

## CHAPTER II.

Napoleon at Dresden.—Battles at Hollendorf and (Maria) Culm.—The Austrian Police.—Toplitz.—Baths—manner of using them.—Dinners.—Spies.—Promenades.—King of Prussia.—Prince Wittgenstein—Parallel between the Prussians and Austrians.—Society at Toplitz.—Surrounding Country.—Eisemberg.—Excursion to Carlsbad.—Characteristic Features of Bohemia.—State of the Peasantry—their relation to the Government.—Character of the People.—Musical and romantic turn.—Religion.

WE set out from Dresden on our way towards the Bohemian frontier, on the same road which saw, fourteen year ago, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian eagles flying from the great Corsican. It was the last great scene of his victorious life. Two days of uninterrupted attacks, during a flood of rains, had left him victorious on the field of battle; and when he returned to the city, tired and worn out, the flaps of his three-cornered

hat bending downwards, the water running in streams out of his boots and clothes, the inhabitants of Dresden, struck with the greatness of his exertions, broke out into shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" which touched the conqueror to the very heart. With a tear in his eye, a thing seldom to be seen, he remarked to Berthier, "*Voilà des acclamations qui sont sincères ;*" and instantly turning aside and letting the 7000 Austrian prisoners, taken in this battle, pass by, his features darkened, and a gloom spread over his face which never left him afterwards: it was the gloom of rage and revenge. He then perceived that the alliance formed at Prague was of another sort, and that his enemies were determined to destroy him. His character solves the question why he rejected a peace offered him under very favourable terms. It was rage, the desire of vengeance, of humbling, and perhaps finally exterminating, that very sovereign whom he despised, and who had now outwitted him. A mind like his, powerful and stern, grown up under military discipline, not smoothed nor softened in the refined circles of high life; accustomed to command, but not to yield with grace, could not brook to seek peace from those whom he formerly had in his power.

He felt only the enormous treachery of Austria; and as an enraged fencer, who though possessed of a superior force is met by a less able but cool-blooded antagonist, will lay open his side, he rushed on with that impetuosity which laid the first foundation of his ruin. The first battle after that of Dresden plainly confirmed this. His whole rancour fell on Austria: and, to satisfy his thirst of vengeance, he sent into the intricate defiles of Bohemia an army under his most cruel but least expert general, the well-known Vandamme.

We passed over the same road from Peterswold to Hollendorf. A "Halt!" interrupted my conversation with my companion, and reminded us where we were. A black and yellow-painted beam, which crossed the whole road, was in the act of being lowered so as to preclude our passage. A custom-officer, with a serjeant and two soldiers, stepped out of a door surmounted with the double eagle. My friend had thought proper to place my books and writings under his immediate protection; but this precaution was almost superfluous. The custom-officer, with many bows to my companion, asked only who the other gentleman was. Being satisfied upon this point, cap in hand,

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he inquired after foreign books, and was going to open my trunks; when my companion signified, with a sneer, at the same time indifferent and haughty, "We will deliver the gentleman's passport ourselves. He is my friend, and you may send down to E—— for a haunch of venison and a barrel of beer." The officer expressed his satisfaction by respectfully kissing the hand of my gracious C—, the soldiers by a grim smile; and we rolled down the defiles of Hollendorf, famous for the resistance which 3000 Prussians under their general, Kleist, surnamed Count de Hollendorf, offered here to the pursuing Vandamme, till a sufficient force was collected in the rear. The road descends into a deep ravine, surrounded on three sides with huge mountains, whose forest-clad cliffs witnessed fourteen years ago the bloody and desperate contest, known under the name of the battle of Maria Culm. The valley opens here towards the South. The principal conflict was on an eminence, defended by the Russian guards under Ostermann. The Prussians were on the right, the Austrians on the left side. The French fought with an assurance not yet dismayed by disasters, the Allies with despair.



The battle was decided in favour of the latter, by the arrival of the Austrian general, Colloredo, and 9000 Frenchmen surrendered; 4000 escaped; the rest of the army, 40,000 strong, were killed, wounded, or dispersed. Two monuments, the one erected by the King of Prussia to the memory of the fallen Prussians, the other by the Bohemian nobility to their countryman, Count Colorado Mannsfeld, who died in 1824, commemorate the names of the leaders.

(St. Maria) Culm is the first nobleman's seat which, on entering from this side, offers itself to our view,—an elegant mansion in modern style, surrounded with parks, gardens, and a number of dwellings for the household officers, at a short distance from the borough of (St. Maria) Culm. The noble proprietor is a Count Thun. We *St. Maria Culm* thence rode in one hour and a half to Toplitz, *00* the celebrated Temple of Hygæia for all those numerous disorders produced by a too free indulgence in the gifts of Ceres, Bacchus, and Venus.

The town is just built in that accommodating

style, which leaves it entirely at your choice whether you will spend with the King of Prussia £5 a day, or one shilling. Your appearance and resources are the standard of the behaviour of the dreaded police, when you have to send or to deliver your passports.

A foreigner who comes to Austria from a distant country, and bears the truth of his statement in his appearance and resources, will have less reason to complain of the police than in France or Prussia. Its dead weight lies chiefly on the people. The higher classes, even among foreigners, are allowed more liberty, and, if they are not stigmatized as *revolutionaires*, they are here more at their ease than any where else: certainly much more than in Prussia. There are, however, two things which I advise John Bull not to overlook. When an absentee from his country, he is inclined to adopt the saving principle: now, for my part, I have not the least objection to his retrieving his circumstances by a voluntary exile; but then it becomes him, even for his own good, not to show contempt or disrespect towards that nation, be it what it may, where he is going to retrieve his fortune; the more so, as this very principle of

saving in a foreign country, in order to be enabled to spend more at home, is in itself an affront to the country he visits. A second thing is to guard his tongue. Freedom is a diamond which sparkles in England, and ought to be the more prized for its rarity. Show your diamond to robbers or paupers, and they will either rob you, or despise the possession of what they cannot duly appreciate:—show your freedom to slaves and their task-masters, and you may incur still more serious consequences.

The town of Toplitz is very elegant : the houses, which are numerous, are clean and solid ; some are very handsome : the palace of the Prince Clary, the proprietor of Toplitz, though not of superior architecture, has an imposing effect. Besides several private bathing-places, there are the town baths, those of Prince Clary and of the King of Prussia. They are either of marble or of a white stone, and kept very clean. The water, before it is used, is exposed for ten hours to the open air, in order to cool ; but, notwithstanding this, the heat is so great that, on entering the bath, you are scarcely able to support it. For the indigent, two large reservoirs are appropriated,

where males and females bathe separately. They receive besides, every day, a small sum of money towards their support. The efficaciousness of these baths is admitted to be superior to those of Aix-la-Chapelle and Wisbadra: the regulations are conducted with a propriety nowhere else to be met with. The use of a bath is generally followed by a *siesta* of an hour; after which breakfast, and then a short walk is taken. At three o'clock dinner is served, in the great garden saloon. One of your neighbours is perhaps a Bohemian nobleman, the other a Russian, the third a Pole. From their safeguards, posted with a *serviette* and a plate behind their chairs, and from their hangers, broad silver or gold epaulettes, you might mistake them for Prussian or Russian generals, if their obsequious smile did not declare the contrary. The company there consists entirely of nobility; and you know at once where you are, and feel at home without those embarrassments which fall so often to your lot in a German refreshing-place, where, on the right side, you have a prince perhaps with 500*l.* a-year; on your left, a Prussian ensign, which makes you return the cordiality of the former with a cold silence, and the *sabreure ar-*



*rogance* of the latter, with an obsequious smile. A concert, such as you hear only in Bohemia, not numerous in performers, but harmonious, with its fine concords, for which this nation is so celebrated, thrills through your very soul, and makes you forget deer haunches, bear hams, and Bohemian pheasants,—articles which even Napoleon acknowledged so superior, that annually 500 braces of them made the tour to Paris. A profusion of Rhenish, Champagne, and, above all, of Hungarian wine, covers the table ; for we must do justice to the liberality of the Austrian Government, which, if it circumscribes your spiritual, pays the more attention to your physical concerns, and allows you what no other Government would do, to import as much foreign wine as is thought sufficient for your wants. The conversation during dinner turns on any thing but politics. The Russian will talk about the last Hungarian vintage ; the fat Austrian general about the flavour of the pheasant ; and the Pole speaks to none but his fair countrywomen, who occupy the head of the table. One of these persons, however, deserves your attention. He has a smiling face, speaks fluently French, English, and German,—a sort of weathercock, of whose cha-

racter you are quite uncertain ; but if you are a new-comer you may be sure of having him *vis-a-vis* at the table. While the Russian count treats him with a great deal of civility, the Pole darts furious looks at him ; the Austrian general looks up to him with a sort of humility, and his aid-de-camp, the young, rich Count N——, treats him decidedly *en bagatelle* ; but this personage is quite unconcerned. He is a close observer ; and, if you are a stranger, you may be sure of being attentively watched. He is the counsellor of the Bohemian Government, B—— C——, the Imperial spy, who at the expense of his Majesty spends the season here, and lives in very high style, known to every body in the company, on familiar terms with all, and terrible to none except to the unwary. You will find this personage every where, even in the private circles of the nobility ; for, in order to show their loyalty, and how “ *hand and glove* ” they are with the Imperial interest, they think it necessary to have the good opinion of B—— C——, or of his colleagues in other bathing-places.

After dinner, at five o'clock, you are invited to take a tour to one of the surrounding villages

if the weather is fine, if not, to the park of Prince Clary. Two large basins, with half-a-dozen swans; clumps of the finest limes and all sorts of forest-trees, with underwood, exhibit the pure English taste of the noble proprietor. There you meet every day, and braving every weather, two persons: the first a lank, tall figure, without proportion, striding with paces two yards long; a face sullen and gloomy;—his companion, a thin-legged little man, bespattered from head to foot with mud, and kept in a constant *career* by his mighty foreman. It is the King of Prussia, who never fails to take, after or during rain, these pedestrian exercises, to the no small discomfort of his little attendant, the grand chamberlain Prince Wittgenstein, who follows, or rather runs after his royal master, breathless, through thick and thin. During this excursion not a single word is spoken. The sovereign probably meditates on some great improvement in the appearance of his soldiers. It is not two weeks since he sent an express from here to Berlin, with orders to change the black sword-knots of his soldiers into white. The speed of the courier excited considerable alarm not only here, but in Vienna; but in eight days the important secret was manifest. These improvements

and the *Choco* in Paris, are said to be his principal pleasures. About four weeks ago, and previous to his departure from Berlin, an occurrence took place which alarmed his Majesty not a little. He was walking in the park, at some distance from the Royal Palace. A man, with his right hand in his bosom, approached him; the King, terrorstruck, and thinking on Sandt, turned and retreated with hasty strides towards the palace, the man following him. The King arrives, running and breathless, at the entrance of his residence, where he gives an order to arrest and examine the pursuer: trembling he retires to his apartments, when the Crown Prince rushes in, his hand in his bosom, and extracting a petition, exclaims, "Here is the dagger which was intended for your life!"

The crestfallen monarch read the petition, ordered his son to be placed under arrest, and dismissed the supplication. Following their royal master, the Prussian visitors keep separate, or rather are kept separate, from the other guests: it is not a loss to society. There is but one voice respecting the insufferable arrogance of these *sabreurs*. Between them and the Austrians, and especially



their military men, there subsists a bitter jealousy ; the Prussians never failing to assume an air of superiority, which to a foreigner is ridiculous, as they generally make a very poor appearance, and there is little reason with either for being over proud. They are both slaves ; the one to the military whims of a gloomy king, the other to a smooth-tongued prime minister. As for their respective military glory, the Prussians, it is true, gained victories under their great Frederick, but under such a leader any troops might have proved victorious. During the war of 1790 and 94, they proved very indifferent soldiers, and during the period of 1806 they dared not even face the French. On the other hand, Austria continued a warfare of twenty-five years, not without honour ; and though often beaten, her armies have regained their reputation, and defeated Napoleon when in the height of his power, in the certainly glorious battles of Aspern and of Wagram. As for the last war of 1813 and 14, Napoleon succumbed to numbers, having lost the assistance of Austria. Frederick-William the Third would else be planting Indian corn in some part of the United States, and his shrewd son, instead of broaching

his wit on his father and the guards, would be clearing fields, as other honest Yankees do.

100 Toplitz has charms, as you will find. The whole is regulated on a noble footing. There is no trace of that venality and beggar-like obtrusion, so disgusting in German refreshing-places. At your departure, you pay the orchestra a small sum for the delicious table-music you enjoyed, without being in the least troubled by those ambulatory musicians, who oblige you to keep your hand always in your pocket, and to carry with you the *kreutzers* and *groschens*, and those nameless sorts of bad coinage for which Germany is so celebrated. The Austrian police has at least one good feature;—it is the close attention which it pays not only to the comfort, but even to the inexperience of the sojourner. Landlords, hackney-coachmen, and all that train of hangers-on infesting baths and hotels, are here honest from necessity. An extorting landlord is fined without mercy, and footmen are ordered away, should they dare to impose on a sojourner.

The female society of the high class consists

mostly of Russian, Saxon, and Polish ladies. More captivating and more dangerous than a Polish lady nothing scarcely can be conceived. His late Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias made a sad experiment even with the aunt of the two most beautiful creatures who adorned, during my stay, the circles of Toplitz. The subscription paid in 1811, for a year, to the P——ss M——y exhausted his Imperial Majesty so completely, that, a few gallantries with the late Q——n of his P——n M——y excepted, his Imperial consort had afterwards very little reason for jealousy. /oe

Are you fond of beer, smoking, and military exploits, repeated a hundred times? then seek the company of Prussians, and you may have a can of beer administered at the Eagle, or the Wild-boar; the battles of Katzbach, and of Bar-sur-Aube, and Mont Martre; and hear how Wellington with his whole army would have been cut to pieces, had it not been for their arrival. And, to remove all doubt, they will show you, out of a pocket-book which had once been red, the plans of these battles.

The country about Toplitz is called the Pa- /oe

radise of Bohemia, and is the focus of Bohemian high-life during the summer months. Several dukes, princes, and a number of counts, spend the summer here, at their castles and their country mansions, many of which are equal, if not superior, to the finest country seats in England. The most beautiful are the castles of Eisenberg, Postelberg, Rotherheas, Shoukof, but above all Raudnitz. The immense estates of the nobility preclude those variegated scenes, those innumerable beautiful forms, embellished by an exquisite sense of rural beauty, those trim hedges and lawns, and grass-plots, watered by the hand of Nature, the delightful features of an English landscape. You behold beautiful villages buried, as it were, under forests of fruit-trees; here and there a superb castle rising over the humble cottages, and surrounded by extensive parks, seldom trodden by a human foot, except that of the ranger. Our first excursion was to Eisenberg, belonging, with the domain of the same name, to the Prince of Lobkowitz. After having passed a forest for three miles, the castle presented itself almost perpendicularly over our heads. Three avenues, hewn into the forest, lead up to the open foreground on the summit of the highest moun-



tain in the surrounding country. From the midst of it this superb mansion rises lofty and commanding, in the form of a sexagon, of three stories, whose pavilions are surmounted with cupolas. A herd of deer, after having stared a while at the approaching carriage, lost themselves in the gloomy forest. Two balconies, resting on Ionic pillars, decorate the front and the entrance. From the lobby, decorated with columns of the same order, you ascend a flight of stairs which leads, from both sides, to the first story. It is exclusively for the prince and his family. The picture of one of his ancestors, Bohuslaus de Lobkowitz, from the pencil of Shretta, decorates the great saloon. The rooms are throughout furnished in a princely style. The second story is for strangers, who, even during the absence of the prince, are received and entertained in a most hospitable manner. We accepted the invitation of the castellan to stay there for a day; but declined the invitation to attend the deer chase, which was to be given a week afterwards in honour of the prince's arrival. These deer chases are rather a tame pleasure in Bohemia; it is merely driving ten or fifteen bucks to the outskirts of a wood,

where the sportsmen are stationed. They are shot, or rather slaughtered, as they approach. A dinner and a ball conclude the entertainment. The view from this castle is truly grand. On the north-east, there towers into the clouds, which rising and lowering seem still to be influenced by the magic powers of Rubezahl, the king of the Sudites, the Schneekoppe; to the west, the Saxon Erzgebürge; and to the south the beautiful Bohemia, with its infinite variety of ruins, castles, towns, villages, spread like a carpet before your eyes. This castle is visited once every year by the prince and his family for a month or two during the sporting season. The forests belonging to this domain amount to 100,000 acres, part of which is inclosed, and stocked with 250 deer and fifty boars. Every third year a deer hunt is held, which is attended by the nobility and surrounding country. This establishment, which in England would require at least 2000*l.* a-year, is here carried on with comparatively very little expense. The game is supplied with barley from the ten farms of the domain, containing about 25,000 acres of arable land, meadow, orchards, and hop-gardens. They are so situated as to be surrounded by the sixty villages which appertain to this

estate, the inhabitants of which are bound to perform the menial duties, ploughing, keeping the roads in order or laying out new ones, and to attend the field-sports, which are held regularly on these farms and the lands of the peasantry. The economy of the domain is superintended by a director, the forests by an inspector: both are responsible to the Government; the first, for the execution of the government's orders, which he carries into effect; the second, for the proper management of the forests.

The revenues of this vast domain are raised from the produce of the fields, and iron-furnaces, the sales of timber, the tithes of the subjects, and the taxes which they have to pay from sales of their property to their lord. The clear income amounts to 45,000*l.* which, with six other domains, and his dukedom, (Laudwitz,) yield a clear revenue of from 20 to 25,000*l.* a sum sufficient in Austria to keep up the highest style. There are in Bohemia, comparatively, but a small number of freeholders possessed of estates. Almost all the proprietors of lands are either dominical, viz. possessors of domains, or rustic subjects of these domains. Of course, the landed

*Laudwitz*

nobility of Bohemia still exercise a considerable influence over their subjects, far greater than in Austria Proper. The Government feels the necessity of cajoling them, relaxing or resuming its rigour, just as the public spirit seems to require. We returned, two days afterwards, and took the road through Brix, an old town, with a stock sufficient to provide the whole kingdom of Bohemia with its namesake. The use made hitherto of these treasures is very limited; every one digs for bricks on his lands, just as he thinks proper.

One of the most interesting spots in Bohemia, and we may say in the world, is Carlsbad. The road from Toplitz to Carlsbad leads through an expanse of wheat-fields, forty miles in length, without the least interruption. It is the richest and most fertile part of this kingdom. The peasants are generally wealthy. Between the towns Santz and Konnotau lie the superb castle and the domain of Prince Schwarzenberg, celebrated for sports. Twelve thousand head of game (pheasants and hares) fall annual victims to these sports, to which the surrounding nobility and gentry are either invited or admitted. Carlsbad lies at the



outskirts of the Erzgebürge. We arrived the morning of the second day, after a tour of fifty-eight miles, at a platform from which a road winds along the ridge of a mountain, 1800 feet high, into a deep valley. The town is now horizontally at your feet, and again moved from your sight by the windings of the *chaussée*. Arches, from thirty to fifty feet high, rise from the declivities, and support the *chaussée*; a magnificent specimen of modern architecture, which, for boldness and solidity, is superior to every thing of this kind on the Continent. The carriage rolls down with ease, without having its wheels locked; and you arrive in the town unconscious of the tremendous height, till you look up from the abyss. Carlsbad extends for about a mile in a valley, from a quarter to half a mile in width, watered by the small river Kopl. Close behind the houses, the mountains rise like mighty walls, in precipitous and wild magnificence. In the midst of this pretty little town, with about 300 houses, just before the stone bridge, the Sprudel pours forth its boiling waters. It is covered with a rotunda, where you behold fashionables, of almost every nation, sipping and scalding their lips with the boiling waters of this celebrated fountain. You cross

the stone bridge, and a narrow street leads you to the Naubaum, the water of which is generally resorted to by the new-comers, who, after every bumper, stride with hasty paces along the wooden gallery running along the bank of the Kopl. Generally <sup>the</sup> they begin with eight glasses, taken at intervals of a quarter of an hour, advancing to sixteen, and even to twenty-four, four of which, in the last stage of the cure, are taken from the Sprudel.

It is the resort of all the hypochondriacs, spleenetics, misanthropes, and *sedentaries* of all descriptions. Nature seems to have chosen this place for those mental patients who wish to forget the wounds inflicted in the storms of society. Its inhabitants are gifted with that cheerful and alleviating temper which exists only for the comfort of their visitors. The narrow space in which this beautiful little town is compressed, reduces the 2000 inhabitants and as many visitors to a single family ; and you can be hardly two days here before every one will know you. The natives, like their visitors, are quite the reverse of those of Toplitz, a gay, lively race, indefatigable to make their guests comfortable during the season. They are said to make amends for their trouble, during

106 the winter, when they regularly spend the earnings of the summer. And while the fashionables of Toplitz are confined in the morning to their beds, those of Carlsbad are seen crowding near the two fountains, and digesting, by mighty strides, the regular prescription. A carriage, that indispensable requisite in Toplitz, is seldom seen in these narrow streets, unless it be for an excursion to Egra, to pay a visit to the manes of Waldstein, the victim of his superstition and ambition. Most visitors prefer sauntering through the beautiful and shadowy promenades; or climbing, in every direction, the precipitous cliffs to Lord Finnlater's temple. The regular sedentaries pace quietly through the park, which extends on the upper end towards the Hammer. The effective powers of these waters are too well known to require explanation. They were discovered by Charles the Fourth, who, pursuing a deer, and on the point of discharging his arrow, saw the animal plunge into a well, from which arose columns of steam. His attendants would fain have persuaded him that it was the kitchen of some magician: the undaunted, and, for his age, enlightened monarch, explored it, and thus bestowed one of the greatest blessings on

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all the heroes of the quill, from the prime minister down to the poor author, who, as he blesses this delightful spot, remembers, not without shuddering, the Congress of Carlsbad.

We returned, highly satisfied with our excursion, on the same road to Toplitz. The best mode of travelling in Austria, is in your own carriage with post-horses: the fixed price for two horses is seven shillings for ten miles. As carriages may be had at a very easy rate, this manner of travelling is generally resorted to, and only the inferior classes are seen crowding into the stages, or, as they are called here, the diligences. The road from Toplitz to Prague, seventy-six miles, lies through Lowositz, Gitschin, and Wellwan. A trip of a few miles, will carry you thence to the magnificent summer residence of Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Raudnitz. This is one of the finest domains in Bohemia: the castle and parks are on the grandest scale, the latter stocked with 400 deer and boars. This, with the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country, the vine-covered mountains of Melnich, its decaying castle, and the lordly Elbe, give to the scenery an air of inexpressible grandeur and sadness. The whole country exhibits a sort of still life, which contrasts, in a



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strange manner, with the beautiful variety of the scenery, and still more so with the deep and intense character of its inhabitants. The vineyards near Lowositz and Aussig, and those of Melnich and Raudnitz, laid out and planted with scions from Burgundy, under Charles the Fourth, are still vineyards. The villages are confined to their narrow boundaries as they existed 200 years ago. The towns through which we passed, Budin, Leutneritz, are in tolerable order, and even superior to those of an equal size in Germany; but as the decaying walls show scarcely their bounds, a new house has been added. There is, indeed, between Budin and Leutneritz, the strong fortress Maria Thessienstad, garrisoned in time of war with 1200 men; but this is of course no benefit for the country. The houses of the Bohemian peasantry are generally built of stone, or bricks dried in the sun; and thatched with straw or with shingles; those of the wealthier with tiles: only the floor of the principal room is boarded.

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The Austrian Government, afraid in any manner, from its peculiar situation, of raising the spirit of its subjects, which might endanger their tram-  
mels, allows them to prosper only just as much

as will enable them to eat, to drink, to pay taxes, and to have a few guldens in case of a war. Store is not thought of, or rather it is presumed dangerous. It is a curious circumstance, that the emperor only gave his consent to the famous national bankruptcy, when his minister Wallis represented to him, that the excessive abundance of the currency had raised the spirit and the enterprise of his subjects so as to endanger their subjection. On the other hand, if the farmer is not able to pay his taxes, as is really now the case with 1000 of them, not only a respite, but even a remittance is allowed them, and their farms are seldom or never publicly sold.

The Bohemian peasantry enjoy a certain degree of freedom: they are not the property of their lords, as in Hungary; they may marry, and sell their estates, but are not allowed to buy a lordship as a domain. From their estates they have to pay double the taxes, in proportion to an equal number of acres possessed by their lords; besides tithes to their lords and their parsons, and the performance of menial offices, either for their families, or, if they are possessed of a team, with their horses and cattle. These menial offices are

regulated by the Supreme Agrarian Aulic Tribunal, under the superintendence of the Committee of the States of the kingdom. The medium through which they are carried into execution, is the director with his subalterns, a comptroller, a secretary, clerks and beadles. These officers are salaried by him and subject to the proprietor of the domain, but they are, at the same time, answerable to the government. The director collects and delivers the taxes to the chief town of the circle. He is the means of carrying into effect the conscription, of laying out public roads, raising provisions for the army, and directing public measures in regard to the peasantry. He constitutes the immediate or first political tribunal to which the peasant applies. In case he abuses his power, the peasant is allowed to appeal to the second and higher tribunal, the captain of the circle,\* who holds the rank of counsellor of the government, or colonel of a regiment, resides in the chief town of the circle, and has four commissaries, with a number of clerks. The third tribunal to which a peasant may resort is the Government of the kingdom, headed by the Supreme Burggrave as president, who has under

\* Bohemia is divided into sixteen circles.

him a vice-president and thirty counsellors. The fourth tribunal to which a peasant has access is the *Aulic Chancellerie*, under the immediate direction of the Minister of the Interior; the last, the Emperor with his State Council, of which he is president—Prince Metternich, vice-president.

In the same manner the judicial department is arranged. Every domain has a *justiziar*, a lawyer by profession, who is equally subject to the proprietor of the domains, as far as he is salaried by him. He decides in the first instance, and is assisted by a secretary and several inferior clerks: the litigant parties, if not content with the sentence of the *justiziar*, may resort to the second tribunal, the Court of Appeal, which holds its sittings in the capital of the kingdom, and is composed of a president, a vice-president, and twenty-five counsellors. If the Court of Appeal confirms the sentence of the first instance, no farther appeal is possible: if not, the parties may forward their cause to the supreme Aulic tribunal of Justice at Vienna, headed by the Minister of Justice. The Government has taken care to protect the peasants from the oppression of the lords and their directors; and the captains of the circles or dis-



tricts, to whom the domains of the lord, as well as the lands of the peasant, are subject, are a sufficient check on the nobility, if they should attempt to encroach on their subjects through their directors. Still, as the number of masters in authority is infinite, and as the poor peasant is subject to all of them, his share of personal freedom, as obtained by Joseph the Second, is little better than real slavery.

The character of these peasants is such as one might expect from a people depressed by a crowd of masters, every one of whom thinks himself entitled to make them sensible of his superiority. They are slavish, insidious, treacherous ! There is a gloom brooding on the countenance of the Bohemian, or, as he prefers to style himself, Czechian, which makes him unfeeling and stubbornly indifferent to your money or your offers ; and he rejects every argument except that *ad hominem*. Music is the only thing which clears up his melancholy brow. It is astonishing what a deep sense the Bohemian of the lowest class has of music. The gloomy stare of his countenance brightens ; his sharp grey eyes kindle and beam with fire and sensibility ; the whole man is chang-

ed. Nothing can exceed the dignity and harmony of the sacred music. When at Raudnitz, we entered a village church, attracted by the long-drawn cadences and the solemn concords of an organ, joined by the voices of the whole congregation. The melancholy air of the music, the sadness so visibly expressed in the countenances of the singers, gave to the whole an interesting character, which it would be difficult to describe.

The Slavonian nations, Russians, Polanders, and Bohemians, are celebrated for their musical talents, especially the *mall* tunes, and their romantic turn. There is hardly any people more inclined to the marvellous, and more fond of tales, than the Bohemians. Without being very superstitious, they dwell with rapture on the deeds of their ancestors. They know by tradition the history of their first dukes—Czech Krock, of his three daughters, and of the founder of their dynasty, Premist. They will show the traveller, on his passage from Toplitz to Prague, near Welwarn, a solitary barren mountain, where one of their first dukes and warriors with 500 of his followers lies asleep, waiting for the thunder-clap which is to rouse him and lay open the doors

of his prison, from whence he will sally forth to deliver his countrymen from the yoke of the foreigners, whom they call *hiemezy*, intruders. They have their Amazons, and will show you near Prague the ruins of a castle, once the seat of these heroines: but what excites more than any thing else their enthusiasm, is their King Charles the Fourth, son of John, who fell in the battle of Cressy. There will scarcely be found a peasant who knows not exactly the sayings and doings of this excellent prince, while one would ask two millions and a-half of them in vain who was the father of the present emperor! This is the more extraordinary as the Austrian monarchs, since the Revolution, in 1618, did every thing in their power to extirpate the national spirit of this people. The public and literary records, and they were certainly far from being indifferent, when we consider the time in which they originated, were not only destroyed by literary *auto da fes* of the Jesuits, <sup>(6)</sup> but every attempt to write an unprejudiced national history was punished in a manner which discouraged even the boldest to sacrifice his existence, and to linger away his life in an Austrian dungeon. Even a member of the princely family of Lob Kowitz, Bohuslaus, fell a victim to

his desire to enlighten his countrymen ! He died in a dungeon. They have, as well as other Catholic countries, their share of superstition, and thousands of coarse statues and paintings decorate their houses, streets, roads, and paths ; but the Virgin Mary excepted, these saints are all their own countrymen ; they would not even look at a foreign saint. I expressed my astonishment at the thousands who flocked to the shrine of St. John de Nepomuch at Prague : it is, I was told, the only record of our national existence which is left to us, and we celebrate with his fête at once that of our ancient and glorious kings, in whose times he lived. They feel deeply that they are oppressed ; they feel it, still more, at the present period. The Bohemian is rather fanatic than religious or superstitious : their priests have less influence than in other Catholic countries of equal intellectual standing, though, before Joseph the Second, this country teemed with monasteries and monks of every description, introduced by Ferdinand the Second, to subdue them the more effectually. The suspicious temper of the Bohemian makes him behold, in these priests, the instruments of Government ; and though the fol-



lowers of Huss and Hieronymyn of Prague have been extirpated with fire and sword, and are even now, if detected, rewarded with fifty lashes on their posteriors, yet they are still very numerous, under the cloak of Lutheranism.