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No. DI.

## NIGHT IN VENICE.

BY JOHN HAY.

LOVE, in this summer night, do you recall  
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June  
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon  
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?  
A sense of some belated festival  
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune  
With passionate memories that the young moon  
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.

We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part  
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.  
I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,  
Those breezes warm with by-gone lovers' sighs—  
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,  
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

## FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

THE light had faded from the longest and brightest day of the year 1891 when three very tired men lay down to sleep upon the bottom boards of three well-thumped canoes. They had started that same morning from the place usually accepted as the source of the Danube, had tumbled their boats over seven dams or weirs, had escaped the rocks in the rapids, had feasted their eyes upon meadows glorious in wealth of flower color, had passed below grim ruins many of feudal castles, chatted with the people on the banks—and more cleanly, intelligent, and friendly population it would be difficult to find in Europe—and had finished the day a little below Tuttlingen, a town forever famous in that here was educated the author of the "Watch on the Rhine."

While our three canoeists are adjusting the angles of their anatomical structure

so as to sleep sweetly upon a bare board, let me retrace the features of the first day's navigation of the Danube, the first of the many that are to carry us, we fondly hope, "from the Black Forest to the Black Sea."

The little town of Donaueschingen, perched high in the invigorating air of the Black Forest, has been arbitrarily designated the source of the Danube. The prince who owns most of the land in the neighborhood has built an ornamental stone basin for a very powerful spring that gushes out close to his palace, and has erected a portentous slab, notifying all the world that this is the genuine source of the greatest of European streams, that it is 2840 kilometres to the Black Sea, and 678 metres above tide-water. I ventured to point out to an intelligent Black-

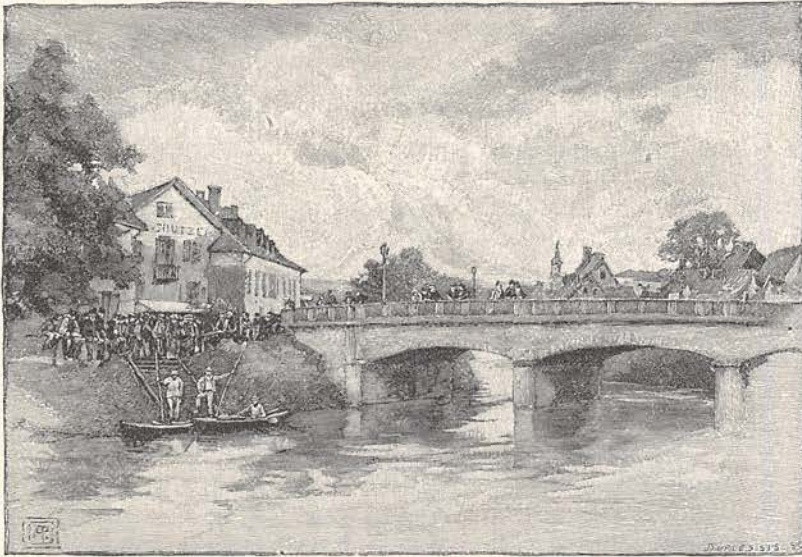
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Forester who stood with me by this monument that the real source of the Danube was higher up, but he regarded my statement as outrageous. "Gott in Himmel!" said he, piously. "Here lives the prince, here is his palace, here is the official statement cut in the stone. What more do you want?"

I was silenced, but could not help feeling that if an enterprising promoter could

all directions, and the scenery a little of all, from the grandest to the prettiest.

To us, however, the value of Donaueschingen consisted mainly in the fact that it held our three canoes, and that they were to be launched here on their voyage down the Danube. And, for that matter, the people of the town appeared to share our feelings, for as we worked upon our tiny craft in the court-yard of the Gast-



THE START—DONAUESCHINGEN.

secure some other prince, get up a stock company, hire a spring further up, build a summer hotel, call the place "Danube High Spring," or "Danube Source Original," carve it in stone, and make the rival prince hold court at the summer hotel, in three seasons Donaueschingen would be bankrupt.

Nevertheless, we rejoiced in considering this place the source, for even if there are others, none of them is more picturesque, more venerable, more clean, or more full of kindly people. The prince has given the town a park, every bit of which is full of beauty, and as the little town seems built upon it, one cannot move from the front door without feeling that here at least the delights of country life are joined with those of a little city. It is a place to spend a long summer with one or two friends addicted to pedestrianism or the bicycle, for the roads are excellent in

haus zum Schützen, we gradually became the centres about which a large proportion of the population, both male and female, hovered and asked questions. The host took great interest in our work, mainly, we hope, from personal sympathy—perhaps also because of those who came many remained to talk it over in his beer-room.

Among a people so famed for wood-work and clocks as those of the Black Forest it was not surprising that they should enjoy a novelty that appealed directly to their most widely practised craft. The three little boats were alike in dimensions, weight, and rig, all being made on the banks of the East River, New York. The weight of each is eighty pounds net, to which is added that of two masts and sails, a brass folding centre board, a nickel rudder that drops nine inches below the keel, camping kitchen,



steward's pantry, tents, and clothing for day and night. When the canoe is fully loaded it exceeds considerably the weight it represented on the stocks, but is never more than can be conveniently carried by any two of us for a reasonable distance, as, for instance, around a dam, or on to high ground when going into camp.

This point of weight is the most vital one in a cruising canoe, for it is only by being so light that it can accomplish so many objects. We learned to value this element on the first day, for we had seven dams to pass, some of which forced us to "carry." Of course, had our boats weighed as much as some English sailing canoes, we might have procured the service of people living in the neighborhood, and thus achieved our object; but the carrying of canoes by inexperienced hands is not always well for the boats.

Our party passed twenty-one dams before reaching the navigable part of the river. We never accepted any assistance from the people on the banks, although it was generously offered. We found that one of us at bow and another at stern were quite sufficient, and that we saved much wear and tear and gained enormously in time by carrying them ourselves.

The canoes are 15 feet long, 30 inches wide, and leave a space of about one foot between the bottom board and the deck.



DONAUESCHINGEN GIRLS AT CHURCH.

At bow and stern are water-tight compartments reaching about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet from each extremity, and giving space enough for the clothing and stores of any reasonable camper-out. The remaining eight feet of the boat means a clear space for him to stretch himself at night—two feet longer than a steamship berth, and quite as wide. Sleeping on wood seems discouraging work, but one's bones soon become adapted to it. The luxuriously inclined can spread a blanket or woolly garment in lieu of spring mattress. The sides of the canoe shelter the sleeper from the wind, and in case of a shower he has a series of deck hatches that fit nicely each to the other, and keep a large part of him dry. For the rest, he can pull a rubber blanket over the boat, and be quite sure that no harm will result. This is, how-



SPECTATORS.





PF.

PFOREN

ever, a makeshift, which we adopted in order to avoid the weight of our tents until we had passed all the dams. For the same reason we sent on our masts and sails to Ulm, and proceeded in "light marching order."

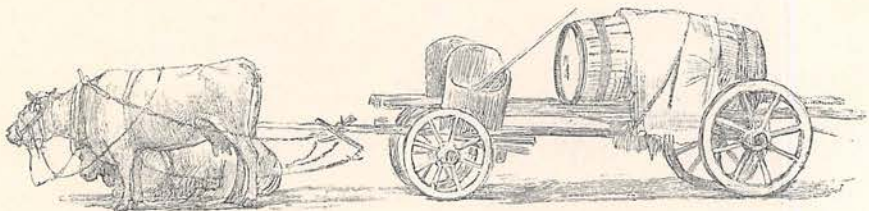
Our boats are entirely of wood—broad, flat oak keel, an infinite number of little dainty oak ribs, on to which the sides are copper-riveted. The decks are of mahogany, and in general they represent an amount of elasticity and strength never before combined in boats of their weights and dimensions for a cruise of this kind.

As to stores and dress, that question is easily solved in a country like Germany. We have the authority of the cook and of the purser of our party in saying that it is unnecessary to bring from home more than the mere boat. Any little town in the fatherland can supply the needs of our party as well as London or New

York; and at Donaueschingen we bought an excellent spirit stove; pots, pans, plates, etc., of enamelled iron; and of course a long sausage, coffee, tea, sugar, lemons, bread, butter. Germans make and use large quantities of preserved meats and soups, and it must be a small town indeed where a canoeist cannot fill his pantry satisfactorily. This item is the more important in that the intending canoeist who reads this may not merely save himself the customs duty on the frontier, but the freight as well.

But come—an end to prefaces! It is already past eight o'clock, and we have been up since five, making final dispositions for the cruise. All Donaueschingen is gathered about the inn, on the bridge, and along the embankments of the stream—ay, even the uniformed representative of the military department is there to wish us God-speed, to say nothing of a clever young lady from Boston, to whom two of us are indebted for having our national ensigns neatly laced to our miniature flag-posts.

One shove of the paddle, and we are clear of the bushes and in the strength of



T. D. M.

A COW TEAM AT MÖHRINGEN.



a current carrying us at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. The stream passes through the beautiful park, and we are for an hour or more starting up swans, whose headquarters are in the park lake, but whose enterprise carries them for many miles down the river.

Our first day is crowded with the sensations that contribute to happiness—a bright day, with just enough of passing cloud to save the skies from monotony; a body of clear, crisp, eddying water beneath, just lively enough to make one have an eye to the paddle, lest one be caught foul in swinging around a sharp corner; banks of grass retreating from the river until they merge themselves in the leafy recesses that crown the distant mountain-tops of the Black Forest; and

ren; and as we paddle for the middle arch of its timber bridge we cannot think that there can be another place so clean, so quaint, so venerable, yet so altogether harmonizing with its surroundings. Massive remnants of feudal wall still stand, stretching to the river's bank, and speaking to us of a thousand years ago, when chivalry and robbery went hand in hand. From the midst of the village, with its steep tiled roofs and heavily timbered walls, rises the old tower from which the alarm was given when the enemy appeared, and in which is now a clock that knows no worse enemy than time. Above the clock tower is a family of storks—welcome guests in every German town, for they are emblems of peace and plenty. The people of Pforen greet us kindly—"Grüss



flowers!—who could do justice to the wealth of gorgeous coloring that sets its fragrant limits on the edges of this stream? From the decks of our boats we feast our eyes upon such an expanse of floral beauty as only California could match; and as our craft skirt the shore we can enjoy the charming details of this picture by picking our boats full of these sweet if ephemeral treasures without so much as leaving our canoes, or even slacking their speed.\*

And then the little villages that come like happy surprises, adding the touch of art to the almost perfect beauty of nature—they greet us on our course at almost regular hour intervals. Our first is Pfo-

Gott" is their call to us as we pass; for they are all in the fields mowing or harvesting.

This little place is not noticed in any guide-book, it would be difficult to find in any atlas, yet for one who loves nature, studies his fellow-man, and seeks rest with a book or two, we should recommend Pforen, and such as Pforen, in preference to the hundreds of conventional resorts, where his view of the country is obstructed by portiers and polyglot waiters. Many comforts will be missed, but, on the other hand, he will come into touch with a peasantry combining many of the best features of the Swiss and German.

\* "From Donaueschingen downwards the meadow flowers have a subalpine character—masses of ragged-robin and bladder-lychnis, the calyx of which is a delicate mauve, knotweed, various campanulas, one with bright mauve flowers in a very loose panicle, buttercups, purple sage, and grasses in flower. On the river banks for a long way down are masses of yellow iris, and occasionally sweet-calamus. In one meadow a purple variety of rocket; and generally

the usual English meadow flowers. Lower down *Campanula glomerata* grows in fine purple masses with the sage; and in the rocky parts about Beuron were bright pinks, like the cheddar-pink, *Geranium sanguineum*, and saxifrages. A bright blue veronica grows plentifully as you go down (*Quercus spicata?*). Other plants on the rocks were a purple lactuca, dog-rose, systopteris, wall-rue, and *Adiantum nigrum*."—*Alfred Parsons's note-book.*





MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, AUTHOR OF  
"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

From an old portrait.

Neidingen, Gutmadingen, Geisingen, Immendingen, Möhringen, Tuttlingen—all these are passed before reaching our first camp. But of these Tuttlingen is our darling. We have not passed a village that could not have made us happy for many days; each with its ruined castle, its mediæval tower, its steep gables, its colored tiles, its quaint belfry, its tidy and cheery peasants; but all this, and more too, is united in Tuttlingen. This little town also has its feudal castle, its ruined battlements, its legends, and its quaint gables; but it has more than this—it has the proud distinction of having educated the poet who made United Germany. The war-song that has made all Germans merge their local differences in one great purpose—the common fatherland; that united Bavarians and Prussians, Saxons and Würtembergers, in 1870; that brought victory over the French, and an imperial crown to the House of Hohenzollern—that song is "Die Wacht am Rhein," written at the age of twenty-one, by a lad whose schooling was obtained in Tuttlingen. It is needless to say that his name is Max Schneckenger.

The people of Tuttlingen are now raising the money needed to place here a worthy monument to the man who has made their town famous. They have placed a square pedestal

upon the bank of the stream as a mute invitation to help on the noble work. Of course we brought our mite from across the Atlantic, and promised to stir our friends up also. In Tuttlingen is a committee of the leading citizens, who are prepared to receive and acknowledge contributions.

Little is known of Schneckenger. He died in 1849, when only thirty years of age. His father blacked boots and lifted trunks in a village tavern near Tuttlingen, but was obviously of superior character, for he eventually became a small merchant and married well. Max did not go to the university; his father was too poor; but in Tuttlingen he was thoroughly schooled, and then sent to Switzerland, where the post of errand-boy was given him in a grocery store. His short life was one of hard work and small earnings, far from his beloved fatherland, and seeing of the world only what appeared in the course of trips made as a commercial traveller. His widow assures us that a day never passed that Schneckenger did not kneel in prayer for his fatherland; and his motto, chosen at the age of fifteen, was this word alone, "Deutsch." In 1840 he wrote "Die Wacht am Rhein," as an indignant protest against the French pretensions of that time, but the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan had been fought before his country was made to know the source of their inspiration. Schneckenger is another of the many names that humanity loves



PEASANT GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.



to honor, but which, alas! humanity discovers long after its honor has ceased to be of any material consequence.

We supped in Tuttlingen while our boats were hauled up by the river's bank; but as we supped, Tuttlingen assembled to see us start. We shall never know by what mysterious agency we were made to become at once the creatures of fame—and in the very shadow of Schneck-enburger! Was it the contribution to his monument; was it interest in the American canoes; was it the hope of seeing us capsize at the big dam between the bridges? I believe that the love of Schneck-enburger made all Tuttlingen interested in us, although several kindly Tuttlingers warned us against the dam. At any rate, as we paddled off in the twilight toward the roaring that indicated the fall of water, the two bridges

were crowded with spectators, not to mention the sides of the stream and every window. We had, however, already passed five dams, and therefore felt more comfortable than might have been the case had this been our first. The canoes were headed for a bunch of roots, snags, and reeds that had lodged on the crest of the fall about the middle of the stream; we jumped out here, having the snags to hold on to, so that we might not be carried away down the falls. The next thing to do was to select a clean bit of water down which to shoot the boats, while we held in our hand the end of a painter about forty feet long. The boats did

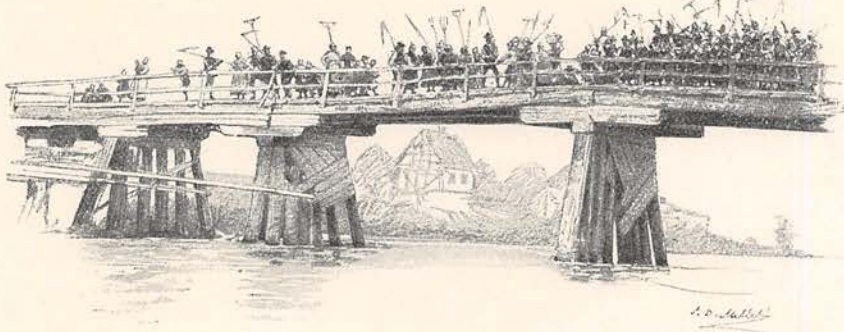


THE SKETCH-BOOK.

their part well, dived prettily into the river below, drew up short when they reached the end of their tether, waited patiently until we picked our way carefully from stone to stone down the ragged slope of the dam with trousers tucked above the knees, and finally jumped along merrily when we were safely abroad.

The people waved hats and handkerchiefs when we passed the barrier, and wished us "Glückliche Reise." We replied with an enthusiastic cry of "Schneckenburger soll hoch leben!" and the hills rang with such cheers as had never before gladdened the valleys of the Black Forest. Men, women, and





BRIDGE AT ROTTENACKER.

children ran along the banks after us, wishing happiness to the three strangers who had come many miles to worship at the shrine of Schneckenburger. That night we drank the health of Tuttlingen's great poet, and for many days thereafter our toast remained that of Tuttlingen: "Schneckenburger soll hoch leben!"

A few minutes below Tuttlingen we shot our boats over another dam, our seventh, then hauled them up in a fragrant meadow that formed a sharp point into the river, sponged out the few drops of water that had come into them, and lay down to rest in the bottom. A pair of boots rolled up in an odd pair of trousers made a very good pillow; an ulster was ready in case the night became colder; an India-rubber blanket was also at hand in case of rain; the monotonous roar of the water-fall dinned pleasantly upon our tired senses, to which there came, later on, the prattling treble of maidens' voices wondering what manner of boats these were, and what manner of men could live therein. But we were too drowsy to note even what manner of maiden had come across the moonlit meadows. We fell asleep under the ruined battlements of three mediæval castles—Wasserburg, Luginsfeld, and Honberg, of which the minstrel sings:

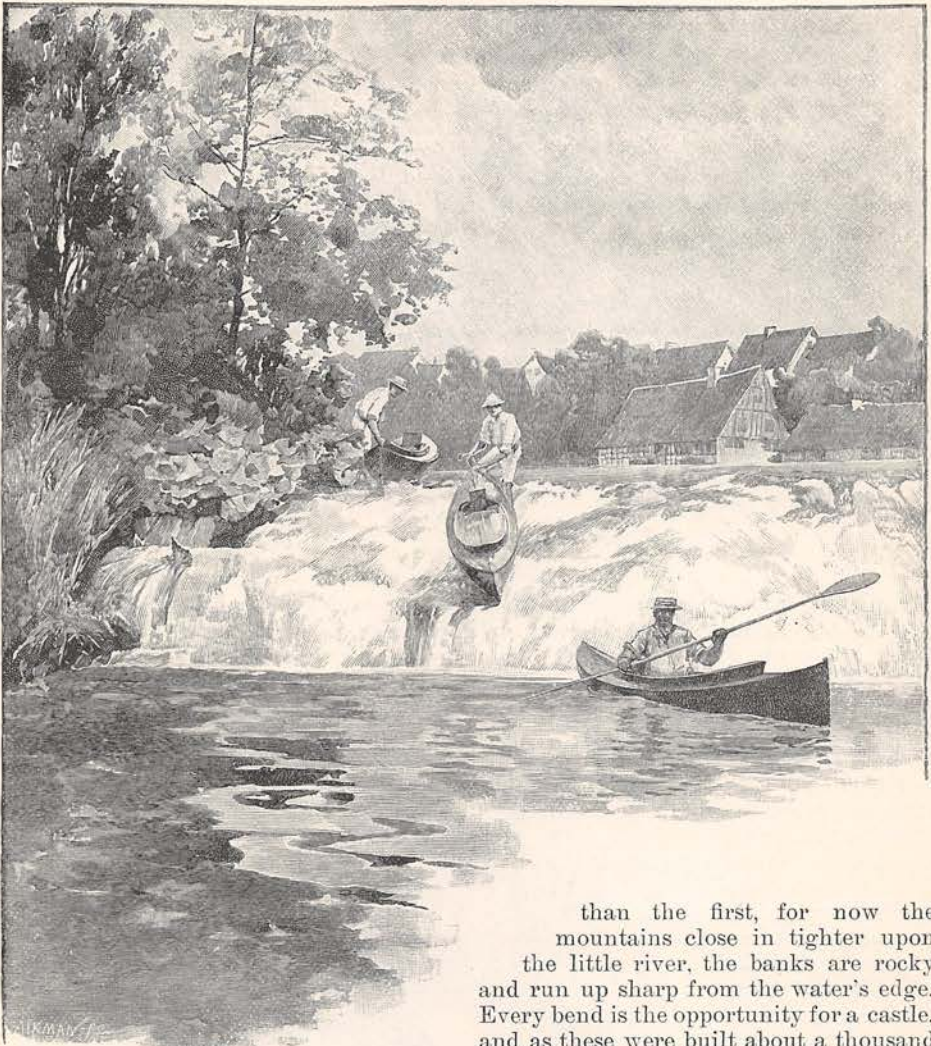
"No banner floats upon its keep;  
 No warders line its wall;  
 The shouts of war and wassail sleep  
 In Honberg's roofless hall.  
 The furze and lichen flourish wild  
 In love's neglected bower,  
 And ruin frowns where beauty smiled  
 In Honberg's lofty tower."

Here was the place to dream of gallant knights and ladies fair, of bloody battle-

ments and ghostly dungeons, for each of these three castles has legends enough to start a Walter Scott with raw material. Perhaps the moonlit maidens were saint-like spirits from these ghostly ruins. We cared for nothing save close communion with the bottom boards of our several canoes until the sun burst upon us next morning from over the opposite mountains.

One of us—this is no place for personalities, and I suppress names—rather favored the idea of cooking breakfast in the boat, as being a compact thing to do, and one that prevented the cooking vessels from being lost. With this object in view he placed the spirit stove between his knees on the floor of the canoe, and it being a very powerful double-action one, he balanced the coffee-machine above and the pot of hot milk beneath, the idea being that both would come to the boiling-point at about the same time. Unfortunately they did, and with an explosion that could not be escaped. The boiling coffee sputtered violently out at the top; the milk squirted as violently below. The bare legs of the experimenter, to say nothing of his arms and other parts of his thinly clad person, were savagely scalded. His involuntary antics to escape the persistent torrent of boiling milk and coffee only endangered himself and boat still more, and had it not been for the timely intervention of the rest of the party, the spirits would have gone blazing from stem to stern, and made a bonfire of boat and cargo. That experiment resulted in filling every cranny of one boat with coffee grounds and milk, and impregnating everything about with a flavor of these misplaced in-





ALFRED PARSONS.

CROSSING THE WEIR—ROTTENACKER.

gredients, not to mention damage done by scalding the experimenter. Henceforth, it is needless to say, our kitchen was in the open air; a new cook was appointed, the old cook allowed to wipe the dishes, and all hands have gained by the results of that first attempt to cook breakfast for three between two knees in the bottom of one canoe.

By seven o'clock we had cooked another breakfast, disposed of it, washed and wiped our dishes, packed our boats, and entered upon the second day of the journey—an even more interesting one

than the first, for now the mountains close in tighter upon the little river, the banks are rocky and run up sharp from the water's edge. Every bend is the opportunity for a castle, and as these were built about a thousand years ago, they are now highly picturesque if not practical monuments. The Rhine suffers seriously in comparison with the first five hundred miles of the Danube, but nowhere more than in this neighborhood, for not only has the Danube ruins as striking and extensive as those of the sister stream, but she has more of them. And what in our eyes adds still more to the charm of the Danube is the virginal character of its rock and forest—a rugged grandeur not yet vulgarized by villas and summer lodging-houses—and in addition the picturesque peasantry whom we see crowding the bridges at noon, laden with scythes, rakes, and forks, stalking like an army of rebellious rustics out into the hay fields after their mid-day dinner in





THE MONKS OF BEURON.

the village home. The most secluded part of the Rhine between Mainz and Bonn has about it prepared for Saturday afternoon visitors; is infected with suburbanism; is pretty, but painfully self-conscious. The Danube, on the other hand, is more like a rustic and ruddy nymph, ignorant as yet of her charms. She disports herself where the average tourist does not pass; the Baedekers and Murrays have nothing to say of her many secluded nooks. It is only by water that her charms can be seen to advantage, for at times her banks are so steep and rocky that it is not possible to build a foot-path along the edge of the water.

The day is bright, a pleasant breeze playing in the leaves as we paddle, or rather drift along;

butter, cold milk, and bottled beer. The dietarian may also care to hear that we were none the worse in consequence.



NUNS AT RIEDLINGEN.

for so much claims our attention that even the current is too rapid for us. Kallenberg Castle is a fine square ruin, and we are thinking that it is better in its way than the Drachenfels of the Rhine, when Bronner Castle looms up, more imposing still. Here we draw ashore for a lunch under the trees, and the epicure may like to know that it consisted entirely of cold Salami sausage, black bread,

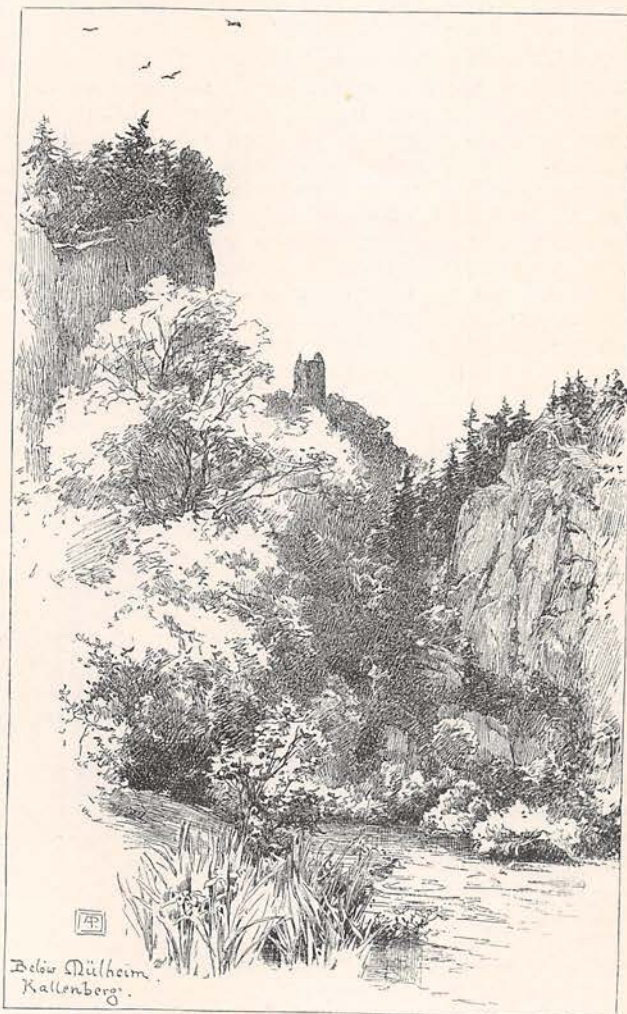


After an hour's rest we once more push off, and pass the monastery of Beuron—an imposing building, with the patron saint frescoed over one wall. On a huge rock close by was a large cross, intended as a warning to such as ventured down the stream. The monks of this institution were in a meadow making hay as we glided past, and looked at us out of the corners of their eyes, it being evidently against the rules to show active interest in so mundane a thing as a canoe. They wore long gowns, with leather belts, and large brown straw hats, and looked exceedingly uncomfortable, for the day was hot, and one might have done better work in shirt sleeves. However, in so far as discomfort in this world fits one for happiness in the next, they were no doubt doing the right thing.

Lower down the river, at Riedlingen, a vastly more attractive party consisted of nuns, occupied also in making hay. The day was equally hot, and they may have been equally uncomfortable, but the effect of their breezy white head-dresses was in refreshing contrast to the brown hats of their clerical co-sufferers.

This is a day of castles; each turn brings us to one, and each is more striking than the other. Wildenstein, Wernwag, Hausen, Falkenstein—these are some of the more striking ones that greet us, ending with the ruins of Dietfurt, below which we pitch our second camp. Each castle is in itself material for an exhaustive chapter. The fine elevation of rock and forest; the little clustering village; the old bridge, with the statue or image of a saint over the middle arch; the massive church, that seems to have been built originally as a fortress; the ruin itself, with its history of by-gone

sieges and quaint childish legends—all these made us wish to stop for a week or so at each hamlet, sketch every courtyard, trace every legend, measure every stone. And most of all did we wish to stay in dear little Gutenstein, at the "Gasthaus zur Sonne," with its jolly fat host, its round little panes of glass, its black oak timbers, its low ceiling, its venerable benches and tables, the talk-



ative locksmith, whose little daughter slept in his lap while he sipped his beer, and who told us that his wife was making hay while he looked out for the shop—a veritable Rip Van Winkle, who no doubt got his deserts when his Gretchen came home. The fat host wished us





"Prosit!" as he banged each well-filled mug before us; his wife wished us a good digestion as she brought us three huge pancakes steaming hot from the kitchen. "God greet you!" was the welcome we had received on entering; and the good old man waddled all the way down to the water's edge to see us off and wave us his wish for a "happy journey." Here was a host after our own heart; he treated us as part of his household, laughed at our jokes, and would have wept with us had we wished him to. Yet we had to leave.

The next day we are up and off early again, after a refreshing sleep in our boats, a dip in the river, and a good breakfast cooked in camp. Yesterday's scenery seems to us too good to be matched, but the experience of our third day teaches us that the most beautiful is always one step beyond.

Leaving the camp near Dietfurt at seven, the river hurries us along several exhilarating rapids, then makes one or two sharp curves, passes between perpendicular rocks, and into what might be a very deep lake, surrounded by bold and bewitching banks, suggesting a little Yosemite Valley—a very little one indeed, but still impressive. Here and there is room for a patch of meadow, where bright peasant maidens are tossing the hay about, and these lend an agreeable contrast to the great rock walls and the forest-capped peaks that appear beyond. The boat drifts lazily along here, for the current has been mysteriously absorbed. The nooks in the rocks abound with flowers whose brightness is reflected in the water with exquisite effect. We are now on Prussian territory, and here is

the park of the Hohenzollern prince whose candidacy for the Spanish throne was made by France the excuse for war in 1870. A few miles more and we are at Sigmaringen, another imposing castle on a height of great strategic value, above a pretty little town, clean and picturesque. We have left behind us the Grand Duchy of Baden,

and are passing through Hohenzollern, now associated with the present greatness of the German Empire. For a thousand years the name has been borne by a race of fighters whose lances and battle-axes have given way to magazine rifles and the methods of Moltke. The name has been carried far from the little Danube country—northward to the Russian border, and to Holland; to the west it has thrown its arms around Strasburg; and eastward it has driven the Holy Roman Empire to beyond the centre of German influence.

The castle to which all the branches of this much-divided stock look as to the an-



cestral home lies a few miles from Sigmaringen, the road winding along a tumbling brook, whose mouth is near the foot of the ruins of Dietfurt Castle, to a point where the water on one side flows to the Danube, and on the other into the Rhine.

In the broad valley shortly beyond this point rises a solitary peak crowned with the battlements of Burg Hohenzollern.



For miles on every side it is the most striking feature of the country, and rising as it does straight up out of a great plain, and commanding an unobstructed view of all surrounding approaches, it represented down to our century a military position readily appreciated.

It has been twice in ruins, and twice built up again by the united efforts of all the family. The present castle was commenced in 1850, with a view not merely of preserving the cradle of the Prussian kings, but equally to represent in South Germany a military stronghold of some value. While, therefore, the architect has been given a free hand, in order to make the outward appearance harmonize with the geographical situation, all the requirements of modern warfare have been taken into account in the construction of the massive zigzag of defensive wall.

A company of infantry were tramping out to drill as we came under the walls, which made us rather wonder where they could all find standing-room together for the purpose, until we discovered a little terrace cut out of the side of the slope, somewhat like the one on the Quebec citadel.

The day was hot, our coats were off, our waistcoats loose, and sleeves rolled up as we sought the public room of the castle, where a retired sergeant provided mediocre food at rather high prices.

Of course the "Kastellan" showed us the castle, but, the rooms being modern, the interest is rather with historic association than with the objects themselves, precious as many of them are. The present Emperor has not visited the place since his advent to the throne, and it has never been much lived in by any of the royal family. A reason naturally suggests itself in the distance from Berlin, the smallness of the space available for an imperial suite, and the absence of entertainment in the neighborhood.

Hohenzollern is by far the most complete and imposing castle on our line of progress, as well as the most interesting



historically. The Würtemberg army had the audacity to occupy it in 1866, supposing, of course, that Prussia was no match for Austria, and that Hohenzollern would ultimately fall to her share, but for this enterprise she has paid heavily.

However, the canoes are impatient; we are off again; more castles, more picturesque peasants, more grand rocks, and dainty coloring from the flowers on all sides. To quote from Alfred Parsons's note-book: "Below Sigmaringen the meadow flora becomes more like that of England, but still with campanulas and purple sage; also occasionally a bright crimson dianthus with clusters of flowers. In an ash wood beneath which we camped was an undergrowth of *Spiraea aruncus*, all in bloom, five or six feet in height; in the wood also were Turk's-cap lilies, Jacob's-ladder, tall pale yellow phyteuma, and commonly, near the river, gelder-rose bushes and clumps of forget-me-nots and white water-buttercups. The general impression of the flora is a greater prevalence of purple and blue flowers."

We soon reach the last village on Prussian territory—for Hohenzollern is here Prussia—and hasten to exhaust our supply of imperial German post-cards before entering Würtemberg territory, where the postal authority of the Emperor is not recognized.

From Sigmaringen on we have a rare treat in the way of exhilarating rapids, though at no time did we meet any water that could be called dangerous, or any rocks that were not readily perceived and





PEASANT GIRL AT FRIEDINGEN.

avoided. Rapids and dams always give the canoeist fair warning by making great noise, and if there is any reason to anticipate difficulty it is wise to step ashore and reconnoitre before getting into the troubled water, unless, as occasionally happens, the whole situation can be taken in by standing up in the boat.

None of us paddled over more than four dams, and at each of these the canoe attempting it got a bump or two on the rocks. As a rule, we stepped out into the water on the edge, gave the boat a long line, and let her jump the dam where the water seemed freest from obstruction. Perhaps this method is not quite free from risk, but it is sufficiently so for the canoeist.

At Riedlingen (our sixteenth dam), for instance, one of the boats sticks fast halfway down, and threatens to swing around broadside on. There is nothing to do but jump in to the rescue, which in this case means wading in water that is very cold and reaches above the waist. But the canoe is not hurt. Of course the canoeist wears no shoes and stockings in the boat, and is otherwise prepared for jumping into the water at short notice.

Our third night is rainy, our camp in a meadow immediately below a picturesque little place called Zell. Although our tents are awaiting us in Ulm, we manage to spend a fairly comfortable night by

stretching a rubber blanket over the well of the canoe and protecting our heads with a straw hat. At four next morning our *chef* member gives us a splendid breakfast of hot coffee, boiling milk, fried bacon, bread and butter, which, after a dip in the Danube, quite restores our spirits, and sends us merrily bobbing along down stream to revel once more in a day of rapids, castles, monasteries, dams, and hay-makers.

Near Zwiefaltendorf Castle, another massive ruin, a few minutes below camp, are a number of cascades that come tumbling into the Danube through a tangled wild of shrubbery, rocks, and exquisite flowers—a mass of roaring foam about which the most delicate vegetation clusters as though quite used to the blustering of the water-fall. This little bit alone would make famous any neighborhood where tourists resort, but on the Danube it is only one of the hundred delights in store for the patient traveller.

Our seventeenth dam is under the ruins of the castle of Rechtenstein, of which there still remain the walls of a massive square tower. One of us is intently admiring this castle while passing his boat over the dam, when his painter gives a tug that nearly carries him off his legs. The canoe has pivoted on a rock; the double-bladed paddle has been caught by the rush of the stream, torn from its fastening on deck, and is madly careering down the torrent. Here is another occasion when moments are precious, for that paddle must be overtaken before the next dam, or be lost forever.

How, exactly, that canoeist righted his boat, got into her, and off, he can scarcely recall. The slope of the dam was made up of slippery rocks, difficult to find, and still more difficult to hold on to, yet the paddle was overtaken just in the nick of time. And this is an experience that has convinced our party, at least, that it is worth while carrying a spare paddle.

In a few minutes, however, we are under another feudal castle, the well-preserved towers of Ober Marchthal, and here, at our eighteenth dam, one of us again narrowly escapes shipwreck, for we find the fall not an easy one. One of the boats took the plunge at the right-hand side of the dam, near the mill, and found the shoot so strong and steep as to bury not only her bow but a good part





of the rest of her under water; and to add to the awkwardness of the situation, she was caught in an eddy and jammed up against the side of the mill wall, from which issued several miniature cascades that played into the well of the boat. This could not be endured. Yet the dam was a bad one to creep down. Luckily two millers came to the rescue. They brought a long pole that reached from the top of the wall to near the edge of the water; down this pole the canoe skipper dropped, while the millers held fast the upper end, and the canoe was rescued at the expense only of a good ducking to both crew and cargo. From our day's experience we determined henceforward never to shoot a dam without having our two forward deck hatches on and our paddles stowed below.

But we are soon to have done with dams, for at noon of the fourth day we pass the last one at Oepfingen, marked as the twenty-fifth dam in some books of travel, but rated by us only as the twenty-first. We have obviously passed over several that we treated as rapids, for by repeated calculation we have been unable to discover more than the number mentioned. Let us add parenthetically that we had excellent high water.

The spire of Ulm minster is before us now; the river widens on receiving the cold, clear, pale green Alpine waters of the Iller close above the town; the outlying forts appear on our left; soon the town walls, with the concomitants of a first-class German fortress—the bugle call, drum roll, march, march of a pontoon detach-

ment. We rush under the railway bridge; one of us nearly runs down a bathing establishment; and at last, after four days of primitive Black Forest stream life, we pull up at the float of the first rowing club on the river, justly named the Danube Rowing Club.

The committee of the club have made us their guests during our stay, and leave nothing undone to confirm in us our regard for the German sportsman. The club at Ulm has a dozen good racing and practice boats, singles, doubles, and fours, some made in England, some in Frankfort. The quarters are adequate and tastefully decorated, though the club suffers from having no boat-builder in the town itself, being obliged therefore to send a long distance for repairs—at least as far as Frankfort. We discovered, however, that the president, in addition to being one of the crack oarsmen of Germany, is



WOOD-SAWYER AT ULM.





GIRLS MOWING.

no less famous as a mechanical genius, and we can never adequately express the gratitude our party feel towards him for helping us put our boats into good shape after the battering they had received in these past four days of dams, rocks, and rapids.

Ulm is a most interesting town to explore—full of quaint steep gables, crooked little streets, houses that nod across the way to one another, five centuries crowded together in as many acres of stone and timber, and often crowded to death; for the town chronicle tells us that in 1635 15,000 of the people died, that in 1800 every eleventh man was carried away by disease, yet 100 years ago the town numbered less than 14,000, and to-day only about double that number. Now, with a Prussian commander, the sanitary condition of the place is properly attended to, although, from a commercial point of view, the town suffers considerably from having all the space before its walls subject to the rules of war—no one can build within cannon range unless he promises to tear his building down when war begins. This is naturally discouraging to manufacturers.

Before the voyages of Columbus, Ulm numbered 50,000 prosperous people, and she is the first town of the Danube that can say that her prosperity as a town was ruined by the discovery of America. It seems strange at this day, and in this place, to think of this little fortress as being a great port for the trade of the

East, and yet so it was. Cargo boats went down from here to the Black Sea, carrying the manufactures of western Europe, and bringing back the treasures of the East, even from China; but all this came to an end with the discoveries of Columbus, and the diversion of Eastern trade around the capes.

Ulm is famous also for having witnessed one of the most extensive and disgraceful surrenders in this century—a century, by-the-way, particularly marked by great surrenders. On the 20th of October, 1805, the notorious Austrian commander Mack, followed by 16 generals and 36,000 men, marched out as prisoners of Napoleon, who had on this occasion routed, killed, or taken prisoner 90,000 men, with a loss to himself of scarcely 1500. It was, I believe, in consequence of the number of prisoners taken by the French in this campaign—over 50,000—that Napoleon adopted the plan of distributing them amongst the farmers in the interior of France, in order to make up for the conscripts he had called out.

It would be interesting to know exactly how much Napoleon owed to his talent as a soldier, and how much to his good fortune in having had against him men of inferior capacity. For of Mack he wrote, six years before the campaign of 1805, "A man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life." He was never able to use such language of Wellington, Gneisenau, Blücher, or Scharnhorst; and had he met them when First Consul, there



would have been no Mack and no Austerlitz in 1805.

But Ulm has another feature more glorious than any that war has created—a Protestant minster rising from out of this city of wars and sieges. For many miles around this most graceful as well as most lofty spire is a conspicuous landmark, protesting as a sacred messenger against the barbarous battlements within which it is confined. We naturally spent much of our time in this splendid church, listening to the music of the great organ, entranced by the architectural illusion

of the vast Gothic pile, the infinity of depth and height suggested by the multitudinous pillars, the soft caressing light from the stained-glass windows, the solemn repose that falls upon every object within its spell; and then!—to step outside into the city of mines and countermines, of powder magazines and Krupp guns, to walk the streets where every fourth man is a soldier and the rest liable to service. The idea is revolting. And yet Ulm is not exceptional: are not Strasburg and Cologne two German fortresses?

## MÄRIE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

H'O, yes; de h'English, dat's ver' h'easy for me for speak.

My wife, she's h'English girl, Märie. Not Marie, like de French say. No! Märie, h'English way—Märie Boyle.

She's de younges' daughter to de h'ol' Paddy Boyle w'at work on de mill. Dat's fony feller, de h'ol' man. 'E speak h'English ver' bad. 'E h'always say "Bagorry" w'en 'e go for say "Bagosh"; an' 'e say "kittle" for "pot"; an' 'e wear 'es pipe top-side down on 'es mout'; but w'en 'e swear, 'e swear good an' strong!

De h'oldes' girl, she's call Emmä, an' Xiste Brouillette, de son to de h'ol' Brouillette w'at make de barr'l near de church, 'e was *cavalier* to 'er.

One night 'e h'ax me for go down wid 'eem for *veiller* on de h'ol' Boyle; an' h'all de way 'e was speak wid me 'bout Märie. 'Ow she was de bes' girl on de parish; 'ow de h'ol' man was give plenty money wid 'er; 'ow she was work 'ard; an' w'at Emmä was tell 'eem she speak h'on me h'all de time.

I'll not care for h'all w'at 'e say. I'll be know dat Märie h'ever sence she was littl' girl, an' I'll not t'ink nodding on 'er. An' ef 'e was tol' me h'all dat, jus' for 'ear me say somet'ing on Emmä, I'll not be satisfy 'eem; I'll jus' say, "Dat don' make nodding for me."

De h'ol' Paddy Boyle 'e was good feller, an' I'll go for *veiller* wid 'eem, to 'ear 'eem tell de story an' make 'es joke.

One night 'e was say, "W'y don' de young feller get marry? Dey work 'ard, an' dey t'row 'way deir money. Dey get

h'ol', an' den de good girl not 'ave dem"—an' 'e make long string like dat. Den 'e say, "Look dem two girl! Same day w'at dey get marry, I'll be give de feller w'at take dem one 'ondre' poun'."

Den I'll say, for make some joke wid de h'ol' man, "You give 'ondre' poun' wid Emmä, an' you give 'ondre' poun' wid Märie?"

An' he say, "Dat's w'at I'll say."

Den I'll say, "Monsieur Boyle, I'll take de bot'!" An' I'll don' 'ave de word speak afore de h'ol' man stiff h'out 'es leg quick and kick my stool, an' I'll fall all h'over de floor; an' de h'ol' feller laugh, an' Xiste 'e laugh, an' de bot' girls dey laugh.

Bagosh! I'll be so mad, I'll start for make de course for 'ome; but Märie she put 'er back on de door, an' she say, "Ah, Melchior! Please don', Melchior! Don' min' de h'ol' fadder, Melchior. Please don'!" An' she say dat so sof', an' she put 'er 'an' on my h'arm so pretty, an' she look me on de h'eye so like she was go for cry, h'all de mad was go h'off, an' we go back on de fire. An' den we was h'all laugh, an' de h'ol' Paddy 'e bring h'out de bottl', an' we 'ave de littl' *coup*, an' make good frien's some more; an' I'll say dat night w'en we was walk 'ome,

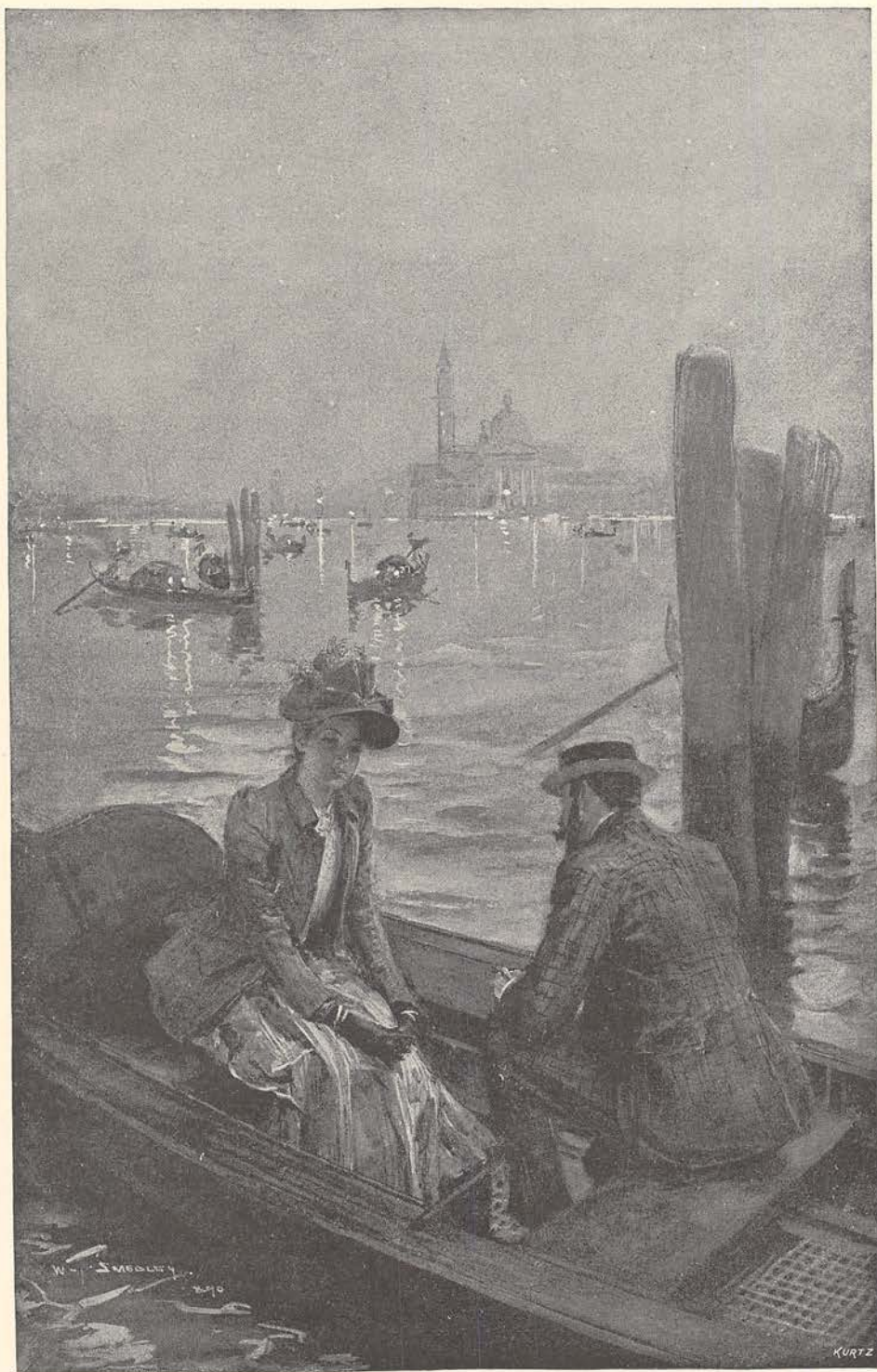
"Bagosh! Xiste, she's pretty girl; 'mos' de pretties' girl w'at I'll h'ever see."

An' 'e say, "W'o's pretty girl?"

An' I'll say, "Never min'!"

Well, h'after dat I'll go on de h'ol' Paddy w'en h'ever I'll get de chance, an' dat's not any more wid de h'ol' man w'at I'll go for *veiller*, me!





NIGHT IN VENICE.



## THE RIVAL MINSTRELS.

BY JAMES G. BURNETT.

HAROUN AL RASCHID loved his harem's maids;  
He loved his gardens, with their winding shades;  
He loved to watch his crystal fountains play;  
He loved his horses, and his courtiers gay;  
He loved all royal sports that please a king,  
But most he loved to hear his minstrels sing.

And so it happened that his fame had brought  
Two rival singers to the Caliph's court.  
Who pleased him best, full well each minstrel knew,  
Would be proclaimed the greater of the two.  
So well they pleased him that they found him loath  
To choose between them, for he loved them both.

"Let all the nation judge," at length said he;  
"Who pleases best my people, pleases me."  
Through all the land the rival poets sung;  
Their names and music were on every tongue,  
Until at last they never reached a door  
Where Fame had not sung all their songs before.

Ben Olaf sang of deeds the Caliph wrought,  
The riches and the splendors of his court;  
The mighty warriors every nation boasts,  
And armies vanquished by the Prophet's hosts;  
How Islam's valor was beloved, and feared;  
And when he finished, listening thousands cheered.

Mustapha's songs were all of simpler things;  
Forgotten was the pride of earthly kings.  
He sang to them of home, and truth, and love;  
How Allah watched his children from above.  
Close to their hearts the poet's music crept;  
And when he finished, all the people wept.

For though Ben Olaf charmed them with his arts,  
It was Mustapha's songs that reached their hearts.

## FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

### II.

IN taking leave of Ulm we leave behind us the river of the dam and paddle, and enter upon the stream whose flow is interrupted by nothing more serious than a few rapids and whirlpools, and is consequently to us the Danube of sail as well as paddle. Our departure from the float of the Donau "Ruderverein" was attended with every circumstance calculated to stimulate the vanity of men less modest than canoeists. For the members laid aside their business, congregated at the club-house, raised their glasses collectively and individually in our honor, expressed warm affection for the President of the United States, joined in toasting the Queen of England, and drank perpetual concord among the three nations we represented. The Royal Canoe Club of London, the New York Canoe Club, the Ruderclub Donau, each in turn was made the subject of enthusiastic eulogy and the





AN EARLY VISITOR.



pretext for another "Krügerl"; and we are quite sure that if the sentiments expressed by the boating men who gathered together on that occasion are any test of the general feeling of the three countries they represented, then Germany has in England and the United States a triple alliance compared to which that with Austria and Italy is as a bond of straw.

We tore ourselves away; not that there was no more beer in Ulm, or that our list of toasts was exhausted, but it was already late in the afternoon, and time was precious. So, hoisting sail for the first time, and giving three hearty parting cheers, we turned our bows out into the swift current and shot down towards the middle arch of the stone bridge. We were accompanied by two members, who very cleverly paddled a square-sided, flat-bottomed canoe, built only for one, and which rested dangerously low in the water. The supernumerary paddler sat on deck immediately behind his mate, and both managed very skilfully. Like all Germans, these two were expert swimmers, or the sport would have been risky in such a stream.

At Günzburg we went ashore for supper, and entertained our German escort. They sent their canoe back to Ulm, at a cost of fifty pfennigs, or twelve cents, and had no more trouble until they got back to the railway station—a very convenient arrangement indeed, it struck us. For, so far as our experience goes, the canoeist is better treated in Germany than in America or England; the fares are low, and the boats carefully handled. We sent our boats, for instance, from Flushing to Donaueschingen—from the western edge of Holland to the Black Forest—a distance of about 450 miles, for 12.90 marks each, or about \$3 25. The boats arrived without a scratch, although they were not crated.

Günzburg was our first landing in Bavaria; we left Würtemberg behind with Ulm, to say nothing of Baden and Prussia before that. We seemed indeed to be doing quick work, to cross in four days as many frontiers, and in no quicker boat than a canoe. The change, too, was complete; the peasants became more conservative in clinging to their broad hats and metal buttons. Every house had a niche in which the gaudily painted image of a saint reposed; and in the guest room of the tavern our beer was sipped beneath a

crucifix that reached from the ceiling to the window-sill. In the gateway of the town wall a lamp burned night and day before the Virgin Mary. On all sides was the evidence of complete devotion to religion.

In this place, full of quaint bits of mediæval architecture, we had supper of Gulash and beer, a few more toasts to the pretty Kellnerin, to the "Watch on the Rhine," to German oarsmen, and to the family of storks that had their well-poised nest on the steep gable over the way, and who peered curiously in the direction of three little canoes which three un-Bavarian-looking men had left in charge of the bathing-master of Günzburg. We parted shortly before the last light had faded from the long day. Our German friends took the train to Ulm. We paddled out into the broad rushing stream, and pitched our camp on a little point of meadowland just large enough to accommodate the boats comfortably, with a grove of trees between us and the world of possible disturbers.

We had at last the luxury of tents. Not such as are used on shore, that smell of fermented grass and mud; that require a dozen pegs and awkward poles; that are clumsy to rig and clumsier still to stow away. No; our tents do not touch the ground at all; come in contact with nothing but what is clean. The top is hung between the foremast and the mizzen; the sides fall gracefully about the well of the canoe, and are buttoned at convenient intervals along the edges. The top is so high that the canoeist sits comfortably on his floor, can read and write, sketch, or mend his trousers, and when he lies down to sleep, secures such a pleasant circulation of air as no land-tenter ever had. Sleeping in his boat, the moisture of the ground does not affect him; nor need he feel nervous in regard to ants, beetles, earwigs, scorpions, and the many restless insects that delight in camps; not even a mosquito can get at him. For the sides of this tent are of two different materials—one of "cheese-cloth," that excludes mosquitoes and admits the air; the other of duck, that protects against bad weather. Each can be used in turn, or both together, according to circumstances.

From behind our tent we snapped our fingers at the murderous mosquito music, and fell asleep to wake at four next morning. And if ever the early bird



found profit, here was a case in point, for on this morning we reached Lauingen—a place of importance when this stream was the frontier of the Roman Empire, and when Cæsar's legions ruled along the Rhine and Danube as do those of England along the Indus and the Ganges. The place to-day preserves interesting traces of every century of our era, and that artist must be hard to please who could not spend a useful summer here with a white umbrella and a box of colors. The houses of the town have had difficulty in finding standing-room within the huge walls; many of the streets are narrower than our sidewalks, and even these have their sky obscured by many-tiered buildings, whose successive stories reach out foot by foot above one's head. The old town wall is almost hidden by the dwellings that have overrun it like creeping plants—the citizens living in it, under it, on it, and against it. Hardly a corner that is not worth a study, hardly a house that would not give material for a chapter. It was a very rich town once, and its burghers men of taste, who, like those of Venice, spent their wealth in splendid houses and monuments that made their city famous.

Lauingen suggests one of the once rich cities of northern Italy, the creation of merchant princes who thought no tax too heavy if it made their home more beautiful, and amidst whom to be an alderman was to be an artist as well as a patriot. Facing the central square is a town-hall of noble and harmonious proportions, fit to embellish a great capital; on one side, a lofty clock tower that would lose no-

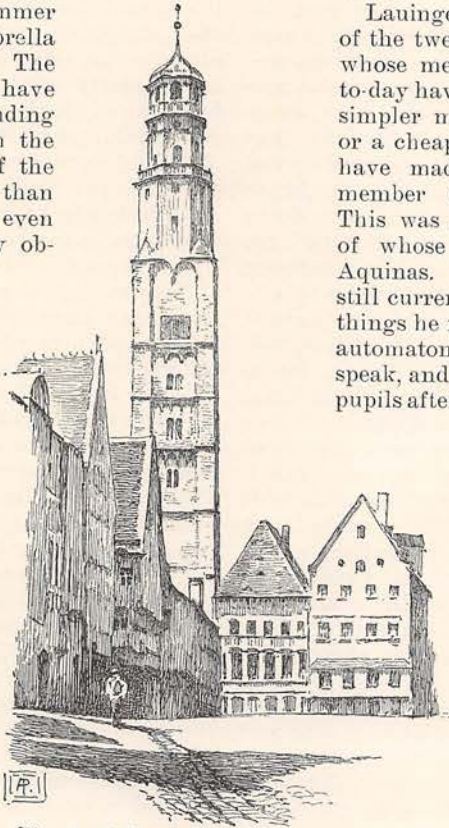
thing of its effect were it in Florence and called a campanile. Ancient and noble mansions are here in abundance, each with its carvings and massive arches, reminding the spectator of a greatness that is past. And to complete this picture of beyond the Alps, there runs along one side a stone arcade, whose well-carved pillars and arches shield the pedestrian from the sun and rain.

Lauingen gave birth, at the end of the twelfth century, to a man whose mechanical talent would to-day have led him to discover a simpler method of telegraphing or a cheaper fuel than coal, and have made him the honorary member of learned societies. This was Albertus Magnus, one of whose pupils was Thomas Aquinas. A mass of stories are still current of the extraordinary things he made; for instance, an automaton which could move and speak, and which one of his pious pupils afterward destroyed, think-

ing he was thereby serving God and spiting the devil. We know of him nothing but legends, and these prove only that he understood the forces of nature better than the people who denounced him. He once entertained his emperor with fruit produced in the midst of winter, which to his generation was abundant evidence that he was in league with the evil spirit.

In our day, however, the town has sought to atone for past neglect by erecting in the beautiful market-place a bronze statue worthy of the first scholar of his day as well as of Lauingen's early fame.

The scenery from Ulm downwards, though offering no striking elevations, is anything but dull. The effect of long flat reaches of water or meadow is always suggestive and full of varied color; the sky seems to unfold more of its mysteries to us then. Or is it that our attention is



*The Bell tower  
Lauingen.*



less diverted by nearer objects? But no part of the Danube can be monotonous when moving in tiny canoes that feel the twist of every eddy, that dance to the music of every rapid, that rush with impetuous zeal down slopes of pale green shallows, and that narrowly escape being sucked into the back current at the river corners. Let us admit that the Danube can be grander at some points than others, but uninteresting—never. Even with an overcast sky, the effect produced by moving with a volume of water so vast, so irresistible, must be ever impressive—something like that produced by the never changing, yet never the same, waves of the ocean. So one with the river had our canoes become that we scarcely noted the rapidity with which the landscape shifted, until we sought to mark down the features of a castle, or one of the huge water-mills, whose wheel hung between two anchored barges, and whose splash-paddle sound warned us against collision. The note-book of Alfred Parsons mentions that along this flat reach, “for a long way above and below Ulm, the banks are lined with small willows and coarse grasses; occasional bunches of forget-me-not and some iris and valerian are the only flowers. On a hill-side below Donauwörth I saw bright pink dogroses, campanulas, geranium, veronica, epipactis, Turk’s-cap lilies, pink cornilla, which is abundant, and a tall white composite with groups of daisy-like flowers and a leaf like the tansy; also a white erigeron.”

The river here, and all the way to the mountains of eastern Bavaria, is sought to be “regulated” by the construction of stone dikes intended to keep the main channel clear, and prevent in a measure the consequences of floods. We were favored with fairly high water, however, and the dikes were therefore not so high but that we could occasionally get a glimpse of the meadows from our decks. From Hochstadt to Donauwörth we passed ground which in 1704 was the scene of the battle of Blenheim, so called after the little village of Blindheim, about two miles and a half northeast of Hochstadt. It “was a glorious victory.” It did Europe the doubtful service of propping up the Hapsburg dynasty for a few years, and made England forget all about treacherous Jack Churchill by directing her attention to the great Duke of Marlborough.

The pompous lines of Addison have helped to make respectable the butchery of that day by exalting the “mighty soul” of the conqueror, and making the world believe that here was “glory.”

The simple people of the neighborhood for many years after pretended that ghosts of the slain returned on the battle’s anniversary to haunt this spot.

At Donauwörth we stopped long enough to admire its ruins of tower and wall; the beautiful coloring of the old houses, that straggled back from the Danube along a sluggish stream that entered here; pretty gardens; black timbered bridges—in short, another of the many places from which we parted with regret. We staid here sketching and exploring until the sun had set, and then moved on reluctantly to find a place where we might go ashore and sleep comfortably in our canoes.

Now to find a good camp site along the upper Danube requires presence of mind, quickness of decision, and, above all, knowledge of what is needed. The Danube is a swift stream, and while a camp-finder is making up his mind, his boat may carry him below his objective, whence it is not easy to paddle back. The camp must not be low, for fear of malaria; it must not be high, for we have to carry our boats; it must not be in the bushes, for we dislike insects—and yet a little shelter is a good thing. Fortunately in our cook we have combined not only the camping experience of two wars, but a genius for rapid selection, to which the rest of us are only too glad to pay tribute by appointing him a chooser of camps as well as *chef de cuisine*. When the evening shadows warn us that we are near the end of our day, our camp-finder paddles a bit ahead of the other two and reconnoitres for a landing-spot with an eye that sees not merely height and depth, bush and beach, but intuitively detects what is beyond. On landing there is but one feeling in every breast—to sacrifice everything to the comfort of the cook. His boat is first hauled out, carried up to the softest spot, carefully sponged, covered with its tent, and disposed for the night. While one of us helps here, the other, who is intrusted with carrying the pots and pans, quickly places the spirit stoves in position, spreads out a few deck hatches to serve as trays, disposes on these such articles as our

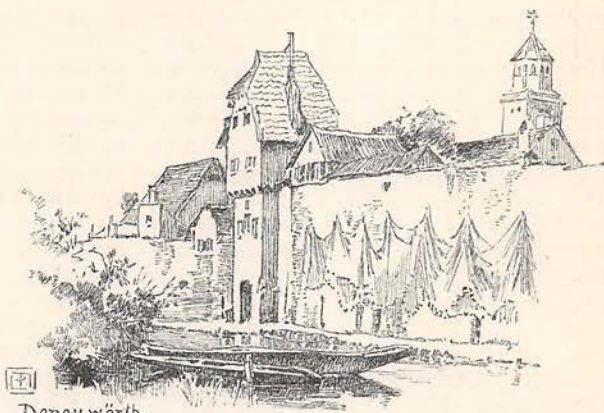


cook may need, opens up the butter and milk, sees that the soup-stirring spoon is handy, that the salt-cellar is full, and that no ants are in the sugar. By this time cook's tent is in order, he enters the kitchen, and the remaining two hurry to attend to their canoes, animated by the cheerful rattle of the kitchen utensils. The three boats are drawn up close to one another, according to the nature of the ground, the stern being a trifle higher than the bow, as our heads are at the after end, and a little slope is good in case of rain. Clothing for the night is laid where it can readily be got at, tents are raised, the boats propped so that they will not roll over; perhaps we have a swim, if the cook permits; but eventually we are assembled around the flame on and over which our soup depends. Everything goes well with soup, as well as into it, but some things go better than others, particularly canned meats and "extracts." We found that of all our stores nothing did us so much good as our pan of soup along with a large piece of strong German bread.

The utensils are all cleaned before turning in, so that cook may have nothing to complain of, and early in the morning he prepares us another meal—sometimes, by way of a special treat, making us a dish of genuine Yankee corned-beef hash in addition to the usual coffee; then comes the washing up, furling of tents, stowing of baggage, a slide down the banks, and off for another day.

Our camping-ground that night was on a clean meadow well situated above the point where the pale green water of the Lech runs its icy Alpine current into the darker and warmer Danube. We feasted here on eggs and soup, and curled into our sleeping-boxes shortly after nine. At six next morning we had our morning swim before luxuriating in our breakfast of coffee and bread, to which was, on this occasion, added a mess of fried fresh fish.

The Danube was full of interest next day. The song of the cuckoo greeted us. There was no steamship travel here, and the few barges that struggled up the stream drawn by horses appeared to be



doing very hard work. The stream was carrying us at the rate of about six miles an hour, while we did not touch a paddle or hoist a sail, and we could hear the clinking of the pebbles as they rattled in the bottom of the stream. We might have fancied ourselves far from human life were it not for the flat-boats that ferried peasants, and also loads of hay and droves of cattle, from one side to the other, swinging across by means of a cable which spans the river, from which runs on a trolley a lighter line made fast to the boat. We frequently passed such ferry-boats containing, besides many people, two loads of hay, with teams complete, the horses enjoying the cool rest upon the river apparently as much as the peasants, who saluted us with their pious "God greet you!"

Towards noon we passed under the arches of a stone bridge at Neuburg, a town that is built about and upon a wooded bluff that runs up strikingly from the river, crowned by castle and towers, and betokening another mediæval stronghold. Here our boats nearly met with disaster; first, from the eddy, that caught one of the canoes below the bridge and swung it with such force against the stone quay of the town as to make a dent in the bow and a tremendous jangling amidst the kitchen utensils in the stern locker. The stream is furious, and no little care is required to make a landing on a narrow shingle beach below this wall. We succeeded, however, in getting ashore, and in pulling the boats' noses up a little, and were clambering up the stone steps to hunt up an inn, when down through the same bridge came a huge raft, the crew



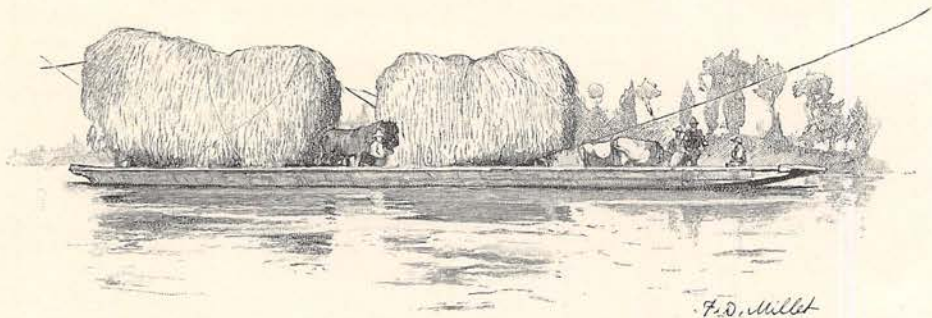
gesticulating wildly to the effect that they were going to make fast at this point. Had they come five minutes later, we would have been unconscious of the danger, and our boats would have been torn away or ground to splinters by the irresistible mass that was hurrying down. We rushed to our boats by leaps and bounds, pulled them as far ashore as the narrow beach allowed, then plunged into the river to press against the raft, and help the crew in their efforts to clear our tiny boats. The situation was most critical. It was only a matter of a few inches more, but these meant life or death to the canoes. The crew worked with a will; we strained every muscle. The population on shore saw our peril, and gave us their sympathy: and, in short, the boats were saved.

As we sat at dinner listening to the daughter of our host, who entertained us with Viennese waltzes, we determined never again to be pinched between a raft and a stone wall. Neuburg detained us only long enough for a stroll amidst its old walls, in its many handsome but neglected buildings, with the traces of past greatness. The river bore us on again, and soon we passed Ingolstadt, the next Danube fortress below Ulm—a city of uniforms, pontoons, guns, and drums—an interesting place historically, but choked with the spirit of modern war.

The first place we reached after breaking camp next morning was the prettily situated village of Vohburg, which still maintains the custom of paying 50 gulden (about \$25) to each maiden of blameless reputation upon her marriage. We passed from the water's edge through a dark passage under a massive tower of

the old town wall, which is now in ruin, and climbed up through the crooked streets to what was once the citadel, and where now stands the church about which clusters the interest of Vohburg to the outside world. The approach to this church leads under another ruined tower, the spaces of which are filled with pictures and figures of sacred character, before which are praying-benches that invite the faithful to pause.

Below our pretty little Vohburg the river suddenly parted company with the flat fields, and with a rapidity most surprising whirled us around a sharp mountain spur, hurried us between steep, rocky, and thickly wooded hills. Another quick bend was made, and we paddled in betwixt eddies under the crosses and spires of one of the richest monasteries of Germany, devoted to the glory of St. Benedict, and called Weltenburg. The chapel was built at a time when everything that every art could furnish and money buy went to making church edifices splendid. Clouds are built out above the altar, over which angel figures climb and look down with lifelike agility upon the spectator. What parts of the edifice are not ornamented with stained-glass windows, chapels, or costly columns, are covered with paintings. One of these represents Columbus discovering America, with the Virgin Mary on the forecastle, and a Benedictine monk marking the channel. The profusely decorated altar is of course the central feature in this display of wealth; and it would be hard to exaggerate its impressiveness as a decorative feature—rich, harmonious in form and color, exquisite carving and modelling, a very palace of devotion.



THE FERRY.



As we left the monastery gates and sought the beach, the sacred bells tolled noon, and all the peasants bared their heads in reverential devotion, no other sound being heard but the water whirling in the eddies and the note of a bird now and then.

After a little lunch beneath the wall of the Benedictines' garden, during which we were watched by a friar who seemed ashamed of such curiosity, we drifted with the stream all too rapidly, amidst rock scenery wild and beautiful—lofty walls that seemed to hang above us, and so steep that not even a foot-path could help the boatman in his struggle up the stream, and iron rings have to be placed in the rock for his assistance.

After a too short rush down this splendid stretch, the river opened out, and we saw before us, perched on a hill above Kelheim, what looked like a Roman temple. It was the so-called "Hall of Liberation," erected to the memory of the men who freed Germany from the domination of Napoleon in the beginning of this century. It was under a very hot sun that we climbed the steep hill above Kelheim in order to testify our sympathy with German independence. The temple is a very costly dome, inside of which are slabs bearing the names of such as the King of Bavaria recognized as the liberators of the father-land. We were struck by the names of many Austrians and south German military mediocrities, and the absence of such as really did make their country free. Wellington is conspicuous by his absence; so the noble Boyen and Lützow. The man whose far-sighted legislation lifted Prussia from out of the results of Jena is not to be found here—we mean Stein—nor his able successor, Hardenberg. The poets and thinkers, the patriotic spirits that stirred the people to heroic exertion—these were the ones that fought Katzbach and Leipzig; but they are not noticed on these pagan slabs. Schiller



Between Wülzburg & Kelheim.

and Körner, whose songs of liberty fired the German heart and sent every school-boy into the army; Arndt and Jahn, Uhland and Fichte—names that in 1813 did more for German success than a fresh army corps—of these this Bavarian mausoleum says nothing.

We needed a glass of beer to wash away the effects of this hot climb, and this we enjoyed at a little water-side inn frequented by the boatmen of the river—an honest, intelligent, and hardy race of men, interesting to meet, for their life is full of change, and not without danger. The fact of our coming in canoes and not by land made us the more welcome, for, as one of them said to us energetically, "I am an old water-rat, and wish to be nothing else." It was therefore as "fellow-craftsmen" that we invited them to share our beer and tell us of their life. And indeed it adds much to the charm of this river to see their great rafts curving around the bends, and kept in the current by a number of sweeps at bow and stern, so long as to reach beyond the eddies, and heavy enough to require many hands to control them. Whole families





LOCAL FREIGHT FLAT-BOAT.

live on these rafts, and the rude frame huts knocked together for their shelter are happy homes to some for weeks and weeks during the long descent. Many a travelling mechanic gets a lift, and his board besides, by volunteering at the sweeps of one of these huge floating caravansaries, and this mode of travelling is much patronized, for it is obviously more agreeable than plodding along the dusty highway. Many of the flat-bottomed but sharp-nosed barges that go down this stream never return, being rudely built, and ultimately broken up for timber. Others that we passed are intended to last longer, and had in tow a second and smaller barge, in which were a pair of stockily built horses, at present enjoying the river view over a trough of feed, but who soon will be struggling up the tow-path, splashing through the mire, now floundering up to their bellies at points where the river is over the banks, now clambering like cats along the foot of the rocks, always keeping a tight strain on the long line that pulls their barge; and woe to horse and rider if any misstep hurls man and beast down into the dangerous current! When many teams are pulling at one heavily laden boat, the effort to save one may endanger the lives of all. These river-side rough riders waste little time in prayer at such a moment, but whip out their knives, and cut loose the rope of the fallen ones, quieting their conscience by the reflection that it may be their turn to-morrow. Loss of life in this manner is not uncommon, for, owing to the sudden swelling of the river after a rain, and the great difficulty of maintaining a tow-path in good condition, the work of man and beast along the Danube partakes much of picking one's way across a very bad and little known coun-

try, for the path is never twice the same to even a veteran teamster.

But while these men have some of the cowboy's recklessness and roughness, they have, too, the warm heart that usually beats in tune with courage. When our party boarded one of these great scows, they were immediately made the guests of the boat. Beer was brought forward; they were compelled to share in the noon-day dinner of beef, so generously dispensed that even a canoeist could not eat it all, and some of it had to be dropped secretly over the side, lest the feelings of our hosts might be hurt by the thought that their food had not been duly appreciated.

From these people we borrowed a good idea in the way of protection against cold, wind, and rain—a garment good to sleep in, sleep on, stand in, or paddle in, falling below the knees; one long piece, through which the head is thrust at the middle, leaving one half to fall in front, the other half behind. The sides are open, and there are no sleeves. It sounds as though the ventilation had been too generously cared for, but such is not the case. On the contrary, it is the favorite overcoat of the Danube watermen, and we promptly got the address of a tailor at the head-waters of the river Traun, in the Tyrolean Mountains, and had three sent down to us in every respect like those of our good friends the Danube raftsmen.

We camped that night in sight of the spires of Regensburg Cathedral—an event that encouraged us to wash our flannel shirts with great energy, for on the forenoon of the next day we made our entry into the whilom capital of the Holy Roman Empire, called by the French Ratisbonne, and famous as the starting-place of many crusading columns who sought Jerusalem by way of the Danube.



"There came a bold crusader,  
With fifty harnessed men,  
And he embarked at Ratisbon  
To fight the Saracen.  
This gallant knight, Sir Gottfried hight,  
Leads forth a noble band,  
Whose flag shall wave triumphantly  
In Judah's hallowed land."

With the exception that the Saracen had rather the best of it as far as the flag-waving in Judah was concerned, this po-

the basket of an equally fresh peasant lassie, who delighted in seeing us eat her fruit. But the monument most interesting to a canoeist is the stone bridge, claimed by Regensburgers to be the strongest in the world. At any rate, the span between the piers is no wider than the buttresses, and the river rushes through so turbulently as to create very risky-looking whirlpools and rapids below. The engineer troops of Ingolstadt have to take



ON THE TILE-BOAT.

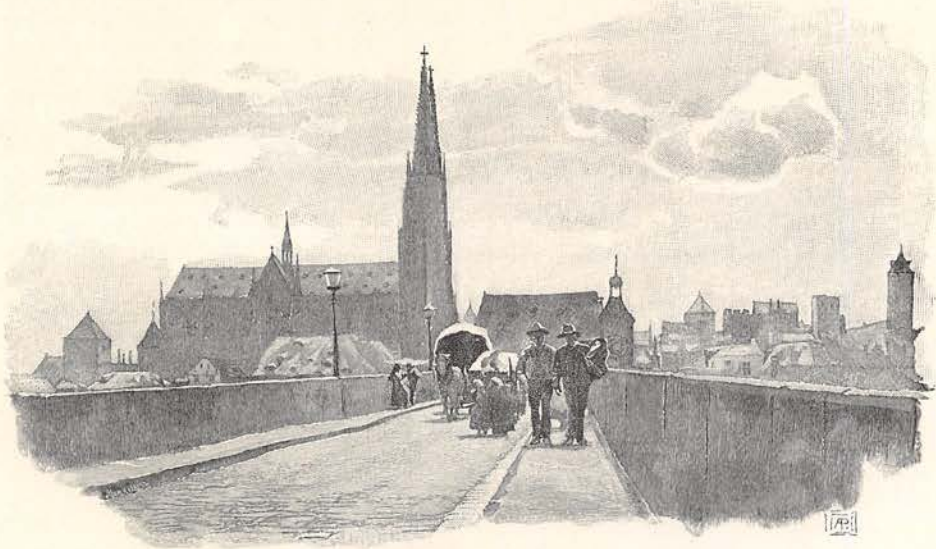
etic version is correct enough in illustrating the early importance of Regensburg as a shipping-point; it was, in fact, the first town above Vienna to send a regular packet once a week down the river (in 1696); and considering the state of the river then, and, above all, the moral view of highway robbery entertained by the landed gentry along the banks, this enterprise was no light one.

Few towns, I fancy, combine within their walls so many buildings of interest, and so many memories dear to mankind. We sat down upon the pavement in the market-place to muse of these things, our backs to a church wall, and our hats full of freshly picked strawberries, from

pilots when they pass this town, and we were strongly urged to do the same; but we had no room, and consequently determined to try for ourselves. We succeeded by choosing the right-hand arch, and our success was in spite of the devil; for his share in its construction was very great, as every Danube sailor will attest.

The story runs that while the cathedral was in course of construction, the chief architect intrusted to a very clever apprentice the task of making this bridge. The young man felt so confident that he offered to span the Danube before his master had finished the cathedral. But he finally found that he had undertaken too much, for the sacred pile went up with





REGENSBURG, FROM THE BRIDGE.

great steadiness, while the bridge moved with great difficulty. The youngster finally vented his discouragement in blasphemous wishes that the devil might take over the job.

No sooner spoken than a venerable monk appeared and offered to do the work. In his sandals were cloven hoofs, and a tail whisked under the sacred garb; but nevertheless a bargain was made, and it was agreed that when the bridge was done, the devil was to have the first three living things that crossed.

The devil kept his word. All the material came to hand with such devilish rapidity that the morning broke upon a completed bridge.

It was May-day, and of course a great crowd was present, each eager to be first in crossing so new and magnificent a thoroughfare. The devil, delighted with his bargain, rubbed his hands under the second arch from the shore, and waited for his victims.

"Stop!" said the architect to the crowd. "Stand back! In the opening of this bridge we have a solemn ceremony to perform before it can be pronounced safe. Jacob," said he, with a wink to his foreman, "let the strangers take precedence."

At these words a rough wolf-dog, followed by a cock and a hen, was set at

large, and crossed the first arch of the bridge. At the same time a dreadful noise was heard under the piers. The mangled remains of the three animals flew in all directions, and the devil was seen to disappear, screaming, "Cheated! cheated of my fee!" The monks now sprinkled holy water on the bridge, and the happy people rejoiced.

The second arch of the Regensburg Bridge, as if to prove the legend, is still savagely bent upon destroying the boatman venturing beneath it; and as we had no desire to measure the strength of our paddle with that of the devil's pitchfork, we carefully avoided it, and advise all others to do the same.

The graceful Gothic spires of Regensburg cathedral now rapidly faded away behind us, and we passed down stream towards a rocky promontory on which has been built a temple to German fame, called the Walhalla. The proportions are those of the Athenian Parthenon, and the situation is admirably chosen for the display of its striking beauty. All the branches of the German family are here united in the one sentiment of pride and gratitude touching the deeds of their ancestors, and it is eminently gratifying that Bavaria, of all German states, should set the example of honoring the work of Germans as citizens of a great



empire rather than as subjects of petty princes.

The little village of Sossau, which we soon passed, has an image of the Virgin Mary which makes grimaces when a heretic comes near her. If any one doubts my words, he can read all about it in an exhaustive work printed *cum licentia superiorum*—how in 1534 some iconoclastic Lutherans sought to destroy this picture; how it miraculously escaped them; how the angels bore it up the Danube, themselves rowing the boat; and how, finally, pious monks protected it in this little church.

In this camp we had, at about midnight, such a storm of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, as ought to have blown to pieces any ordinary tents. We awoke, however, next morning with nothing worse than one or two ears full of water, and proceeded merrily down our charming stream, rejoicing in the sunshine that played about the lone little chapel of Oberau, rising as if from a little mound in the river shortly above Straubing, where we had dinner at a mediæval inn, with a room full of as fat, jolly, and prosperous-look-

ing peasants as ever drank Bavarian beer. For all this country, from Regensburg on, is the paradise of peasants, famed for rich soil and rich living. They have changed little since a learned German professor visited them in 1818, and was amazed at their luxury. "A wedding here," he wrote, "is a regular orgy. At eight or ten tables sit ten to twelve people who feast several days three times a day." The professor tells us that "the peasant has meat every day; the servants get nudels and kraut; they even despise potatoes."

Straubing has been from the days of Rome a place of commercial as well as military importance, and the strength of its private houses is a counterpart to the massive arches of its town wall. It has now only about 10,000 people, but in 1635 the town chronicle tells us that 18,000 died of the plague alone—an indication that in that day the population must have been large, and certainly very dirty. One historian says that Straubing was 150 years without a carpenter's shop, because a fire once originated in such a place, and the city fathers thought an ordinance of



RETURNING FROM MARKET, REGENSBURG.

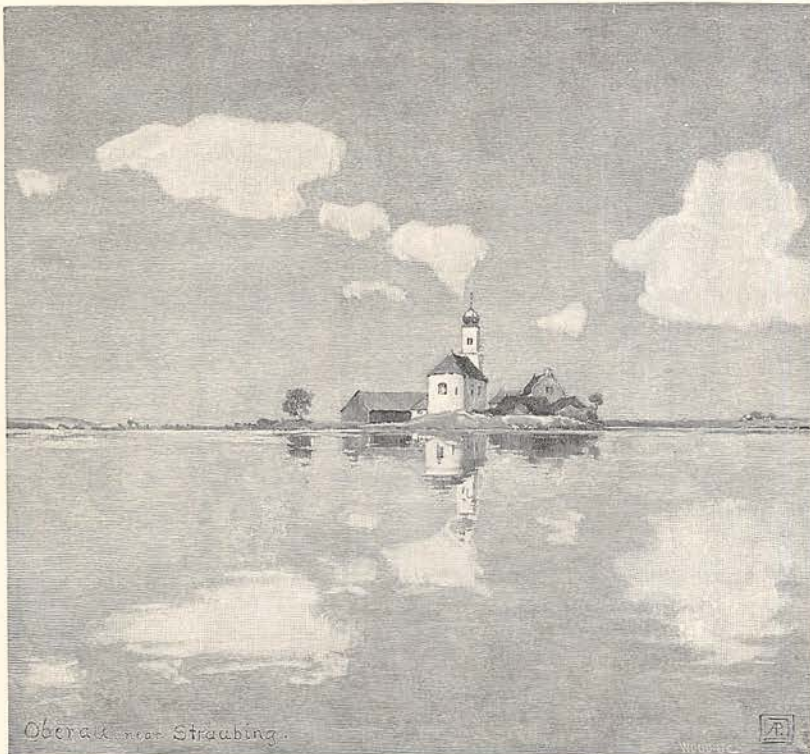


this kind would spare them a repetition of the same misfortune!

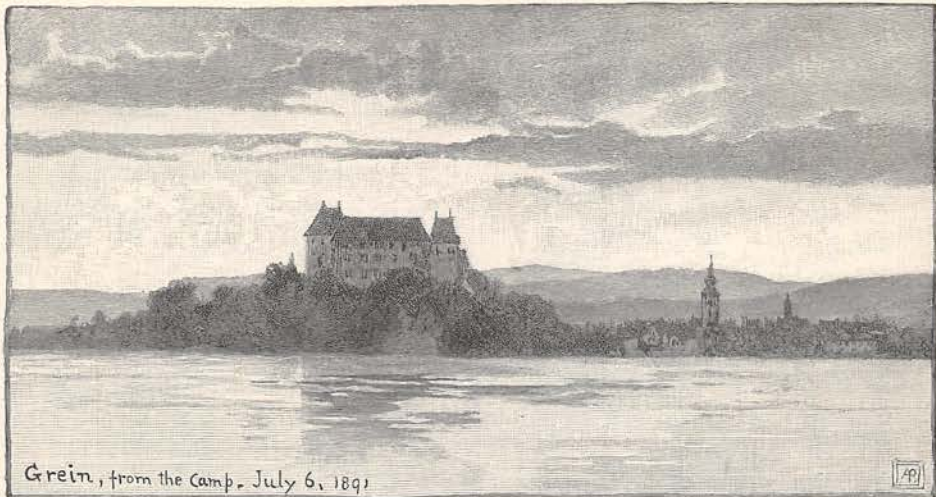
From Straubing we paddled on to the pretty little village of Bogen, about whose village church thousands of pious peasants periodically congregate to be cured through the efficacy of a stone image of the Virgin, which once floated twenty-four hours up the Danube. Here, as at Sossau, we were greeted with such a hurricane, followed by rain, thunder, and lightning, as drove us ashore, at the risk of smashing our boats into bits on the rocky beach.

Lenzing was the name of the place where we sought refuge, made up entirely of the farm belonging to a prosperous peasant. He welcomed us when we had dragged our boats beyond the reach of the savage waves, and took us into his big dwelling-room, which was like a baronial hall. Here was space for fifty people to sit and feast or have a romp. Substantial rafters made the ceiling; the tables and benches were of wood well scrubbed. He offered us beer, and then his wife gave us bowls of milk fresh from the cow and strong country bread, all the

while entertaining us as invited guests. While the storm raged we inspected the premises with great interest, for one roof covered dwelling-house for cows and horses as well as family and servants. The anteroom outside of the main dwelling "hall" opened on one side to the kitchen, above to the bedrooms, on the right to our "hall," and on the left to the stables. But let us hasten to add that cows and horses were cleanliness itself, that every part of their quarters indicated scrupulous neatness, from the round little windows to the extreme recesses of the vaulted ceiling. The roof was supported by stone columns that would have graced a monastery. Their eating and drinking troughs were of stone; their wants were ministered to by two as dainty and graceful maidens as ever figured in a pastoral, and such was the behavior of these animals that no well-regulated housekeeper could have objected to them as fellow-lodgers. The veranda that passed the dining-hall continued past the stables, wherein were about a dozen horses and twice as many cows. The manure was







shovelled across this walk and stacked up immediately near it, and yet this veranda was the agreeable gathering-place of a warm evening. As we chatted, two colts, a few weeks old, walked up and about us, nibbled at our trousers and fingers, rubbed their noses affectionately against each of us in turn, and played with the big watch-dog as happily as if all three were pups in the same litter. With such evidence of kind treatment, is it a wonder that their live-stock is gentle and willing?

We asked our host if he found no ill effects from so much manure beneath his windows, and he assured us that he considered it wholesome. He certainly appeared healthy, and his household as well—radiant with prosperity and good spirits, generous with his substance; a good illustration of the Straubing peasant as described by the learned professor half a century ago. He would receive nothing himself for our entertainment, but finally accepted a contribution for the poor.

Early next morning we passed Deggendorf, where we were made welcome by the rowing-club, whose boat-house contains two single sculls. We looked up the pretty church, which is far-famed in this country for possessing several miraculous objects, from which it derives an enormous revenue. As many as 50,000 to 60,000 people have come here as pilgrims in the course of a single year, often sleeping in the streets for want of a roof. In 1837—a great festival—the number was 100,000.

From Deggendorf on, the scenery becomes mountainous, rocky, even wild; particularly between Passau and Linz, where the river reminded us forcibly of the Hudson Highlands between Haverstraw Bay and Newburgh. We have parted with the black soil and luxurious peasants of Straubing, and come now amongst people whose habits are more those of mountaineers, where lumbering is the chief industry, and where settlements are few and far between. Every sharp river corner carries on its crest the remnants of a feudal castle, whose tower still remains in token of its former grandeur and political importance, and a picturesque protest against the free commerce on the Danube.

At the frontier of Austria we were ordered to stop, to come ashore, to show our passport, and to pay sixteen kreutzers apiece—quite in the spirit of the castles whose ruins we were passing. None of our boats were searched, however, and we were assured that the tax was merely a formality connected with passing into Austria. No such tax was demanded on passing into Holland or Germany. The tax is, to be sure, small in amount, but a grievous one in principle.

In the midst of this wildest and most beautiful part of the Danube—a stretch that may be said roughly to include Deggendorf and Dürrenstein—is the strikingly situated village of Grein, in the midst of a cluster of ragged peaks, each overlooking the stream, each with a ruin-





PUMP AT PÖCHLARN.

*F. D. Miller*

ed tower on it, and each meaning that here once ruled a robber knight who lived by the wrecks on his shores; for here are the famous rocks that cause the eddies and whirlpools and rapids called Wirbel and Strudel. We slept the night opposite Grein—a rainy night, not calculated to raise our spirits. After a cheerless breakfast, one of us floundered along the frequently flooded tow-paths in the hopes of getting a glimpse around the corner of this much-talked-of ground

of danger; but it was useless, for an island (Wörth) interfered.

We jumped into our canoes, resolved to make the best of it, stopped our ears to the warnings of friends on shore, forgetting for the moment that a party of recent canoeists transferred their boats to a Danube barge at this place, stuffed our most valuable papers inside our waistbands, and pushed out into the stream in search of the enemy. Our hatches were fastened on with particular care, our sails and spars carefully lashed to the deck. Nothing was omitted to prevent a capsize, or at least to render one harmless.

As we reach the dreaded corner, around which we anticipate the gyrating monster to lie in wait for us, each grasps more firmly his trusty blade, plants his feet solidly, and watches keenly the signs of the stream. Grein disappears, with its castle, its spire, its many holy shrines, at which the Danube boatmen pray before

venturing on these troublous reaches. The spire of St. Nikolai peers up ahead—the little church built by the offerings of such as have escaped the terrors of the Strudel. As we hold our canoes amidst the eddies here, and think of what is before us, a dismal booming sound greets our ears, and convinces us that now at last our fate is present. Two reckless members of our party make sketches of St. Nikolai as we bob up and down in the rapid stream before her rocky ledge, and



the other notes the square tower of lofty Werfenstein, that stretches itself up and over the black water. An ominous word, this Werfenstein—the *rock-hurler*—and one that has sunk many a good ship before its own ribs were cracked.

The booming, muffled, roaring sound grows louder. Will this preliminary torture never cease? Surely the worst must soon be upon us; for we have passed St. Nikolai, and beyond us is another robber castle, that gives us another shiver as we think of the cruel wrecks it has caused. We pass another spire, another crucifix. The roaring still continues, and the water grows normally smooth. Can this be the lull before the storm? we ask ourselves.

No; we have, without knowing it, passed both Strudel and Wirbel, and the booming roar comes from the boiler of a powerful tow-boat blowing off steam against the bank!

The mighty stream carried us rapidly along under many more ruins of castles built in the interest of plunder and wreck, and emerged from between the mountains at Pöchlarn, where we dined in the garden of a charming inn. The Roman and mediæval remains made us wish to make

a long stop. So did the amiable daughter of the host, who not only served us with the best in the house, but placed a nose-gay in the button-hole of each ere we started.

Hardly had we reached the middle of the stream when there loomed up before us a vast pile of architectural magnificence, growing up from a bold, sharply rising bluff, whose rocky sides close in a fringe of wood. It was Melk, another of the magnificent monasteries that adorn this river—perhaps the most striking of all. We climbed to its lofty terrace, enjoyed a view of the upper river that combined what is most beautiful in hill and water, forest and meadow—the whole bathed in sunshine and warm color. The vast apartments were shown us—the refectory where hundreds of glasses twinkled in the sideboard, bedrooms where royalty had slept, an apartment where Napoleon is said to have burnt his papers after the battle of Aspern, a chapel full of elaborate ornament, and a courtyard full of pretty maidens plucking chickens for dinner, and flowers in profusion along the borders of the well-kept garden. And here we must again borrow the note-book of the floral member



*The Benedictine Monastery, Melk.*



of the party to give an idea of what the Danube offers to the botanist as well as canoeist:

"Below Weltenburg there are pinks and other rock flowers, . . . and at Kelheim, climbing to the Befreiung's Halle, I found a herbaceous clematis with flowers like flammula, or erecta, and with glaucous leaves. The river banks are mostly devoid of flowers, but on a shingly beach below Regensburg, where we camped, I noticed a yellow sedum and a dwarf phlox, not in flower. Lower down, when getting near the hills, there were large patches of pink coronilla and a pale yellow mullein, also willow-herb and a white cruciferous plant. In the woods behind our camp, opposite Rannariedl, I noticed pyrola, hepatica, lady-fern, and oak and beech fern, *Spiraea aruncus*, Solomon's-seal, lactuca, and a fine campanula. In the meadow where we camped above Vilshofen were herbaceous clematis and lychnis with drooping white flowers and a berry-like seed-pod, *Anthericum ramosum* and loosestrife.

"The high woody hills below Passau are almost entirely covered with beech and pine,

but round the houses near the river are walnuts, plums, cherry, and other trees. On the rocks grows a genista with slender twigs and a spike of yellow blossoms, and there are patches of evening-primroses in the more open places. Though vines, hops, and other tender crops grow well, the flora has quite a subalpine character, and the houses are often like Swiss chalets.

"By our camp at the mouth of the Traun (July 6th) I noticed purple and yellow loosestrife, meadowsweet, meadow-rue, white convolvulus, and the same flowers generally that grow by English rivers. Sea-buckthorn grew among the willows. By wood opposite Grein saw cyclamen, pyrola, hepatica, and various ferns, and monk's-hood just below."

After leaving Melk we camped for the night beneath the ruins of the castle where Richard the Lion-hearted was held a prisoner, where the faithful minstrel sang under his dungeon window—a ruin whose every stone is dear to us and all Anglo-Saxons. We had reached Dürrenstein Castle.





## FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

### III.



HE harmonizing mists of early morning silvered the tawny sur-

face of the Danube, and softened the jagged outlines of Dürrenstein, on the crowning pinnacle of the rocky spur which thrusts its shoulder boldly out from the wooded flanks of higher summits behind, and stands sentinel over the little village at its base, and the sunny hill-side vineyard and valley beyond. Our camp, in a little glade by a backwater nearly opposite the ruin, was so peaceful and quiet that something of the repose of the place crept over our restless spirits, and, for the first time since we began to coquet with the nervous currents of the whirling stream, we felt a keen desire to pause in our onward rush, an ambition to extend our horizon, to climb above the river-bank, to explore the gorges that fascinated us with their mysterious gloom, to linger yet awhile in the great defile where every peak bears the ruins of a noble castle, and every hamlet has a history crowded with tales of minstrelsy and chivalry, and enriched by familiar legends and interesting traditions. Our eyes, keen to observe vigorous outlines of mountain forms, had discovered in this defile the most impressive landscapes the river had yet unfolded before us, and it was with a sense of proper dramatic climax that we found that Dürrenstein—the very name of which set free a flood of childish memories of Cœur de Lion, of Blondel, of ladies fair and chivalrous knights, of robbery and ransom—was the very outpost of the chain of ruins which had serrated the sky line through the whole defile, and looked down upon the gem of all the river reaches. I may as well confess that my idea of the geographical situation of the

castle had hitherto been in the region of hazy uncertainty, if not actually in the humiliating penumbra of utter ignorance. Its position, then, had the added charms of surprise and novelty.

The towers and arches, high on the bare summit of the rock; the half-ruined walls, skirting each projecting spur, and straggling away down the steep rough declivity, embracing with diverging ramparts and frequent projecting towers the little town on the ledge by the river below, with its castle, its Gothic church edifice, disfigured by utilitarian restoration, and defiled by stores of grain, and confining within the mediæval limits the quaint and crowded jumble of shops and dwellings—the charm of this unique situation, and the vivid memory of the traditions connected with the spot, were stronger even than the wily arguments of the beautiful effects on the river, and the fascinations of the exhilarating, throbbing current that, in spite of paddle, almost swept us past the landing we had chosen. But we conquered both the water and the impulse bred of its restless power, and clambered, broad-chested and full of pride at our victory, up a narrow cañon, with dark frowning rocks overhead, shale and shingle underfoot, and the refreshing, half-forgotten odors of pine and warm dry earth in our nostrils. Some distance up the gorge a steep slippery grass slope extends upward between two rough pine-clad crests to a little depression in the ridge behind the ruin, and to the lower gate of the castle itself. Multicolored butterflies hovered in the sunlight, the grass and rock crevices were gay with flowers, and our botanist gathered, as we went, wild pinks, columbine, and anemone, and panted out to our eager ears the Latin names of scores of mountain plants. Our steps, retarded by these botanical delights, not to say delayed by the unaccustomed exercise, and our lungs expanding with a vigor unknown in the lazy life in the canoes, we were long in reaching the first point from which we could look down upon the wonderful panorama of mountain and river, valley and scattered towns. Our world had indeed been too narrow, our horizon





DÜRRENSTEIN.

much too low. The giantess of a river from whose tyranny we had just escaped lay like a shining narrow lake below us, its beautiful curves contrasting with the harsh lines of the mountains, which met in an apparently impenetrable wall beyond. From the height at which we stood we could not see its eddies nor hear the hiss of its rapid flow. We were for the moment quite beyond the power of its spell.

The castle ruin bears so many traces of the destruction of successive sieges and consequent restorations that as it now stands it makes an architectural and archæological puzzle which we felt quite

unable to struggle with. In general plan it is not unlike other mediæval strongholds, with yard and keep, watch-towers and gates, banquet-hall and chapel, and with extensive outworks intended to protect the little town of Dürrenstein, at once its weakness and its strength. Utterly neglected by the owner, whoever he may be, the perfection of its masonry and the wonderful quality of the mortar have alone prevented it from becoming long since an ugly mass of worthless rubbish. Most of the later constructions have, indeed, fallen down, or have served so long as convenient quarries that they have almost disappeared. We did not find with-

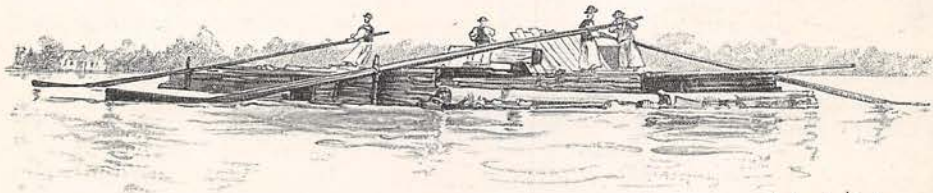


out some difficulty the traces of the grand old stairway that led from the lower enclosure on the town side up into the pile of buildings at the top and the older part of the castle. Scrambling up a moraine of small stones and mortar, an unsightly avalanche, where the noble flight of steps once mounted the ledge, we came to an irregular open space, now roofless, but with doorways almost perfect and well-preserved window penetrations. From this passages lead into towers on the edge of the precipice, and into a small vaulted chapel, where rows of Byzantine saints cover the walls with dim visions of red and yellow, their halos now but circlets of rough holes where jewels were once embedded in the mortar, and their rigid countenances disfigured by the weathering of centuries of storms and frosts that have fought nature's battle on this bleak and dizzy crag. The northern wall of the open space just alluded to is a solid ledge of rock hewn square and true, and in this wall is an opening like a doorway, but bearing no traces of hinges or of any other contrivance to close it, which leads into a spacious room cut out of the hard stone. If this was the place where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined, not only could no minstrel song ever have reached his ears, but no sound of the world outside the castle less startling than the crash of thunder ever have broken the hateful quiet of this rock dungeon. The summit of the ledge is reached by a narrow stairway, casually twisting and turning as the inequalities of the surface dictated to the builder, and bears traces of a much-worn passageway of huge floor beams. This was once enclosed by walls of great height and exceptional solidity. From the ordinary indications of construction it is proper to assume that here was the original structure, enlarged and altered a good deal since the twelfth century, but still preserving much of its old shape. Portions

of huge towers and jagged edges of apartment walls, where immense pieces were blown out and down into the chasm below when the Swedes destroyed this stronghold in the Thirty Years' War, now alone remain to give a meagre idea of its grandeur and unique strength. Unapproachable except across the narrow depressed ridge behind the summit, and this entrance defended by overhanging towers and a series of walls, it withstood many sieges, and no doubt harbored many a robber baron whose descendants now enjoy the titles and wealth which throw a dazzling glamour over the methods of their acquisition.

For a long time we enjoyed to the full the view up the defile and down the broad valley where the river, spreading out into a net-work of small streams, disappears in a screen of wooded islands. Away to the southeast the great Benedictine monastery of Göttweig shows an imposing mass of white on the rounded hills that bound the Tullnfeld, and stretch off to mingle their summits with the broad dark patch of the Wienerwald in the extreme distance. Far beyond the low islands lies the little town of Tulln, the Comagenæ of the Romans, later famous in the *Nibelungen-Lied*, and the point where the great army assembled in 1683 to deliver Vienna from the hands of the hated Turk. Dotted along the hill-sides and in the broad valley on the left bank of the river stand Stein and Krems and Wagram.

The insidious influence of the guide-book stole upon us unawares as we began to ponder over the history of the region within the range of our uninterrupted vision. Our imaginations, stimulated now by the mention of these names, wandered from the realities of the Napoleonic campaigns, through the dim traditions of crusading days, back to the times when the Roman fleets crowded the narrow channels at the busy stations on the river-bank. The germ of latent restlessness



LUMBER RAFT.

F. S. Muller





PEASANT WAGON, HAINBURG.

thus grew like a noxious fungus in our minds; contentment and peace vanished like a faint odor. This history was but stale, and the study of it unprofitable. Myths and legends were like poetry and music, to be taken only when the spirit yearns for them. Reality is now before us; teeming modern life awaits us beyond those distant hills. A new nervousness and a new ambition of progress are upon us—new because there opened to our mental vision, at the mention of Islam, broad and fascinating vistas of the Orient, of strange lands and stranger peoples, of types new to our pencils, of colors to tempt the strongest tints on our palettes.

Vienna, hidden from us by the dark mass of the Wienerwald, is, for us at least, the last station before that mysterious East toward which the resistless current rushes below us, and whither our impatient canoes shall carry us through bewitching plains of Hungary, wild Carpathian gorges, and savage regions of Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Russia, to the shores of the Black Sea. What a force the very mention of these names has upon us, and how we chafe at a moment's delay! Castles and churches will keep, but what of that great mysterious land beyond those distant hills? Railroads have scarred the fertile plains, and have made the remote valleys and mountain gorges hideous with iron and raw stone. Customs have changed and costumes have disappeared. Even the Turk, so long the master of the lower Danube, has now sullenly withdrawn to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. We must get on, for in our impatience it seems as if these changes are but the work of a

day, not of a generation, and unless we hasten we shall be too late.

Many and many a time had we roundly cursed the canalization of the river which gave us for a water line only the dull angle of a stone dike. But after leaving the village of Dürrenstein, which, at the last moment, we found, to our surprise, to be a favorite resort of Viennese artists, and after a brief pause for luncheon at Stein, with its obnoxious river improvements, we found our-

selves very glad to follow the stone dikes through the maze of channels, and later in the day to utilize the stone-work in a way we had never anticipated. We were swept along by a current so rapid that our pace permitted no hesitation in the choice of route among the monotonous willow islands. Through openings in the trees along the bank we occasionally saw pleasant villas and clusters of houses reflected in the glassy lagoons, and here and there a sportsman in search of wild-fowl paddled along behind the dike. Sudden wind and rain squalls swept across the river in the late afternoon, rudely interrupting our sentimental meditations, and approaching darkness forced us at last to land. Under the friendly lee of bushes growing in the crevices of the masonry embankment we at last succeeded in checking our too willing canoes, and drew them up reluctantly, and only after it was evident that we had to choose between the ragged platform of the dike and the sodden swamps which extended for miles away from the main stream. It must be understood, by-the-way, that the embankments follow the large curves of the main channel, not forming a continuous dike like that along a canal or a polder, but leaving here and there an opening where the stiller water from the artificial lagoons joins the flowing stream. In these side branches or lagoons the water is frequently clear and pellucid, and in them, indeed, we found the first and only "blue Danube" we had seen from the start. Our visions of the sunny East had been forgotten in the struggle with the violent squalls and at the prospect of a night on the water, and as we hauled the canoes up



on the firm stone-work of the dike and explored the snail-infested morass behind it, we accepted the unæsthetic situation on the well-drained platform, and were even grateful to the engineers who had spoiled the river for sketching, but had improved it, at this point at least, for camping purposes. In the alder swamp behind our camp a great gushing spring of clean Danube water, filtering through the dike, abundantly supplied this the most desirable luxury of a bivouac. There is more than one compensation, we thought, for the annoying desecration of this beautiful scenery.

With the brilliant sunshine and drying air of the next morning returned the eager anticipations of the day before. The river was full of life. Great flat-boats and rafts, which we recognized as old friends of the river Traun, drifted past us as we prepared to start. The raftsmen laboring at the great sweeps gave us the morning greetings with a true ring of hearty and honest good-will, and shouted "Auf baldiges Wiedersehen" as they swung along down the reach. We had long since learned that the old adage that the race is not always to the swift might be as well illustrated by the active canoe and the cumbersome raft as by the hare and the tortoise, and we knew that while we were giving our boats their morning toilet the rafts would be surging along at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and would reach their destination near Vienna long before we should.

Tulln, seldom considered worthy a visit, has more than one relic which repays careful examination and study. Adjoining the much-restored church stands a small decagonal Byzantine baptistery, with circular interior not over twenty feet in diameter. An Early Gothic doorway grafted on the original edifice, and a complete restoration of the whole as late as 1873, have not essentially altered its general appearance, for the naïve irregularity of its plan, the noble proportion of its sides, and the purity of its characteristic ornamentation survive all the eccentricities of ancient as well as modern tinkering. The great church has been distorted by successive additions and rebuildings during several centuries, and little remains of its original Byzantine dignity. As for the little dull town itself, the name, familiar to us in poetry as well as in the recorded events of his-

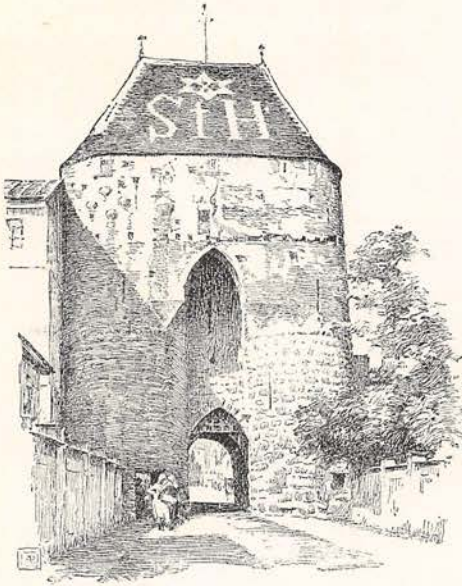
tory, is the chief proof to the casual traveller that it is one of the oldest, and was for a long time one of the most important, towns on the Danube. Many of the houses are probably built out of material quarried from the ancient palaces and fine old mediæval churches which, ruined in the severe sieges and conflagrations, had yielded up the treasures of stone and marble which the wanton destruction of



A LITTLE GIRL OF HAINBURG.

Roman temples had contributed to their erection. Little of the spirit of that ancient architecture has survived the change and destruction, for all modern Tulln is as plain and meagre of invention as stone and mortar can make it. Of all the great Roman buildings which once stood here, a single broken altar, moss-grown and neglected, in the shadow of the baptistery, remains as a monument to the early splendor of this provincial town. By what chance it escaped the stone-cutter's hammer no one can tell. Perhaps the delicate lines of its mouldings and the grace of its shattered figures may have secured it a place among the paraphernalia of the Byzantine church, and thus it had lost its identity as a relic of heathen worship. Would that the mute eloquence of its pathetic beauty had the voice of a brazen trumpet to denounce the modern





THE WIENERTHOR, HAINBURG.

restorer, whose touch is death to the charms of all art!

The commonplace aspect of the river-front let us down gently to the ugliness of the railway bridge, which stretches its rigid arm across the fine reach of the river just below Tulln, and screens with its hideous framework the beauties of the landscape below. The up-river navigation became hideously mechanical as well. Puffing, crawling, wheelless steamers groaned and clanked as they pulled their ugly black hulks against the current by a long chain lying in the bed of the stream. Huge iron barges, the most helpless of monsters without the partnership of a tug, added their shapeless masses to the procession of mechanical freaks that indicated the proximity of a large manufacturing city. Distracted by these new dangers to our navigation, and by the vigorous opposition of a strong head wind, we had scarcely time to notice the great vine-clad hill which crowds the river on the right bank, and shelters under its towering declivity the extensive Augustinian Abbey of Klosterneuberg, before we found ourselves slipping along a high stone-faced quay, and saw in the smoky distance the great rotunda on the Prater in Vienna, and the straight lines of the numerous railway bridges there.

In the little village of Kahlenbergerdorf our waterman instincts led us to an humble inn, where we found all our raftsmen acquaintances assembled for their mid-day meal, and for a final friendly glass before returning up river to start again on another downward voyage. We needed not to know their names; they did not even ask us ours, nor desire to learn about our customary occupation; the masonic bonds of kindred experiences and similar trials and dangers of the long journey made us friends without further introduction. They were old water-rats, they said, and though we could claim to be but the tiniest mice of aquatic tastes, our parting with them in the flickering shadows of the garden, surrounded by brigades of beer-glasses, was tinged with a genuine regret that we should no longer hear their cheery voices of a morning, nor see their honest faces again.

The inexhaustible hospitality of the Lia Rowing Club of Vienna, where our canoes found shelter and healing varnish for their wounds, would never tire our muse were we to start the song agoing. This hospitality, not only general, but particular and special, so gilded our stay in the city that the bitterness of parting from Danube and canoes gave but a flavor to the joys of congenial society. One perfect summer morning we saw the last of the Lia Club as we shot the railway bridge and cast a hasty glance past the belling mizzen of the bounding canoe. No less absorbing feeling than the glorious sense of freedom and irresponsibility as we found ourselves again on the river would have excused to our consciences the joy we felt at leaving Vienna. But the memory of its kindness and courtesy has survived all ephemeral sentiments.

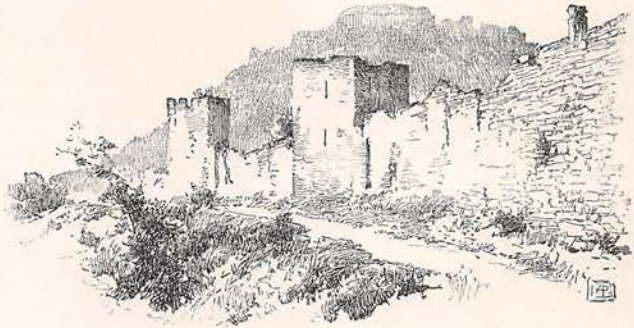
After a short half-day's paddle down a tossing current, past scores of floating mills, and along miles of stone embankments, we came to the point where the hills again close in from both sides and form a wall along the eastern horizon. Though less imposing than some other mountain ranges we had passed, and, indeed, very narrow where it touches the river, this is the barrier where for many centuries constant and successful resistance has been kept up against the advance of the Mohammedans. Here for a long time was the extreme eastern bulwark of Christendom, the advance outposts of the West; and here, after countless campaigns,



the hereditary enemy suffered the crushing defeats which, a little over a century and a half ago, marked the beginning of the decline of his power in Europe. This gateway to the great Carpathian plain, and the political as well as geographical frontier of Hungary, is as perfect a natural rampart as could be imagined. At the very river's edge rise, on either bank, high isolated hills, covered now with masses of ruins, but formerly part of a complete system of fortifications perfectly commanding the river from both sides. These fortifications enclosed, as the ruins now plainly show, the little town of Hainburg, on the right bank, and Theben, a few miles below on the other side of the river, the highest Danube town in the Hungarian kingdom.

The sentimental spirit generated in us on the occasion of the happy visit to Dürrenstein, though veiled a little by the distractions of Vienna, was now stimulated afresh as we landed in Hainburg. We had accidentally chosen it as a place for a few days' quiet work, and found that we had stumbled unawares into a little walled town full of archæological and historical interest. Through an ancient arched gateway near the railway station, Blutgasse (blood lane) winds steeply up between crowded white-washed houses to a broad open square, where a large church with intricately ugly copper-covered spire throws a shadow over rows of peasant women squatting on the pavement beside their baskets of market stuff, their blue dresses and bright kerchiefs adding an agreeable note of color to the blond tones of the surrounding architecture. Blutgasse! No stretch of the imagination is required to picture the carnage when the Turks, hunting the inoffensive citizens through the streets with fanatical ferocity, left only one alive to tell the tale. This narrow lane, offering a possible escape to the river, was piled high with headless corpses, and the blood ran in streams under the oaken gate into the turbid river, which washed the foundations of the town walls. Tradition says that the one survivor was a woman, who

hid herself, with a small store of provisions, in a disused chimney, where for three days she listened to the horrid sounds of the massacre. During the long centuries while history is silent this little town, with the neighboring region, has been the theatre of many another thrilling and dramatic episode now only faintly echoing in the murmur of tradition. On the whole length of this great water highway there has been no busier spot than this from the time when the goaded slaves first towed the ponderous Roman galleys against the rushing stream up to its docks until its complete destruction in the struggle against the Turks. Indeed, the whole neighboring country bears



THE TOWN WALL, HAINBURG.

abundant witness to the importance of this point. Extensive Roman remains are scattered all over the fertile plateau a short distance above Hainburg, near the village of Deutsch-Altenburg and Petronell, where Carnuntum once stood. Military engineers, since the earliest mediæval days, have burned the shattered marbles for lime, and have built into hastily constructed defences tiles and mouldings, capitals and cornices; and in times of peace the local masons, with more deliberation and less excuse, have completed the work of destruction. Recent archæological explorations have uncovered the ruins of an amphitheatre, of villas and baths, and latterly a commendable local interest has been taken in these relics, a proof of which is the popularity of the little museum where are stored a multitude of objects of Roman origin. The farmers now point with pride to the crumbling ruins of the great triumphal arch, which they but recently considered an unsightly



excrescence on the fair surface of a broad wheat field, and speak of Carnuntum as familiarly as if its glories were but of recent date.

Nearer Hainburg the hill-sides are scored with grassy mounds of ancient earthworks, and on the high isolated peak behind the town the extensive ruin of a mediæval castle is a landmark visible for many miles both up and down the river. Immense government tobacco factories and a school for military cadets have somewhat disturbed the mediæval aspect of the streets, and a railway has ruthlessly cut through the walls, and now trains crunch and rumble high up on a row of ugly arches that disfigure the quay. The old side walls, with frequent towers of irregular shape and at various angles, converge from the water-front, and, narrowing the town limits as they go, join by a solid cross wall at the foot of the hill, and then clamber up the precipitous rugged declivity to the angles of the great châteaueau which covers every yard of the summit. The hill itself is gay with numberless varieties of wild flowers and shrubs—a botanist's paradise. From Alfred Par-

sons's sketch-book I steal the following notes of the flora of this region:

"The Schlossberg behind the town of Hainburg is very rich in plants—one large rock garden. On it grow several kinds of sedum and campanula, dwarf iris, coronilla, genista, two species of dianthus (one of which has white fringed petals and a very strong scent), a yellow and a pink allium, wall-rue, thalictrum, and many other plants and shrubs. In the woods around the town are pyrola, hepatica, Turk's-cap lily, and there I also noticed a very handsome leaf of an umbelliferous plant. The bladder-nut is a common shrub, and on the borders of the woods grows a melampyrum with yellow flowers which turn orange when older, and have a tuft of bright mauve leaves above them. Masses of this, with the slender white spikes of the small St. Bruno's lily (*Anthericum liliastrum*) growing up through it, had a very beautiful effect. In the corn fields grow poppies and daisy-like flowers, also a beautiful annual larkspur with purple and blue flowers, and a pale bluish-white nigella. On the stony slopes at Theben I first saw an everlasting flower with pinkish-mauve blossoms, which grows abundantly east of this point. The commonest flowers on the sandy patches near the river are the yellow snapdragon (butter and eggs), pink onion, and a pale green eryn-



A FAMILY WASH.





HUNDSHEIM.

gium, very prickly. In the meadow at the mouth of the Raab I saw *Eryngium amethystum*, and a herbaceous clematis, drooping flowers with blue petals and a yellow centre."

From the ruined walls, high above the quiet town and the glittering expanse of the river, threading its intricate way through the flat and fertile plain, from the shadowy heights rising above the smoke of Vienna, we could look far beyond the castle-crowned rocks of Theben and the great hill of Pressburg, over the rich plain of Hungary checkered with growing crops, stretching away to a mysterious horizon distant as the sky itself. The wooded hills of the boundary range tempted us with their shady paths and wealth of wild flowers, and we found new beauties at every turn, new delights in every glimpse of the fertile valleys, where whitewashed villages shimmered in the sunlight among the yellow fields of ripening corn. On rare occasions we met Hungarian peasant men with queer huzzar jackets and breeches, round hats with

cockade of badger hair, and wonderfully high-heeled boots, and sturdy peasant women with stiff outstanding short skirts, and high riding-boots like the men—skirmishers of the host of novel types and costumes the Danube had in store for us. Steep and narrow footways lead over the hills three miles or so to the nearest village of Hundsheim, which, quite off the highway, and therefore as yet unspoiled by the Gothic of the villa architect, is so perfect a specimen of a rural hamlet, practically unchanged since mediæval times, that we often made it the goal of our evening expeditions. Here, as in all the neighboring villages, it has been the custom, dating from the early days of conflict with the Turk, to build the houses each like a tiny castle, with court-yard and arched gateway, with few and often no windows on the street, and solid high walls on all sides. At Hundsheim two parallel irregular streets straggle down opposite sides of a stony stream which serves as a public washing-place, and





GOSSIPS, HUNDSHEIM.

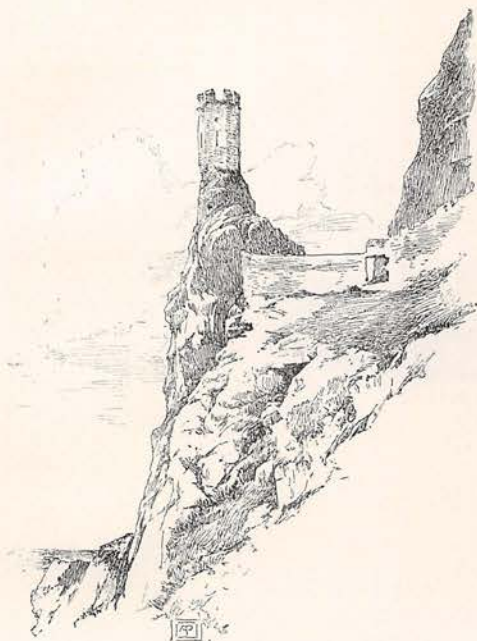
F. D. Millet

furnishes abundant water for all purposes. Each house is like its neighbor in main lines, differing only in unimportant details. All are whitewashed with scrupulous care, and although the streets are little more than rough gullies, there is a refreshing air of prosperity about the place. The inhabitants cultivate the rich fields for miles around the village, pasture their countless sheep and cattle on the adjacent mountain-sides, and at night gather live-stock and farm wagons into the enclosure of each tiny castle and retire behind its ponderous gates as if the Turk were still a threatening enemy.

One bright morning—the 27th of July, to be accurate—a crowd of new-made friends assembled to see us pack the canoes and launch them in the eddying stream. The hospitable miller, who had housed the delicate craft for us in an empty shed, had not kept secret the hour of our departure, and there were hundreds watching us as we hoisted sail to cross the frontier with speed and in sporting style. A short half-hour, past bold cliffs and picturesque ruins on one

side and a wooded bank on the other, brought us to the muddy March, pouring a sluggish coffee-colored flood into the yellow Danube. In another moment we landed in Hungary, under the overhanging ruins of the great castle of Theben, which, with its fellow at Hainburg, guarded the entrance to the wealthy kingdoms along the great water highway. In the little whitewashed town, crowded into a narrow valley behind the castle, the musical accent of the Magyar tongue confirmed to our ears what our eyes had readily discovered—the presence of another type of face, of figure, and of character. The aspect of the village, too, was new to us, and suggested a warmer sun, longer summer, and habitual out-of-door life. There are little gardens filled with bright flowers, tiny court-yards, with tables and benches shaded by trellises of grape-vines and gourds. We met a cheery hospitality at the rude inn, where Maria, the shy beauty of the village, soon forgot her coyness in her delight at our enjoyment of the spicy viands new to our palates. In kerchief and short petticoat, she had no rival between the ruins of Petronell and the château of Pressburg: but when she hesitatingly yielded to our importunities for a sitting, and appeared, after a brief absence, in black silk frock, booted and gloved, and with parasol in hand, our pencils were too loyal to her peasant charms to attempt the caricature. No visitors of our nationalities had left any impressions on the minds of the simple folk here, but the mention of England and America was, as it always is in Hungary, our best introduction. The active sympathies of these two countries with the people struggling for freedom in '48 are





THE WATCH-TOWER, THEBEN.

still gratefully remembered by the whole nation, and the traditions of that sympathy are handed down loyally to the rising generation. At the post-office, where we went to buy our first Hungarian stamp, the gossiping old postmaster and his wife—characters not unfamiliar in the rural offices in other countries—were so overwhelmed by the extent of our requirements and the number of our letters that the wheels of official machinery refused to work at all. After they had carefully read all the addresses, and had marvelled long at the range of our correspondence, we succeeded in communicating to their dazed senses the fact that we wanted to buy a stock of stamps of various denominations.

“What! so much money for stamps? Impossible!” protested the old man and his echoing wife. “You are already sending away florins’ and florins’ worth on these letters!”

“But we want a stock of stamps to keep for our convenient use,” we urged.

“Yes, yes, you want to use them; but why don’t you buy them as you need them?” was the reply, as he shut the drawer under his elbow, apparently loath to part with any of its precious contents.

Arguments were useless, and we gave

up the notion of securing a variety, and tempered our demand to a humble request for a few ten-kreutzer stamps for foreign postage.

“Ah, no!” he said. “I can’t let you have any ten-kreutzer stamps, for the sheets haven’t been broken into yet, and it is near the end of the month, when I make up my books, and I can’t have my accounts confused by selling ten-kreutzer stamps to any one.”

We compromised on a double number of five-kreutzer stamps, the ones in use for local postage, and ornamented our envelopes with effigies of Franz Josef until they looked like the walls of a chromo-dealer’s shop.

Sturdy girls, returning from market with veritable Eiffel towers of empty tubs on their backs, strode up the steep banks from the landing as we fled from the enervating luxuries of the inn and hastened to paddle toward the busy little



PEASANT GIRL, THEBEN.

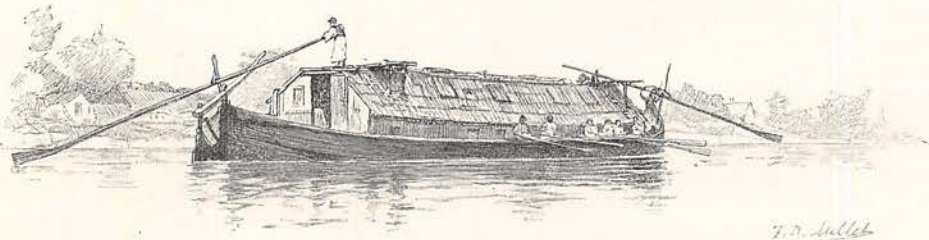




A HUNGARIAN FERRY.

town of Pressburg, boasting a new railway bridge, as ugly a château as man has ever devised, and as pleasant parks and gardens as ever soldier and nursery-maid chose for their public flirtations. It claims as its chief historical distinction the honor of having crowned within its walls the Hungarian kings since the dynasty was founded. It is a gay little place, with tastefully decorated shop windows, and signs everywhere in the Hungarian language. In a brief two hours' paddle we had passed beyond the limit

tended. The canalization of the river, which practically comes to an end in this territory, makes the channel quite plain, and diverts the flow of water from the tortuous branches where the villages cluster on the muddy banks. On the first day after leaving Pressburg the active arguments of hunger persuaded us to explore one of these lagoons in search of an inn, and after a while we came upon a straggling collection of low shingled houses gathered into the semblance of a village by low fences of wattled willow. With a microscopic vocabulary of Hungarian words we succeeded in getting food to satisfy our colossal appetites, and in holding the friendliest relations with the bronzed peasants, who were fast courting oblivion through the medium of strong wine in the Italian-like hostelry. Here we first made acquaintance with Hungarian dust and Danube mud, an intimacy which ripened as we went on,



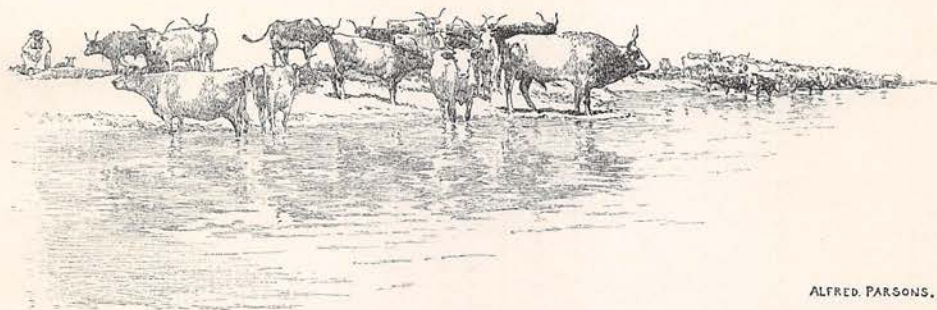
AN ARK-BOAT.

of a distorted dialect of German, and now heard only the soft music of the Magyar speech. No phase of our journeying was more interesting than the experience with this abrupt philological frontier.

Below Pressburg the Danube branches into three sinuous arms, cutting the great low plain into two long irregular islands, little better than swamps for the most part, at least as far as our horizon ex-

until at last no adjectives would fitly apply to the one or describe the disgusting characteristics of the other. The willow, too, in this first great flat stretch forced itself on our notice, and began to aggravate us with its monotony, turning an otherwise agreeable landscape into a series of object-lessons in simple perspective. But even the willow came to an end here after a while, and for an agree-





ALFRED. PARSONS.

## HUNGARIAN CATTLE.

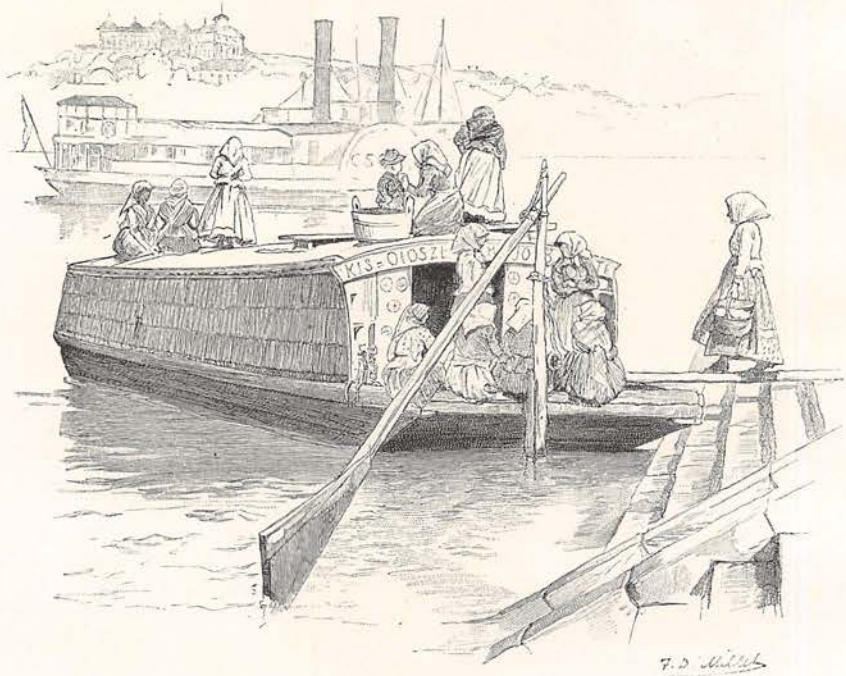
able change we welcomed an open country, with broken mud banks, where we heard the plaintive music of shepherds' pipes, saw stalwart swineherds against the sky, and startled, as we drifted past, great droves of wild-looking cattle cooling themselves in the shallows. The river Raab sneaks into the Danube in the guise of a lesser side lagoon, and but for our delightful flower-carpeted camp in sight of the group of barges at its mouth and within the sound of the tattoo of many mills, we should scarcely remember it as a feature of our trip. A brief pause at Komorn, regular and uninteresting architecturally as most Hungarian towns are, did not increase our desire for exploration, and we voted, since our time was limited, to land in the future only at places which, smaller and less Germanized by the commerce of the river, would probably be more characteristic and picturesque. But the great cathedral of Gran—Esztergom is the sonorous Hungarian name—rising above the ruins of a great brick fortress on a prominent height among vineyard slopes, made us accept a speedy amendment to this resolution, and under the lee of its bridge of boats we drew up alongside of one of the great arks which recall the naval architecture of the pre-deluge period. We sampled the characteristic cookery of its famous restaurant, and passed an hour or two of wild excitement over the wonderful colors in the market-place, where shoulder-high heaps of scarlet paprika (big sweet peppers) set the key for a combination of rich and varied tones that would have exhausted the palette of an old Venetian painter; and when at last an inviting breeze rippled the water, we forced ourselves away and sailed down the beauti-

ful reaches among grand hills, our eyes still full of the kaleidoscopic sparkle of enchanting Esztergom.

Our frisky boats lost the breeze in the narrow, crooked defile below, and we settled ourselves to a quiet drift under the great ruins of Visegrad, where villas, bath-houses, and a level road, gay with ladies and children, marked the little village as the first sybaritic outpost of Buda-Pesth. Preoccupied with the beauties of the scenery, we did not at first notice the frantic waving of the union-jack in the hands of some one on the shore, but we soon turned our bows in the direction of this unmistakable invitation to land, and were welcomed on shore by an English gentleman, a summer resident there, who explained that, having read of our trip in a Vienna newspaper, he and his family had been on the watch for us for many days. Such hearty hospitality as he offered us could not be refused, although it was the Delilah to our Samson strength of purpose, and we went ashore, explored the castle and the deep pit where the crown of Hungary was once concealed, rambled with the cheerful party through delightful groves, and when at last the waning light of evening warned us to seek a camp, we hardened our hearts to all the fascinations of the people and the place, and, full of wonder, gratitude, and joy at this our first invitation into the frank and sympathetic society which is one of the greatest and most unique charms of life in Hungary, we waved last adieu to the young ladies who accompanied us a short distance in a wherry, and paddled out into the glowing twilight.

The frequent villas that dot the shores below Visegrad we now looked upon through glasses of different color. Only





COUNTRY MARKET BOAT, BUDA-PESTH.

twenty-four hours before we would have named them landscape-spoilers, and would have turned our faces from them as we passed. But we had caught the infection of the happy land; the microbe which, once in possession, never leaves the willing victim, had begun to attack us, one and all, and we saw possible friends in every pretty garden and in every luxurious pleasure-boat. At this moment less than ever did a great city have any attraction for us, and we wildly planned to cut Buda-Pesth altogether, and continue our joyful cruise down into the great wild region beyond, where the river life is active and varied, and where our days should be a succession of pleasant experiences and surprises—where, indeed, we might learn to know, with an intimacy that only such a free life makes possible, the people in their unaffected simple existence.

Just above Waitzen, a good-sized town with prison and manufactories and busy quay, with barges and peasant market boats, the river bends gracefully around to the south, divides past a long flat island covered with fertile farms, and then loses itself in the distance where

the grand old fortress on the heights of Blocksberg overhangs the suburb of Ofen (Buda in Hungarian) on the right bank and looks down upon the imposing façades of Pesth on the opposite shore. An accident, happy in its result, but threatening for a moment a painful disaster, made a pause at Buda-Pesth a necessity. Sudden summer thunder-storms swept over the river from the cloud-compelling summits in the west, and then cleared away with a strong wind, which, blowing across the current, soon stirred up what the ocean pilots would call a "nubby" sea. The temptation to hoist sail and triumphantly dash past the populous water-front of the great city was not long to be resisted, and soon the sparkling river was enlivened by three pairs of snow-white sails. Open-mouthed millers stared at us as we swept past their groaning floats, throwing up spray like so many yachts. Suddenly a polished rudder gleamed in the air, following the total eclipse of one of the canoes, crew and all. A multitude of objects tossed on the waves and bobbed away down stream, while the humiliated canoeist



came up, shining like a seal, and righted his water-logged craft. A landing was made, not without difficulty, more soaked and ruined articles were recovered than it would have been thought possible to stow under the mahogany hatches, and we were glad to seek refuge, after the

could have passed inspection with credit. But the unexpected event of a capsize forced us to swallow our pride, and we accordingly bundled the wet things on to the float, and stowed the canoes away among the slender racing craft in the boat-house. Not only had the accident

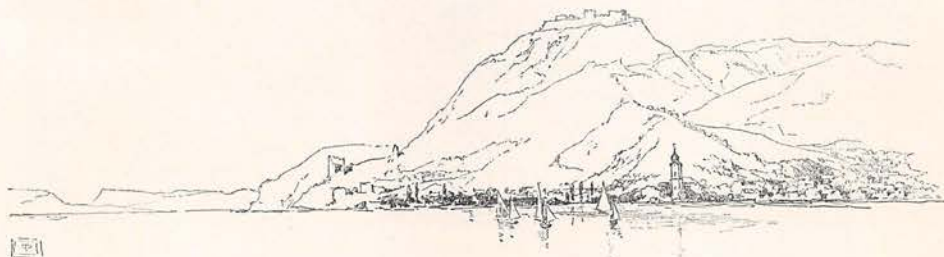


GRAN (ESZTERGOM).

canoe was bailed out, in the hospitable boat-house of the Neptune Rowing Club, a mile or two below the scene of the accident, among the pleasant groves of the Margarethen-Insel (Margitsziget).

We had often remarked that in our independent way of travelling constant variety was the rule, and monotony of incident never possible. If we could have had the choice, we certainly would not have introduced ourselves to the rowing men of the Neptune Club until our fleet

taken the bloom off our self-confidence, but it had upset many pet theories which had from the start been quite undisputed. Our blind faith in the value of India-rubber as a water-proof material had hitherto not been disturbed, but on this the occasion of the first real test elaborate rubber boat bags and air-tight hatches only seemed to aggravate the disaster; for all these contrivances seemed not only to actually suck the water in, but to hold it perfectly when it was inside. We



VISEGRAD.





SWINEHERD.



hereafter limited our belief in water-proof receptacles to the ordinary well-corked glass bottle of commerce in which we kept our matches.

What a medley of gypsy music, song, and *csárdás*, of beautiful women and cheery, sympathetic men, of abundant hospitality and general good-fellowship, Buda-Pesth now remains to us in our memory! It wellnigh proved our Capua, for, being only human, we could but yield to the enchantment. Who shall adequately describe the fascination of the native gypsy music, with its throbbing, wailing strains and its intoxicating rhythm? What writer's pen or artist's pencil shall picture the *csárdás*, with its Oriental action and its exhilarating intensity? It would be easier to convey by words or by lines the

sense of a strange perfume than to analyze and explain the charms of the music or the attractions of the dance. Prosaically described, the *csárdás* is a dance for one or for any number of couples. The partners face one another, the lady resting her hands on the gentleman's shoulders, who, in his turn, places his hands on her waist. A long-cherished admiration for the dance forbids me to attempt to give any notion of the step or of the vibrating action of the body, truly interpreting in motion the spirit of the music, which, with sweet insinuating melodies, wild and ever wilder bursts of mad chords, lends the contagion of its tireless vigor to the dancers, and sways them like reeds by the power of its savage harmonies.

## AN INDIAN FAIR IN THE MEXICAN HOT COUNTRY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

TRAVELLERS in the fascinating land to the south of our own may find there an institution that carries the thoughts far back into the past of the New World and the Old, and far out into the wide present. It is an institution joined with the beginnings of commerce, and probably thereby with the beginnings of civilization. One need not forsake his path to seek it, for it is an institution that is universal in that country. There is probably no time of year when it may not be seen in some one place or another. But to behold it in primitive shape that tells visibly the story of its vast dispersion in time and space, to witness the quaint customs and strange usages that characterize it, one must depart, as did the writer, from the beaten tracks of travel, and journey into some region where the spirit of the modern world penetrates but faintly.

Every town in Mexico that pretends to any rank at all has its annual *feria*, its great fair, when for a week it abandons itself to a round of festivities. The Mexican *feria* has a triple aspect, and it rests with the mood of the participator as to whether its phase of religion, of commerce, or of pleasure shall be considered the most important.

The *ferias* of Mexico may be said to occur in regular series, or "circuits," to use a term common in travelling theatri-

cal parlance. From the capital of the republic down to the Pacific coast at Acapulco there is a regular chain of these *ferias*, following each other week after week throughout a large portion of the year. The same companies of circuses, caterers, professional gamblers, "fakirs," etc., pass from one to the other, and thus find steady and usually very lucrative occupation. Beginning at Tacubaya, the fashionable suburb of the city of Mexico, just after Lent, these *ferias* occur successively at Amecameca, the Swiss-like pilgrimage town at the foot of the two great volcanoes; at Cuautla de Morelos, the centre of one of the great sugar-cane regions, and formerly the capital of the state of Morelos; and Tepalcingo, in the same state, the second greatest fair in the country, and the immediate subject of this article. Thence the line of *ferias* proceeds from town to town down to the coast.

These first four in the series may be taken as typical of the various classes of the *feria* in Mexico, for in each a different feature predominates, and gives it distinctive character. At Tacubaya the newcomer in Mexico will find the occasion novel and picturesque, but to one more familiar with the country it will be exceedingly commonplace. It is little more than a great gambling festival, at which crowds from the great city devote the





CURRENT MILLS.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

IV.

THE sun was well down behind the hills before we launched the canoes on the day we left Buda-Pesth. The strains of the *csárdás* still echoed in our ears; our minds were confused by the succession of novel experiences we had enjoyed during the past four days; the river seemed to rush on with a giddier swirl than ever before, and a strong head-wind did its best to discourage our progress. It was not until we had lost sight of the hills near the city, late on the following day, that we realized we were now at length fairly afloat in the heart of the vast open plain which extends to the Carpathians. The corner of this plain which we had crossed below Pressburg had given us a hint of what we might expect in the way of monotonous scenery, but it had disclosed to us little of the charm of the great river which now enchanted us. High bluffs of firm hard earth alternated with stretches of densely wooded low banks and tree-embowered villages, nestled long distances apart, under vineyard-clad slopes, or among fields rich with maize and ripening wheat. The river

began to be the focus of rural activity. Wherever mills were anchored in the strongest currents, the peasants camped on the adjoining banks, with ox-carts full of freshly winnowed corn, awaiting their turn for the grinding. Women vigorously beating clothes with wooden mallets enlivened the scene with their laughter and gossip, and formed fascinating groups, with every combination of rich color. Everywhere were sunshine and laughter and song. Cries of "Eljen!" (hurrah!) and "Hova megy?" (where are you going?) greeted us constantly as we passed, shouting in reply, "Fekéte Dengerig" (to the Black Sea). The cheery vivacity of the people, their unflinching courtesy and agreeable manners, had won our affectionate admiration from the first, and the more we came to know them, the more we found reason to honor our earliest impressions of them.

The tyranny of limited space forbids lengthy description of more than one of the many interesting villages we explored in the first day or two below Buda-Pesth, and Duna Földvár of cheerful memory



may be taken as a type of all. The village itself is, like most Hungarian places, a collection of low houses along broad streets, laid out in rectangular plan, gullied and dusty, and shaded by rows of small acacia-trees. A great barren market square forms the usual prominent feature of the village, and from this arid waste straight wide thoroughfares lead out into the open country behind, and casually end there, like the streets of the great shanty cities in the far West. The architectural examples found in Duna Földvár are not notable; indeed, the inscription over the church door, "Istengondviselésnyujtottdiszújalakotrám," was the only detail in relation to architecture that fixed our attention. A few sleepy market-women sat in the broad shadow of the ugly town-hall, and, except for the constant coming and going of many graceful maidens bearing tubs of Danube water on their heads, there was little or no movement on the streets. All the life of the village concentrated itself under the sandy bluff by the river-side. A procession of barefooted girls continually passed along the shore. Peasants stripped to their waist, with their divided-skirt-like trousers rolled up into the narrowest compass, washed their cattle and wagons in the shallow water, while a busy army of men and women unloaded the barges and carried the heavy freight to the warehouses. At every available point of the crowded river-front washer-women, with their petticoats wet to the waist, stood knee-deep in the

stream, and accompanied their lively chatter with the vigorous tattoo of their active mallets. In the shadow of the houses near the landing great piles of watermelons were the centres of groups of all ages, every individual busy with the luscious, juicy fruit. On all sides we saw flashing rich color, beautiful types, picturesque costumes, graceful action, and the bustle of ceaseless activity. The sparkling river, the brilliant colors glowing in the bright August sun,

and the multitude of figures tempting the pencil fairly dazed us at first, and we could only rush enthusiastically from point to point, finding each new group and each new incident more fascinating than the other.

Hours passed like magic, and the fast-waning afternoon light warned us to be off. We had scarcely shouted the last "good-by" across the shining water when a violent wind arose, drawing with its rushing sound the tinkle of the music in the grove, and changing the placid stream into a turbulent sea of dashing waves. Night settled down with unusual haste, and in the increasing darkness we were tossed and buffeted along, sometimes half swamped, unable to find a landing on the steep high banks, not daring to venture out into the



DUNA FÖLDVÁR WASHER-WOMEN.

raging stream, nor yet to approach too near the shore. The distorting gloom so changed the usual landmarks that we could not distinguish trees from bushes, and could only judge of our distance from the shore by the sound of the angry water beating against the bank. On we went, driven by the wind, which seemed to increase with every fresh gust. Wherever we tried to land, the breaking waves warned us that unless we found a sheltered spot we should pound our ca-



noes to pieces before we got them ashore. The noise of the storm made it difficult for us to hear each other shout, and it was only by constant piping on our shrill whistles that we kept our little fleet together. The situation at last became so serious that we were about to give up all attempt to land, and were on the point of scudding down in mid-stream until the storm should abate, preferring to risk

camp fire from the blast, rigged our tents, and then cooked our supper in comfort. The storm continued the greater part of the night, and we slept to the howling of the wind in the trees and to the dull roar of the Danube billows.

Now, as we advanced, the river rose higher and higher, flooding all the swamps and low-lying woodlands, and spreading out into broad lakes over the meadows.

Once only, in a whole day's paddle, did we find a fishing-station, and this was kept by men from a village fifteen miles inland, who take regular turns in visiting their homes during the long months when fishing is profitable. Their great wigwam had bunks for a dozen men, and miles of nets were drying in the sun. As we had been accustomed to land at a village at least once a day to replenish our larder with fresh meat, vegetables, fruit, and wine, we found our cupboards rather empty after a day or two in the wilderness, and we welcomed the sight of the fishing-camp, for we knew we could procure there an abundance of sterlet, the best fish found in the Danube. Our arrival was a great event in the camp, and, mutually interested in each other's boats and mode of life, we spent

an hour there, and then departed, with a generous supply of sterlet taken from the fish-car which was anchored in the stream, and covered with the stings of mosquitoes, which hovered in a cloud over the whole point.

The steady current and favorable winds did not long permit us to fancy ourselves explorers in an undiscovered country, but carried us easily on, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, out of the swamps and forests to the region of vineyards and dry hills and villages. In a measure, as we went along and the landscape varied, so did the costumes change in character, the types differ, and new peoples hail our fleet with cries in strange languages. Drifting along within a yard or two of the shore, we entered into temporarily intimate relations with the villagers at their customary occupations, and were always welcomed by them with



WATER-CARRIERS, DUNA FÖLDEVÁR.

capsize there rather than to endanger the canoes by further trials at landing on a lee shore. Just as we came to this decision, however, an unusually heavy squall struck us, and at the same moment we heard the unmistakable swash of the water among willow bushes close at hand. We knew then that we should find temporary shelter and shallow water among the willows, for the unusual height of the river had flooded all low places. From the shallow water on a flooded meadow we could manage to land and make our camp; so we pushed boldly on, and passing the yielding barrier, which fortunately was but a rod or two wide, found ourselves in a quiet shelter behind the screen of slender bushes, and at the edge of a grove of large trees with solid turf underneath. By the light of our lanterns we hauled up the canoes, arranged them so as to best shelter our





DUNA FÖLDVÁR.

unobtrusive but hearty familiarity, which filled our days with pleasant little episodes and delightful experiences. The long-populous town of Mohács, with extensive and ugly coal-yards, did not at first tempt us to land, but groups of beautiful children and young girls, who assembled to watch us as we stayed our all too rapid course along the shore at the very doorsteps of the houses, suggested such possibilities there that we had perforce to go ashore and see what the place was like. At our accustomed refuge in all these villages—the public bath-house—we found among the crowd of people gathered at the landing a boy of about a dozen years of age, who, to our great astonishment, addressed us in English, with an unmistakable American accent, and said that his grandfather hoped we would call on him before we went further. A few moments later we were toasting America, England, and Hungary in the purest of Tokay from the original bottles, sealed in the memorable year of '48. Our host, Colonel Fornét, was a fine type of the Hungarian patriot, who, like so many others, had returned to his native country, after years of exile, to end his life among his kin. After the heroic strug-

gle for independence in '48 he fled to the United States, became a naturalized citizen, and, after a year or so, went back to Paris to meet and marry the lady who had been betrothed to him before the revolution broke out. On his return to America he was unable to resist long the fascinations of the adventurous life in the great West, and for a time he followed the fortunes of General Fremont and other explorers of the wild regions. When the rebellion offered a still more tempting field for his restless ambition, he joined a New Jersey regiment, and served with distinction as its colonel until he was disabled in the field and incapacitated for active life in the future. Shortly after the close of the war he returned to Hungary with his family, and for a quarter of a century has kept his memory bright, his gratitude warm, and his loyalty to his adopted country still as pure as when he won the silver eagle on his shoulders in the trying days of '61. His children and grandchildren regard America with such reverence, and speak of it with such genuine affection, that our poor patriotism was put quite to the blush. With tears in his eyes, the noble old soldier modestly gave us a short his-



tory of his life there, and lived over again for a brief moment the scenes of his younger days, his blood still boiling at the memory of the martyrs of Arad, his voice still keeping its martial ring as he spoke of his comrades in the great rebellion in his adopted land. There are few countries where the utterance of such intense sentiments would not sound strained and dramatic, and the expression of such feeling appear a little out of tune. But in Hungary patriotism is not considered old-fashioned, nor do the dictates of society demand that studied indifference and coolness which is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. Our visit to the grand old patriot left an impression on us which neither time nor distance can efface.

A few miles below Mohács is the upper mouth of the canal which joins the Danube with the Theiss, giving an easy outlet for the produce of the great fertile plain, facilitating the transportation of grain and lumber from the interior to the chief water highway. The construction of the canal dates from the last century, and, in all probability, it was projected even as early as the Roman occupation. It is only within a few years, however, that, by the aid of English capital, it has been finished and put in active operation. The wonderfully rich farming country through which it passes has attracted from earliest times settlers from all surrounding regions, and of all the Hungarian kingdom it has the most varied and heterogeneous population. Almost anywhere within the narrow limits of the low horizon may be counted between the Danube and the Theiss a dozen villages, sheltering representatives of as many different races, and a more attractive field for the philologist or for the artist cannot be found between the Black Sea and the Baltic. The traveller who rushes down the Danube in a steamer, or yawns at the monotonous plain from the window of a Pullman car on the Orient Express, gets no more idea of the people than if he saw them from a balloon. Even studied intimately and at leisure, this unique mixture of races is confusing and perplexing, and only those who have long been familiar with them can thoroughly understand the conditions of their existence. In all Hungary the Magyar, or pure Hungarian, does not number over four out of the fifteen millions of inhabitants. They are the dominant race in-

tellectually and physically, and, of course, the governing race. But the frugal, industrious immigrants have on all sides taken possession of the land, have established manufactories and built up trade, and have often left to the Magyar little beside that pride of race to which even the lowest among them cling as their most precious birthright. It is this pride which has bound the nation together all through the dark centuries of constant warfare with an implacable enemy, and it is this pride which is the Magyar's best support in his present struggle for a place in the foremost rank of civilized nations. There can be no question of his intellectual superiority over the races who crowd him on the east, the south, and the west. That he is not yet in the same plane of civilization as the nations in the west of Europe is due to the fact that while the west was civilizing, the Magyar was keeping the frontier against advancing Mohammedanism; and it is only now, after many centuries of discouragement and oppression, that he is in a position to advance along the road of peaceful development and culture. To such a nature as his all is possible, and his marvellous progress during the past twenty years is gratifying proof that he is making the best of his present possibilities.

We had the great good fortune to be personally conducted through this interesting region by Mr. Louis Gerster, the vice-consul of the United States at Budapesth, a gentleman who, from long acquaintance with the population, was able to steer our course successfully through the manifold ethnological and philological shoals on which we should certainly have been wrecked had we been travelling alone. The few days we spent in his company along the Franzens Canal would make a volume in itself, and it is only because we must not pause in our tale of our Danube voyage that we are obliged to keep the log-book of this side trip closed. Russians, Bulgarians, Saxons, Servians, Jews, gypsies, Schokatzs, Bunyvatzs, and other known and unknown races and tribes, each with distinctly different dress, language, and customs practically unchanged by transplantation into Hungarian soil, so bewitched us with the charms of constant variety and novelty that our trip was one round of exhilarating and delightful impressions. Thanks to the excellent man-





PEASANT GIRLS AT MOHÁCS.

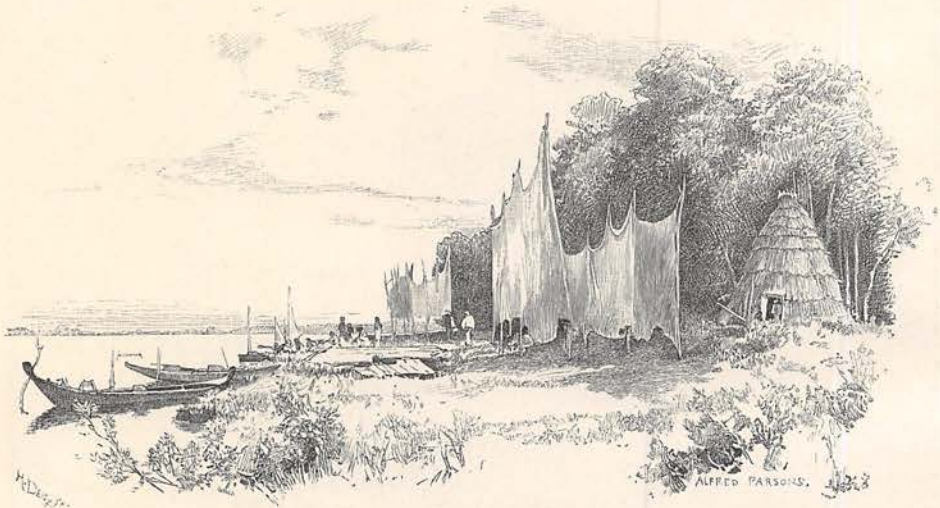
agement of our friend, we were able to spend a Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday in the Schokatz village of Monostorszég, situated on the banks of the Danube, but so hidden away behind islands that it would not have attracted our attention from the canoes, and even if

we had seen it, we would not have suspected the existence of the treasures it held for us. The village itself is not unlike many others we visited, with broad streets shaded by acacias and mulberries, low whitewashed houses, a large barren church edifice, and a few unobtrusive



shops. In the daytime, particularly in the harvest season, the whole place is deserted except by a few old people and children. With the peep of day the entire adult population rattles away over the plain in springless wicker wagons to the corn-fields, often miles distant. As the sun gets low in the afternoon the dusty streets are again lively with laden carts and wagons full of chattering, singing girls as brown as Indians. The vil-

a dance. From somewhere, we never knew how or whence, a group of strange-looking musicians and stranger instruments appeared casually in the crowd, and the inspiring tinkle of native dances set every bare foot patting time on the smoothly trampled earth. There were a bass viol, a guitar, a medium-sized mandolin, and one, the tamboura, no larger than a lady's hand, all of them strung with wire, and played with a bit



FISHING-STATION, GEMENZ.

lage swineherd, who has watched his unsavory flock on the muddy shores of the Danube through the heat of the day, now drives them to the village again, and as they approach their homes they scamper away, each to his own sty, adding the harsh notes of shrill squeals and grunts to the chorus of general congratulation that the hot day is past and the coolness of the night is at hand.

Like three Tartarins of Tarascon, we found everything at Monostorszég arranged for our amusement and entertainment as if by a stock company. In the court-yard of one of the well-to-do farmers' houses, where we stopped to examine the stock of home-made embroideries and fabrics for which the housewife was justly renowned in the neighborhood, we soon saw assemble quite a large party of youths and maidens, many of them in holiday dress, and all ready for

of bone or horn. On the last-named instrument, which had a neck out of all reasonable proportion in length, a tall brawny native picked the most intricate and encouraging melodies, and the feet must indeed have been heavy which did not rise to the rhythm of this music. Out of deference to the visitors the *csárdás* was for some time the only dance, but as the excitement increased, and the presence of strangers was forgotten, their own dance, the *kollo*, took its place, and we all participated in this, with more zeal than skill. The *kollo*, which is the common dance all through Croatia, Slavonia, and Servia, is more solemn and stately than either the Hungarian *csárdás* or the Roumanian *hora*, but, like these, finishes only with the strength and endurance of the participants. A ring is formed, usually of an equal number of dancers of both sexes. Each maiden



places her hands on the shoulder of a youth on either side of her, giving both the strings of her girdle or the ends of a kerchief, passed behind her back, to twist around their forefingers, thus binding the circle firmly together. The dance consists in stepping one measure by a rhythmic patter with the feet, and then the next measure by a movement to the left, with now and then a few steps backward and forward, as the caprice of any part of the circle may decide. In this dance, as in the *csárdás*, the performers are swayed and directed by the leader of the orchestra, who alternates a slow, almost mournful strain with wild and passionate bursts of music, which, like shocks of electricity, set every figure in spirited action.

The ordinary costume of both sexes at Monostorszég is simplicity itself. The women wear a high-necked, ankle-long chemise of white homespun linen, with full sleeves gathered at the elbow and richly embroidered, usually with blue. Bands of narrow embroidery decorate the waist and the skirt also. This chemise is girded to the body by a thick woollen belt, binding tightly to the figure the upper edge of a narrow apron of striped woollen homespun, very brilliant in color. A kerchief is usually worn on the head, and the feet are habitually bare. On Sundays and fête-days the girls exchange the coarse garments for others of choicer texture, the chemise being fine and carefully pleated, and the apron of mull or muslin delicately embroidered with white. Tall red morocco boots, with yellow heels and soles and curious pointed toes, adorn, or rather disfigure, the feet, and around the neck are hung many rows of gaudy glass beads. The hair is elaborately plaited in a broad band, which is brought over to the forehead and then turned back again. This is held in place by dozens of pins with ornamental heads; and all along the edges of the braid behind is a thick row of bits of a fine green aromatic herb, while in the hair itself at the back, as



SCHOKATZ TYPES.

well as around the face, bright-colored geraniums, marigolds, and other flowers are skillfully arranged. On their wedding day they cover their heads with a wonderful square structure, more like a pastry-cook's *pièce montée* than a bonnet, wear an ample white lace shoulder cape, a brilliant scarlet petticoat, with white lace apron and tall red boots. This dress is preserved with jealous care, and is never produced except on Sundays and holidays. The men's costume consists of loose linen trousers, like a divided skirt, a full tunic, a waistcoat with silver buttons, hussar boots, and a small round hat. Both sexes have for an outer garment either a sheepskin cloak or a greatcoat of very thick feltlike white woollen with broad square collar, and sleeves either sewed up at the bottom, or else in short, rudimentary form. These coats, and also the sheepskin cloaks, are often richly and gaudily embroidered.

When we came into the village bright and early Sunday morning everybody was in holiday dress. The red petticoats of the matrons flashed along the sidewalks, but half shaded by the small trees; groups of gay maidens, each with wild flowers in hand, hurried along to church, where companies of men in immaculate linen and stiff embroidered coats stood in solemn rows like supernumeraries on a





IN SUNDAY DRESS, MONOSTORSZÉG.

stage. The church was already partly full when we entered, and there was a bustle of many people settling themselves in their places, and a constant stream of worshippers coming in at different doors. We sat there marvelling at the strange dresses, enchanted by the brilliant colors, all the while unable to realize that this was the customary weekly ceremony, not a dramatic pageant arranged for our benefit. The sexes sat apart, and the married and the single each had a portion of the pews reserved for them, and each entered the church by a different door. Near the altar the marriageable maidens came clumping in with their red boots, always in parties of three or more, each with a little bright-colored rug, a prayer-book, and a bunch of flowers. Spreading out their rugs on the stone floor, they knelt down in rows facing the altar, and, after carefully arranging their pleated Sunday chemises so as to cover their feet, remained a few moments in the attitude of prayer, and then rose and took their seats. Of all that great congregation there was not one who did not wear the costume, and, with the exception of some of the ornaments and finer textiles, all the articles of dress were

of home production. Every thread of the linen and wool had been spun on the busy distaff as the women went to and from the fields to their work, and woven in the winter-time, when the clatter of the loom is heard in every house.

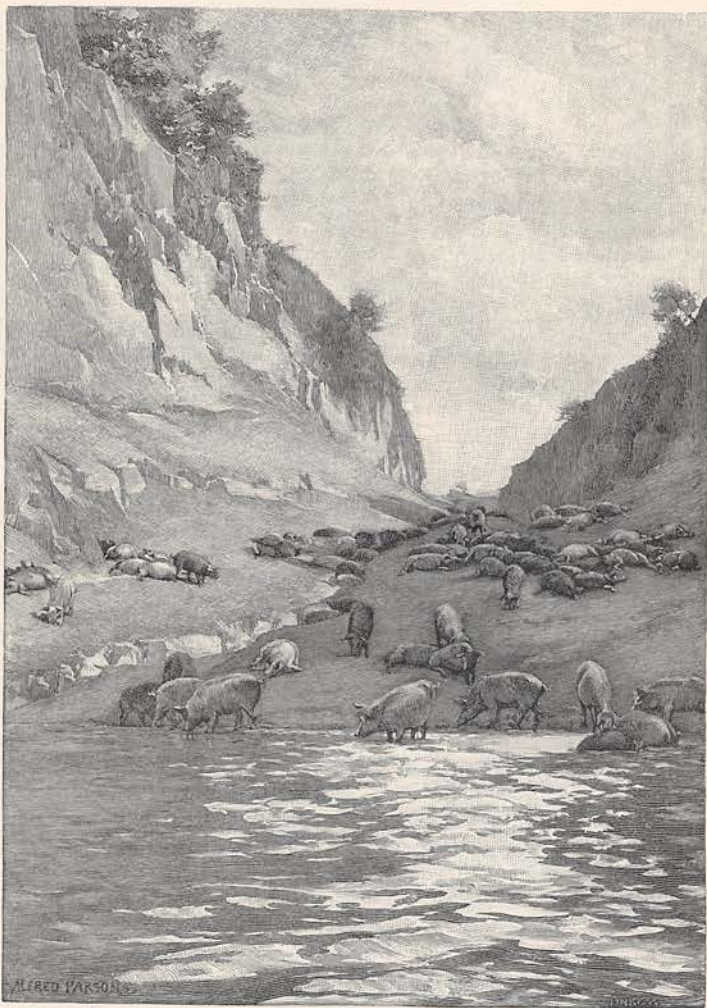
During the sermon we hurried away to be present at the close of the church service in the neighboring village of Bezdán, inhabited by Magyars. It was a few miles away, and we arrived only in time to see the quiet streets enlivened with people totally different in type and dress from those we had just left. In the flickering shadow of the trees, under the noonday sun, the women strode off homeward with an energy of action that made their stiff petticoats balloon out still more. Near the church the men gathered in silence to listen to the crier who was announcing various articles for sale. The unmarried girls of the village wear white linen dresses with short sleeves and embroidered waists, wreaths of flowers in their hair, bright red ribbons down their backs, black stockings, and dainty red and yellow slippers. The matrons wear colors, sometimes green or black, but usually red, and the men are chiefly noticeable for their loose linen garments and elaborate boots, often with a survival of the spur in the shape of a brass ornament on the side of the heel. Even as we stood watching the people the streets became quite deserted again, and so we hastened on to another village, where, in the populous Servian quarter, we caught our first glimpses of Oriental life in the groups of women sitting flat in the road in the shadow of the houses, disdainful, like true Orientals, all such luxuries as chairs and tables, and disturbed by no horror of dirt. Our Sunday's excursion also included a gypsy settlement—not a common sight, for these people are seldom permitted to occupy houses. It disagreeably contrasted in its squalor and filth with the perfection of neatness and tidiness among the Schokatzs and Magyars, but gave us a notion of the range of types easily studied in this one neighborhood.

When we left the mouth of the canal, one breezy morning after our excursion, and shot down the turbid stream with all



sail set, the soothing regularity of the tree-covered banks, and the utter absence of anything to study or to sketch, was not without a calming influence on us, and but for this little respite we probably should not have had the heart to land at the long straggling village of Apatin,

again the familiar language of the upper river. At the nearest corner was a brewery, with tables under the trees, and guzzling sluggards devouring strong sausage and stronger cheese. Everything was of the most commonplace German order, from the architecture of the houses to the



A PIG-WALLOW.

which promised new beauties and fresh interests. Almost the first person we saw was a little old German woman spinning flax on a tiny wheel, looking exactly as if she had been transported bodily from the Black Forest. Further along the street we met unmistakable Germans, and heard

beer mugs. Our parachute had burst, and we came to earth with a heavy thump.

A few miles below Apatin, with course as straight as a canal, the river Drave pours in a muddy flood, and far up the shining stream the foot-hills of the Tyrolean Alps lie all faint in the distance.



Fertile hills now skirt the west bank, and their sunny yellow slopes looked agreeably bright and warm after the heavy greens of the forest and swamp. The river has washed away the hills into perpendicular bluffs, which are of earth almost as hard as sandstone. Rude steps cut along a cleft were lively with girls carrying jars of Danube water to the village above; and once, under a vineyard, where the vines trail over the very edge of the bank, we saw a rude cave dug in the earth, where a long pole with a dangling bush projecting far beyond the rough bough shelter at the door of the cellar announced to the river men that wine was for sale. Our old friends the current mills still clustered at frequent intervals, where the stream ran the swiftest. Since the first time we saw them—far up the river, above Vienna—they had not changed their general shape or construction; but the owners' names, painted in large white letters on the sides, had marked with accuracy the limits of the

different nationalities we had passed in our journey. Now, before the curious combinations of letters on the mills near the Hungarian shore had ceased to puzzle us, Croatian and Slavonian names in a new and unfamiliar alphabet stared at us from the weather-stained sides of the mills along the opposite bank, and something of the crudity of Oriental taste was seen in the unskilful attempts to decorate the wood-work near the door and window. From the right bank we heard hails in an unknown language, and by the water's edge saw peasants with fiercer mustaches than even the Magyar boasts, and women of a heavy, unsympathetic type. The costume, too, had undergone a decided change. Both men and women wore clumsy wrappings around the ankles, and uncouth sandals and shoes. The loose trousers of the men were strapped to the calf by the thongs which bound the thick woollen cloths or coarse socks to the ankles, and red sashes took the place of belts. Servia was beginning to show



HUNGARIAN GIRLS AT BEZDÁN.



herself to us long before we reached the political frontier.

We had crossed the line of active melon consumption soon after leaving Buda-Pesth; we had for days revelled in a superabundance of them, and, indeed, had quite become accustomed to the sight of every human being, old and young, either carrying a melon or preoccupied with eating it. We had contributed our generous share to the flotsam of melon rinds which bobbed down the current, and had sampled every unfamiliar variety of the delicious fruit which had met our notice. It was chiefly, then, from the unæsthetic motives of appetite that we proposed to land at Vukovár, the capital of Croatia, which had long been held up to us by melon-eaters as the one place on the Danube where the fruit was found in perfection. As we came near the town, remarkable mainly for a new synagogue of doubtful taste, we saw piles of huge round objects ranged along in the shade of small trees on the bank, like cannon balls in an arsenal, and we needed no further identification of this metropolis of the melon trade. Our approach seemed to cause an unusual commotion at the landing, and we naturally attributed this to the activity among the merchants, induced by the arrival of possible purchasers of the abundant stock in hand. But we learned from a German-speaking policeman who met us as we went ashore that the market-women had taken our fleet for the torpedo-boats of which they had heard, and were in a great fright, believing we were about to attack the place. We begged him to assure them that we had no use for the town, but only for some of the projectiles



VUKOVÁR WATERMELONS.

we saw piled up there under the trees, and feminine terrors were slowly forgotten in the excitement of trade. Whoever has seen the Southern negro busy with a watermelon may be able to imagine our satisfaction at the quality of the fruit we found, and any one familiar with the capacity of a canoe may appreciate the size of the melons from the fact that we were unable to take in the monsters. But Vukovár is not all watermelons and timid market-women, as we found when we strolled up into the town, puzzled over the signs in the Cyrillic alphabet, and marvelled at the embroidered garments festooned at the shop doors, at the pretentious cafés, and the Franco-Italian architecture—the most imposing we had seen since leaving Buda-Pesth.





A CROATIAN BIVOUAC.

The heat was intense and the streets almost deserted as we paddled away directly after mid-day, and floated down past great bluffs, with hot gullies filled with herds of swine seeking to avoid the heat by frequent baths, and scarcely distinguishable in color from the baked mud on which they slept. Late in the day, having joined company with some lumber rafts we had been passing and re-passing for the last day or two, we drew up the canoes on a pleasant parklike meadow, but a foot or so above the water, with great trees and firmer turf than we had seen for a long time. The rafts tied up to the shore just above us, and the smoke of our several camp fires soon curled up among the trees, and floated away in the clear air of the perfect summer evening. Our first visitor was a Croatian, who, having served in the Austrian army, had learned a little German, and was only too anxious to air his knowledge. He prepared us for the visit of a band of gypsies who were camping in the vicinity, cautioned us to watch all our loose articles, and loudly sang the praises of one of the gypsy women but lately married, who, he declared, was as beautiful as a queen—probably meaning the Queen of Servia. To be sure, the next morning, shortly after dawn, a motley crowd straggled up to our encampment, among them the gypsy belle, with the bearing and gait of a duchess. Tobacco stood in the place of a formal introduction, and

even the conscious beauty asked for a cigarette, and puffed away like a veteran smoker. The keen-eyed old rascal who, by virtue of advanced age or superior cunning, was recognized as the chief of the party took the liveliest interest in our attempts to sketch the beauty, and when the sketch was done, calmly proposed to give us the model to carry away with us. As the offer was made in Roumanian, a language not then familiar to our ears, we did not at first comprehend the generous nature of the gift.

"Take her with you," he said. "You'll go, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," replied the dusky beauty, "if they'll take me to Bucharest."

"But if she goes away with us it will make a scandal, and the husband will have something to say about it," we timidly suggested.

"Not at all," insisted the old heathen; "he's away now, and if he finds her gone when he comes back, he'll easily get another wife."

This morality of the red-Indian order so astonished us that we did not readily offer the excuse that our boats could carry but one person apiece, but we sweetened our refusal of the gift by an abundance of tobacco and a few old clothes, hastily launched our canoes, and retreated down the river.

The railway from Buda-Pesth to Belgrade crosses the Danube at Peterwardein, little less than a day's paddle from Vuko-



vár, and the iron bridge is the last one of the ugly series that disfigures the river at intervals from its source. Peterwardein, the Gibraltar of the Danube, is a great fortress, elaborately intricate in construction, towering high above the stream, and overlooking the modern town of Neusatz opposite, at the mouth of a branch of the

Carlowitz and the town of that name, our old enemies the freight steamers puffed up stream, leaving a dangerous wake, and fouling the sweet air with noisome smoke.

On the perfect summer morning when we left our lovely camping-ground on a meadow below Carlowitz, and drifted



A GYPSY GIRL.

Franzens Canal. A bridge of boats connects the fortress with the town a short distance below the railway, and is actually the last bridge over the Danube. The commercial life of the river seemed to revive again at the mouth of the canal, and as we sailed past the vine-covered hills of

down into the silvery light of morning which glorified the river, the hills, and the distant landscape, we were in the mood to enjoy exactly what the Danube offered for our entertainment. On one bank peasants gathered in large parties at every convenient spot, and were en-





THRESHING WHEAT.

gaged in various domestic operations, quite as frank and unconscious in their actions as if they were in the shelter of their own homes. From the villages at some distance back from the river whole families migrate at frequent intervals to temporary camps by the water's edge, bringing with them their live-stock, cart-loads of corn, and their accumulated washing. While the women are busy with soap and mallet, the men winnow grain, and carry it to the current mills to be ground, and the children watch the pigs and fowls, who are enjoying in their way this brief outing. On the opposite shore may sometimes be seen, on a level piece of public land, great collections of ricks of all sizes and shapes, when the neighboring farmers assemble to thresh their harvest in common, each according to his own means and methods. Some beat it out with flails and pitchforks, others drive horses around on it, and a few make use of the improved machinery of English manufacture. Here it is readily loaded on lighters, to be towed up to Buda-Pesth or Vienna, or perhaps to be floated down stream to the English steamers on the Black Sea. From one group to another, from one shore to the other, we went as slowly as the resistless current would let us, fascinated by the cheerful busy life, and always finding each new scene more attractive than the last. Here the Servian women were beating their coarse

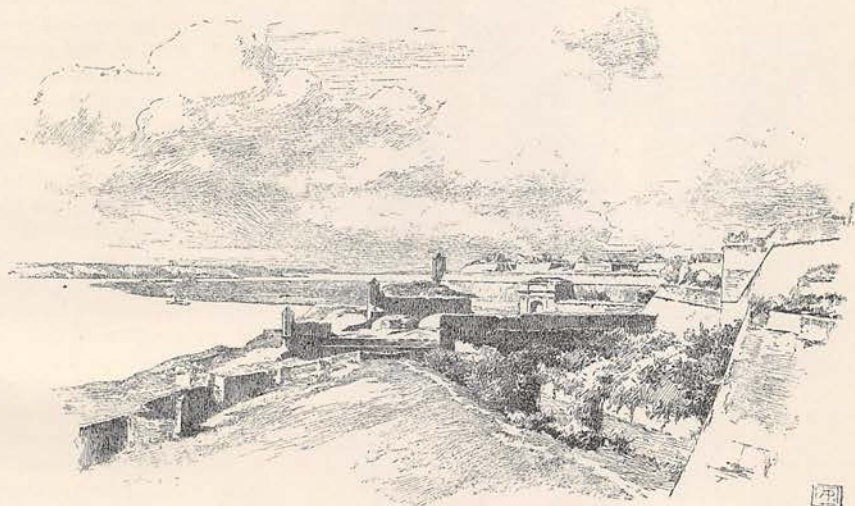
garments, and hanging them untidily to dry on the frame-work of the carts. A few rods lower down, at a bivouac of Saxons, piles of beautiful white linen and the freshest of blue garments contrasted agreeably with the squalor of the neighboring camp. These peasants we found polite but reserved; the Servians were usually noisy and talkative, and the Magyars cheery, sympathetic, and communicative.

Far down the glassy reach to the east a long range of flat hills now appeared, marking the course of the sluggish Theiss, and on the opposite bank we saw great rocks, scarcely distinguishable from the hard mud bluffs, but marking a distinct geological change in the landscape. Here on the scorched hill-sides frequent villages bake in the sun, and copper-covered monstrosities of church spires flash and glisten in the brilliant light. A ruined castle towers high above the river where the hills crowd the stream out of its course, and then the river broadens into a lake-like expanse, and stretches away until the left bank, always flat and without a break, loses itself entirely in the distance, and sky and water seem to meet as at the sea horizon. Far away to the south bold blue peaks, the sentinels of the northern range of mountainous Servia, show where Belgrade stands; and, in pleasant perspective, high bluffs on the right bank, with here and there a church spire, are reflect-



ed with all the glories of the midsummer sky in the perfect mirror of the majestic stream. A wonderful sunset glow colored all the landscape as we encamped under a high bluff, in full sight of Semlin and the Servian capital beyond. We fancied we could see in the glowing distance slender minarets behind the great fortress which guards the frontier, and in the perfect quiet of the lingering twilight

cooking, and from the frontier downwards we always had the proper and agreeable accompaniment of every comfortable bivouac, a cheerful fire. But it also happened that all through Hungary we found so much to interest us we could never manage to stop for the night before dark; and since it always took us two hours or more to make camp, cook and eat our dinner, and tidy up afterwards,



FORTRESS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE DANUBE AND THE SAVE—BELGRADE.

imagined we could hear the hum of the busy towns. The song of a shepherd on the opposite meadows echoed sweetly as we lay by the camp fire that beautiful evening, and enjoyed for the first time in our wanderings an hour or two of delightful leisure in the open air. It was now nearly eight weeks since we launched our fleet in the head-waters of the Danube, and, with the exception of a few days spent at Vienna, Hainburg, Buda-Pesth, and on the Franzens Canal, we had passed the greater part of our time, day and night, in the canoes. On the upper river, where we cooked over spirit-lamps because we were never able to have a fire, we had no great inducement to sit up after dark, and consequently sought our snug beds in the canoes very soon after dinner. After we reached Hungary, however, we found it not only practicable but more convenient to use wood for

we were obliged to continue our custom of turning in (literally) as soon as possible, in order to be able to rise at daybreak. The evening we camped in sight of Belgrade, the dewless, balmy air of the river so soothed our nerves, and the glowing landscape was such a pleasure to our eyes, that we lay in the fire-light and, regardless of the morrow, watched for a long time the glittering constellations as they slowly came in sight; and when at last we slept, we dreamed of Turks and sieges, whose territory now lay within reach of a few paddle strokes.

The happy chant of Servian girls marching down the steep paths in the bluffs, laden with jugs for Danube water, was our accompaniment as we paddled along in the early morning toward the steamer-landing at Semlin, the last Hungarian town on the right bank of the Danube, a





SERVIAN WOMEN, BELGRADE.

busy little commercial place with all the disagreeable characteristics of a frontier town. A populous market-place, numerous cafés of the Turkish order—the first we had seen—and a population largely Servian, with more barbaric types, and wearing costumes plainly transitional between the Hungarian and the Turkish, kept us interested longer than we anticipated, and well repaid the delay.

From Semlin to Belgrade is but a half-hour's paddle down a bend behind the Krieg's Insel and across the clear green stream of the Save. Above the great fortress which occupies the whole area of a high promontory at the junction of the rivers, where a church and other edifices are half hidden among bastions and parapets, an immense cream-colored government building extends an imposing mass, and, as seen from the river, divides the town into two parts. To the left is the old Turkish quarter on the Danube, in recent years almost depopulated of

Mohammedans, and with only one insignificant mosque still preserved; and to the right, Belgrade proper, along the Save and the heights which extend back into the country. Lumber-yards and the usual motley collection of buildings hid the town from us as we slowly paddled up the sluggish current of the Save to a great bathing establishment, all gay with flowers, where a large contingent of the youthful population of the city were disporting themselves, naked, in canoes of simple construction and gaudy color. Our arrival caused very little flutter on the shore. We saw one fez on a small boy, and fancied that on landing we should find everything suggesting the East, and fierce officials haughtily demanding our passports. But we moored our canoes alongside the bath-house and went ashore without a question, found everybody in European dress, and met a polite soldier-policeman who volunteered to look out for our craft, and immediately busied himself with boxing the ears of the inquisitive youngsters who ventured too near the dainty vessels. We were not long, however, in finding novelties of dress and architecture, for at a short distance from our landing-place we entered the outskirts of the city, and passed through a street quite as Eastern in aspect as any in the heart of Stamboul. Wretched wooden hovels with shattered tiles and crumbling plaster; dingy low cafés with pallid Turks inhaling with indolent sighs the stupefying smoke of nargiles; open air cooking-places where unsavory messes sizzled on gridirons; and general squalor, mustiness, and filth everywhere. From this quarter steep, ill-





Ó SLAMANKEN.

paved streets mount to the higher part of the town, where the hotels, theatres, and palaces are, and pleasant avenues lead out to the luxurious residential suburb on the heights beyond. But all Belgrade, at the date of our visit, was much like the normal condition of Broadway, and New York in general. The streets were everywhere torn up for water-pipes and sewers, sidewalks were being widened and levelled, and there was every indication of a serious attempt to improve the city. The heat was intense and almost unbearable as we explored the streets and park and wandered through the fortress. When the sun reached the zenith, all Belgrade was as quiet as Pompeii, for the inhabitants withdrew in-doors, and left the streets void of life and movement. Even the hissing of frying fat in the

numerous cook-shops seemed hushed for the time; the vender of kukurutz (green corn on the ear) slept in a shadow; and the Bulgarian bozaji, selling slightly fermented maize beer, alone broke the drowsy silence with his mournful cries. There was absolutely nothing to see, and therefore we also sought shelter, and sleepily waited for the town to come to life again. In the middle of the afternoon a few hurrying peasant women, their brilliant dresses quite out of harmony with the commonplace aspect of the streets, flashed along in the sunshine; one or two men with effeminate lace-trimmed tunics, pleated like imitations of the Albanian fustinella, strode proudly past, unconscious that hats of London make and elastic-sided boots made them look extremely ridiculous; and so the streets gradually resumed their normal activity as the afternoon coolness came on. We soon yielded to the tempting invitation of a fresh breeze and sailed away into the Danube again, escorted by a fleet of Servian canoes with naked crews.

We began to think that in crossing the frontier we had passed the limit beyond which the modern invention of modesty has not yet been universally accepted. It certainly seemed so, for the bronzed figures of the naked youths excited no comment on the shore as we passed. Rounding the water battery and drifting along the old Turkish quarter, we came to a large pleasant meadow, glowing in the rich light of the afternoon sun. Here scores of men, as unclothed as the horses they bestrode, were riding their animals out into the shallows, bathing with them in



BULGARIAN BOZAJI, BELGRADE.





FOUNTAIN IN THE SQUARE, BELGRADE.

the yellow stream. Like so many figures from the frieze of the Parthenon, they sat their horses with perfect grace, saddleless and bridleless, and now dashed along, throwing up clouds of spray, and again disappeared in a golden cloud of dust on the meadow. A party of young men and boys, equally in Spartan attire, were having an exciting foot-race along the level turf, and this little spot was for the time a sculptors' paradise. We drifted slowly along, watching the athletic figures in the wonderful light, all unconscious in our preoccupation that the current was carrying us into a scene of still more surprising simplicity and innocence. Our canoes, if left to themselves,

would always turn round and float down stream stern foremost; and that afternoon, as on many other occasions, we found the trick to be of advantage, for we could longer watch the unusual spectacle on the meadow. When we could see no more in the direction of the dazzling sun, we paddled the canoes around, and found ourselves, to our surprise, quite near a number of Servian families, who were taking a refreshing bath—old and young, men, women, and children—in the sandy shallows. No bath-house had given them refuge on the bank, nor had they considered it necessary to disfigure themselves with drapery, except a few of the women, who wore an apology for an apron tied around the waist.

It was a sudden change from the contemplation of figures of classical grace to the unwitting interruption of the bath of a dozen unlovely families, and a parallel to the plunge from the accustomed luxuries of pleasant camp-grounds above Belgrade to the mud flats on the river-side below. We had drifted along the meadow so slowly that we found the daylight already waning and a threatening storm close at hand before we thought of camping. Then we hastened to the first spot where there was a possible landing. Here we slept until the ring of scythes at our very bows brought us to consciousness again, and we opened the tents to see a sunny meadow among the trees, all dotted over with the white figures of peasants slashing at the ranks of coarse grass that fringed the sun-baked shore.



ERDÖD.