of the Polish mountaineers—How we are invited—The parish priest, passing rich on £20 a year—Obliged to carry lighted candles of no mean size—The Warsaw refugee—The wedding feast—We make preparations to continue our journey, and start under favourable auspices, which soon pale—Bukovina—We ford the Bialka, not without risk, and arrive in Hungary—A different people—Javorina and its cleanliness—A thief—Nocturnal expedition—The great fish lake.

THE evening before the wedding, the two brides, accompanied by their respective bridegrooms, were ushered into our room by the landlord (who came to interpret) with the greatest ceremony, dressed up in their go-to-meeting clothes, looking as shy and awkward as most people do under the circumstances. They gravely advanced one by one to kiss our hands in turn, and gave us a formal invitation to attend church in the morning, and the wedding feast in the afternoon. The two bridegrooms, employed in some ironworks, were a shady-looking couple, thin and ugly, with Tartar



features. The brides, on the contrary, were fat, jolly, good-humoured looking girls. We gave them some little presents which we had brought from England to be ready for any such-like emergency—two ladies' gold chains, and a Polish Testament for each couple, with their names properly bracketed. It was no joke writing their very long unpronounceable names. As it was, I nearly put the wrong couples together through the landlord's stupidity, but they properly resented such an arrangement. As the wedding festivities were likely to last far into the night, and the ball-room was exactly opposite our bedroom door, the landlord took a room for us in another cottage, where we might sleep undisturbed; our journey on the following day to Javorina, (a village to the east of Zakopani,) being likely to be a fatiguing one—six hours in a wagon and a bad road.

Next morning the whole place was astir; it was a general holiday and no work going on at the forges. Marriages here, as with us, must take place before noon. We walked down early to the church of Zakopani, two miles off, and there waited for the arrival of the bridal party. As we were leaning on a rail by the roadside, the village priest passed by and kindly invited us to rest in his garden, in the shade of his large porch.

What a garden it was! such a wilderness of weeds! I asked him why he did not trim it up himself, for he was a tall, strong, stout man under fifty years of age; but he laughed at the very idea. The soil was good for vegetables, such as salad, potatoes, &c., and those that could get any air and light grew well. He had several beehives of peculiar construction; they were small boxes, five feet high and about one foot and a half square, with a slanting roof, and a few holes drilled in one side for the bees to enter. He said he was the first priest of Zakopani; that he had built the church and parsonage, and that his pay was £20 a year. He certainly was not "passing rich," though he appeared well fed and was very hospitable, kindly offering us various beverages, as the day was warm. He declared himself a staunch Infallibilist, and was surprised at the statements of the Döllinger or Low Church party, as we may call them.

Our pleasant conversation was suddenly brought to an end by a couple of pistol shots, which announced the approach of the bridal party (they never rang the church bells as we expected), and we reached the church door just in time to see the head of the procession approaching.

First came a true German band of the young men in the ironworks, eight in number. Shut your eyes

and you might fancy yourself at Scarborough, Margate, or Harrogate, listening to the strains of a pertinacious band, already put in motion by Policeman A. In front of the column were the two brides, dressed in orange-coloured gowns, with wreaths of artificial flowers on their heads and streamers of long tulle floating down their backs. I cannot say they had succeeded in beautifying themselves by their bridal apparel. Each was hanging on the arm of a young man, and had put on a most resigned expression of countenance, as if the sacrifice they were going to make was tremendous; close behind came the six bridesmaids, provided with very large pocket-handkerchiefs: four were in muslin with wreaths of flowers on their heads, from which long ribbons streamed behind. They also appeared to stand in need of support and comfort, which was afforded them by the groomsmen.

Fathers, mothers, &c., brought up the rear. The church was a small wooden building full of the most hideous pictures and figures. The bridal party made at once for the altar, the two couples kneeling on the steps, the others on the floor itself. The pocket-handkerchiefs were now of great use and were freely applied. One of the bridesmaids acted as manager, placing the parties in their proper positions and handing in the ring at the proper time.

Our friend the priest kept us waiting at least twenty minutes, during which time no one moved. Candles about a yard long were lighted and handed round to every person present, and we held them as best we could, the grease dropping about in every direction. One of the spectators, a German, gave great offence by refusing to take one.

At last the priest made his appearance in an unusually gorgeous robe, and walking up the altar steps, without any ceremony quickly ousted one couple from their position, and proceeded to marry them in turn. The organ, a very sweet-toned instrument, began a chant, and the priest tried to join and failed miserably. Prayers were read, two thick silver rings laid on the altar, prayed over and sprinkled with holy water, and then placed on the finger of both bride and bridegroom, after which they clasped each other by the right hand, and the priest bound them together by wrapping round their hands one of the ornamented ends of a scarf that hung round his neck: then came the usual promise.

The poor brides were very much overcome, and cried bitterly, causing a stampede of tears among the bridesmaids. When both couples had been married and kissed the crucifix, we all passed in procession behind the altar, evidently used as a mausoleum for defunct



and defaced saints, who lay there in no little confusion one upon the other, with an old picture or two tossed in among them. Emerging on the other side we perceived a small box for contributions towards paying (I suppose) for our candles, of which we were now relieved by a small boy, who blew them out and deposited them in the church for the next ceremony. On the return journey, the newly-made wives were supported by their mammas, while we adjourned at the priest's invitation, to sign the register in his house together with the bridegrooms and their best men; the brides did not sign.

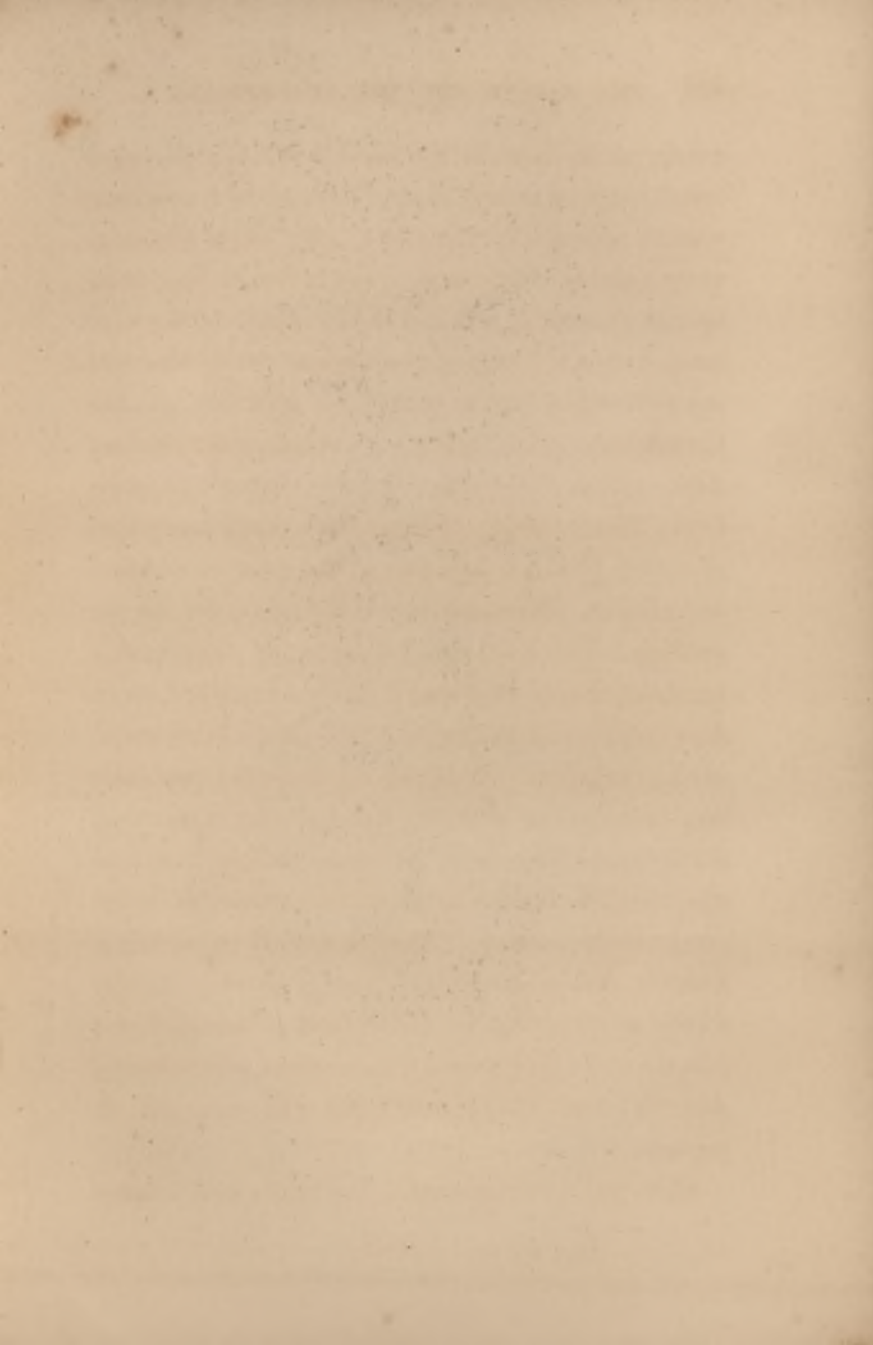
We had a pleasant walk home, guided by the village schoolmaster, who led a solitary life in this out-of-the-way village, bereft by death of both his wife and children. He was, like many others, a refugee from Russia, having fought as a captain of rebels in 1831.

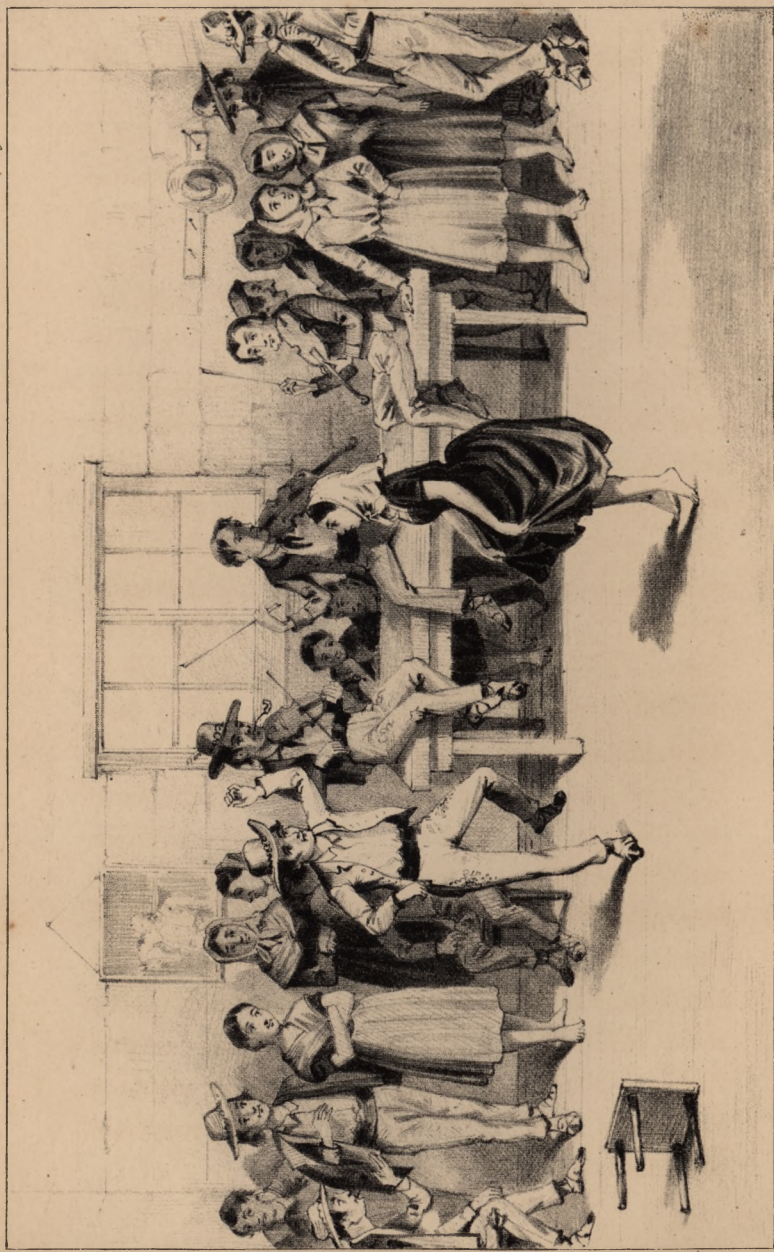
Within a stone's throw of our inn was an iron monument, to commemorate the visit of an Austrian Archduke to Zakopani some years ago. During the last Polish outbreak, in 1862, fir-trees were planted round the monument to hide it from sight; but in this they have not yet been successful.

Late in the afternoon the two brides came to announce that the wedding feast was now ready; they were going about together to the different houses, inviting their

guests, as we read in the parable of old. We soon found our way to a good-sized cottage, where we were warmly received by the family; our hands kissed by every member of it in succession—rather an unpleasant operation—making one feel so very foolish! We were ushered into a long, low, room, where tables were laid out with such a feast as we had not seen before in the Carpathians: wine, beer, soup, beef, pork, chicken, duck, venison, Polish sausages, other dishes *ad infinitum*. This grand supper must have cost a pretty sum of money,—but it is “the thing,” and we were told that one peasant, who was present, had spent 40*l.* on his wedding. The brides waited upon us, they having previously dined. We were a goodly company of about thirty people; all the swells of the village being there, except the priest. We drank the health of the brides and bridegrooms, and the parents, and then they drank ours. They were especially delighted at the presence of an English lady, and endeavoured to do her every possible honour. Whether a good or bad omen, I cannot say, but during the feast there came a most terrific storm of thunder and lightning, the latter of a pale rose-colour, very vivid; the windows were instantly shut for fear of accidents, and the rain fell in torrents.

After the wedding supper, the tables were cleared





Waltzes by Macdonald, Lith. by the Crown London.  
from *Illustration* 1860.

A CARPATHIAN WEDDING.



and turned out of the room to make way for a dance till 9 P.M., when, preceded by the band, the wedding-party marched up to our inn to continue the ball and to dance the national "Courale" in the public room. Not more than one or two couples engaged in this dance at a time; it was executed with great gravity, and like our sailors' hornpipe seemed to consist principally in trying to persuade the lookers-on that the performers had two knees in each leg. The men, as a rule, danced arms a-kimbo opposite their partners, as if to show themselves off to advantage, continually shuffling their feet convulsively to and fro in the same place, and writhing the body in every possible contortion; then cutting capers, down they went, now on one knee, now on both, and up again, slapping their hands and stamping their feet to the monotonous, yet by no means unpleasant music of two small fiddles and one big one; the musicians sitting on a table in the corner of the room, which was lighted by a solitary oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. The ladies all the time looked as solemn as if life and death depended on the dance, until, with a sudden dash, they whirl rapidly round, making cheeses, like dancing dervishes. Again they approach, are seized by their partners with both hands, and after a few turns round the room, are occasionally tossed on the ground.



The favourite beverage was beer, varied by a little corn brandy, and tea mixed with rum at intervals.

The grand ceremony, however, was yet to come. Two chairs were brought and placed in the centre of the room ; the brides marched hand in hand round and round, and finally took possession of the chairs. Two old ladies (their mammas) proceeded to unfasten the bridal wreaths and replace them by small matron caps. The wreaths were deposited on a plate which each bride held on her knee. During these operations the brides wept bitterly, and the six bridesmaids standing in order around, sang a joyful chorus ; the principal one leading off in a solo with a cracked voice.

The caps finally adjusted, the friends and guests came forward one after another, and dropped their offerings of coins and money into the aforesaid plates. Some of these will be treasured up for life ; and there were old women present, who had still in their possession the coins they had received on a similar occasion, fifty years ago.

The paper-money and ordinary coin would assist in defraying the expense of the trousseau and furniture ; but our little contribution, a gold five-franc piece, would (as we were told) be handed down to posterity.

As the hilarity of the company began to increase, we retired to our temporary lodging, but did not find the

perfect quietness we had been led to expect, for early in the morning our new host returned from the entertainment rather the worse for liquor, and woke us up by beating his wife. It was fortunate for him that I did not understand what the row was about till the next day, when I was told it was no uncommon occurrence.

Rain continued to fall all night, and when the morning came and we intended to depart, we were quietly informed it was impossible for us to go, as we could not ford the river "Bialki" after such a down-pour (the bridge of course had been swept away in the recent floods), and that one clear day at least must elapse, to allow the waters to subside, before we could think of it. For two days there was no cessation, and we could neither advance nor retire, a river on either side barring our progress. The water fairly obliged us to keep quiet.

A billiard-table in our inn was a great resource, and one could always extract some amusement from the various peasants who never failed to haunt the outside wooden benches. Ragged and dirty they all were, their clothes not worth one-and-sixpence a suit; some of them, however, are wealthy people, and one old man whom one could scarcely pass without offering a kreuzer, had just concluded the purchase of a village for

3500*l.* down. They have a character for extreme closeness. Last winter, a peasant in the neighbourhood, driving home, came to a bridge, of which the toll for crossing was 4*d.*; sooner than pay it, though warned of the danger, he preferred fording the river, and was carried away and drowned. When the body was recovered, 20*l.* in bank-notes was found in his pocket.

Eggs are nearly as plentiful here as in Norway; they were sold at seven a penny by the countrywomen to the landlady; the boiling of them, however, comes expensive; by the time they are ready for our breakfast, they cost one penny a piece.

Before the rain had ceased we were tired enough of our imprisonment, and our spirits much depressed in consequence, but they rose again on hearing of a bear who had taken up his abode in a wood a little distance off, and had been making too free with the cattle and sheep.

An expedition was being organised to capture him, and we had great hopes of varying the monotony of wet days by a bear hunt, but unfortunately it was postponed, and we could not wait to take part therein.

The weather clears, and at last the barometer is rising. It has gone contrary to the opinion of all the weather-wise here, and has won!—so much for local prophets!

The director of the iron works kindly offered us his waggon to take us to our next halting-place, Javorina, and we can delay no longer. He charges us 16s. 8*d.*, and the peasants ask 12s. ; however, it is well worth the difference. We had given the waggon no small consideration by this time, and found out that the secret of comfort in these trips (which we were not up to at first) is to get the longest one you can, with the wheels close under each end of the cart ; your hay seat can then be placed in the centre, and the jolts over the stones will not be felt as acutely as if the axle were exactly beneath you. Our hearts were gladdened by a brilliant morning for our long journey ; and, having taken good care that our seat was in the right place, and the luggage well stuffed, the cart actually felt so comfortable as we trotted briskly down the village, that we decided it would scarcely make any difference to us whether we went over roads, houses, or hedges.

Again we traversed the road made of slag from our iron works (over which the small natives, with their bare feet, pick their way most carefully), retracing our steps some miles to the end of the long straggling village of Zakopani ; here we turned sharp to the right, and drove along the banks of a small stream through the village of Poronin, the road ascending every step. The way was easy enough as long as there was a road



and a bridge—for we had to cross the stream several times—but more than once the torrent had swept away both, depositing large granite boulders in their stead; over these we banged and jolted, tossed upwards from our grassy seat one minute, and clinging on fast by the side of the cart the next, as the wheel went over stones a foot high. I think Ludgate-hill when it is *up*, and the stones thrown loose for fixing, would be a more comfortable route.

Occasionally it proved better to drive up the bed of the stream, the boulders not being so large in the centre and the water not many inches high. Over and over again our road was completely lost in the floods, and we had to make our way as best we could, now over ditches and rotten bridges (the planks of which were so loose that they tipped up as the horses trod on them and their heels stuck in the holes), then, up and down banks and bushes, until we could strike the road again further on.

After a time we got rid of these obstacles, and leaving the watercourse altogether, ascended a steep hill (at least 500 feet), where lay the scattered village of Bukovina. From this table-land we had the finest of all the fine views of the whole northern side of the great Tatra range. Snow in large masses still occupied every shady ravine of the granite peaks along our front,

while the foreground of smaller mountains was covered either with bright green grass or dark fir trees.

Our great anxiety on descending the hill on the other side of this dirty little place (where it would be next to impossible to pass a night) was with respect to the dreaded river Bialka—the river we had been warned against since the late rains—as it is famous for the rapidity of its current and the large size of the stones at the bottom.

It looked formidable enough as we pulled up on its banks ; a vast waste of water extending nearly as far as we could see, and rushing wildly over its rocky bed.

In vain we sought the foot-bridge for passengers, which we had been told was still standing. Not a vestige of it to be seen ! In its place, only the Government inspector again, an obliging official (everyone is obliging in the Carpathians) who spoke German.

When we asked him whether he considered it safe to ford this angry turbulent stream, his face was far from encouraging, and with doubtful air he replied, that “ the water was still very high, the passage would be difficult, but he thought we might venture.” Accordingly his four men came to our assistance, and propping us up and guiding our horses as before, we arrived very shortly in safety on the other side, with only the loss of a coat, which the jolting shot out into the current ; down it

went, hurrying at a headlong pace, until captured below by two of the natives, who, on seeing the catastrophe, at once started in pursuit. One came to grief up to his neck in a hole, but the other brought it back in triumph, just as we had given it up for lost.

There is much the same feeling of excitement as you sit in one of these traps fording a river, with the water rushing in under your feet and the waggon and horses swaying and floundering over the stones, as there is in shooting a rapid in a canoe.

On recovering the road again, which was not until we had made a *détour* cross country over the most execrable by-path imaginable, we turned southwards up the river side, through the large village of Jurgor. Here we were in Hungary, the Bialka river being the boundary, and the natives were Slaves, quite different in dress and character from their brethren on the other side.

The women were almost nice looking, while before they were positively ugly. The men had exchanged their wide-awakes for large black Garibaldi hats, ornamented with braid, in shape something like a Spanish hat, but about twice the size. At sight of three of these tall fellows coming up the road together, in their cavalier hats and long flowing hair, we could almost fancy that King Charles and his friends had stepped out

of their picture-frames for a walk—he himself having thereby extended the usual half hour allotted to him by tradition.

At the village of Podspadi, we turned off again to the right ; and our wheels grating over the slag, showed us that we were not far from our destination, there being ironworks also at Javorina, though very inferior to those we had left at Zakopani, as they are obliged to be shut up when the frost comes and turns the water into ice.

We accomplished the journey in six hours, much sooner than we expected.

Javorina looked miserably poor and dirty. The inn itself so wretched that we were quite loth to dismount, but there was no alternative. The few other houses scattered about and connected with the ironworks, could not take us in, so we placed our goods on the grass in front of the door, and refused to enter until we had seen the floors of our rooms thoroughly scrubbed out with soap and water. The people made some apology for its pigstye appearance, saying that there had been a *fête* the day before, and they had not yet had time to clean the place. For more than an hour we reposed on our baggage in the broiling sun, waiting for the completion of the cleansing operations.

Our driver departed with a gulden trinkgeld, the



sight of which gave him such delight that he fell down on his knees, and before I knew what he was about, he had actually kissed my well-greased fishing-boots.

This little inn was also kept by a Jewish family, and, as usual, they one and all were dirty in the extreme.

We certainly should not have stopped here, had we not been obliged to do so in order to visit the Meer Auge and fish in the great Fish lake, the fame of which had reached us in England.

The family consisted of an elderly man and his wife and two grown-up sons. Passing through the sitting-room late in the day, we found them all assembled reading their well-thumbed Hebrew Bible, with dishes in front of them, waiting for the sun to go down. They had been fasting for twenty-four hours, and were now reading the appointed passages before commencing their evening meal. To-day was the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

At last our rooms were pronounced clean. Beautiful new sheets were brought out and placed on the beds, fresh straw laid inside for the mattresses to rest upon, and clean duvets over all. A kind of dinner, not so very bad, was set before us; and, with the help of our own preserved pea-soup, which we cooked ourselves, we began to feel refreshed and contented—even to rejoice over our comforts and admire the prospect.

The valley of Javorina is decidedly pretty, but looked rather tame to us, coming straight from the beautiful wild Zakopani. It is so narrow that the inhabitants are often snowed up for three months together in winter, and are always obliged to lay in a stock of provisions to meet such an event.

At the east end of the valley rises the vast isolated limestone mountain called the "Muran," upwards of 6,000 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by great cliffs, 150 feet high, rendering the ascent impossible except at one point, and that only with great difficulty. Notwithstanding this, as soon as the snow melts, the villagers start with their lambs for the plateau on the top, carrying them up one by one on their backs, and leaving them there during the summer to fatten. The easiest approach is protected by a temporary fence of krummholz, to prevent any chance of the animals escaping. No shepherd or boy looks after them. Only once in fourteen days a peasant clambers up the precipitous track, to give them salt and to count them.

A few years ago, it happened that at the time of these fortnightly visits two or three lambs were regularly found to be missing. In vain every search was made on the rocks below for their remains. None were discovered. It was evident they had not fallen over, and the loss remained a mystery. It was supposed

they must have been stolen ; but who could have been the robber ?

Strict watch was kept, and one day the thief made his appearance—a two-legged one certainly !—in the shape of a splendid eagle. He was seen to pounce on the fattest lamb of the flock and carry it off. Here his depredations came to an end. A marmot trap was baited with a dead lamb, the living ones were removed, and the day after when the culprit repeated his visit, he was caught, to the great satisfaction of the villagers.

The expedition which was to be made to the distant lakes, (allowing one hour to fish) could not be done under eight hours at the least ; and as the journey on the morrow to the town of Käsmark (our next halting-place) would take nearly another eight hours, it was absolutely necessary to leave this place before 11 o'clock the next morning.

It would not do at all to travel on these roads in the dark, and it was equally out of the question to think of passing another night in Javorina. Time must therefore be taken by the forelock ; so a guide was ordered to be ready at 1 A.M. to show the way to the lakes. He said he knew it as well by night as by day.

Having watched our hostess's kind care and preparation of the beds, I was sufficiently sanguine to lie

down *outside* and expect a few hours' sleep. Vain hope! my presence was the signal for the sounding of the assembly, and myriads arrived from all quarters to the unusual feast. Keating alone can cope with these enemies, and he conquered as he did in Cracow!—in a very few minutes they were either dead or torpid or in precipitate flight. But the bed had become unbearable, and a chair was the only refuge.

At midnight I began to prepare for my walk by lighting the kitchen fire and reboiling the remains of the pea-soup, which was not so good as usual. It tasted very *papery*, owing to the tin covering being only on the sides and not on the top and bottom.

The guide turned up all right, and brought with him a white canvas bag, in which was stowed some bread and wine. He also carried the fishing-rod. And so we started, in the *dead of the night* (I might almost say), to catch the wily trout!

It was pitch dark, and I do not know how I should have managed had it not been for the white canvas bag which the guide had flung over his shoulder, and which was just discernible as something whitish when following close on his footsteps.

The first ticklish affair was crossing a long solitary plank thrown across some water dammed up for the Iron-works. This difficulty happily surmounted, all went



well for the next half hour, as the pathway over the hills was pretty clear ; but when we went down the other side and neared the Bialka river, we struck into a large forest of dark firs almost meeting overhead.

How we struggled on it is almost impossible to describe ! One minute tumbling over a great stone in the wretched road ; the next, sinking up to the knee in a deep muddy rut full of water. Not a soul did we meet or a sound did we hear all the way through these woods. Our progress was of course rather slow, till at last we came to a part even denser than that we had already traversed.

Then the guide became shaky ! And no wonder—as he felt himself standing in a bog, with the water up to his knees !

He fairly gave in, and confessed he had lost his way ! A pleasant predicament at 2 A.M. ! What was to be done ?

The grey light of early dawn could not be expected for another two hours at least, and it was cold work standing stock still in a bog.

We determined to make a cast to the left, and after some floundering, hit off the road again, to our great delight.

Further on we passed heaps of burning charcoal, glowing with unearthly light, in the centre of the

forest; and when we reached the river we had no further fears, as we could see a glimmer directly we left the trees.

Light was just breaking as we stopped on the banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Bialka. It tore past us, like all its brethren, full of great stones, but not more than 3 feet deep.

In plunged the guide and I after him, stumbling and splashing up the water, as the current did its best to upset us. We soon reached the opposite bank, where we paused to empty our boots of the icy-cold water and stroke the similar fluid from our stockings.

Again we pushed on at a rattling pace, over huge pieces of rock which had fallen in a vast heap from the overhanging mountains, then over a short length of turfy grass, followed by fifty yards of timber road: this is composed of small fir-trees laid loose side by side on the top of a boggy bit of ground, they are very slippery, being always wet.

On we went—up hill now, winding through bushes of juniper and krummholz; and when one thought the lakes must really be visible from the summit of this steep ascent, there was yet another half hour's work of plodding gently up and up, principally through defunct fir-trees lying on the ground, and underwood formed of bilberry shrubs up to the waist.

At last, with laudable pride, we exclaimed, "The great Fish lake!"

Mr. Solomon's aneroid registered 4,500 feet.

Oh! lazy promenader of Scarborough Spa! Ryde Pier! or Marine Parade! do you say, "Well, I may have missed *something*! But, thank goodness, I have never found any use for Keating's deadly powder!"

True! it may be so!—but the *something* you have missed is worth even packets of Keating.

The indescribably magnificent prospect—the complete *novelty* of the scene in addition to its loveliness!—the fresh exhilarating mountain air, which puts new life in your veins!—all this amply indemnifies one for every discomfort that must await the steps of the traveller in the Carpathians.

Rising grandly in front, like a huge wall of massive granite, was the "Monch" mountain. Its rugged cliffs and jagged edges like so many sharp teeth, with every cleft and gully full of the whitest snow!

The first rays of the rising sun had just caught the tops of the highest peaks, lighting them up with warm and rosy hues; the light so brilliant and vivid that it was reflected down to the base of the mountain, where it melted away in as lovely a lake as eye could rest upon—its sides surrounded with bare granite, varied

here and there by patches of bright green grass and dark green krummholz.

The extreme limit of vegetation had been reached, and all nature seemed subdued by the cold blasts from the neighbouring mountains.

To the left rose a green wall, damming up another beautiful lake, that of the "Meer Auge."

This was also surrounded by similar granite mountains, and the dam which stretched across to prevent its egress had such an unnatural appearance, that at first one felt almost sure it must be a reservoir of some waterworks for supplying a large lowland town. The overflow trickled down in a small bluish streak of snow-water.

At my feet, a good-sized stream (formed by the overflow from both lakes) came pouring down one side, creating, as it ran along, some of the most tempting trout pools it has ever been my lot to witness.

We found our way through the underwood to the water below, clear as crystal and a perfect mirror, except when occasionally the morning breeze caught it and stirred up a slight ripple.

Small trout were on the feed near the shore, and larger ones were rising freely further in, making their breakfast off the venturesome flies hovering on the surface.



No time was lost in putting the rod together and making a few casts from the shore of the lake ; and in spite of the clearness of the water and the comparative stillness of the air, nearly every cast was rewarded by a rise. The fish were all small, and looked like common lake trout.

It is said that there are in this lake some very large trout of a peculiar kind, and the explanation given is, that once upon a time, some salmon must have found their way up here and were unable to return.

However that may be, there was no more time to give to the lake, as the pools in the river below demanded one's attention ; and taking up a position to command the first pool, I found first-rate sport. The fish were a different sort—regular river trout, averaging  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. all round, slightly bronzed in colour, while the lake fish were clear, with bright red spots. In giving good play and jumping well up in the air, they were more like grayling.

We went on to the next pool, in hopes of getting hold of a larger fish, but they were all the same size.

Time was now up, as we had to be back at the inn by 9 A.M. ; so, gathering together the spoil (twenty fish), we unwillingly began the descent, with many a longing glance at the various untried pools we passed.

On our way, we came upon a party of German

tourists, who had been camping out all night. I must say I envied them; though they had felt the cold a good deal, they had felt nothing worse!

We were descending by the Polish or left bank of the Bialka, having crossed over by some floating logs just where the stream issued from the lake; and instead of the wretched footpath by which we had scrambled upwards on the Hungarian side, there was quite a respectable track for ponies and cattle.

Any of the tributaries that had to be crossed, had trees thrown over them to act as bridges.

After two hours' walk, at five miles an hour at least, I began to wonder how the Bialka was to be crossed, seeing we were on the *wrong* side, and it was now a very considerable stream, as broad as the Thames at Datchet, fortunately not so deep, though a little more lively and playful to look at.

Putting this very natural question to the guide—how were we to reach the other side?—he simply shrugged his shoulders, and said, he did not know!

Naturally, I became rather angry, and inquired, What he meant by bringing me into such a fix?

Another shrug of his shoulders was the sole reply; and nothing more could be got out of him.

It was an extremely unpleasant predicament.

Boats seem to be unknown in these parts, and our

only hope of crossing was by some peasant's cart which might or might not happen to pass in the course of the day.

And so we waited, according to the happy-go-lucky style ; and at the end of an anxious half hour (more fortunate than one had dared to expect), behold ! the arrival of a native, with horse and cart ; and, after much bargaining, he kindly consented to take us across.

There we found our old road again, the one we had traversed in the dark, and saw the traces of our floundering steps,—wondering most of all, that we had neither broken a leg nor sprained an ankle in this (as I now think it) mad expedition !

Perhaps the guide was of the same opinion, for he demanded payment before starting. Of course he did not get it, and we expressed our dislike at the want of confidence shown, which we never experienced among the Poles.

Our driver, however, did exactly the same ; so it is probably a trait in the character of the Slav.

At the inn door we were met by our host, who had just killed a snake about a yard long, of a darkish brown colour. He said it was not exactly poisonous, although a friend of his, who had been bitten by a similar one a fortnight ago, was laid up for some days

with his leg swelled to twice its ordinary size. The reptile had not the flat triangular head of the adder tribe.

As usual, the dirtiest places are the dearest!—and for our miserable rooms we were charged as much as at Kásmark, where everything was most clean and comfortable.

## CHAPTER VII.

We are glad to leave Javorina—Our Slav Jehu—His antics, and all but reinless steeds—The Zsdjar pass—The Kotliner Thal—Käsmark—The delights of a clean hotel—The rifle trophy—The church, and how the lightning treated it—The old castle—We start in a real carriage for Schmeks—Through prosperous Zipp-land—The different races—We travel along the southern side of the Carpathians—First impression of Schmeks—its mineral spring.

OUR conveyance, though ordered the night before, was two hours late in making its appearance. This was a serious annoyance, and entirely the fault of our landlord, who, though joining heartily with us in abusing the driver, had told him privately (as we afterwards discovered) that *he* knew it was quite impossible for us to return by the time named, and that 12 P. M. was early enough.

We were much relieved by its arrival at last, and, after careful packing with plenty of hay, drove off with the greatest alacrity, fearful lest any *contretemps* should detain us here another night.

Our steeds were a couple of small white ponies, and



were driven with only one rein, which was fastened round the nose of the near one. He was pulled to the left, by throwing the rein over the high-peaked collar on that side, and then tugging violently. If wanted to go to the right, the rein was again canted over to the right side of the collar, the off pony simply following the movements of the other.

On the whole it did very well, as our driver was most expert in jumping out whenever there was a difficulty; but once he was only just in time to save us from an upset, as the ponies made a sudden dash off the road, intent on visiting some mountain home. Descending a hill, he invariably scrambled out, tucked the near pony's head under his arm, and kept tapping the other on the nose with his whip, to make it hold back.

He was a dirty, picturesque-looking fellow—a Slav of course; and dressed in the Charles the First style as I said before. His loose shirt came barely to his waist, and was supposed to be kept in connection with his voluminous sack-like trowsers by an enormous leathern girdle. The latter also served as a pocket, and he carried therein an iron chain and various other trifles. I need scarcely add that, owing to his constant gymnastics in and out of the waggon—he generally sat with one or both legs dangling on the wheels—there

was a constant *hiatus* apparent between the two garments.

He drove in the most theatrical manner, whirling his long whip round his head with the same antics as an Irishman does his shillelagh in a Tipperary faction fight. Did we meet anyone on the road, he immediately stood up, and showed off by yelling and shouting, flourishing his whip and urging on his beasts to their utmost speed. He might certainly be called "a good whip;" and showed as much pride in guiding his poor jaded creatures over the stones of Käsmark as if he were just bringing in the Brighton Coach well up to time.

Our road took us back again to Podspadi, and here was a wooden bridge over the river, with a most substantial roof to preserve it from the snow and rain, on the same plan as those in the Tyrol. Then we turned to the right, and soon commenced the Zsdjar Pass. This was a stiffish pull for our animals, and took us some time to accomplish. We obtained some glorious views from the summit. The road was as bad as ever, and heaps of stones had been collected to repair it. Several batches of females (all Slaves) were engaged in this work. They broke the stones, sifted out the small ones, and screamed to one another at the top of their voices. We admired their loose, Oriental-look-

ing dress, but their faces were hard and weather-beaten.

Well down at the bottom of the pass nestled the village of Zsdjar, close to the entrance of the Kotliner Valley, where the scenery underwent a sudden and peculiar change.

All day we had noticed that the birch and alder were growing up with the fir-trees for the first time, and now we found ourselves travelling along a regular zig-zag Alpine road, through a beautiful gorge, which might have been either in Norway or the Tyrol, were it not for the fine tapering fir, which seems peculiar to the Carpathians.

A hundred feet below us ran the mountain stream, with its sparkling broken water and precipitous banks. Craggy rocks of white limestone frowned at each other across our road, which had been cut out of the side of the mountain, and frequently we came to a spot where an avalanche had carried it all away, and the breach had been hastily repaired in a most insecure fashion. A caution to nervous travellers!

The sun was very hot as we left the mountains and continued our descent into the plains, especially when we turned round the extremity of the Tatra, driving through fields of barley, oats, and rye. These were rather too tempting for our hungry steeds, and first on

one side, then on the other, they made a dash across the road to snatch a mouthful, eating as fast as they could, till our Slav jumped out of the waggon and pulled them back again, swearing by all the Saints at our inhumanity and their perversity. *Our inhumanity* I say, for we had refused to let him bait his horses an hour ago, thinking we were close to Käsmark, having already exceeded the time previously allotted for our journey. Alas! we were *six* hours, instead of three, before we saw the distant chimneys of the snug little town of Käsmark. It came upon us suddenly after all, for it lies so low and is so hidden by the rising ground, that there is not a sign of it to be seen until you are nearly close upon it.

As we were rather doubtful which was the best inn, we stopped a well-dressed gentleman just outside the town to ask his advice in the matter. We opened the conversation in German, to which he replied, but suggested we might perhaps speak Italian.

He was extremely polite and communicative, giving us the names of several inns, with their different characters, but adding that the best was certainly "Jominsky's," and if we doubted his word, he begged to declare, before "God and the Sun," that he had no interest in it himself, and only wanted to oblige us.

We believed him, and had no cause to regret following his advice.

Käsmark is the capital of Zippland, and Zippland is a collection of small towns and villages, inhabited by a colony of Germans. German colonies are scattered all over Hungary, and were brought thither partly by the Government and partly by large landed proprietors, that they might repair the ravages made by the Turks on their once fertile fields and thriving villages—the latter having even become destitute of inhabitants.

The district of the Zipps is, in fact, a German island in the middle of the Slaves. They are notorious for their patriotism, and look upon Hungary as their Fatherland. The love of Kossuth still lingers in their hearts, and an old peasant stopped us one day to inquire whether we had ever met their hero in England? how he was in health? and whether he would soon return to Hungary?

Käsmark is a clean, bright, picturesque little town; the houses rather Turkish looking, each painted a different colour—green, grey, pink, and blue—giving the streets a very gay appearance. Nearly every house has a wooden roof, and brick or timber sides covered with plaster. The waterspouts are also of wood, grotesquely carved, and run out twelve feet into the middle of the street, so, when it rains, any unfortunate



person who may happen to be driving along is likely to receive a copious shower-bath down the back of his neck !

What a comfort it was to be in a nice clean hotel again ! We had a capital room with an open fireplace as well as the ordinary China stove, good beds, and even a chest-of-drawers and easy chairs !—civilisation was so rampant here !—besides a good dinner *à l'Anglaise* !

Hanging up in the passage was a large trophy target, with every shot marked where it had been hit in the local Wimbledon of 1869. The name of the marksman was written over the bullet-mark. Each competitor has ten shots, and the one who makes the best hit has the honour of keeping the target. Our landlord had become entitled to this distinction, though his bullet was two rings from the bull's-eye, and the range only three hundred yards.

These meetings are held every three years. Let us hope that the next will show an improvement !

The town-crier, in an official uniform, has just gone past, proclaiming, by beat of drum, a sale in the Town-Hall to-morrow. There seems a good business doing in the shops, where many English goods can be purchased, such as Citrate of Magnesia, Huntley and Palmer's Biscuits, etc., the former in a bottle direct from London.

Garnets are so plentiful that they are used for weights: that is, if a chemist wishes to ascertain the weight of a bottle before filling it with any mixture, he balances it in the scales with a handful of loose garnets.

We visited the church—a Roman Catholic one—and found it scrupulously clean, so different from those at Cracow! It had only been restored two years ago, all the ornaments regilded and the pictures repainted; thus spoiling everything. The clock and bells have a detached tower to themselves, across a small street.

This church had a narrow escape the week before we saw it. The same thunderstorm which disturbed our wedding-feast, visited Käsmark a little later, and in the middle of the night, the lightning struck the wall of the church, just above the bishop's chair of state. The electric fluid, attracted no doubt by the church tower, must have run down the outside till it reached the place where, meeting with a better conductor, it entered. There was no exterior mark, but within, the stone and plaster had been driven away and a jagged hole cut, six inches in diameter. Once inside, the lightning sprang straight across to the high altar, a distance of twelve feet, darting up this gorgeous erection—a great mass of gilt wood-work, rising up fifty

feet at least—scorching and blackening the gilding and paintings *en route*, then along the top and down the other side with a like result, melting, on its way, the legs off two of the large pewter candlesticks standing on the altar, and burning to ashes the lace covering. A small hole marked the spot where it left the base of the altar, and a still larger one where, after jumping across again, it made its final exit beneath the bishop's chair.

This is a miracle! and an account of it had already been engraved on the maimed candlestick.

We then turned our steps to the old castle, anticipating a rich antiquarian treat. Alas! the castle was gone like a hollow tooth! The walls alone remained. Six years ago, a spark from a burning house carried by a high wind, set it on fire and burnt it out. A part of the red-brick battlements still standing, gave us some idea of what we had lost. They were particularly fine, with beautiful mouldings. The small chapel attached was saved; and two large houses inside are now used as barracks.

Our next halting-place was to be "Schmecks," a well-known Hungarian Bad; and we inquired of the people about, whether many visitors had gone there?—whether it was likely to be full? All agreed in assuring us that there was not the slightest necessity in sending a mes-

senger to bespeak rooms—that the place was nearly empty.

We afterwards found, to our cost, how faulty was our information, and how much better it would have been had we written to Schmeks the previous week.

A *real* carriage this time, turned out to convey us thither in the afternoon. It jingled horribly, and raised some unpleasant doubts in our minds at first, knowing how ill we should have fared in such a vehicle in our last journeys. The landlord endeavoured to cool our fears, by telling us triumphantly, that it had taken the Archduke Charles to Schmeks! Perhaps that was the reason he charged us twice as much for its use as he ought to have done. We could have procured a conveyance from Schmeks for two-and-a-half gulden, while he made us pay six; but a letter of remonstrance on the subject had no effect: it did not even extort an answer!

On leaving Käsmark we drove over the river Poprad, which has this peculiarity, that it runs from the southern side of the Tatra, round the end to the northern side, where it meets our old friend, the Donajec. This is, I imagine, a solitary instance of one river draining both sides of a range of high mountains.

For some distance we went along the main post-road, in capital repair, very different from anything we

had seen lately. Our horses, too, looked splendid animals after the little mountain ponies; and they went at a slapping pace, tossing back the long leather flaps with which their heads were ornamented, and which hung down nearly to their shoulders.

We were now making our way along the southern side of the Tatra; our faces, for the first time, turned homewards.

This valley is a very broad table land. Mountain after mountain, without a break (that is to say, without intervening hills), rise like a wall on one side, while the distant view on the other is bounded by smaller hills of the great Carpathian range, the southern slopes of which lead down to the heated plains of Hungary. The hay-harvest has begun, this 29th day of July. The people look prosperous and busy, and huge carts, drawn by three handsome horses, or by enormous white oxen, fifteen hands high, and five feet from tip to tip of their horns, are all engaged in dragging home their fragrant loads. These white or cream-coloured oxen are splendid-looking creatures, with their large, soft, brown eyes; and when six or eight are yoked to one cart, it forms, indeed, a perfect picture.

Our route follows the course of the Poprad through village after village, each with two churches in the centre, one Roman Catholic, the other Protestant. The



natives seem well-to-do, and better off than any we have met before. Their blue eyes and yellow hair, together with the German writing everywhere visible, proclaim them of Saxon origin. Though the Hungarians and Germans, as I said before, are good friends, it is very different with the Slaves and the Germans. The old proverb still holds good :—

“ Never till all Nature ends  
Can Slaves and Germans live as friends ! ”

We experienced the truth of it more than once, when our driver happened to be a Slav. If a German met or passed us on the road, driving also, neither would give way to the other. The German would think it beneath him to move an inch out of his road for a Slav, whom he utterly despises, and the Slav equally on his part hates the German, whom he looks upon as a tyrant. Between the two, we had some narrow escapes of an upset or a smash.

The Slaves displaced the Marcomanni, a German tribe, at the close of the fifth century, and became the possessors of the land, until it was taken from them by the Germans and Hungarians. This may, in some measure, account for the antipathy between the two races. But to return to our journey.

We still continued our way through a cultivated country. The ground on the hill-side planted in ridges,

and—yes, it is true!—a château at last! The first we have seen for weeks. It has a garden, too!—intended to be very grand, though it is almost a neglected wilderness. There are beds of roses in full bloom, with stocks and other flowers brilliant in colour, but choked up with weeds and surrounded by grass that appears to be standing for hay, close under the very windows.

After a time, we leave the high road and steer straight for the mountains.

Far away in the distance is a white speck, standing out from the dark fir-forest. “Schmeks,” cries the driver, as he points to it with his whip, and we enter the interminable carriage drive, up-hill, and still up-hill, through a straight cutting in the forest, three miles long.

We could scarcely go beyond a foot’s pace, the road being heavy with sand, and Schmeks itself seemed rather to recede from our gaze the nearer we approached; even, at one time, disappearing altogether, until a gentle turn of the drive opened the Tatra Fured, or Bad Schmeks, to our eager eyes.

We accomplished the distance in two hours and a half, and I forgot to say, that our driver wore a white linen apron.

The Bad consists of a collection of Swiss châteaux.

They are grouped together on a slope, in a clearing of the forest, and have been added to, from time to time, according to the increased demand for extra accommodation. Every house has a garden in front, containing many of our common English flowers; and is also provided with one or two covered balconies, from which are lovely views of the plains below.

The place is well protected from the north by the mountains, and presents a most refreshing sight to the weary traveller.

A gipsy band was playing as we pulled up at the first chalet, the largest and most imposing in appearance, and which we afterwards found out to be Head Quarters, containing the Speise Saal, &c. Thirty or forty guests rushed out, like rabbits from a warren, and took up their position on the various balconies to inspect the new arrivals. They were completely puzzled. No English lady had ever honoured Schmeks with her presence, and the conclusions they came to were miserable failures.

To the obliging landlord we announced at once that we were English; and fancy our dismay and astonishment, when he told us that the place was full, and every room taken!

We pleaded the distance we had travelled, and the dreadful disappointment were a residence at his delight-

ful Bad denied to us! He was moved to pity; he could not think of losing *the English*; and, after some considerable parley, we had a little back servant's room allotted to us, until there should be a vacancy among the better apartments.

We seemed to have dropped from the skies into this bewitching little place. On all sides were gaily-dressed people—Hungarians, Poles, and Germans. Everyone bent on enjoyment. Some lounging lazily on the balconies—smoking, chatting, sipping coffee, and eating strawberries; others strolling in the gardens, or returning in carriages, from some expedition into the country; while a party of ladies and gentlemen clattered up the drive, on pony and horseback, after spending the day in the surrounding mountains.

*Vis-à-vis* to the cottage in which we were located was a chalet used as a dancing saloon, with billiard room attached close by. In the centre, as it were, of the little colony was a small chapel. The rest of the dwelling-houses lay dotted about all round—the baths behind, where a hot or cold bath of mineral water could be obtained at any hour in the day, by simply turning a tap, and paying fourpence.

The mineral spring rises from the ground, just at the entrance of the establishment, and has a pleasant soda-water taste.

The peasants come from far and wide to fill their wine casks with it; the dregs of the wine assist in making it a very refreshing drink; but labourers in the field generally take the water pure, even while working in the heat of the sun. It is perfectly colourless, and without smell. When placed on the dinner-table, as it was every day in glass bottles, it looked like soda-water just uncorked.

Among other ingredients it contains small quantities of carbonate of soda, sulphur, and oxide of iron; but derives its principal value from the large proportion of carbonic acid. After rain, the properties of the spring are stronger, as the heavy dampness of the atmosphere prevents the escape of the gas.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Pleasant Schmeks—Its domestic arrangements, and its delicious Baths—Hungarian Gamblers—A quiet Sunday—The Belle Vue—We enjoy the beauties of the Kohlbacher Thal, and make much use of the mountain ponies—The trout—The waterfall—The shooting expedition—The buck escapes—The gentle bear—The Hungarian skittle-alley—The Gipsies—The all-important Czardás—Our boots—Fly-fishing near Schlagendorf—Expedition to the mountains.

“SCHMEKS,” literally translated, means “pleasant to the taste,” and a pleasant place we found it, both to mind and body, though the arrangements at this little Bad are very primitive.

There are no bells, and when the chamber-maid at 10 A.M. has arranged your room and put fresh water in the glass square-shaped spirit bottle, which contains your allowance for the day, she will not enter it again, nor are you likely to find her for the next twenty-four hours, however much you may desire it. N.B.—To have no bells is a good plan, if you wish to save your servant trouble!

Although the washing-basin is the usual pie-dish and

the water-jug little bigger than a good sized scent-bottle, the baths are capital. To plunge into a bath of cold mineral water every morning is most exhilarating, only to be equalled by a hot one after a long tramp up the mountains. We once tried a Krummholz bath. This is manufactured by adding a solution of the shrub bearing that name to the mineral water. On stirring up the two together with the hand, a quantity of what looks like soap-suds may be seen floating on the top. I must say when the Bad man brought the pailful of dirty-looking, steaming slush, which was to be poured into the bath, I felt some qualms at entering it, and advise no one to take them very frequently, unless they wish to change their skin to that of a mulatto. Our sponges, with the one immersion, were dyed a dark brown, and never regained their colour. We ourselves escaped a similar catastrophe, but we smelt like a pine forest for days to come! They are considered very strengthening, and the perfume is delicious.

Breakfast, with most of the guests, came *before* the bath, but we took it afterwards, and it could be had at any time from 6 to 10 A.M. One screwy-shaped roll of delicious bread called a "Gipfel," and one glass of coffee (they do not use cups for coffee here) formed the ordinary fare of everyone but ourselves. We excited great amazement, if not horror, by ordering double

portions of tea or coffee, half-a-dozen gipfels and eggs, and cold meat besides.

At 12:30 the dinner-bell rings, and we assemble to the number of 100, in the long room called the Speise Saal. All the waiters are women. The table d'hôte is the worst part of Schmecks, the dishes are greasy, pork preponderates over beef, and the chickens are skeletons. In the evening, at 7:30, we meet again at a table d'hôte supper, generally better than the dinner. Any one who preferred it (as we did occasionally) might order their own private tea instead of joining the supper-party. Beer there was none, but the wine was good and cheap. I might especially mention the "Erlauer," which grows fifty miles to the south. There are two dining-rooms, a large one for ordinary visitors, and another, a smaller one, for the hydropathic patients. It is also used as a smoking-room, and for playing cards, chess, &c.

Our company consists principally of Hungarians and Germans, with a good sprinkling of Poles. The season commences on the 15th of June, and ends when the first snow falls, early in October, though few remain after August.

A tariff of the prices of everything is hung up in several places (see Appendix); next year they will be slightly raised, as the opening of the railway is expected to bring with it a flock of visitors, for whose accom-

modation two new houses are to be built this summer. The railway-station will be at the village of Poprad, about six miles off, giving easy access from Pesh on one side and from Berlin and Vienna on the other.

Some of the Hungarian gentlemen are dreadful gamblers. They sit over their cards all day long, Sundays as well, playing at a game of chance with peculiar coloured cards. No skill seems requisite, and the stake on the table before them varies from five to thirty gulden, which is swept off by the lucky winner every three or four minutes.

Our first day here was Sunday. There being no priest among the guests, no service could be held in the little chapel. We will pass over an account of Sunday as employed in the Austrian dominions, with its morning, afternoon, and evening toilettes, its early concert, the ascent of toy balloons and fireworks, and the grand ball after supper, as finale. Scarcely had the festivities come to an end, of which the close proximity of our room to the saloon made us well aware, when, as the noisy revellers were finding their way with lighted lanterns to their respective houses, there burst forth one of those tremendous thunderstorms for which these mountains are famous. Peal after peal of loud thunder came crashing, first on one side, then on that, the lightning zig-zagging and darting along the ground as



a perfect deluge of rain followed, and in a few seconds we heard it dripping placidly through our roof upon the floor.

All the next day the downfall continued, succeeded however, by a lovely evening. How can I best give my readers an idea of the scene stretched before us as we sit at tea on the balcony when the storm is over? In the foreground the delicate tops of the Carpathian fir make a fringe as it were to the picture. Over their heads are miles and miles of undulating plains, dotted about with villages; thirty-six in number may be counted from a particular spot called the Belle Vue, close by. One after the other they are lit up as the rays of the setting sun peep out of the stormy clouds and catch the glistening white buildings which cluster round the two churches in the centre; hovering over them are long thin streaks of white mist in successive strata, while beyond is the dark outline of distant mountains which form the opposite side of the table-land, and protect us from the scorching heat of the Hungarian plains. It put us somewhat in mind of the view from the summit of the Righi.

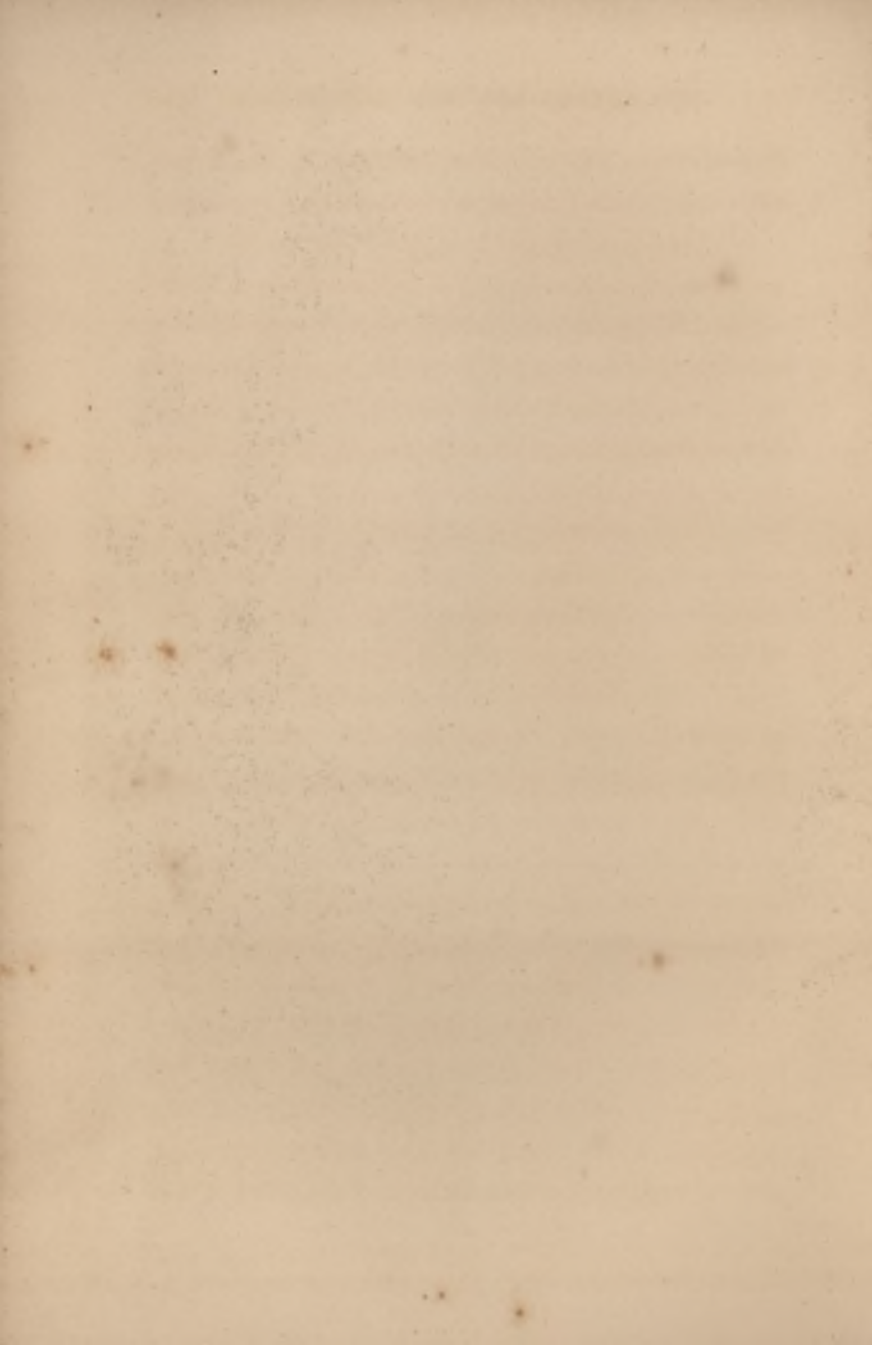
The walks from our settlement through the virgin forest are well gravelled and laid out with great care and taste in every direction. Good seats are placed in all the best positions for a view, and there are plenty of them.





HUNGARIAN VILLAGES.

Machin & Meekins's Litho in the Queen's London  
New York Glasgow & Providence



One of these walks belongs especially to the hydro-pathic patients, who are ordered to take it every morning before breakfast (half-an-hour up hill all the way), and partake of five different springs which they pass in succession. When we took this walk, we were somewhat disappointed, for we were told we should see five fountains. Instead of which, we saw, at five different points, a little water trickling out of an iron spout fixed in the hollow trunk of a tree buried in the bank, with a stone basin below to receive the drippings.

We often wished we English could be as easily amused as the Hungarians. They were quite like children in the exquisite enjoyment they found in small things. The first evening we arrived, they all started at 9:30 for a walk to the Belle Vue, and we were begged to join the party. "*To see the view!*" they said. Well, it was nearly pitch dark as we walked two and two, through the forest, and much we wondered to ourselves as to how we should see the view! In about twenty minutes, after some tripping and stumbling over stones and against trees, we reached the "Belle Vue." I need hardly say that the "Belle Vue" still remained to be seen, but a bonfire was lighted and everyone was charmed, clapping their hands and dancing round it. There were about forty or fifty assisting at this comical, nocturnal amusement. We found it slow

and cold, and returned home long before the others, about 11 o'clock, after having lost our way in the dark.

There was a very good grand piano in the ball-room, and as several of the company were splendid musicians, we spent a wet afternoon most agreeably in listening to the Hungarian, Polish, and national airs, sung and played both by ladies and gentlemen. Even here, the poor Pole is not allowed to sing one particular hymn, which is supposed to revive by-gone animosities. We asked for it, not being aware that this was the case, but the answer we received was "Il est défendu."

One of the first expeditions usually made by the visitor at Schmecks, is to the "Kohlbacher Thal," where a couple of streams from the mountains combine and form a splendid waterfall. Fishing, however, was the primary object to-day, so we made straight for the bottom of the fall, deferring the admiration of the waterfall itself till our return.

At the end of the Bad is a kind of horse-stand, where the peasants of the surrounding villages bring their ponies ready saddled for the use of the visitors, and capital little creatures they are too, and always a good supply.

We preferred walking, however, and were accompanied by a German and the keeper, to carry the box



for the fish, which have to be brought back alive and placed in a tank with many other victims, to await their doom. They are fed every night with a dishful of chopped meat, which is all gone by the morning.

The Germans insist on having that blue tinge in their boiled trout which can only be obtained by putting the poor things alive into the kettle. This I actually saw done by one of the cooks, after previously cleaning them—cruel wretch!

Though we tried these Carpathian trout cooked in various ways, we were never satisfied with the result, which we attributed more to the "greasy frying," or the "to-rags boiling," than any fault in the flavour of the fish themselves. They were plump and fat, and gave very good play.

The road to the Kohlbacher Thal lies to the north of the Bad; and after half-an-hour's climb, we reached the ridge, or "Kamm," as it is called. Here was a splendid prospect, and perfectly unique; for where do you see rugged granite peaks, streaked with snow, and yet the ledges clothed in emerald-green grass, save in the Carpathians?

The Lomner Spitz was rearing its conical summit like a gigantic thimble, in front of us, and we could distinctly hear the roar of the distant waterfall, which urged us onwards.



Following a footpath, we soon found ourselves by the river, very much swollen with the late rains, thus offering but a blank prospect to the fisherman. It was almost impossible, with this volume of water tearing down at railroad speed, to find a spot where trout would be likely to lie, so I considered myself fortunate in securing, after much play, two trout, of about a pound each. As a rule they are a good size, none in the stream much under half-a-pound. In a second expedition to fish here I was more lucky, and caught several of three-quarters of a pound each. There is plenty of fishing to be had, belonging to the proprietor of these baths. The best places can be ascertained from the keeper attached to the establishment.

Putting up our rods, we now made for the waterfall. It consists of a main fall of about thirty feet, with cascades both above and below. The snow-water rushing and foaming over the rocks, descends with such velocity, that the spray is shot up into the air, forming an exquisite rainbow. A flat rock, very curious in appearance, like an immense table, lies in the centre: a copious flow of water streams over the top, and then dashes against the edges, dividing itself into individual streamlets, exactly as if each portion came through pipes, placed at regular distances round the table. From another isolated rock you can survey the whole of

this wonderful fall, shooting like a snowy comet down to its bed below. Wild flowers grow all around in the greatest profusion; the tiger lilies particularly fine, and lilies of the valley three times as large as our English ones. A list of the wild flowers of the Carpathians will be found in the Appendix.

Besides fishing, there is also good sport to be had in the way of shooting. Nearly every morning the huntsmen start off into some portion of the forest in quest of deer, the venison being served up afterwards at the *table d'hôte*. As I was anxious to accompany the party, the manager very kindly lent me his gun, and provided the necessary ammunition. We were four in number, besides some keepers with the dogs; the latter large, powerful brutes, though rather too fat for a long run this hot morning. The owners, too, of the ponies we were to ride must have found it somewhat fatiguing, as they ran on foot and carried the guns.

We made a hurried breakfast, and were off by 5.30. It took us two hours' continual riding to reach our destination, over stony pathways, rocky banks, and through mountain streams—places that would frighten any respectable horse at home. But nothing comes amiss to these creatures; give them but their head to look *where* to step, and any slope under twenty degrees they will accomplish without a stumble.

At last we came to a break in the forest, where we dismounted, leaving the ponies to the care of the attendants, who lit a fire, and sat round to warm themselves, for it was cold now that we were four thousand feet at least above the level of the sea.

The dogs and three guns, with the beaters, went for some distance up-hill, till they reached the top of the forest, and I was stationed in a cart track, not far from our guides' fire, where it was thought probable that a deer might cross.

Quite an hour elapsed before the anxious listener heard a sound—the forest so still and quiet—not a bird or beast to be seen.

At last, the distant baying of the dogs roused the spirits of the sportsmen. This was succeeded by the noise of a shot, carried faintly down by the morning breeze; then another, nearer still; and, again, two more.

A pause—and, just when all hope was vanishing, oh joyful sound! the dogs are giving tongue, evidently in full cry; and they are actually driving the game this way! How eagerly, with straining ears, I tried to discover the route!—a turn to the left, and I was in an agony! To the right once more!—and nearer and nearer comes the sound of the pursuers in the distance.

The attendants rose from their camp fire and peered

anxiously into the dense dark forest, then plunged among the trees, in the direction the hounds were coming, at right angles to my cart track.

Still, they steadily advanced ; but, the next moment, great was my disappointment to hear them turn off to the left, so close as to be almost within sight. I followed, running along the track parallel to the hunt, expecting the game to cross every moment. Another pause. Now was the time !—when—fancy my vexation and dismay !—happening to look round, I saw, like a flash of lightning, a fine buck, at one bound, clear the cutting, exactly at the spot I had previously occupied. Out of sight in an instant ! Well out of shot all the time.

The animal had doubled back and deceived the dogs, and it took them several minutes to hit off the scent again, and follow him down the forest.

How sad were the feelings of the unfortunate sportsman, as he took his seat on a log, to sketch the scene ! knowing full well that the curtain had fallen upon his day's amusement. The return of the rest of the party only added to his chagrin, for they had secured the mother and daughter, while he had allowed the papa to escape !

The spoil was slung in the usual manner, and carried on poles, on men's shoulders. We mounted our steeds

as before, and commenced the route home again, proceeding in Indian file through the forest. As we neared the chalets, the band was sent for to march at the head of the procession, and attract the attention of the visitors by their lively music.

Everyone turned out to see the result of the "jagd." But the excitement was soon diverted in another direction, for a peasant arrived with the news that a bear was taking a walk along the carriage drive! He trotted up for some distance, as if intending to drink at the mineral spring; but suddenly changing his mind turned aside into the forest, and was seen no more. My wife, who was returning by that road with a Polish lady, only just missed a meeting with him. The natives say (not to alarm the visitors) that they are perfectly harmless, and come down into the woods in the summer time, merely to eat the berries.

In the event of wet weather there are many indoor amusements provided for the inhabitants of Schmek. Besides a good billiard table, there are all kinds of games available, such as chess, draughts, dominoes, cards, &c., and, of course, a skittle alley. The latter was a favourite amusement, and the Hungarians are skilful players. I joined them on the very few wet mornings it was our lot to suffer from. The alley along which the balls ran was thirty-five yards in length.



The pins were tall and thin, and behind them was a curved wall of woodwork, up which ran the balls which had missed the pins; on reaching the top they dropped into a sloping box; this again emptied them into a wooden trough, so inclined that they continued their course back again, until they finally came to a standstill close to the player's hand. There was also a boy in attendance, to stick up the pins, &c.

One charm of this little Bad is the gipsy band, which I have mentioned before. "No amusement without the gipsy," is a Hungarian proverb, and certainly they play a very prominent part. No cavalcade of riders ever starts without the band accompanying them a short distance; and on their return it again goes to meet them, and escort them home. It is the same with the sportsmen.

The band consisted of eight performers, regularly attached to the place, and are all gipsies, or "Czigany," as they are called in Hungary. Most of them have dark tawny complexions, with large black eyes. They played early in the morning, after breakfast, after dinner, at five or six o'clock in the evening, and again at night if there was a ball. The music of these untutored musicians is decidedly pleasing; their pieces consist, for the most part, of Hungarian airs, wild and plaintive; a strain of melancholy runs through

most of the popular melodies, thus showing the natural character of the Magyars, which is decidedly melancholic.

Five of our band play common fiddles, two bass ditto, and one a cymbal. The latter is an instrument like a flat open piano. The player sits in a chair, with the cymbal in front of him, and strikes the wires with wooden hammers, covered with leather. The sound produced is something similar to a harp, only rather too jingling at times. None of these gipsies know a note of music, yet they play capitally.

If they wish to learn a new tune, one of their number is despatched to some town, generally Vienna, where he picks it up by ear, and comes back to teach the others, giving to each his separate part.

As their practising-room was next door to ours, we constantly heard the lesson going on. The teacher would hum a dozen bars first, and then the pupil would follow on his violin, like an echo. Over and over again the same passage would be repeated—a most laborious way of learning; but no trouble was spared in making themselves perfect.

They played some very pretty waltzes, mazurkas and selections from operas; above all, the “Czárdás” or National dance, of which they never tire.

It is the invariable accompaniment to every entertainment. It is even the custom to dance the Czárdás

before taking your departure from a place, and a couple of men will set to work and dance it by themselves if they are going away the next day, drinking champagne *ad lib.* In fact, you take leave of your friends by dancing the Czárdás. We often watched the dance, and if well done, there is something very pretty and graceful about it.

Slowly and solemnly it begins, with a promenade, which gradually increases in speed, until the pace is that of the fastest galop, the couples breaking away from one another and dancing back to back, and the next moment whirling round together, the gentleman with both hands round his partner's waist. Again they separate, the lady retreating and advancing as if she could not quite make up her mind what to do ; her partner pursues, and she as rapidly makes off in the opposite direction until caught, when they spin round again together for a few turns and divide as before, to shuffle about *vis-a-vis* to one another in the most ridiculous manner.

There is endless variety, for no two couples are ever engaged in the same part of the dance. Some are chasing, some are shuffling, some are brusquely shaking off their partners, some are rushing together to enjoy another tour ; while the scope that it affords for the display of individual grace and spirit makes it very

interesting to the spectator and an immense favourite among the performers.

One of these, an active young Hungarian officer, most skilful in the art, excited our admiration especially; and when asked from whom he had learnt it, replied, that this dance could not be *taught*, it was "*inspired!*"

The gipsies belonging to the band were not nearly so dark or swarthy as most of those we met wandering about in the woods; these were nearly black and half naked, with only rags draped about them, something in the fashion of a Roman toga.

It gives one rather a shock at first to come suddenly upon these wild-looking creatures; and they keep up their original character of being thieves and robbers besides fortune-tellers. It is said that they will even take the very clothes off your back if they only get the chance.

Our Boots at Schmek's was a gipsy—a regular nigger, with woolly hair. Our first acquaintance with him was decidedly startling.

The very next morning after our arrival, we were awakened at 5 A.M. by his poking his black head in at the window, grinning at us in bed, and calling out, "Boots!"

We took good care to fasten the shutters in future.

His dress was very smart; braided dark coat and pants, high-polished Wellington boots, and scarlet vest with bright buttons. To the latter we had the pleasure of making some addition, having brought a few with us. He was delighted with what we gave him, and would have sewn on any number.

We could not help liking the boy, though he had a knack of forgetting every single thing one asked him to do, and was particularly famous for greasing the *laces* of one's boots in preference to any other part.

Singularly unconscious of his failings, he was most anxious to return with us to England as our manservant, and continually begged us to take him.

The next fishing expedition was to try the stream which ran down to the village of Schlagendorf.

Our course was down the long, straight drive—so long! so long! (we never walked or rode it without wondering whether we should ever get to the end); and then westwards, where we soon hit off a small rivulet full of fish. They were smaller than those in the Kohlbacher Thal, but there were more of them, and not a tree and scarcely a bush on either side—always an advantage in fly-fishing.

As the sun was very hot, we had only an hour's sport, and secured six fat fish. While sitting on the bank we were astonished at the sight of a flock of two



hundred geese, driven by a man and boy to their home in the village of Schlagendorf; and again, a short time after, following in the same direction, by three hundred sheep, who had been up in the mountains to feed. Soon after came a herd of at least two hundred magnificent white oxen; and again, a little later, more than one hundred and fifty horses. All belonging to the village of Schlagendorf, a small place of barely two hundred houses; the inhabitants Germans. We were told they had bought part of the forest and neighbouring mountain for the use of their flocks and herds.

Here was a prosperous and happy little community of industrious peasants, none very rich—none poor, each owning valuable live stock, while the land around was the common property of them all.

A German settlement may be known by the great care bestowed upon the houses to make them clean and comfortable. They are well built and roomy, each with a small garden attached; for who ever saw a German settler in Hungary go for a walk without a flower in his button-hole?

The children, too, are clean and well clothed; their parents being industrious, thrifty, and well educated—throwing their whole energy into their work. They establish themselves on the hills as well as in the plains.

The Slav, on the contrary, chooses the mountains. He is industrious, but stupid, and given to drink. He builds his miserable huts huddled close together for protection and safety, as his forefathers did. Unlike the German, he can seldom read or write; and cleanliness is a virtue unknown. He does everybody's hard work, and is most useful in looking after other people's live stock.

The traveller will continually meet him on the lonely mountain side, dressed in a coarse, loose blanket, and carrying a home-made walking-stick provided with an enormous crooked handle, the end of which is fastened down to the stick by a piece of iron, upon which run two or three flat iron rings. These make a horrid jingling noise when shaken, and are used to frighten away wolves and bears.

He begs, as a matter of course, when a stranger appears.

The Hungarian differs equally from German and Slav. Like his Asiatic ancestor, the Hun, he hates the mountains, and will live only in the plains, where there is plenty of room for him to gallop about on his horse. The latter is furnished with a comfortable stable, in good repair; but his own dwelling is tumble-down and dilapidated, planted at a good distance from his neighbour, as *space* is one of his essentials.

His wife and children receive less care and attention than his horse ; and though he is sharp, intelligent and clever, he takes no delight in hard, plodding work.

Dress is a little weakness with him, especially ornamental braiding, on trousers as well as coat.

Professor Vambéry, of Pesth, the well-known Oriental traveller, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at Schmeks, first directed our attention to the peculiarities of the different villages of these three races ; and, as we continued our journey, we had many opportunities of observing the same for ourselves ; and most interesting it was to find how strictly in every case the character was preserved.

Although the Hungarian has been generally supposed to be among the first horsemen in the world, we found that many of the ladies could not ride at all. It is not the fashion for the middle classes to do so—only the swells indulge in this amusement.

Many of the gentlemen also, whom we saw starting on grand expeditions, seemed very ill at ease on horse or rather pony back.

The ladies, as a rule, rode man-fashion, with very short stirrups, and could not understand how it was possible to "stick on" sitting sideways.

It was amusing to see these riding excursionists set off, preceded by the band playing some national air ; then

came the leader of the party on his pony, waving a red standard, followed helter-skelter by twenty or thirty other ponies and their respective riders—the owners on foot, carrying wraps and prog.

Plenty to eat and drink is one of the first objects on a day out in the mountains; and everyone appears to enjoy it amazingly, if one may judge by the spirits in which the *retour* takes place: somewhat more varied and irregular perhaps than the *start*, with the steeds doing exactly as they like, and scampering down whichever road takes their fancy most,—but then *they* have had no champagne!

## CHAPTER IX.

The Felker Thal—Horse flesh is cheap—Granite peaks and Felker Lake—Its refuge—Alpine flower-garden—The marmot, or mountain rat—We see many winter houses already commenced—We play at "Tombola," and lose—The lost one—Up the Schlagendorf Spitze—What I saw there—Hungarian friendliness—Their views of England—The Robbers' Stone—Toad stools and jumping frogs—Five little lakes.

OF all the expeditions round Schmecks, the one to the Felker Thal is the grandest and best, and one that any lady may accomplish with as little difficulty as can be expected in any mountain excursion. The facilities that our little Bad affords for healthy amusement and sport, combined with cheapness, endear it to every tourist. Shooting, fishing, mountaineering, and riding! all to be had as it were, within a stone's throw of your own quarters!

Our friend, the manager, kindly lent a lady's saddle for my wife, which was placed upon "Rosie," a pretty, clean-legged mountain pony, value 6*l.* on the spot; and taking another, called "Miklos," we started one lovely bright morning for the Felker Thal. "Rosie" was a



capital creature, with very good paces, and I recommend any lady that goes to Schmek's to ask for "Rosie" if she intends riding, as we did, and she will find her a most trustworthy and pleasant-going animal.

Horses are cheap here. Each villager has several of his own, and I saw a capital pair which had just been sold for 10*l.* They would have fetched 100*l.* in Aldershot, to assist in the Autumn Manœuvres.

Our two guides carried warm wraps, Alpine stocks, and a basket of provisions.

Directly on leaving Schmek's we plunged into the forest, following a small pathway in a westerly direction, up hill, and through a good deal of water and some boggy ground for about an hour, till we came to a grassy opening—a green dell—where there was a spring of water bubbling up from the ground. As the morning was hot, we called a halt, dismounted for twenty minutes, and let the ponies have a feed.

On again, with the track full of loose stones. Very difficult to walk on, no doubt; but the animals are accustomed to them, and scarcely ever stumble, picking their way most cleverly.

At last we reach the top of the Kreuz Mountain, a spur running out from the main range, and obtain a grand open view of the villages and valley beneath. Crossing over the Kreuzhübel (as it is called), we

descend the other side, and then up again by a yet more rugged road—a mere cattle track—rocky slabs and boulders so piled together that the ponies can scarce find a place to plant their feet; but they carry us along safely, and down a still worse descent until we enter a valley embosomed in mountains, at the bottom of which nestles the pretty little Felker Lake, as clear as crystal. It is fed by a small stream of white foam tumbling down the rocks two hundred feet above us. On either side rise the granite peaks of the Schlagendorf and the Gerlsdorf, the latter the highest mountain of the Carpathians.

Strewn about the green hollow were pieces of granite studded thickly with garnets, which seem peculiar to this region.

Close to the lake some workmen were very busy erecting a house of refuge for travellers; not only as a shelter from the sudden storms to which this valley is so liable, but also for Alpine climbers to sleep in on their way across the mountains to Zakopani or Javorina, on the northern side. The route is straight enough. The main ridge is crossed by the Polish Kamm (or comb, as every ridge is called).

The house, which contained four rooms, was nearly finished, the wooden tiles being placed on the roof. It was strongly and substantially built of irregular pieces

of stone ingeniously fitted together without mortar, the crevices filled with moss and mud. The funds for its erection were raised by subscription and the proceeds of lectures and concerts at Schmeks. It must have cost no small sum to transport the building materials as well as the workmen to this high desolate spot.

We could proceed no further riding, so, leaving our ponies to roam about and feed themselves on the short herbage, we took our Alpine stocks and made at once for the steep goat-track which led to the top of the waterfall and the Blumengarten (or Flower-garden) in a dell beyond. It was rather a hard pull. Passing under an overhanging rock, from which the water dripped on our heads like a smart shower of rain, we found ourselves in the Flower-garden, a lovely green valley, carpeted with a profusion of bright wild flowers of every colour; and yet masses of snow lay within a few feet all around. Here were the double golden yellow anemones looking more like roses than anything else, white anemones also, and forget-me-nots, the bluest of the blue! Never have I seen the colour equalled. Cows were grazing on the tempting pasture; and the contrast of this bright summer-looking spot with the cold dark background of granite and snow which completely surrounds it, is a picture never to be forgotten.

Higher still we clambered, over rocks of all sizes, some loose and few firm. (Travellers with weak ankles must not come to the Carpathians.) A few Alpine flowers are still peering out from the crevices, though not equal to those in Zakopani. In fact, the Edelweis and other aristocratics do not grow on the south side of the Carpathians at all, and the peasants who brought them to Schmek's for sale, had gathered them on the northern side. The Germans are very fond of sticking rare wild flowers, the Edelweis especially, in their hats.

Another climb of three-quarters of an hour, and we reached a second lake—the "long lake," as it is called. It is very long and narrow, and its banks almost covered with snow, tinging the water a beautiful pale green. We rested here some time, thoroughly enjoying the strange scene around us, as well as our lunch, which the guide had carried.

The solitude of such nooks is known to every mountain traveller; a solitude that almost, like the darkness of old, can be *felt*! But, hark! what is that sharp, shrill whistle which is echoed back from peak to peak? Robbers or railways? Neither! says our guide. It is the marmot, or mountain rat, which, like a sentry, gives warning of our approach, whichever way we turn. There are numbers of them here—short, fat things,

about the size of a large cat, very wild and shy. It is impossible to get near them.

Our guide showed us their holes in the mountain-side, where they were already beginning to build their winter nests. They might be taken for fox-holes, except that the orifice was not round, but flattened at the top. Some of these holes were three or four feet deep, others only just commenced. They work at them through the summer, tunnelling into the hill-side from six to eight feet, shaping the extreme end like a baker's oven. The inside is well lined with dried grass and moss. Here they roll themselves up, and sleep through the winter until the snow door which shuts them in is once more opened by the returning summer sun. They only remain above ground from May till the end of September. Many chilly bipeds would doubtless gladly do the same!

We saw some marmots afterwards in the Zoological Gardens at Dresden, feeding greedily on carrots. The wild ones live on roots also, and are perfectly harmless. Unlike their American cousins, the prairie dog, they do not bark, but whistle.

The clouds beginning to gather ominously, we made the best of our way back to the ponies, and so on to Schmecks, just arriving in time to escape a ducking. The lightning was magnificent; the whole heavens



seemed to open and blaze with light, quite blinding in its intensity. We were thankful to be at home!

As no moonlight walk was feasible this evening, we all sat down, after supper, to a game called "Tombola," very like our old-fashioned "Loto." It is a favourite game among the Hungarians, and there were generally more than a hundred taking part in it.

Each player bought one or more cards at fourpence apiece. These were marked with divers numbers—no order whatever. The doctor attached to the Bad was always made president, and he stood at one end of the room with a little table to himself, on which were arranged the prizes, consisting of Brummagem jewelry, sleeve-links, photos, pipes, brooches, and such like. He was also provided with a bag full of wooden numbers; and the game commenced by his drawing out one at a time, and calling the number, placing it on a small board in front, as a check on the players. Whoever had the number called on his card, marked it, by an arrangement with which the card was provided, and prizes were given, first to all who got three in a row, then four, then five, and then when the whole card was full.

There were only about twenty prizes among a hundred candidates, and few were lucky enough to win anything.

As the game itself was rather wanting in excitement, some of the party extracted a little extra amusement out of it by looking at the numbers in a political light : that is, when "48" was called, they cheered vociferously, in remembrance of the success of the Hungarian rising in that year ; and when "49" came, groans resounded from all sides, alluding, of course, to the collapse of all their hopes when the Russians flooded the land.

It is wonderful the atmosphere in which foreigners delight. They seem to object to fresh air, as most people do who are accustomed to stoves in winter. *We* could scarcely breathe—the tobacco-smoke nearly stifled us, for, though the room was large, so also was the number of smokers, and we were obliged, at last, to beat a retreat, thoroughly saturated with dust and tobacco. Cigars here are cheap : the most expensive best foreign tobacco only costs  $1\frac{1}{4}d.$  in Schmeks.

The whole Bad was in a state of consternation the next afternoon in consequence of the non-appearance at dinner of one of the guests, a youth of sixteen. He had gone off by himself to the mountains early in the morning, and had not been heard of since. His anxious parent despatched the huntsman with his horn, and other helpers, to search the forest in the direction the absentee had taken. Many more started

off with guns, making the mountains resound with their shots and halloos.

The manager took it very quietly, and said such events occurred every year. There were always people who would risk their lives by going about in dangerous places without a guide. Two years ago, a gentleman lost his way when out alone in the forest, and passed the night there, in terrible fright all the time of a bear which he had been told was prowling about in that neighbourhood. He happily discovered a stack of wood, on which he mounted, and tried to compose himself to sleep. After a troubled night he was discovered, much exhausted, by the party in search of him.

In the present case the young man could not be found, but returned by himself late in the day. He had attempted to climb one of the mountains, and reached a point where for some time he could neither get up nor down, though escaping at last from his perilous position with the skin off his hands and a slight injury to the knee.

Out of the three principal mountains round Schmek, the ascent of the Schlagendorf and the Lomner Spitze ought certainly to be made. The third, the Gerlsdorf, is some distance off, and only a few feet higher than the Lomner Spitze, and with no better view than the Schlagendorf, which is close by.

There is a great drawback, however, to climbing these mountains, and that is, the fog or cloud which envelopes the summit five days out of six during the summer. The range is so narrow that there are no intervening hills to stop the clouds before they float on to the higher peaks.

I had put off the ascent from day to day on this account, till one evening, when there seemed every promise of a particularly clear fine day on the morrow, I decided to make the attempt, and ordered a guide to be ready at 4 A.M. the next morning.

Before that hour we were rousing the sleepy cook (who does not get much time for sleep, poor creature!) that we might have some breakfast before starting, and it was scarcely daylight when we set off for the Schlagendorf, the guide carrying a little bread and wine in case of need.

On we trudged through the forest till we reached the same green glade where we had halted on our way to the Felker Thal; here we turned off and went straight up the mountain. The Spitze was beautifully clear, not a cloud to be seen, while the valley below was completely lost to view by heavy masses of vapour. We kept up a good pace, the bracing mountain air giving one fresh strength for the unwonted exertion which was soon to follow.

At the end of an hour and a-half we stood on a small plateau where lay a tiny lake, surrounded by Krummholz. We were now half-way, and hitherto it had been pretty smooth sailing ; but, taking an upward glance at the route we were about to follow, I perceived it had a very ugly look. It seemed just as if a terrible earthquake had shaken some former high mountain actually to pieces, and then hurled them down higgledy-piggledy about our path, each fragment so loose, that in moving one in the slightest degree, a dozen more toppled over and threatened to overwhelm you. The long, lanky guide led the way; the mosses were thin and scanty, but the yellow lichen began to cover the stones, making them greasy and slippery.

Afraid lest the clouds should gather, we pushed on as fast as we could, and in half-an-hour found ourselves close up to the "King's Nose," a prominent nasal-shaped rock which stands out alone from the slope of the mountain. Here began the tug of war ; traversing a moveable bed of loose granite stones, up two feet, down one ; getting no firm hold with either foot, for scarcely a spot was left where the lichen was not growing. Higher still and the rocks increased in size. Over these we had to scramble by help of hand and alpine stock, grasping any projection that would be a help. With ankles straining and twisting in the effort



to keep on one's legs, and eyes dazzled with the anxious and incessant watch for steady footing, every nerve felt at the utmost stretch.

Patches of snow filled up the crevices, and the keen cutting wind made us button up our coats in spite of the exertion. A week ago, on a previous ascent, the guide said the heat was so intense that he had to fill his cap with snow to keep his head cool.

Arrived on the Kamm, a projecting ledge of rock broken up into fanciful forms and jagged points, the view from both sides was most extensive and magnificent. The clouds below had been dispelled by the sun, allowing the eye to roam unchecked over the vast tract of country spread out like a map at our feet. The whole of the fertile table-land of Hungary was beneath us, intersected with roads and dotted with villages. Running through them all we could just distinguish the cuttings and embankments of the new railway not yet finished. The dark, quiet, Csorber lake peered round the corner of a hill overhanging the Mensdorfer Thal, and the bold cone of the Lomner Spitze, with its wild and weird attendants, lifted their gloomy heads aloft. Clouds drifted in and out among them in quick confusion, exciting some misgivings as to the clearness of the summit, so we made but a very short halt and again started upwards. We had only about three hundred

feet more to climb. Recent traces of the chamois were distinctly visible, but the animal is much too shy to allow a sight of him. Again we heard the marmot whistling as we invaded his domain, and the roar of the Kohlbacher waterfall never ceased its accompaniment.

Our course still continued over broken-up rocks, and in less than half-an-hour we stood on the top of the Schlegendorf, nearly 10,000 feet above the sea.

A short stick had been placed in a small cairn of stones covered with ice; a melancholy monument of the desolation around, and also of the gloom which damped our ardour as we sat down to rest, for a nasty cold cloud had just surrounded us like the folds of a great wet sheet, and completely shut out everything. We could see nothing beyond twenty yards, and within that distance there were stones and fog, and fog and stones!

Patience had seldom sat on so high a monument, or one more cold or windy, or where breathing was more difficult. Under the shelter of a friendly rock we planted ourselves and hoped for the best. Ever and anon our flagging spirits rose as a gleam of sunshine darted past and revealed a glimpse into the depths below; but all in vain! After waiting and waiting, hoping against hope, that the drifting fog would be

blown away at last, our patience was exhausted. An hour-and-a-half we kept our ground, and at the end of that time, shivering, shaking and aching in every limb, we retraced our steps, running down the mountain full split wherever it was possible, in order to warm our stagnant blood, and arrived at Schmek's at noon, in time for a jolly hot mineral bath before dinner.

The homeward journey occupied two hours, though our friends said it could not be done under three and a half. The guide seemed more tired than I was, and complained to his companions that "these English, they did not walk, they ran—they did not run, they sprang."

As a rule, Hungarians never go up mountains; they hate them. Immense plains are their admiration, and we found that though few of the company had ever been in England, the general opinion was that England must be very ugly on account of the land being cut up by gentlemen's parks, fields, &c.

We became very friendly with one party of Hungarians, and frequently talked about their coming some day to England, but they seemed to have no desire to do so. As several spoke English capitally, it was the more extraordinary. "Nothing to see!" "Nothing interesting in England," they would reply. At the same time they seemed persuaded that English people

looked upon *them* as barbarians, a half-civilised race! and we were asked more than once to remove this impression on our return.

I am sure, if kindness, courtesy, and good nature civilise a nation, we cannot speak too highly in their praise. They were always on the watch to assist us in any way, and whether it was a book or a side-saddle, Worcester sauce, peaches or potatoes, we were continually indebted to these kind friends for one thing or another.

As I said before, our guide was tired, but he appeared again late in the afternoon, and begged to be allowed to take us a short pleasant walk to the "Rauber Stein," or "Robber Stone." Only an hour-and-a-half through the forest; but there are so many paths and small roads, without a single clearing, that a stranger would most likely lose himself, and certainly never find the "Robber Stone."

We gladly accepted his offer, and listened to his tales as we went along. He told us that eighty years ago the whole country round was one enormous forest, and infested by robbers, who plundered and pillaged rich and poor in every direction. One celebrated band made use of these stones (whither we were directing our steps) as their home and central rallying-place. They consisted of several huge blocks of granite placed one

over the other by no human hand, so as to form a kind of cavern.

When we came upon the spot, higher than the surrounding country, and saw the first-rate look-out it afforded of all that was passing below, we understood what a likely place it was for a robber's stronghold.

Unluckily for them, there came one day a terrific tornado, which levelled the whole of this grand forest, exposing the haunts of the marauders, and obliging them to decamp to a more sheltered hunting-ground. Their dining-table, a large flat stone some distance off, was also pointed out to us by our guide, who assured us the names of the principal robbers were graven upon it. But as it was completely overgrown with moss and shrubs, we cannot vouch for this.

On our way back we passed a man carrying a sackful of some curly white moss, which is called "Lung moss." It is used like the Iceland moss, by those who suffer from delicate lungs.

Some of the peasants make a fair trade by collecting certain wild flowers in these parts and selling them to the apothecaries. The toad-stools too, which are very fine and of a bright orange colour, covered with white spots, are gathered and boiled up with milk, and then set in saucers about the houses to kill the flies. The



fungi are extremely poisonous. The small ones, however, of a dull yellow, are harmless, and used for making into "Pilse," the horrible dish we tasted at Cracow. They provide occupation for the children, who pick them in great quantities for their parents to send to the large towns.

Apropos of toad-stools, this place seemed full of frogs! Such great active frogs withal! much finer than any we have at home, they would surely win the day against our own, even were they weighted with shot like the ever-memorable "Jumping Frog!"

The walk to the Robber-stone is an easy one for any lady, and should by no means be omitted. The view of the Kohlbacher valleys with the adjoining mountains is finer from this commanding position than from the water below. Exactly in front stands the "Mittelgrad" mountain, while the Lomner and Schlagendorf occupy the two sides. From no other point were we so much struck with the beauty of the Kohlbacher.

There is another favourite short walk—to the "Gritzkocher," which means "gritz-cooker." The "Gritzkocher" is a spring which bubbles out of the ground with such force as to shoot upwards any small stones that are thrown into it. It was a great amusement to the children, who used often to pay it a visit, throwing in handfuls of coloured glass-beads, or balls. The

glittering of the water, and the different bright colours of the beads, made it really a very pretty sight.

Our next excursion was to the Five Lakes, which lie packed together at the top of the small Kohlbacher valley. This has been accomplished by several ladies, but is extremely difficult and fatiguing.

It is possible to ride a considerable distance, but I preferred walking. Of course a guide was provided, and we set off together in good time before the heat of the day. On reaching the Kohlbacher Waterfall, we crossed the stream just above it, and there had a three-fold view. First, up the small Kohlbacher Thal, where we were bound for; another, up the large Kohlbacher Thal, overtopped by the Polish Kamm, and containing masses of snow; and the third, down the valley into the country beyond.

We continued our way upwards, the footpath a very good one, and now crossed the small Kohlbacher river by a bridge. In Poland, no doubt, we should have been obliged to ford it. Under this bridge, the water dashed over a fall into a deep pool below. Two peasants were larking here a few months ago, and one out of mere wilfulness gave the other a push as he was passing the bridge. He lost his balance and tumbled into the stream, which at once shot him over the falls into the deep pool; luckily for him, the force of the

water was sufficient to wash him at once out of this hole to the outer and shallower edge, where he waded out half drowned, and very angry. No wonder!

In an hour and a half, as the valley narrowed, we found ourselves at the Firestone. This is a huge projecting rock overhanging other rocks, and affording protection for the wayfarer underneath. It was now in the possession of a family of gipsies; they were clothed in dirty blankets, and their long matted hair and dark skin (nearly black, in fact) made them look just like savages. They were taking care of the cattle browsing around, and, as usual, begged till we were out of sight.

From this point our journey became more difficult and very fatiguing. In front was a great wall of rock with a thin waterfall, and this (at least 300 feet high) had to be surmounted by the aid of an immense heap of shattered rock which lay alongside, and had evidently fallen from the mountain on our left. Here were several varieties of Alpine flowers, and a solitary piece of reindeer moss, the only specimen we saw in the Carpathians.

Out of breath and panting, we reach the top of this wall, and, behold! we were in a large basin surrounded by rocks with sheets of snow at the bottom. Here were the five little lakes we had come to visit, lying in

a circle, a stream of melted snow running from one to the other ; the tops of the mountains round, like broken china, sharp and jagged, of a pink and grey colour, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. At the edge of the snow round the lakes was a fringe of flowers of every hue.

Our guide pointed out one of the peaks where a companion of his had fallen down when gathering herbs for the apothecary. The poor fellow was killed on the spot ; fortunately there were four of them together, and so were able to carry his body home to the village below.

These mountains are not so interesting to the geologist as I expected. Hitherto we had only found the nummulitic limestone of Zakopani, alluded to by the late Sir Roderick Murchison when he visited the Northern Carpathians. The bands of ironstone we had also seen, but could find no trace of any other mineral, though we searched most diligently.

The natives say that the remains of ancient gold mines are still to be seen on the Great Krivan : the precious metal was extracted from a vein of auriferous quartz at the height of 6,500 feet above the sea. All round Schmeks the mountains are composed of nothing but granite, gneiss, and such like, offering but a poor field for the inquiring geologist.

## CHAPTER X.

The village of Schlagendorf—Fête-day at Schmek's—The fight between the Slaves and Germans—Sunday-evening fireworks—Ascent of the Lomner Spitze—Its difficulties—We rest on the Kamm—Janos the guide—We bid adieu to Schmek's, and take a return carriage—Poprad—Our sleepy Slav driver and sleepier steeds—We discover the Watershed of Upper Hungary—Mutton at last at Belansco—Slav villages—St. Miklos—The Valley of the Waag—Rosenberg.

AS there was no chance of any service in our chapel on Sunday morning, we took a carriage and drove down to the village of Schlagendorf, about five miles away, where there was a Lutheran church. There was also a Roman Catholic one, though few of the villagers belonged to that faith. It had, however, a pair of bells, which the Protestant church had not; and as the services were held at the same hour, one ringing did for both.

This village was destroyed by fire a year or two ago, since which time the houses have been rebuilt with stone. They flank each other in a most peculiar manner, presenting a corner to the street, instead of a



front. It could be easily defended in case of attack. In the centre, there still stands a dirty tumble-down old house, which the fire leaped over and spared; all the rest being consumed. No one can give any reason for this phenomenon, except that the house was not insured.

The church itself was a plain, roomy building. The men sat by themselves near the pulpit, and the women and children under and in front of the organ. Each carried a bunch of flowers, which was laid by the side of their large old-fashioned prayer-books, the latter adorned with four immense metal clasps.

Most of the service consisted of chanting from the prayer-book to an organ accompaniment, the music slow but pleasing. There was a small crucifix on the communion-table, as well as flowers, and two tall candles unlit.

The pastor first appeared in a black gown, and afterwards in a short white one edged with lace, put on over the black. He commenced the service, chanting with his back to the congregation, in German of course, and concluded by preaching a very good sermon from a little pulpit placed exactly over the centre of the communion-table.

The men were all dressed in the German blue cloth jacket and trousers, with smart silver buttons. The

elderly women in short jackets, very much the same as the men, and blue handkerchiefs round their heads; while the girls, on the contrary, had their heads uncovered, the hair brushed back off the forehead, and plaited in a long pig-tail behind, the ends tied up with black ribbon; they wore dark blue or black skirts and white bodices, ornamented down the front with a double row of silver buttons. All looked so nice and clean, we could not help comparing them with the Poles.

The congregation was smaller than usual, for twice a year a grand fête is held at Schmek, when all the country people for miles round make their way to the Bad, and this Sunday happened to be one of the days. I should think we passed, on our return, at least fifty waggons, each drawn by a pair of horses, full of peasants. Many others were trudging along; the women barefoot, carrying their heavy top-boots in their hands, as the sun was hot.

As we drove into Schmek the place looked like a fair; booths had been erected, and every nook and corner were swarming with people.

It was indeed a curious collection of individuals that we gazed down upon from our balcony, whither we retreated for refuge—a surging crowd of men, women, and children in all the varied costumes of the different villages. Some are clustering around a cake and

sweet stall, and the enterprising vendor of sugar dainties is making a rich harvest; in an hour everything is bought up, and girls and men are sitting down together to eat and share their purchases. It is amusing to see a couple of these peasants munching away at a pink and white sugar heart as big as their two hands put together; these were the favourite offerings, and no doubt symbols of the tender feelings existing between them.

The mineral spring was also a great attraction; and as to the baths, they were regularly besieged. The whole day a small crowd might be seen waiting at the door of every bath-house to take their turn.

A goodly number of Slaves had come in, and were the most picturesque of them all, in their gala costume. Blue and white are the Slav colours. The women wear bright blue skirts and white bodices, and white handkerchiefs on their heads; while the men wear the brightest blue waistcoats, braided in rose-colour, and ornamented with silver buttons; a white flannel jacket hangs loose over one shoulder like a hussar jacket; the trousers are of the same material, braided to match the waistcoat in rose-colour; high top-boots adorn their feet, and to crown all, the cavalier hat with ribbons flowing down behind, and a bunch of flowers stuck jauntily on one side.

The women of each village are distinguished by a different coloured handkerchief as head-dress—some all white, others black, or blue with white spots.

As the day advanced so did the noise ; for many had paid frequent visits to the spirit-vaults, and dancing began to be the order of the day, both out-of-doors and in-doors. The Slaves were the principal performers, and danced together, not mixing with the others ; this made their national dance the prettiest sight of all, the costume of the men and women being alike in colour—blue and white.

Later still, a Slav, who was rather drunk, began to quarrel with a German, who had also drank more than was good for him. From words they came to blows, or rather *slaps*, for they hit each other on the head and face with the flat of the hand, making their noses bleed. The Slav was felled to the ground, and immediately a kind of war-cry was raised, and sympathising friends mustered from all parts to join in the fray. The Germans had the best of it, as they were not so drunk as the Slaves. All yelled at the top of their voices, men and women. The female relatives each secured her "own" by the sleeve or coat, and vainly endeavoured to drag or scold him out of the fight.

What would have been the end of the combat it is impossible to say, as reinforcements for both sides kept

running in, had not a sudden and effectual stopper been placed on all further fighting by the unexpected arrival of the manager, who rushed into the centre of the fray, and knocked down two or three of either side, and separated the remainder, ordering off the Germans in one direction and the Slaves in another. The latter assembled themselves together under our window, and, half mad with fury, threw up their arms, jumped in the air, and then stamped with rage, bringing their heavy boots down upon an imaginary enemy, and uttering at the same time unearthly yells. This seemed to relieve them, and in a short time quiet was restored. Waggons were brought out, horses harnessed, and by six o'clock every one had driven away.

As the band had been playing the whole day for the benefit of these visitors, and dancing had been kept up all the afternoon, the usual Sunday-evening ball was omitted. Some little amusement, however, being necessary, lighted Chinese lanterns were served out to the guests as they left the supper-table, and, headed by the musicians, they marched off through the dark forest to the Belle Vue, there to let off fireworks and make a bonfire!

One more mountain excursion before leaving Schmecks, and this was the ascent of the Lomner Spitze. I had almost given up the idea of undertaking it, from being



told that it was a two-days' expedition, and that it would be necessary to spend the night at the "Firestone"—the place we had passed on our way to the "Five Lakes," and then occupied by the gipsy family. However, on making further inquiries, this seemed to be quite unnecessary; and as the weather promised to hold up, I arranged to start the next day with old Janos as guide. He had made the ascent 150 times, five of which had come off this season, so he was likely to know the way; and this mountain ought certainly only to be attempted with a guide who thoroughly understands his business, for there are many ticklish points to be overcome.

We left the house as the clock was striking 3 A.M.; it was nearly dark, only the moon struggling through the clouds to give a feeble light. Janos carried some bread and brandy, and at a brisk pace we passed over the Kamm down to the Kohlbach and up to the "Firestone," in just an hour and a half's hard walking.

Here we had a good view of our Spitze, which was beautifully clear, the sun lighting up the tops of the mountains; but the valley below lay in clouds of vapour, so we should not have seen much even if we had at that moment been on the summit.

From the "Firestone," Janos at once led off to the

right up the mountain side, for there is no way of circumventing this mountain. You must go slap at it—over loose granite, and through riven clefts of the same, holding on by hands and feet like a monkey, and so pulling yourself along.

We zigzagged upwards, scarcely daring to look back, so precipitous is the ascent, and often holding our breath as many a dangerous bit was safely passed. I took good care to step exactly where the guide did, who followed out his well-known route without the slightest hesitation. As we stood on the edge of one of these precipices, I could not help asking whether any traveller had ever slipped and fallen over. He said he only knew of one case, and that was a rash student who attempted the ascent without a guide, and fell down a height of 150 feet. His body (of which every bone was broken) was not found until three months after his distracted parents had been searching everywhere for him.

The difficulties of the way had been somewhat lessened by little ledges being cut in the rock for the foot to rest upon; and after no small effort, in an hour and forty minutes we stood on the top of the Kamm. Rising one above the other, facing us, were the peaks of the Mittelgrad mountain, reminding me strongly of the splendid specimens of fossil sharks' teeth so plentiful in

Malta. To the north was a lovely prospect of forest, town, village, and river, the latter sparkling like chains of silver in the rays of the morning sun.

We sat down on the very narrow ledge of this Kamm, and glancing upwards at our goal, the cone-shaped Spitze, how disgusting to behold nothing but fog and driving cloud!

After all the trouble and exertion, it was truly provoking to be again disappointed of a clear view from the top of these Carpathians.

There was yet another hour's climb before us; so a second time I determined to wait and hope. But it became worse instead of better. Clouds began to gather on the neighbouring peaks.

Janos now got up; and, to my astonishment, began to move forwards. I asked him where he was going.

"To the top!" he replied.

"But what good is it? Can one see anything?"

"Oh, no! nothing to be seen; but people generally *do* go up, even if there *is* nothing to be seen—however thick the fog is,—for then they can say they have been to the top."

Objecting to this arrangement, we turned homewards, slithering down the clefts and sliding down the slippery grass, till we found ourselves once more at the "Fire-

stone," and, hurrying on, we reached Schmeks at 8.30 A.M.

Allow two hours for going up and down the conical peak, half an hour to enjoy the view from the summit, and we should still have been back by 11 A.M., in ample time for dinner.

But the general practice is to set off in the afternoon instead of at three in the morning; and in that case, the night must be spent at the "Firestone;" such a very unenviable prospect, that to my mind a start before day-break is infinitely preferable.

The time had now arrived when we must turn our steps homewards, and bid adieu to beautiful Schmeks. Our stay had extended beyond the fortnight, and never had we spent a more enjoyable time.

As to the kindness and attention we had received, it was unbounded; everyone seemed to vie with each other in trying to make our sojourn here pleasant and agreeable; and it was with the greatest regret that we found it impossible to linger longer.

To our intense satisfaction, a return carriage, with real springs, drove in late at night; and we at once proceeded to make terms, through an interpreter, with the driver—a stupid Slav, who could not speak a word of German.

He was to take us to St. Miklos the next day, for

ten guildens; and although his horses were but a bag of big bones, we gladly closed with him, and put off the hay-waggon we had previously ordered, consoling the injured owner with trinkgeld.

It was 6 A.M., on the 14th of August, that we drove down the well-known avenue; a fine, bright morning, and every peak clear against the deep blue sky, as we had never seen it before.

The oats were not nearly ripe, nor the hay yet fully gathered in on the sides of the jolty road down to Schlagendorf, along which our vehicle worked its way laboriously, over stones and ruts, till we came to the soon-to-be-important village of Poprad.

Here is the railway station; and in a few months the English visitor from Schmek's will be able to take his seat in a comfortable railway carriage, never again to leave the iron road until he reaches Calais.

Alas! how different with us!—many a weary mile to be rattled over, half dislocating one's bones with painful shocks and jars; the once-good road destroyed by the unusually heavy traffic of the ruthless railway contractors.

From Poprad we obtained one of the best views of the whole of the southern side of the Tatra, from the great Krivan on our left, to the Lomner Spitze on our right.



By this time, the yellow glare of the rising sun had given way to a cloudless sky, and it was evident we were to have a piping hot day. Our tired driver and horses (for they had been journeying three days at a stretch) already felt its influence, and would persist in all going to sleep together.

The only plan was to be continually calling out to the former, and asking him questions, or giving him a sharp poke in the ribs,—at which he was highly indignant, and gesticulated fiercely that he was wide awake.

Flocks of magpies were feeding on the meadows which flanked our roads; and a couple of Russian vultures appeared, waiting in the air before pouncing upon some favourite morsel they had already spotted.

The traffic on the road was very great, the contractors' carts in long strings following each other like the baggage-train of an army, some drawn by oxen, others by ponies.

Four lengths of fifteen-feet railway iron formed a load for a waggon drawn by a pair of oxen; so it would take a good many loads before the railway was completed.

After a while, we mounted a table-land, and left the home of the Zipps, or Germans, and came suddenly into the district of Liptau, inhabited by Slaves; the

villages at once undergoing a change, and assuming their proper type, viz., houses rackapelt, wretched, dirty, and crowded.

In the fields, potatoes take the place of grain and meadow. We saw one field of potatoes a mile long ; its breadth extended beyond our vision.

On the outskirts of every village lived the gipsies, occupying generally a ruined old house or shed, or else some kind of shanty made of turf or a few poles stuck up together like hop-poles in winter-time. As soon as strangers approach, the younger members are despatched to follow the carriage and beg.

At a little place called Csorba we crossed the Hungarian water-shed. It was in reality only a cart-track, from either side of which issued a tiny rivulet, one running down into the Waag, and so on to the Danube and Black Sea ; the other into the Poprad, to find its way eventually into the Vistula and Baltic. How curious to think that, standing on this spot, the traveller might with one hand send a cork floating to the Black Sea, and with the other to the Baltic !

It was very hot as our weary steeds staggered under the welcome shed belonging to the inn at Belansco.

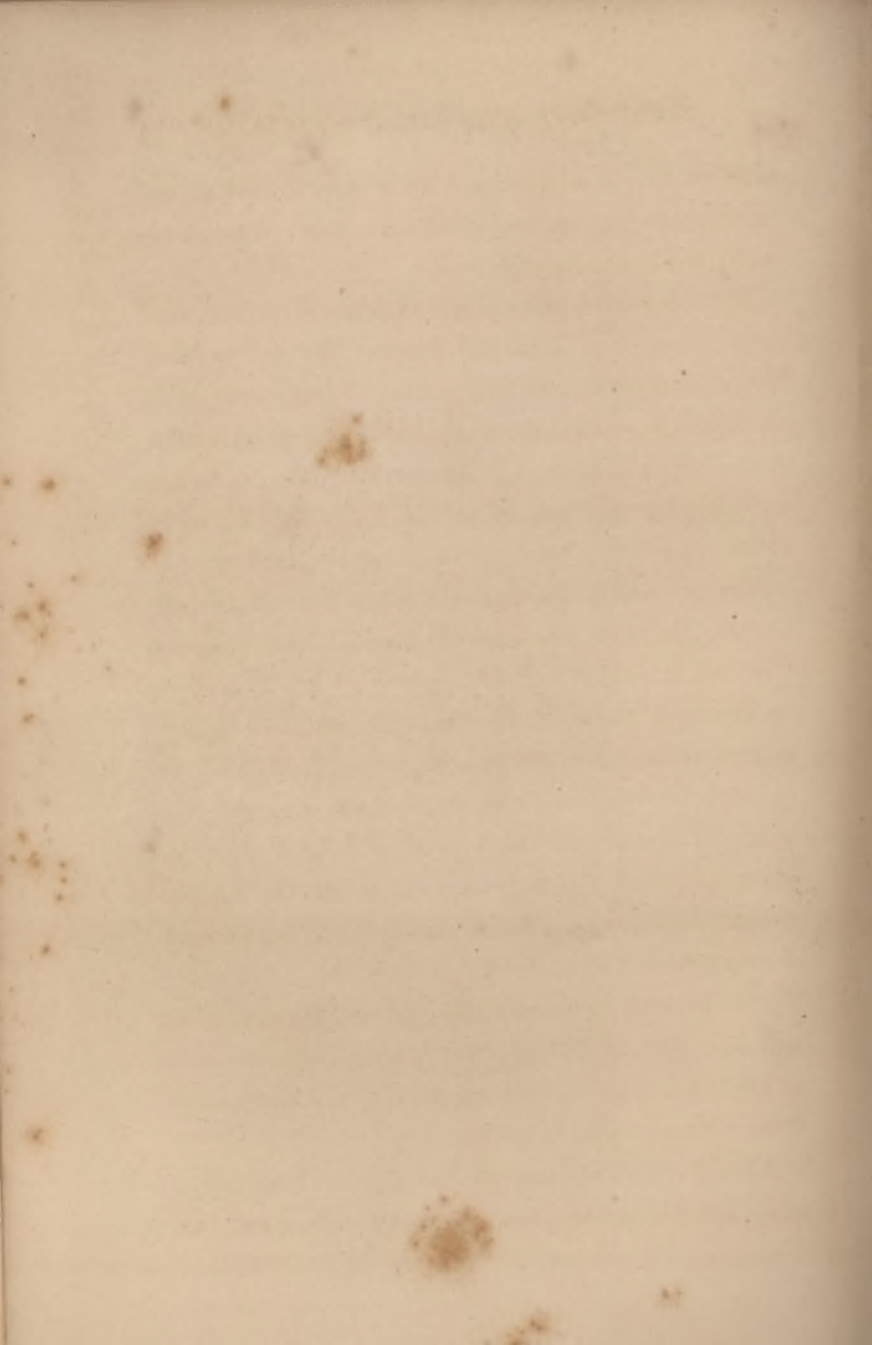
Wherever we stopped to feed our horses we found an enormous shed alongside the inn, under which we drove at once : the cool shelter from the sun was an incalcu-



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HUNGARIAN GIPSY SCENE.





lable benefit to all parties, a far greater rest than the usual practice of waiting at the inn door, where *shade* is frequently unattainable.

Here we halted for a couple of hours to refresh ourselves, as well as man and beasts. We ordered our dinner, and heard with delight that we could have some mutton. As we had not seen any for nearly six weeks, we looked upon it as quite a treat; but, when set before us, it proved as tough as an old boiled boot, and was almost uneatable.

We rummaged about the kitchen for further provisions, but were unsuccessful. Our landlady was very busy over a sack of land-crabs, or rather lobsters, which abound in all the streams near here. She was obliged to be very careful in the way she took hold of them, for fear of being bitten: seizing them by the back with one hand, she pulled off the tips of their tails with the other, and then chucked them alive into the boiling water bubbling on her stove. It was a comfort to think that the poor things must die directly.

The Slavish peasants were constantly running in and out, placing their filled pipes in the fire, then, shutting the stove-door for a minute or two, they pulled them out and began to smoke.

After leaving Belansco, we had about as bad a road as we had yet encountered. At last we left it and took



to the fields; and here our lumbering vehicle rolled like a ship at sea, with such heavy lurches, first on one side, then on the other, it was a wonder it did not heave over altogether, or break up into bits against the stones, leaving us stranded in a potato-field.

Nothing of the kind, however, took place; and after a bit the road improved and became very tolerable.

It was 5 P.M. before our jaded animals landed us at the "Black Eagle," in the small town of St. Miklos. A long, straggling, uninteresting place, the capital of the district of Liptau. The inn was pretty clean, and the food good, when you got it—but *this* was the difficulty!

There was no one to attend to you. The landlord was in bed, fast asleep, taking his afternoon *siesta*; and his daughter, who was of course head cook, objected to light the kitchen fire as early as five in the afternoon; she would begin at seven, when the evening meal for everybody would be wanted; and not a jot did she care that *we* were tired and hungry with our long journey. We were obliged to be patient, and even when seven o'clock did arrive, we were not much better off.

The waiting-maid spoke only Slavish; and when we inquired for our food, she brought us candles, and after the candles a newspaper, and so on, till I was obliged to go down myself into the kitchen, and hunt

up and carry cups, saucers, plates, &c., boiling the water for our tea, and seeing the steak and potatoes placed in the frying-pan.

The result was satisfactory, at any rate ; for we had the best tea and the best beef-steak we had eaten for many a day.

Our bill, which was moderate, was made out next morning in chalk on the desk ; and, after tremendous exertion, combined with some scolding and storming, we succeeded in getting off (*en route* for Rosenberg) at 6 A.M., continuing our travels in the same carriage, for no better one was available.

It was a lovely morning, as we drove out of the town over a long wooden bridge which spanned the river Waag. Of course, many of the timbers which formed the roadway over it were wanting, having rotted away from old age and never been replaced. Further on, we passed tumble-down telegraph-posts, only half supplied with wires, walls full of breaches, and houses half thatched—apt picture of the happy-go-lucky style in which most things are managed in some parts of Austria.

We had noticed from our windows, the evening before, a great number of fleet and active pigs running through the street by themselves, each one making the best of his way to his own dwelling. Now we saw

several herds of swine, two and three hundred together, some basking and rolling in the dust, while others were feeding on the stubble. Occasionally, a sharp old porker would dash off into a neighbouring potato-field (as there are no hedges to protect them), and would be hard at work rooting up and devouring the praties, before the boy in charge perceived the thief and whipped him back again to his friends.

The valley of the Waag, which we were following in its downward course the whole way to Sillein, is famous for its wild romantic beauty as well as for its fertility. The Waag itself is a most beautiful rapid running river, and the ruined castles on its banks show it must have been no unimportant place in bygone years.

We were descending so rapidly that the Carpathian fir-tree had been left for good, and the birch and oak had already taken its place. I omitted to state before that the Carpathian fir is of very slow growth. Seventy years is allowed for a tree to come to perfection, and even an ordinary-sized one, about 40 feet in height and 8 inches in diameter at its base, must be at least thirty years of age.

Besides leaving the fir, we had also lost the Alpine strawberry, which round Schmeks was the finest we had ever tasted; whole beds of them might be found

on the mountain side or by the streams in the Kohlbacher Thal.

The number of wayside images along our road reminded us that we were now in a Roman Catholic country. This being the case, we were particularly astonished at the neglect of their burying-grounds. They were miserable, uncared-for places. In the centre stood generally a tall crucifix blown half over, and irregular-shaped mounds of various sizes all round it showed where the dead had been laid; but two or three small wooden crucifixes, at distant intervals, gave the only sign that any had received Christian burial. There was no fence to prevent the entrance of pigs, cows, or any other animal.

Our Slav driver, sleepy as he was, roused himself at the wonderful sight of a locomotive engine, or rather of *parts* thereof, lying in a field by the roadside ready to be put together, and, pointing to it with his whip, said, "Machine," curling up his nose at the same time to show his utter contempt for such an affair. He had never seen a railway-train.

I must say we disliked the Slaves—a dirty, pig-driving, stupid, drunken race; they know nothing, and do not want to know anything. This fellow was a true type of the article—stupid and dull enough about most things, but keen enough after money. After the bargain

had been concluded for him to take us for so much, and so much extra for trinkgeld, he would always return and ask for more ; and, on being ordered off, would re-appear shortly after, to see if we would not pay for his supper ; and again next morning, make another effort to try and get a breakfast out of us.

The road still continued very bad, cut up by the railway, which runs alongside. The late rains had carried away parts of the new embankments in several places, hundreds of yards at a time.

One cannot help thinking the engineering must be at fault.

The contract for the section of the line we were now following had been taken by a Prussian firm, and we frequently met both Prussian foremen and workmen—tall, strong fellows, who seemed to consider the place belonged to them, and looked with utter contempt on the Slaves—a feeling which appeared thoroughly reciprocated by our driver, who scowled at every one we passed.

The town of Rosenberg lies at the junction of four roads, prettily situated on the banks of the Waag. The southern road leads to the little town of Osada, near which is the fashionable Hungarian Bad of Koritnyicza.

We drove to the principal inn, a most uninviting



place, already full of people at 9 A.M., as to-day was one of the numerous saints' days, which have to be celebrated by idleness and beer. We obtained a second breakfast, but with difficulty. A stout Mädchen ran out and caught a couple of two-months-old chickens, pulling off their heads before our very eyes, and frying them at once in batter.

Here we were obliged to part from our comfortable carriage, and searched the place in vain for another with springs. There was not one to be had, and we were therefore compelled to take the landlord's hay-cart for our long, hot drive to Sillein; he mulcted us to the tune of 19 guldens, but there was no help for it, as we had no time to hunt any further.

Our steeds were miserable—two wretched white ponies, one with a foal, which we found to our horror was intended to run alongside—a distance of full forty miles, poor little beast! Happily, we lost it on our way through the town, that is, it returned home of its own accord.

## CHAPTER XI.

Juvenile Slaves fishing—The pass of Strescno—The ruined castles  
—We hurry to Sillein—The noisy revellers—The last of Keating  
—Railway again—Examination of youth at the station—The  
Jablunka Pass—Moravia—Oderberg and its restaurant—The  
wounded officer—The fortress of Olmütz—Its holy mountain,  
and sacred picture—Austrian music—We attend the grand  
review—Reach Prague, and English faces and comforts.

THE scenery of this lovely route through the valley of the Waag cannot be too highly spoken of.

What a pity it will be to dash through it in a train, instead of contemplating its beauties from a carriage! We would not have made the exchange, in spite of the execrable road, cut up as it was by the carts carrying stones for the new railway all the way down to Sillein.

The valley twists and bends itself in sharp turns and angles, in the most capricious picturesque manner, while the river dashes along, in many places, with the velocity of a rapid. Numbers of little Slav boys, perfectly naked, were paddling about in the shallows, turning over the stones for land lobsters, or fishing by means of a two-pronged fork, with which they stabbed any

small fish that came to hand. They caught a good many in this primitive fashion.

Again we saw droves of pigs, and this time they were grazing like sheep on the hill-side. Flocks of geese also were strolling along the grass, guarded by two women, one at the head of the procession, and a second at the tail.

In four hours we called a halt at Lucsan, and had our dinner at a little Jewish inn, and endeavoured to put a little strength into our unfortunate ponies, by filling their basket with extra feeds of corn. Horses are fed by slinging a basket containing their food on the end of the pole of the waggon.

What with the hot sun and the dinner, when we started again, nothing but sharp blows in the ribs would keep our driver from dropping off to sleep. As the road was narrow, with many unprotected bits, where we could easily have toppled over into the river beneath, it became a matter of some anxiety; at the same time, he was so wrath at the suspicion and the *remedy*, that one was half afraid of going too far.

The valley continued to open out fresh beauties the further we advanced, and, on reaching the pass of Strescno, the scenery became wonderfully grand. Two splendid old ruined castles stood on opposite banks of the river, at the top of magnificent bold crags,

looking as if they touched the sky, in their tremendous elevation.

The railway traveller will miss all this, as a tunnel is pierced through the mountain, to save going round the pass.

As to-day was the Feast of the Holy Mary, all the people were dressed in their holiday best—gorgeous scarlet bodices, and long lace lappets in their caps. Most of them are returning from church, with prayer-books in their hands, and are now waiting to cross the river in the rude ferry boat, which is merely a tree with the centre roughly hollowed out.

Clouds were gathering around, and, fearful of getting their Sunday attire spoilt by the coming storm, they crowded into the boat in such numbers as to be quite dangerous, at the same time urging on the rowers to use their utmost speed. We watched them with great interest, and the first batch was safely landed before we lost sight of them.

We began to feel fidgetty, also, at the tardy pace of our hay-cart, for the lightning flashed all round us, and the sky grew black with thunderstorms; pelting showers descended within half a mile, and it was a race between the clouds and our ponies as to whether we should escape with a dry skin or not. The ponies won—and reached Sillein by eight o'clock, just in

time to save the storm and the *darkness*, the latter being perhaps almost more important than the former.

We drove to Horvat's Inn, where the landlord was most attentive, and prepared our rooms and food with the greatest alacrity.

As usual, he displayed the same curiosity which followed us everywhere in Hungary. We were always asked what country we belonged to, where we came from, and where we were going. If we stopped a person in the street of any little town, and inquired the way to the inn, he would politely point it out, and then, before there was a chance of escape, ask if we would kindly tell him where we came from, and whether we intended travelling to such a place, &c., &c. They never imagined anyone to come from England, and always took us for Prussians.

There was a grand Speisesaal in the room next to ours, and a large dinner-party going on, given by an Austrian officer. They were enjoying it immensely, and, after dinner, amused themselves by singing German songs and imitating the cries of different animals, barking like dogs, mewling like cats, shrieking like the whistle of a locomotive, and acting railway trains. The din was terrific; and as we were only separated by a glass door, it was rather awkward for us, poor worn-out wayfarers, wishing for sleep!



Here, for the last time, we made use of Keating, for the benefit of the few stragglers that remained; and here is another fact worthy of record! we had *mustard*, again, with our beef, for the first time since leaving Prussia.

Sillein possesses a good-sized market-place, in which our inn was situated. It is surrounded by stone houses, with corridors underneath, like Innsprück. In the centre stands a bright golden statue of the Virgin Mary, her feet resting on a globe, with this inscription, in Latin: "The Mother of God."

The town itself is very dirty, with a Cologne flavour. The funeral of a poor Hungarian tailor, the next morning, nearly made us late for the train; he had been drowned, by cramp, when bathing in the Waag, the previous day, and was lying in a room full of weeping women, surrounded by lighted candles, with a priest kneeling beside him. The whole street was blocked with the crowd; so we made a *détour*, and, fortunately, arrived at the station in time.

Sillein is the present terminus from the new railway from Oderberg, as it is only opened thus far.

It was quite a fresh sensation to take a ticket; and what a treat the smooth motion of the carriage was, can only be imagined by those whose bones have been well shaken in Carpathian hay-carts.

While waiting for our train, up came a proud father with his son, and accosted me with the words, "You don't live here; are you Prussian?" "No, English," was my reply. "Really! then would you be kind enough to examine my son in English; he has been learning the language, for some time, in Brunn."

I turned towards a rather sharp-looking stripling of sixteen, and asked him if he spoke English. He was not at all shy, and answered at once, "Oh, yaas! How do you please this country, mister?" I told him we liked it very much, and delighted the fond parent, by praising the knowledge of English his son had displayed.

Our train progressed but slowly, for the line had not yet settled down, and portions of it had only just been repaired after serious landslips. Besides, we were mounting, by degrees, the Jablunka Pass, closely following the old road, with its romantic bridges. We had been led to believe that the scenery of the Jablunka Pass was very fine; perhaps it may be by carriage-road. In the railway you see next to nothing, especially as, in a few minutes, we dived into a small tunnel, and, on emerging therefrom, began the descent on the other side, having crossed the frontier, and being now in Moravia instead of Hungary.

Happy thought for our railway directors! Take a

wrinkle from this line, and make small gutters to carry the rain-water off the roof of the railway carriages, by a pipe running down the side, instead of leaving the drippings (as is generally the case) to fall upon any unfortunate passenger, on getting in, or out of, the carriage.

The Moravians belong to the Slav family also, but are of a better stamp than the Hungarian sample. The roads, too, have actually been repaired during the last ten years; the houses have water-tight roofs, and the walls are sound, without gaps or holes. Images disappear from the roadside, and factories are in full work, close to the line. The peasant women here discard all gay colours, and wear white linen shawls, and a roll of the same material round their heads, like a turban, the ends hanging down about a yard in length behind.

Another startling change! Actually, a pair of donkeys to be seen! It is a long time since we saw this patient beast. One could not fancy a Hungarian condescending to touch one. Horses, perhaps, are more scarce, or more valuable, for the peasant drives but one in his country cart, instead of a pair.

At Oderberg Junction we had three hours to wait, before a train could take us on to Olmütz. This is a large, handsome station—it is nothing much else—and

is close to the Prussian frontier. The refreshment rooms leave nothing to be desired.

We had to change again at Prerau, one of the oldest cities in Moravia. The railway line was very much out of repair, and the banging about was almost as bad as that on a Carpathian road.

We had an agreeable companion in the same carriage with us—an Austrian officer, who had fought in the battle of Königsgratz, and received two bullets, one in his leg, the other in the body, during the retreat. He was fortunate enough to be placed in one of the Hanoverian court carriages, and escaped in safety over a pontoon bridge, before the fatal crush was made. Since that mournful day for the Austrians, not only the soldier (as I have said before), but every cavalry horse is taught to swim, and it is no unusual event for a cavalry regiment, with a full kit, in marching order, to plunge into an arm of the Danube, at Vienna, and swim across with the greatest ease. Perhaps the day is not far distant when such a proceeding will be possible with us. Surely, if any soldier ought to swim, it is the Britisher, who sees more of water than any of his continental comrades. And, yet, what general would dare to order a cavalry regiment to swim the Thames, at any autumn manœuvres?

The station at Olmütz is a mile away from the great

fortress, and it was already midnight when we drove over the drawbridge, past the ponderous fortifications, up to the door of the "Goliath" hotel.

We had sent a telegram; and guided by a very sleepy chamber-maid, who looked upon us with great suspicion, we clambered up many flights into a comfortable room, and so to bed. She told us in the morning that really they were so cheated by people coming in the dead of the night, demanding rooms, and then disappearing before daybreak, without payment, that she was always speculating in her own mind whether the visitors looked trustworthy or not. Probably our very small luggage awakened some doubts as to our respectability!

Olmütz contains fifteen thousand inhabitants and ten thousand soldiers. It lies upon a very sluggish little river in the centre of a great plain, surrounded by highly cultivated land, which can be flooded three feet deep for two miles round the walls in case of an assault. It watches the Prussian frontier, looking out over against Neisse, their fortified town in Silesia.

The fortress of Olmütz was taken by the Swedes in the thirty years' war; but Frederick the Great, after some weeks' siege, withdrew his forces in despair. It was made use of by Benedek in 1866 to rally his beaten troops after the defeat at Königsgratz, when the



Prussians passed it by on their way to Vienna. Its labours, however, under the same disadvantage as do nearly all old fortifications, namely, that there is some height near, from which modern artillery can shell the town. In this case, a hill called the "Holy Mountain," between three and four miles off, is the weak point, and, as usual, the Austrians say they are *going* to fortify it. We drove there in the morning, through the plain outside the town, passing several outlying forts; the last part of the hill must be climbed on foot, and from the summit we had a most complete view of the town and surrounding country.

Here was a very imposing religious establishment, monastery and chapel, with a public-house close by and numerous wooden stalls, where rosaries, crucifixes, and other sacred relics could be purchased by the faithful.

The great attraction is the sacred picture of the Virgin, which we were told had originally been brought down from heaven by an angel, and given to a worthy man who built the church. *Now*, somehow or other, it is frescoed on the stone-work inside, and however much you may cut away the stone, the picture remains the same. No one, however, is allowed to make the experiment for himself.

Thousands of pilgrims visit the Holy Mountain during the summer months, everyone leaving a

trifle for the priests, who must be making a good thing of it, taking into consideration the rent of the stalls, and that nothing apparently is laid out on repairs. The road to the town, as far as it traversed their property, was simply "Carpathian," and the foot-path up to the "Holy Mount" just as bad. Perhaps, however, as this was a pilgrimage, it should not be otherwise; the way is intended to be painful.

Our driver said that most of the pilgrims take no notice of the sacred picture whatever, but make at once for the woods at the back of the monastery, where they spend the day in pic-nics and dancing. No wonder they are glad to get out of stagnant Olmütz; so flat, so hot, and so odoriferous!

It is high time the ring of old fortifications was taken down and turned into shady walks, leaving the defence to the many detached forts, of which there are upwards of twenty.

The Germans and Bohemians, or Moravians (parts of the great Slav family), do not get on very well together. A few weeks ago a deputation of the latter went from Prague to the Czar, to congratulate him on his birth-day. It was a kind of political demonstration to show that they considered him as the head of the Slavish nation. The excitement was so great, that respectable Germans were bonneted in Prague, and

even pelted with stones wrapped up in grass, as they sat at their club windows. This, of course, led to counter-demonstration from the other side, and one has just come off here in Olmütz, where they held a "Sangverein," or gathering of glee-clubs from several of the principal towns in Germany.

Two days before we arrived, twelve thousand of them had sung the "Wacht am Rhein" and other patriotic songs in the great square or market-place, causing intense delight to all the German residents, who entertained their guests with the best of good cheer. In fact they had rather *too much*, for at 4 A.M. they turned out of bed again, and, wrapped up in sheets, waltzed and polka'd round the square, to the great astonishment of the sober-minded Olmützers.

To-morrow being the Emperor's birthday, there is to be a grand review, and this evening, two Austrian bands, about seventy performers each, assembled opposite the main-guard to play the National Anthem. The large drums were resting on wheels, and drawn along by stout dogs.

As it was already dark, the soldiers or orderlies who kept the ground clear, each carried a stout staff, six feet high, with a great silvered lantern at the top, in which burned two wax candles: they gave a capital light, so much so, that we could clearly see the upturned faces

of the thousands who had gathered round to listen to the music. Never have I heard music grander or more imposing than the National Anthem, as played by these amalgamated bands. Other tunes followed, and then they separated, their lanterns surrounding them with a circle of light as they paraded round the town in different directions.

The beautiful, soft-toned military bands of Austria are certainly preferable to those of any other nation. How harsh and hard was the band of the Prussian Guards which we heard in Berlin! and that of the Saxon Guards in Dresden was no better.

Next morning the whole place was early astir, flags were flying from the Rath-haus tower, and officers and men were hurrying through the streets, each with three oak leaves in their shakos. The General, upon whom I had called the previous day, kindly sent a non-commissioned officer to conduct us to the exercising ground, where we found five thousand men drawn up in line; the other half of the garrison were away at the manœuvres.

Three tents were erected, one for the General and his staff, one for the priests, and one for the ladies. The royal salute commenced with heavy guns mounted on the fortifications. This was slow work, as there did not seem to be more than four in the whole place, and

they were carefully protected from the weather by wooden covers, which were taken off before loading. Instead of firing "feux-de-joie," as we do on similar occasions, each regiment (for they were all drawn up in line) fired volleys in succession.

Then came the mass, celebrated by a Roman Catholic and a Greek priest, the latter a fine dignified old man; the band playing one of Beethoven's masses most exquisitely, and the troops giving the salvos. It was a curious sight to see the whole parade kneel down on the grass, then rise and fire their volleys. Before the firing, half the mounted officers got off their horses and joined the General in his tent, where they were supposed to kneel, but did not. The ladies *did* kneel, but I am sorry to say the younger ones were laughing and giggling at the same time.

The march-past was very well done, the men going by with a quick easy step, swinging their arms as they went along. We remarked how very small the men were in the Polish regiment; in fact, the Wallachians and Hungarians were none of them what we should call robust or stout, like the Northern German.

A Prussian officer, to whom I was talking, during the late manœuvres at Aldershot, seemed greatly astonished at the amount of muscle displayed in the arms of the English sappers, who, with tucked-up sleeves, were hard



at work making a pontoon bridge. I firmly believe that our strength of body and mind will, with God's help, carry us safely through any "Battle of Dorking" for many years to come.

Three things struck me as the artillery went by, which we might do well to attend to.

First: there was a *good supply*; four guns per thousand men.

Secondly: the gun detachments were all either upon the gun-carriage or limber; so that our difficulty at the Alma could not happen here.

Thirdly: the garrison-gunners marched past without carbines, and had never wasted their time in learning to form square, or such other (*to them*) useless manœuvres.

The engineers were a very fine body of men, formed, like the artillery, of a mixture of all the different nationalities of the empire, the German preponderating.

It is the usual custom for the archbishop to entertain everyone at a grand dinner, after the parade, but as he happened at this time to be absent from Olmütz, we all adjourned to our different homes. On our way we passed the most comical-looking white French poodle, his hair clipped short in the usual manner, and his body dyed a brilliant orange, with his tail and the tuft of hair on the top of his head a rosy pink. He was much

admired by the common dogs as he trotted at the heels of his master down the main street.

Our hotel, the "Goliath," was in the Ober-Ring, and a wonderful pillar, erected to the honour of the "Trinity," stands in the centre. The obelisk, 114 feet high, rises from a small octangular chapel with eight doors in it, and a flight of eight steps leads up to each door. Hanging round about the sides of the obelisk are groups of stone statues, and on the top is an angel holding a golden star.

I believe the sculpture is good, but take it altogether, the whole monument is as unpleasing as it is elaborate and fantastic!

Two days are quite long enough for Olmütz; there is not much to be seen or to interest the traveller besides the fortifications, so we left that afternoon per rail for Prague. No charge was made for servants in the hotel bill at Olmütz; the consequence was that five different retainers of our landlord presented themselves for payment, and we revenged ourselves for the infamous attendance by the lightness of our dole, to the disgust and dismay of the recipients.

We found an English hotel close to the station at Prague, full of English comforts and some few English visitors. After a lapse of seven weeks' absence from either, they were duly appreciated.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Hradschin at Prague—The celebrated bridge—We visit the old synagogue, and wonder at the ancient burying ground—The baby heap—We take the rail to Aussig, and embark on the Elbe—The Saxon Switzerland—The Royal palace—First view of Dresden—Peculiar English travellers—Leipsic—Poniatowsky's grave—We break down in the Hartz mountains—Düsseldorf—The Rhine bridge—Antwerp—The Baron Osy—Home again.

PRAGUE is a handsome city, with 160,000 inhabitants, 12,000 of whom are Jews. The rough stones of its streets soon tire the feet, and the distances from place to place are so great, that carriages (of which there are good ones in plenty) are indispensable.

Our first visit was to the Hradschin, the palace of the Bohemian kings—a grand and imposing edifice. It crowns the heights on the opposite side of the Moldau, and is seen from the massive stone bridge to the greatest advantage.

The view from the latter is of wide-world fame, and no words can give any idea of its surpassing beauty. Old Gothic towers, domes, and spires rise from all points of the city, one above the other; the hills of Prague,

enclosing all, and beautified by palaces, of which the most remarkable is that of Count Wallenstein, restored by its present owner, a descendant of the great Wallenstein. The bridge, itself, is of great length, and ornamented with stone statues, on the top of the balustrade, over each pier. There are twenty-eight of them, and they stand, perhaps, twenty feet above the bridge. One, an exception to all the others, is of bronze, erected to the memory of St. John Nepomuk, a popish priest, who was thrown into the river, many hundred years ago, by King Wenceslaus, for refusing to divulge the secrets of the queen, confided to him in the confessional. A cross, surrounded by stars, has been placed on the parapet, to mark the exact spot, and to commemorate the miracle of the flickering flames, which were constantly seen shining on the water, beneath which the body lay.

The river was dragged and the corpse of the Saint happily recovered, to be canonized and duly deposited in a shrine in the cathedral.

The latter is now being re-built; it was dreadfully mutilated during the Seven Years' war, and was thirty times set on fire. It is wonderful that any of the original remains. We struggled to the top of the tower, up two hundred dirty wooden steps, and the view is remarkably fine and extensive. The hill where the

Hussites were defeated was pointed out to us; had they gained the day, the city would, probably, have been somewhat cleaner and sweeter. The smells were nearly as bad as Cologne, and, in the Jewish quarter, whither we now turned our steps, quite overpowering.

The "Judenstadt" cannot for a moment compare in interest with the same suburb in Cracow. Here the Jews have no distinctive dress, and the names of the streets are not written in Hebrew.

A hunchback Jew boy came up and volunteered to act as guide. The place itself was like a rabbit-warren, the streets so narrow, and twisting and blending one into the other.

We found out afterwards that the young rascal had done his best to show off the labyrinth of wretched streets, mystifying us by taking us roundabout ways, in order to lengthen the distance, and thereby increase his trinkgeld.

We went first to the Reformed Synagogue, where there was actually an organ. The building differed little from any ordinary chapel, except that the men's seats were all down below, and the women's up-stairs in the gallery, to which they had access by a separate entrance of their own.

The old Synagogue came next, one of the most ancient



in Europe, built in the seventh century. It is a small dark building, deeply encrusted with dirt, and blackened with the smoke of oil-lamps. It would be pollution here either to dust or to scrub, and so, for hundreds of years, it has never been touched, and the grimy look of everything is indescribable. There were marks on the walls inside where the river Moldau had flooded the Synagogue, when it overflowed its banks. It was ten feet above the ground where the water came in 1845, and a little lower in 1866. Considering the present state of affairs, we wondered what the place could have been like before these washings, and thought another overflow would be rather a blessing than otherwise.

A large Swedish flag was hanging overhead, presented by the king, on the defeat of the Swedes.

The Jewish verger showed us the preaching, or "reading" place, and the veil covering the scroll of the Holy Writ. This was carefully enclosed in a metal box; the veil was so dusty and dirty it was difficult to discover what it was made of, or even to see clearly the bells and pomegranates, which were attached alternately to the fringe at its base.

I asked him about the sacrifice. "Oh, there was no sacrifice," he said; "good deeds had been substituted for it." "Indeed!" I replied; "but I have never read

*that* in your Holy Book ; it says, 'It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.'” To this he agreed, but made no further answer than the words, “God has withdrawn His face from His people.”

The women must be badly off in the way of hearing ; they are only allowed to worship in an adjoining room, with loop-holes pierced on one side for the sound to enter.

In the immediate vicinity of the Synagogue lies the Jews' burying-ground, quite a large place, not much less than a mile in circumference. It has been closed for the last forty years by order of the Emperor, and that none too soon ; another has now been given them half-a-mile outside the town.

The peculiarity of this graveyard is the immense number of tombstones which are resting, many of them one against the other, in the most extraordinary fashion ; this was caused by the ground being filled with bodies three times over.

When it was full the first time, their Christian (?) rulers would give the Israelites no new place of interment, so they were obliged to cast in fresh soil over the old, and pull up to the top the tombstones then standing. The same process was gone through a second time, when there was no more room ; and now there are three tiers of bodies, one above the other, and three

generations of tombstones, stuck in higgledy-piggledy—anyhow.

The whole place is overgrown with elder bushes, their gnarled and knotted branches twining round the stones, and forming dense thickets which are impossible to penetrate. The symbols of the different tribes may be seen on many of these monuments; two hands signify the house of Aaron, and a pitcher the Levites, in memory of their pouring water over the hands of their superiors, in the washing ceremonies of the Temple. Instead of placing wreaths or flowers on the graves, the Jews put pebbles, bits of broken crockery, glass, bones, &c. Passers-by deposit these tokens of respect or love for those interred below, and some of the most venerated tombstones are crowded with a very curious collection.

The oldest monument was erected to the memory of a lady, and belongs to the seventh century; some of the Hebrew inscription can still be deciphered. A slab of granite, near the entrance, which we thought must cover the remains of some very noted Israelite, turned out to be the place on which dead bodies were washed and prepared for interment.

Close by is another old Synagogue, built on the original level of the ground, fifteen feet below where we were standing, so that we could easily look through

the high windows. A Jew, in plain clothes, with his hat on, was reading evening prayers to four people, one of whom stood behind and repeated the responses.

Adjoining this building we were astonished to see an enormous oblong mound of earth, supported by brick walls; it was twelve feet high, seventy yards long, and ten broad. Our guide told us that this was completely filled with the bodies of children who had died uncircumcised before they were eight days old. There is but a handful of earth sprinkled between each coffin. What hundreds of thousands of infants must be lying there!

No one can visit Prague without being struck with the beauty of its old buildings. To the lover of antiquity it is especially interesting, and the "Grosser Ring," which contains the splendid Rath-haus and Theinkirche, is one of the gems of this ancient city.

The old Watch Tower, at the end of the bridge, is another never-to-be-forgotten edifice. It was here that a Jesuit priest, in the 'Thirty Years' War, let down the portcullis, and, with only four others to help him, saved the town from falling into the hands of the Swedes.

Within a stone's throw of this glorious old tower is a grand pile of buildings, the Roman Catholic College,

where, in all probability, dwelt the Jesuit Priest who defended the bridge. We did not see the interior ; but it is said to be well worth a visit, as is also the Strahow Library, containing a wonderful collection of books, &c.

The shops for garnet ornaments are very attractive, the latter are far cheaper than what you buy in England, and very handsome. For the beautiful Bohemian glass which is manufactured in the neighbouring forests, Hoffman's shop is the best, and he has an agent in London to whom he will send your purchases direct ; the cost of carriage is very trifling, and it saves a great deal of trouble. In these two spécialités of Prague—garnets and glass—the traveller will find an easy way of lightening his pockets and gratifying his friends !

Our next resting-place was to be Dresden, and, leaving Prague by rail to Aussig, we there embarked on board one of the Elbe steamers to enjoy the scenery of the Saxon Switzerland. There was a crowd of passengers, many of whom were returning to Dresden after a day's excursion in the country.

The scenery is peculiar and romantic ; bold cliffs of sandstone of singular formation line each bank of the river. One of the finest points is the Bastei rock, 700 feet high ; another, the fortress of Königstein, together with the Lilienstein, on the opposite side ; it is the



highest mountain in the Saxon Switzerland. The river is the same dull yellowish muddy stream as at Hamburg.

We passed several steam-tugs towing a string of heavy barges against the stream. Each tug was provided with a revolving drum on deck which picked up an iron chain lying at the bottom of the river and worked its way upwards without either screw or paddle. Our captain said the chain doubled the power of the tug, and it was soon to be continued all the way down to Hamburg.

Further on we came to a pretty little spot called Pilnitz, where the palace of the Saxon king is situated, close to the water; his flag was flying to show that he was at home, and splendid gondolas were moored alongside the palace-stairs to take himself and suite an evening airing on the water. Villas and châteaux studded the country round the palace, and the hills were covered with vines and fruit-trees, quite a tempting spot for a maison-de-campagne.

As we drew near Dresden, about 7 P.M., the Elbe was positively covered with bathers and swimmers, diving and splashing about the many floating bathing schools, while not a few proficients stood waiting for the steamer, to show off their crack dive or jump as it passed. Dresden has a quiet aristocratic appearance, at least so

it seemed to us as we drove to the Hotel de Saxe, one of the most comfortable hotels we have ever been in.

A swarm of white moths followed us into the city, and were now beating themselves to death against every street lamp or lighted window. Next morning the ground at the foot of each lamp was white, like snow, with their dead bodies. One longed for the trout to be at hand!

The usual clear atmosphere which is so peculiar to foreign places is wanting here, owing to the large amount of a dirty tertiary brown coal which is used by most people; smuts are flying everywhere, and darken the buildings as they do in England.

Who has not done Dresden as we did? Every evening to a three-penny concert, to sit under the trees lit up with coloured lamps, and listen to the excellent music of some military band; in the morning, drive to the Zoo and see the little fourteen-day-old lions frisking about like puppies, and the miniature tigers curled up round their mother like a soft hearth-rug. Then to the Green Vaults, to feast the eyes on the most exquisite objets d'art, in bronze, ivory, china, and jewelled enamel, &c., to wonder at the diamonds as large as pigeons' eggs, and covet the costly treasures in every room, artfully handed over to the foreign ambassadors when the Prussians paid their little visit in 1866. For

the picture galleries—endless source of delight and enjoyment!—please read Murray.

Naturally, we found many English in our hotel, of all sorts and sizes. One gentleman, a veritable Banting, left as we arrived; he was travelling with his son, his poodle, and his parrot. Their luggage consisted of a very small hand-portmanteau and a hand-bag. The dog was in a black carpet-bag, and the parrot in a box. No wonder foreigners shrug their shoulders at the eccentricity of the Englishman! However, though speaking English, he was colonial.

There was another Englishman at the table d'hôte who did not understand a word of German, but was very proud of the little French he had picked up somewhere at home, which he was determined to air upon the unfortunate waiter, and so called out in a loud authoritative tone, "*Glace.*" The obliging waiter immediately brought him a glass, although there were already two before him. Again came the same cry, and again came another glass, but of a different size. "*Glace, glace,*" reiterated the now irritated gentleman, and soon five empty glasses of various patterns and colours stood in a row in front of him. At last a neighbour came to the rescue, and kindly explained to the waiter that he thought "*Ice*" was the article required.

I need not say we thoroughly enjoyed Dresden : no one could help doing so ; and as most of my readers have visited this popular town and revelled in its numerous attractions, I will pass on to Leipsic, that great city of Bookdom. Almost every house is either a book-shop or a printer's, or a paper-maker's, or a book-binder's, or an engraver's. Packets of books are in the hands of almost everyone you meet, and carts of books are standing at the different stations. It is a queer old town, with a handsome Rath-haus. The market-place, a picturesque square, with houses in the Renaissance style.

We paid a visit to the monument of Poniatowsky, an ugly square stone erection, similar to those we used to place in our churchyards fifty years ago, so massive and heavy that one would think its object was to keep the body steady which was lying underneath. In consequence of the new streets lately built, it now stands in a private garden.

This monument marked the spot where the noble-minded patriot was drawn out of the water close by, both shot and drowned. His fate was a sad one. Born 1763, in Hanover, (his father, brother of the last King of Poland, and lieutenant-general of artillery to Maria Theresa of Austria,) he himself began life as an Austrian officer, fighting later on for his country under

Kosciusko, and later still for the same cause under Napoleon, who treated him with great distinction, making him a marshal of France.

At the battle of Leipsic he was entrusted, during the retreat, with the command of the right flank, and bravely held the advancing allies in check until the French officer, who had received instructions from the Emperor to blow up the bridge, (the only means of retreat,) handed over his important charge to a sergeant, who fired the mine without orders, and thus cut off the escape of 30,000 men and 100 guns.

On the spot where the bridge once stood, is a pillar of stone, surmounted by a cannon ball, about two hundred yards below the monument to the Polish prince.

When Poniatowsky saw his fatal position, he called out to the remnant of his troops, "Let us die as become Poles," and sword in hand he led them once more against the advancing Prussians. Out-numbered on every side, he was soon beaten back, with a ball in his shoulder, and summoned to surrender.

Then, as a last resource, he plunged his horse into the Elster to swim across, but alas! wounded and exhausted, he sank beneath the waters.

Great lamentation was made over him, and at his funeral the whole nation of Poland gathered together to



do him honour and lay him in the chiefest of their sepulchres, in the Cathedral at Cracow.

From Leipsic we thought it better to take the shorter route to Düsseldorf and Aix-la-Chapelle, *via* Kriensen, so as to avoid the longer and more beaten track, *via* Hanover and Cologne.

Many people tried to dissuade us from doing this, and said we should not manage it without a great deal of trouble; and they were right: but only through our locomotive bursting some of the boiler-tubes, which caused a delay of an hour till a fresh engine could arrive to take us on.

By this misfortune we lost the Express at Nordhausen, and had to spend four or five hours of the night in a miserable waiting-room, snatching a fitful sleep extended upon chairs.

We were then obliged to travel the whole of the next day, by slow train, to Düsseldorf, where we arrived at six in the evening, instead of eight in the morning.

The accident occurred in the Hartz mountains, close to the place where a whole train had run off the rails a week before, killing the driver and stoker on the spot, and considerably shaking the unfortunate passengers.

We were not sorry to rest at Düsseldorf, and get a night at the Hotel Breidenbach, going on in the morning to Aix-la-Chapelle, *en route* for Antwerp.

By taking the rail for Aix we avoided Cologne, with its bustle and smells, and crossed the splendid new railway bridge over the Rhine. It was opened in July, 1870, just in time for two army corps to be transported over at once. Had it not been completed, the northern part of the German operations must have undergone some considerable modification.

The bridge is defended on the right bank of the Rhine by a small fort ; it is nearly finished, and is to hold some kind of armour-plated turrets, protecting great guns which would effectually sweep the bridge, while it will be almost impossible to hit the fort, which is unseen from a distance.

Soon after we come to a manufacturing district ; and at Gladbach one is struck by a grand castellated building, grand enough for the residence of Prince Bismarck, but it is only a huge spinning-mill.

These factories all draw their supply of coal from Dortmund, on the other side of the Rhine ; the new bridge must have reduced its price considerably.

We strolled through Aix, and saw the Cathedral and the Elizabeth Brunnen, where, though no one was drinking the sulphurous waters, many were engaged in drinking coffee under the colonnade above. The place lies in a hollow, and felt hot and stuffy, and looks most dull and uninteresting.

We seemed to be dodging in and out of several countries, as we left Aix for Antwerp.

In ten minutes we were in Holland; the Douane simply popped in his head, and withdrew it again as soon as we announced we had nothing to declare. In another twenty minutes or so we ran into Belgium. Here we had to dismount and walk through one room into another—our luggage scarcely glanced at, and no mention made of passports.

Apropos of luggage, I think it would be better to have the hand-portmanteaus just thin enough to go under the seats of foreign carriages. For that purpose they must not exceed eight inches in depth, the space between the seat and the floor being so low. This is always unoccupied, as no one ever thinks of stowing his traps there—they are always put in the netting overhead, which is consequently generally choked up with rugs, baskets, &c.

The portmanteaus should be as broad as they are long, and then they would stand with their handles upright, convenient to lay hold of. It is also a good plan to have a loose strap to run through the handles, so that, on board a steamer when everything is thrown in a heap, you can buckle two or three portmanteaus together. It saves time in hunting first for one and then for another.

After the many robberies that have been perpetrated lately, the traveller will feel still more anxious to keep his luggage under his own eye. Besides, if he does this, there is or ought to be no chance of its being lost; and, in spite of the booking system and handing it over to the care of the officials, such misfortunes do occasionally occur.

As the only compensation for lost articles is at the rate of two thalers, or 6s., a pound (unless you have previously declared its value and paid accordingly), it becomes a serious matter.

The foreign plan of the guard collecting tickets while the train is in motion, from window to window, saves a great deal of time, and must prevent, in a great measure, the chance of the company being cheated by passengers travelling in a higher class than that they have paid for.

However, tricks are played sometimes, notwithstanding these precautions; and we were all detained at one station while three guards came together and examined each ticket most carefully.

The German fourth-class carriages must be dreadful in hot weather. They seem always full. The passengers are pushed in anyhow; there are no seats, and they stand huddled up together like cattle, only with less air to breathe.

At Paderborn, yesterday, we took in about a hundred students, whose lot were carriages of the fourth class. I asked them why they did not sing, according to their usual custom, and they said it was simply impossible, as the air was stifling, and they were nearly suffocated.

Antwerp at last!—and there is the *Baron Osy* lying alongside the wharf. Happy, comfortable, well-fed “Baron!” I mean the *ship*, not the real one, who is said to be a very worthy gentleman, living quietly on shore.

Once more we walked through the noble cathedral, and stared into the shop-windows, purchasing one of the magnificent bouquets for which Antwerp is famous, and then braced ourselves up resignedly to face the fickle sea.

Fair and false she proved to be!—for, after a few hours of mill-pond serenity, a gusty wind and a ground swell, accompanied with driving storms of rain, changed her aspect and *ours* completely.

But the breeze is favourable, and at 5 A.M.—full an hour and a half before any cabby expected us—we glided alongside St. Catherine’s Wharf, to find ourselves once more in old England, after a successful trial of the Carpathians!

The memory of those pleasant days, those friendly faces, and scenes as novel as they were beautiful, will



long live in our recollection ; and if the short retrospect of our nine weeks' travel induces any of my readers to exchange the usual Swiss round of Rhine and Rigi for Hungarian climes, I feel confident that neither they nor their purses will regret the decision.



## APPENDIX I.

LIST OF PRICES AT THE HUNGARIAN BAD  
SCHMEKS, IN THE CARPATHIANS.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Rooms, according to position . . . . .	8 <i>d.</i> to	2 4
Each bed in addition . . . . .		0 8
Table d'Hôte dinner . . . . .		2 0
„ „ supper . . . . .		1 0
Two cups of coffee and two pieces of bread for breakfast .		1 4
Tea . . . . .		1 4
Dinner in room . . . . .		2 4
Supper . . . . .		1 2
Krummholz bath . . . . .		0 8
Warm or cold mineral water bath . . . . .		0 4
Douche . . . . .		0 2
Hydropathic baths for one week . . . . .		19 10
Hungarian table wine, a bottle . . . . .		1 4
Riding-horse and attendant for one day . . . . .		3 4
„ „ half-a-day . . . . .		1 8
Guide for one day . . . . .		3 4
„ half-a-day . . . . .		1 8
Guide to the Lomner Spitze . . . . .		5 0
„ Schlagendorf Spitze . . . . .		3 4
Carriage and two horses to Kásmark . . . . .		4 2
Each guest for the band for one week . . . . .		1 8

N.B.—These prices are likely to be slightly raised next year, as two new houses will be built, and the railway will be open, thus enhancing the price of provisions.

## APPENDIX II.

## LIST OF THE CARPATHIAN FLORA.

Polytrichum	Homogyne alpina
Gentiana asclepiadea	Senecio incanus
„ germanica	Primula minima
„ ciliata	Arbutus alpina
„ bavarica	Anemone alpina
„ asclepiadea alba	Poa alpina vivipara
Thymus Serpyllum	„ cenisia
Veronica aphylla	Pedicularis rostrata
Arabis ciliata	Cardamine resedifolia
Campanula cæspitosa	Meum Mutellina
Silene acaulis	Ranunculus alpestris
„ pumilio	Vaccinium
Soldanella alpina	Achillea Millefolium alpina
Galium pumilum	Cerastium
Ranunculus montanus	Potentilla
Pinardia coronaria	Geranium sanguineum
Scabiosa	Rhodiola rosea
Myosotis alpestris	Cardamine
Cerastium alpinum	Sedum anacampseros
Calamagrostis lanceolata	Geum reptans
Hierochloe australis	„ montanum

Also twelve or fifteen species of moss and lichen.

## APPENDIX III.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS, LAKES, ETC., ABOVE  
THE SEA LEVEL,

## IN THE TATRA GROUP OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

*Mountain Summits.*

	English Feet.
Gerlsdorf . . . . .	8722
Lomnitz . . . . .	8648
Eisthaler . . . . .	8630
Krivan . . . . .	8210
Mittelgrad . . . . .	8091
Schlagendorf . . . . .	8047
Polnischer Kamm . . . . .	7136
Gewhan . . . . .	6237
Zakopani Magura . . . . .	5613

*Lakes.*

Kohlbach, five lakes . . . . .	6805
Black Lake, Zakopani . . . . .	5490
Felker . . . . .	5375
Meerauge . . . . .	5172
Great Fish . . . . .	4620
Kohlbach Waterfall . . . . .	3988

*Places.*

Javorina Iron Works . . . . .	3320
Schmeks Bad . . . . .	3285
Zakopani Iron Works . . . . .	3280
Koscieliszker Inn . . . . .	3094
Bukowina . . . . .	3087
Belansko Inn . . . . .	2683

*Places—continued.*

	English Feet.
Schlagendorf . . . . .	2280
Poprad . . . . .	2200
Käsmark . . . . .	2042
Neumarkt . . . . .	1978

*Extreme Limits of Growth.*

Krummholz . . . . .	6307
Woods and pine . . . . .	4980
Fruit . . . . .	3512
Theoretical limit of Perpetual Snow in Europe, 49° latitude . . . . .	8440

*Mean Temperature at Käsmark.*

	Fahrenheit.
Of the months of June . . . . .	60°
„ „ July . . . . .	61°
„ „ August . . . . .	62°
„ „ September . . . . .	53°

*Mean Temperature of several years.*

In Käsmark . . . . .	42°
„ Cracow . . . . .	45°
„ Vienna . . . . .	48°
„ Pesth . . . . .	51°



## APPENDIX IV.

## POLISH WORDS AND SENTENCES.

*Pronunciation.*

ó = u. c' = itsh. z = sh. éj = ee. J = e.

An apostrophe under the letter causes it to be sounded through the nose.

English.	Polish.
Yes . . . . .	tak
No . . . . .	nie
o'clock . . . . .	godzina
To-day . . . . .	dzis'
Bread . . . . .	chleb
Wine . . . . .	wino
Bed . . . . .	łóżko
Bedthings . . . . .	pos'ciel
Carriage . . . . .	wóz
Footbath . . . . .	ceber
Wash . . . . .	myc' się
Go slower . . . . .	idz' powóléj
Go quicker . . . . .	idz' prędzi
Go away . . . . .	idz' precz
Trout here . . . . .	czy są pstrągi tu
How far to . . . . .	tak daleko aż do
What is to pay . . . . .	co placic', or co kosztuje
Bring better horse . . . . .	daj lepszego konia
Bring something to eat . . . . .	daj co jes'c'
Soon . . . . .	prędko
Not yet . . . . .	jeszcze nie
Directly . . . . .	zaraz
Stop . . . . .	stój
Meat . . . . .	mięso

POLISH WORDS AND SENTENCES—*continued.*

English.	Polish.
Rooms . . . . .	pokój
Cold . . . . .	zimnej
Hot . . . . .	goracej
Water . . . . .	wody
Luggage . . . . .	pakunki
To-morrow . . . . .	jutro
Come here . . . . .	chodz' tu
Have you . . . . .	czy masz pan (to a man) „ pani (to a woman)
A few minutes . . . . .	kilka minut

*Numerals.*

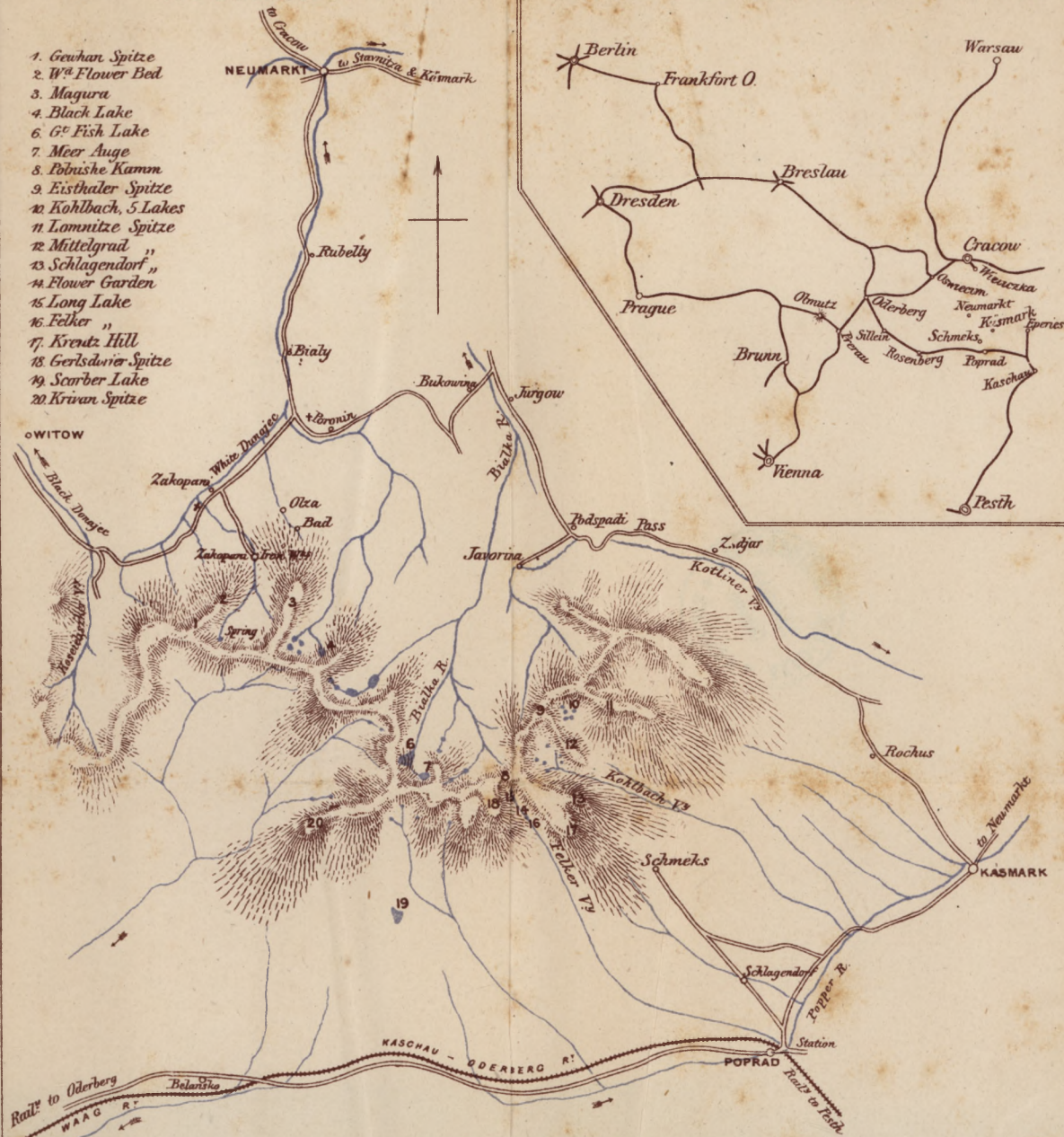
1—jedeu	2—dwa
3—trzy	4—cztery
5—piec'	6—szes'c'
7—siedm	8—os'm
9—dziewiec'	10—dziesiec'

THE END.

# "THE TATRA" CENTRAL CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

## RAILWAY MAP TO SHOW THE POSITION OF KASMARK, SCHMEKS, NEUMARKT & POPRAD.

1. Gevhan Spitze
2. W<sup>o</sup> Flower Bed
3. Magura
4. Black Lake
6. G<sup>o</sup> Fish Lake
7. Meer Auge
8. Pibushe Kaman
9. Eisthaler Spitze
10. Kohlbach, 5 Lakes
11. Lomnitz Spitze
12. Mittelgrad "
13. Schlagendorf "
14. Flower Garden
15. Long Lake
16. Felker "
17. Krenz Hill
18. Gerlsdörfer Spitze
19. Scarber Lake
20. Krivan Spitze



The Road marks the Authors Route.

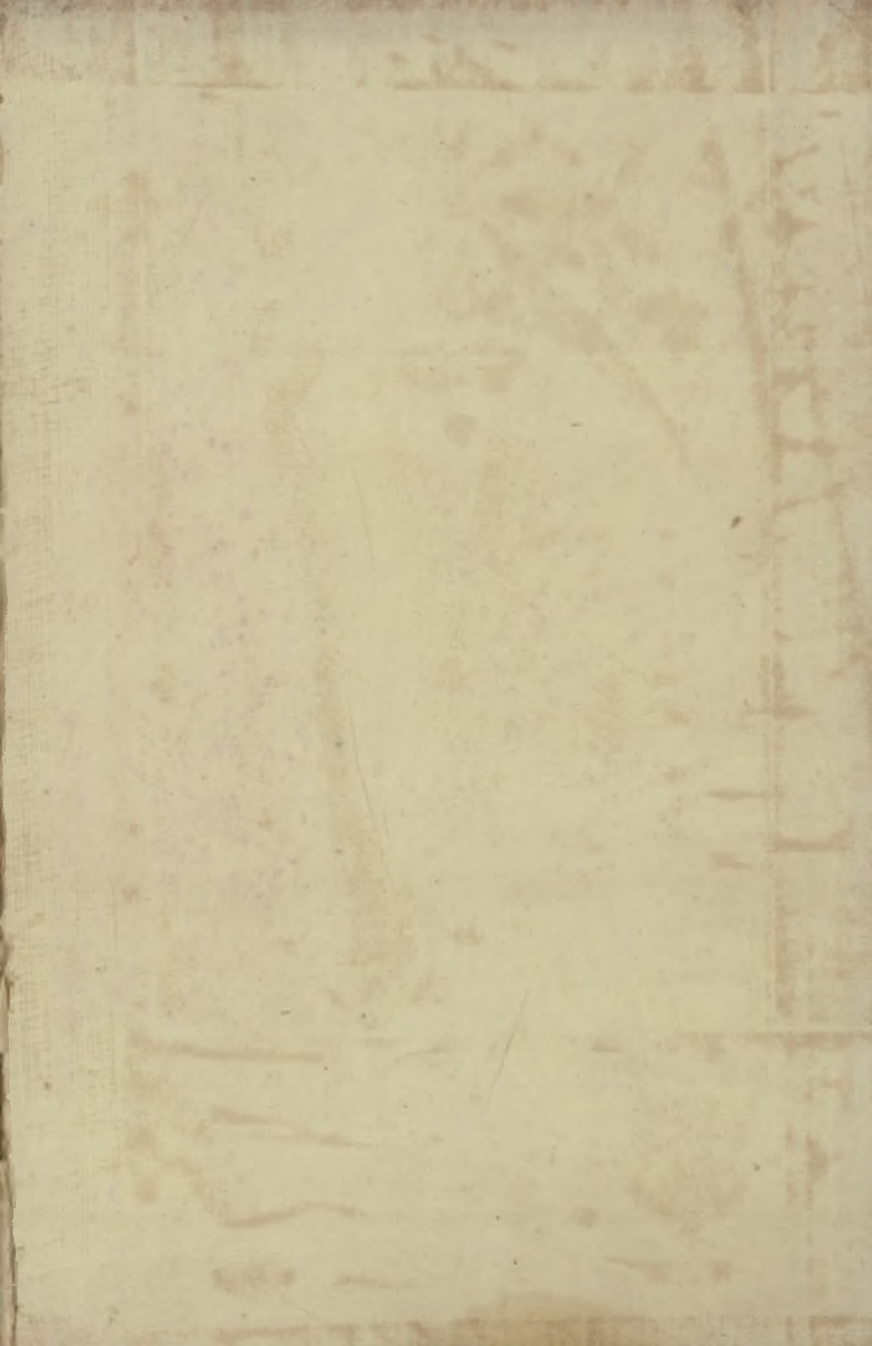
Scale of 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 English Miles











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