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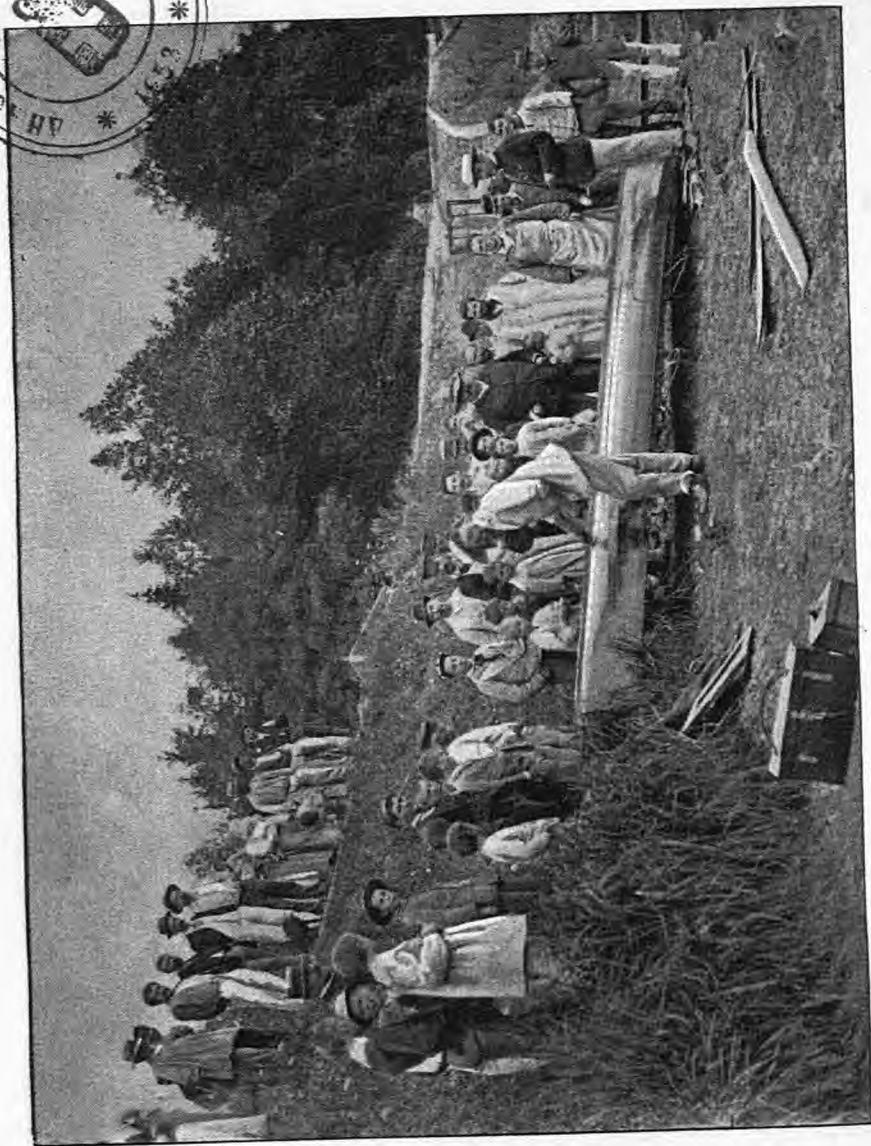
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Mr. Mrs. L. P. Wilson
with "The Skipper's" Love
Sep 93.

BOATING IN BAVARIA, AUSTRIA, AND
BOHEMIA.

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας



REPAIRING THE BOAT.

TRAVELLING IN BAVARIA,
AUSTRIA, AND BOHEMIA.

OF THE

ROYAL MILITARY, NAVAL, AND FIRE

ARMY, AND THE

NAVY, AND THE

ARMY, AND THE

NAVY, AND THE

ARMY, AND THE

NAVY, AND THE



ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

BOATING IN BAVARIA,
AUSTRIA, AND BOHEMIA,

DOWN THE

DANUBE, MOLDAU, AND ELBE.

BY

REV. A. F. RYDER BIRD, M.A., OXON.,

AND

THE REST OF THE BOAT'S CREW.

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A BOATING TOUR DOWN THE DANUBE, MOLDAU, AND ELBE.

The Danube.



HE crew, briefly referred to on the title page, consisted of the skipper, my brother, hereafter called "Stroke," and myself. The skipper had earned his title by varied experiences of British and foreign waterways. Stroke had nearly the same record. I had rowed in my Oxford College boat, but the continent was *terra incognita*,

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so I gladly agreed to join them on a cruise down the Danube, the Moldau, and the Elbe. Danube scenery is well-known to English travellers and readers from the days of Beattie onward, but the Moldau has not been so often explored or so eloquently praised, though its splendid reaches and intricate navigation afford equal pleasure to the oarsman. Preliminaries were arranged at my brother's club, and a fortnight later we met again at the skipper's house on the evening previous to our start. Here the details of the route were discussed, and the baggage packed, namely: first, one waterproof "Cording" bag each, containing the minimum articles for daily use. These bags serve also as life-buoys in case of need. Secondly, a "'tosh" bag with all the waterproofs, tangles, and tools for repairing damage. Thirdly, a handy, joint swagger bag, with the shore-going clothes, as it is a refreshment to change everything

after a day's work, and we prefer appearing at the *table d'hôte* and in the towns as not being of a boat, boaty. Lastly, the "Captain's bag," a small one, with maps, guide-books, pipes, flasks, corkscrew, and any small articles used on a voyage, and likely to be wanted at a moment's notice.

Thursday, 13th August, was the day of final preparation. We dined at my brother's chambers, called a growler, and were off.

On arriving at Holborn Viaduct Station we were met with the information that we were too late for the mail train. It was, in fact, one minute and a half over time, but having previously secured our tickets, we told the unpaid cabman to go for his fare to the house whence we had come, rushed to the closed barrier, opened it with a silver key, and jumped into the moving train, while our luggage was shot into the van.

We reached Queensborough at ten, and were relieved to find all our traps were on

the spot, one bag only having distributed its uppermost contents over the floor of the van. Having collected the wanderers, we got on board, and started at 10.30. The steamer was large and comfortable, belonging to the line promoted by Prince Henry of the Netherlands. The night was fine and breezy, and we soon turned in. Stroke and Skipper were quickly asleep, and snoring in harmony. How I envied them and the happy cherubs who are without stomachs! And yet, after all, were we not going to the rivers; and has not every river its bed and its basin?

Arrived at Flushing about six o'clock, we made no attempt to conceal our cigars and tobacco, the Customs no attempt to discover them.

Then to the buffet. How can the refreshment-room of a railway station look attractive in the early morning, after a night's voyage and such grooming only as is possible in the cabin of a channel steamer? The Dutch

commissariat as we found it here was more satisfying than satisfactory, but the traveller's talisman is to make the best of everything, and so to turn even misadventure into amusement in disguise.

The run through Holland was picturesque enough in the bright sunshine—straight roads, straight canals, straight rows of straight trees, scenery “flat, very flat,” green pastures, many cattle, numberless windmills. The towns were bright with red tiles, whitewash, and green paint; sails and masts everywhere, some apparently growing in the fields, which below the sea-level are protected by the long dykes. Thus Holland

“Spreads its long banks amid the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean splashing o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,
The slow canal, the harvest-laden vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescued from his reign.”

The Dutch are so skilful at land reclamation that when the Fen district was being drained our engineers called in their advice.

At noon, Kaldenkirchen, the German frontier, lunch and Rhine wine, and Stroke's first German joke or polyglot pun (so good that porters and bystanders laugh at it), all come together. We are glad to feel we have entered a new country, the second on our way to Bavaria, where our boat awaits us. The towns become larger, there is more arable and less pasture land, crucifixes and shrines appear by the roadsides, women and oxen take the place of men and horses in field labour, and hedges are no more. Cologne at 2.15. We of course visited the Cathedral, and bought veritable *eau*, but it is not till well on the way to Bonn, when Cologne is small in the distance, that the stupendous size of the Cathedral, standing against the horizon and towering over the puny buildings around it, becomes fully

manifest. We start again at three, and soon the Drachenfels and the Seven Hills come in sight, and we pass Bonn, and are in full view of the Rhine. We see an American sculler near the dyke, who appeared to be paddling about, not travelling. At 5.45 we arrive at Coblenz, drive to the Hôtel du Géant, dine "à part" (trout and partridges with apricot accompaniment were in the *menu*), took a stroll on the bridge, café, and to bed.

Next day *out* at seven (getting *up* is one thing, getting *down* another), and found a lovely morning, and the mist just clearing off from the opposite fortress of "Honor's Broad Stone," the possession of which by the French in his time, Campbell bewails in his Ode to Germany :—

"With Freedom's lion banner,
Britannia rules the waves,
Whilst your 'Broad Stone of Honor'
Is still the camp of slaves.

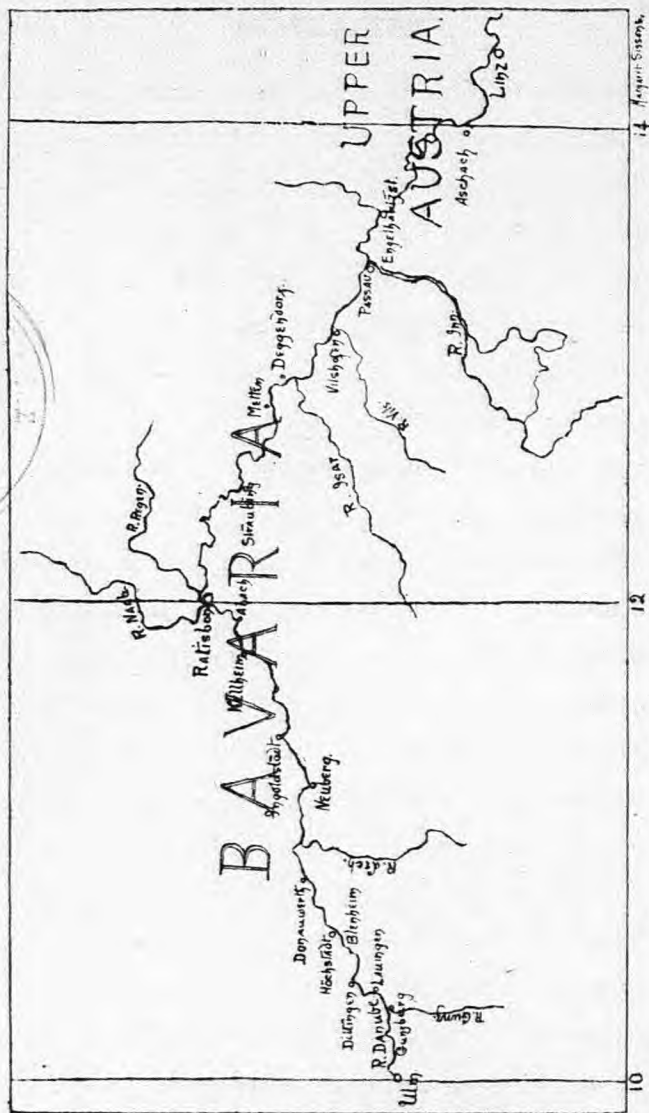
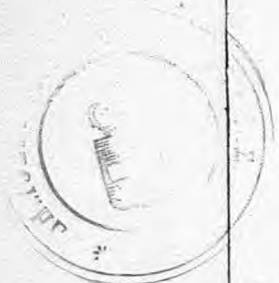
“The spirit of Britannia
Invokes across the main
Her sister Allemannia
To burst the tyrant's chain.”

These words read strangely now ! But still more strange are the twin inscriptions on the stone fountain here, the one commemorating the *successful* (!) invasion of Russia by France in 1812, the other signifying the satirical approval of the victorious Russian General of what he read. A signal warning this against counting unhatched chickens too publicly !

At the post we found letters, and after a visit to the well-known fruit-stall at the bridge, where we laid in a stock of peaches and cherries, we went on board the “Hohenstaufen” steamer to start for Mainz at ten, and found it crowded with pleasure-seekers of sorts.

Most English travellers seem to have an idea of “caste” or vain conceit, which leads

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them to reverse the old canon, and to esteem themselves better than others, as travellers. This is especially observable among the motley crowd who go "up the Rhine." Fellow-voyagers are looked upon as "Cook-ists," or "Innocents Abroad," or worse, as "Excursionists," or as travelling shorter and inferior routes, or as too boldly airing their bad French, or as being less suitably or gracefully attired; in fact as "odd people" or "composite lots," or perhaps as dollar-scattering Americans; and did not all three of us, as soon as on board, escape from the crowd, and climb to the top of a great pile of cargo, and there, by ourselves and to ourselves, enjoy the sunshine and the scenery, our freedom and the fruit?

The lounge on those bales was specially delightful to three tired men, looking at the scenery through the cool breeze made by the pace of the steamboat in the sunny air. The charm of a beginning holiday is great, for

each pleasant day seems so long; after a fortnight, though, the surroundings may even improve, the days appear to slip by too quickly.

We failed not to admire the beauties of the Rhine: Stolzenfels, St. Goar, the Pfalz, and the rest, were indeed pleasant to gaze at; while it was rather tantalising to pass Johannisberg without using our corkscrew. Arrived at Mainz, we drove direct to the station *en route* for Ulm, left our luggage there, with a great gold-laced official, and went into the town to restaurate, officers swaggering and soldiers saluting everywhere. The air of superiority and "side" assumed by the German military, as if all other occupations were but modified coal-heaving, is very mistaken, and contrary to most notions of good taste.

Getting back to our train, we feared to tip the proud official, but he plaintively pursued us crying "O yentilmen, yentilmen," and we

repaired our mistake in a way that proved both suitable and soothing.

At Heidelberg, our only companions, an American and his daughter, alight at midnight, the lady much distressed at the supposed loss of her "Klone water." The night was very cold, and Skipper, snug in an old jacket which we had demurred to his bringing, watched us shiver. We found too late that the carriage was furnished with a tap labelled "hot," "cold"—cold had been turned full on all night.

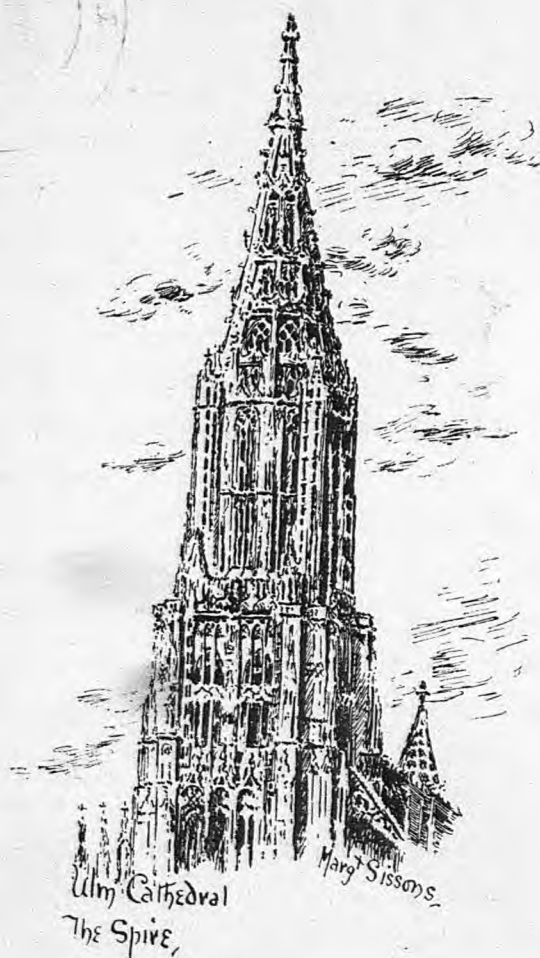
Soon after a splendid sunrise the Cathedral of Ulm came in sight. We had no occasion to call on the town to capitulate, as it did on a former occasion, in 1805, under General Mack, with a garrison of 28,000 fighting men, but marched in without opposition about five a.m. with our arms and baggage. Ulm is on the frontier of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, the greater part of the city being in the former country, though New Ulm on

the right bank of the river belongs to the latter. The advance of civilisation has left Ulm lagging behind, none the worse, perhaps, in some respects, though "its wealth no longer rules the world," as the boast once proudly ran. Fortune, with quaint appropriateness has favoured it with exceptional advantages in edible snails, which it exports in large quantities.

The sunshine showed us this old-world and beautiful city to the best advantage, but being eager to find our boat we lost no time in making our way to the Kron Prinz Hotel near the river. Two porters shouldered our luggage, but had not gone far before one of them rushed up a narrow courtyard, and returned triumphantly with a handbarrow, the owner of which was not yet awake, and grinning broadly at their temporary theft, rattled over the rough stones at express speed. On arriving at the hotel we were attended by a rustic "boots," the only soul

about, and he, with his dog, showed us a room to wash in and change to boating dress. After café we were ready to start, and the landlord turned up; with difficulty we made him understand our requirements, that we wanted to find our boat, and means for transporting it from the railway station to the river. The boat was our outrigger pair-oar, in which several previous voyages on the Loire, the Seine, the Rhone, and other rivers had been made. It had been forwarded from the Thames to Ulm. We started under the landlord's guidance, and were soon looking down from the old ramparts for the first time upon the Danube, which appeared to be about as wide as "The safe old Thames" at Oxford, with a fair current, but shallow. Our guide had naturally supposed that the boat would be in the river, and fresh explanations resulted in a walk through the town to the goods department of the railway station.

The city is most interesting and picturesque, the variety of architecture and roof extraordinary. The colours of the houses are bright and varied, set off by the shadows of the many gables and corners; the numerous windows in the roofs and the curious frescoes on the fronts of the houses add to the general effect. Most of the shops have very graceful signs in open ironwork. In the centre of the great Square stands the Cathedral, which is considered to be one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in Germany, and possesses the highest spire in Europe. This beautiful building is richly ornate with splendid carving, of most delicate design and very elegant proportions; but so anxious were we to get afloat that we gave insufficient time to examining it. When our procession reached the luggage warehouse at the station, we enquired at once for the boat, feeling anxious to know if she had arrived, and in what condition, and were delighted to see her



Ulm Cathedral
The Spire,

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safe and sound, looking very elegant among the cumbrous bales around her. Yet we had to surmount a good deal of red-tapeism before getting her into our possession, and in particular were called upon to restrain our impatience until the arrival of an official, who, to judge from his appearance, had had time for only a partial toilette. However, he made up in dignity what he lacked in neatness, and being very young, was as fussy as fussy could be. He insisted on forming part of our Lord Mayor's show in an old straw hat just on the point of losing its brim, armed also (as the day was cloudless) with a dusky blue umbrella of the most approved Gamp type.

At last the boat was put on a wagon, padded with straw and the skipper's coat to prevent injury from jolting over the stones, and, in the absence of a horse, we dragged the equipage ourselves through Ulm, calling at the hotel for our luggage, and accompanied

by the usual crowd of puzzled natives anxious to see the fun. We soon rattled her down the pretty boulevard, and set her afloat, to our great delight, on the waters of the desired Danube, getting her alongside a wabbling timber-raft, where we washed and rubbed her till she shone. Then we packed the baggage fore and aft, trimmed her one and a half inches by the stern, screwed the little silk union Jack on to the bow, and bidding farewell to the kind and attentive landlord, and bowing our adieux to the spectators, embarked and shoved off. Skipper rowed bow, I handled the lines. We started in proper style, cleared the raft, and then with a "Forward all," "Are you ready?" "Go," and half a stroke to start her, we let her have it, and she sprang away like a gazelle. In this weary work-all-day world there are brilliant moments one does not easily forget, and this was of them.

Yes, we were fairly off, the refreshing

breeze blowing through our thin jerseys like an elixir of life. Before us lay some six or seven hundred miles of unknown water, with difficult, perhaps dangerous, places to pass; but what of that! We had each and all "done eleven months' hard labour" in our respective callings, and our autumn holiday had begun at last. We could say—

"The day is come when I again repose!

Tho' absent long,

These forms of beauty have not been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;

But oft in lonely room, or mid the din

Of town and city, I have owed to them

In hours of weariness sensations sweet,

Pervading the bewildered anxious mind

With tranquil restoration.

Yes, how oft

In darkness, and amid the many shapes

Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the world

Have hung upon the beating of my heart,

How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,

Oh, river bright! thou wanderer through the woods."

The Danube is said to be the coldest river

in Germany. The temperature of rivers does curiously vary. Skipper says that the Zorn in the Vosges is the coldest river he knows of. His party, going to a mill-pool to bathe near Lutzelbourg, were cautioned not to try it, whereupon they promptly took headers, and found it so icy cold that they were glad to scuttle out as quickly as they had jumped in.

The river at Ulm and below was very low and shallow, and the stream was turned at frequent intervals from side to side by banks of stones, so that the course had to be carefully chosen to avoid going aground. We soon came to the first rapid, which we took perfectly right. It was an easy one, having a visible V of smooth water leading into the run. When this is the case you are seldom wrong in steering for the point of the V, but when there is only noisy broken water all across, then make sure of the set of the water (how to do this is the rub),

harden your heart, and put her at it. If there is a *great* noise and bustle and no V, it may be expedient to go ashore to reconnoitre, but we had no case bad enough hereabouts. The two old hands seemed to have an instinct for finding the true course, and I gradually acquired it by practice. It is exciting work, for a bad shot means bother, and probably a hole or crack in the ship, or worse. There were rocks here and there above and below the water that wanted watching, and had it; fair current, but swift only in and after the rapids; kilometre posts all along the bank. The scenery, though "rustic," was not remarkable. We passed on the left the Benedictine Monastery of Elchingen, and on the right the Castle of Leipheim. The bridges are infrequent, and are rough wooden structures made to be removed in winter to avoid destruction by floods and ice. Soon after mid-day we sighted Gunzburg, the approach to which from the river is very

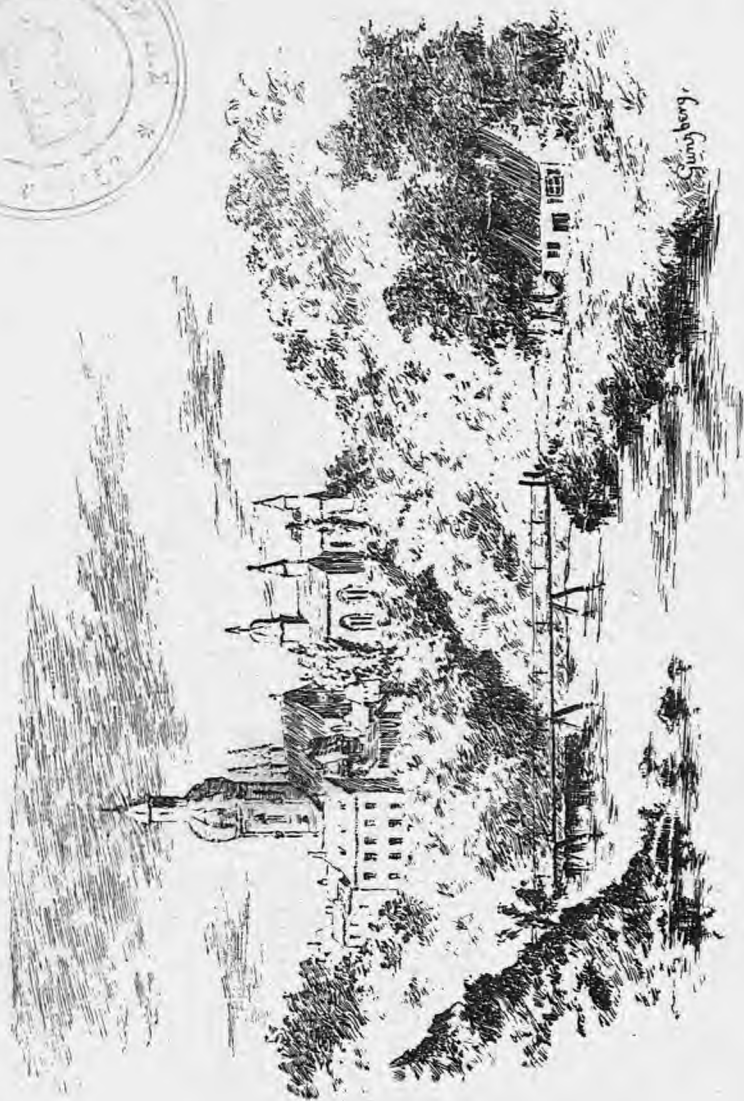
fine. The little River Gunz joins here, and we turned into it and rowed up a short distance, landing at the baths, and left the boat moored to them. Neither here nor



elsewhere did we find it necessary to take any precautions against petty larceny.

The scene before us was exceptionally charming.

The little town (an ancient Roman garrison,



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Guntia) stands on a hill, and an enormous convent, founded by an "early English" lady, Maria Ward, towers above all but the church. The main street, with its houses of white, pink, and blue, set off by green shutters, flower boxes, and fantastic signs, seemed actually to sparkle in the sun. At the end of the street is a narrow gateway and tower, with statue of the Virgin.

Having rowed about twenty miles we were ready for *déjeuner*, and accordingly made for the Bear Hotel, where we came in for a supplementary *table d'hôte*, and were treated with the greatest courtesy by the "patron," who devoted himself especially to our entertainment. They gave us excellent soup, jack caught in the Danube, and many other dishes. Let no man who has not done ten hours a day in a boat taunt us for greedy retrospections!

The town was very full, for the annual fair was on. We returned by a different road,

through some hop gardens to the Gunz, and, having regained our boat, were on our way about three o'clock.

We next passed Reisenberg Castle, on the top of a fine sandstone cliff, bare to the water, but wooded on the sides and summit.

The stream seems rather fuller now, and we greet each little tributary, brook, or rill that joins it with the cry "More water!" We put up a large bird which proves to be an osprey—so Stroke says, and he is learned in all birds. It adds to our pleasure to be told the names of the varied and often rare specimens we see, for

"Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night."

In a reach below we startle a muster of eighteen herons; these undisturbed waters are the haunts they love. About six, off Lauingen, we are ready to stop, having only had one night's rest since starting. A small crowd welcomes us. Stroke stays in the



Salvador
d'Almeida

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boat to put luggage ashore and make all snug ; Skipper and I, guided by a native, go to negotiate dinner and beds. We are led to the Hotel Zur Drei Mohren, a name which falls in well with the Oriental appearance of this and many Bavarian towns, due no doubt to the constant use of the cupola and minaret in the larger buildings.

I hold in the crew the office of German interpreter, though but partially qualified, and Skipper and Stroke hold, on the same terms, the French department.

The landlord's charming daughter spoke French perfectly ; so all was soon pleasantly arranged, dinner ordered, and we returned to the boat with "boots" and a barrow. We found Stroke surrounded by a large crowd, under whose superintendence the barrow was soon packed with our traps, and we all march back to the inn.

Lauingen is like Gunzburg, only more so. I never saw so perfect a country town. The

houses are marvellous in their variety of colour, and yet there is nothing staring, nothing vulgar. Blue, yellow, white, pink, terra-cotta, seemed as suitable there as plain bricks or Portland stone with us. A curious feature was the pulley attached to the top window of many of the houses, apparently for elevating supplies of grain. This window was always surmounted by a crucifix. But peaceful as the town looked on our arrival, deeds of violence were formerly not unknown there, to judge by the stout, though shapely, bars of iron with which the lower windows were protected.

Two points especially struck us: there was no dirt and no poverty; all seemed industrious and contented.

“They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.”

We had occasion to despatch some letters

here, and were directed to put our confidence and our correspondence into a queer little tin box, hiding away shyly in a neglected nook. We asked why it bore no indication of the purpose it was intended to serve. Our scepticism was, with much simplicity, promptly rebuked. "Because," said our guide, "we all know it." May Lauingen long be contented with such a pillar-box.

In front of the hotel stand two bushy acacias; hard by is the Square, with the Town Hall, in the tower of which are frescoes of the native celebrities, the wisest man, the most beautiful woman, and the strongest horse, date 1474. The hotel is interesting; in the courtyard are old pillars carved spirally, and we dine in a vaulted chamber. There were many bourgeois in the room, and one old toper persisted in haranguing us, declaring he wanted to buy our boat. We stroll out to the bridge; the moon from behind the round tower of the

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Castle throws light and shade over the quaint old town; below us the river rattles over one of the rapids, the stars sparkle in the water, all is calm and beautiful. Finally we turn in, and find Lauingen is not a bad place to sleep in.

Up about 6.30; the others are out first. I find them at the boat—which is high and dry, keel uppermost—"tingling" a crack she had probably received on her long railway journey. She had leaked the previous day, but as we have a perfectly successful mode of ejecting water *en route*, without stopping weigh, or wabbling the boat, it had occasioned us hardly any inconvenience. The day is beautifully fine; the landlord and a married daughter, fetched from her home on purpose, and the usual crowd, came with us to the river to witness the start. Adieux follow, and we are off. The river is fuller, and we see more bridges than yesterday. Passing Dillingen, we reach Höchstadt, where two

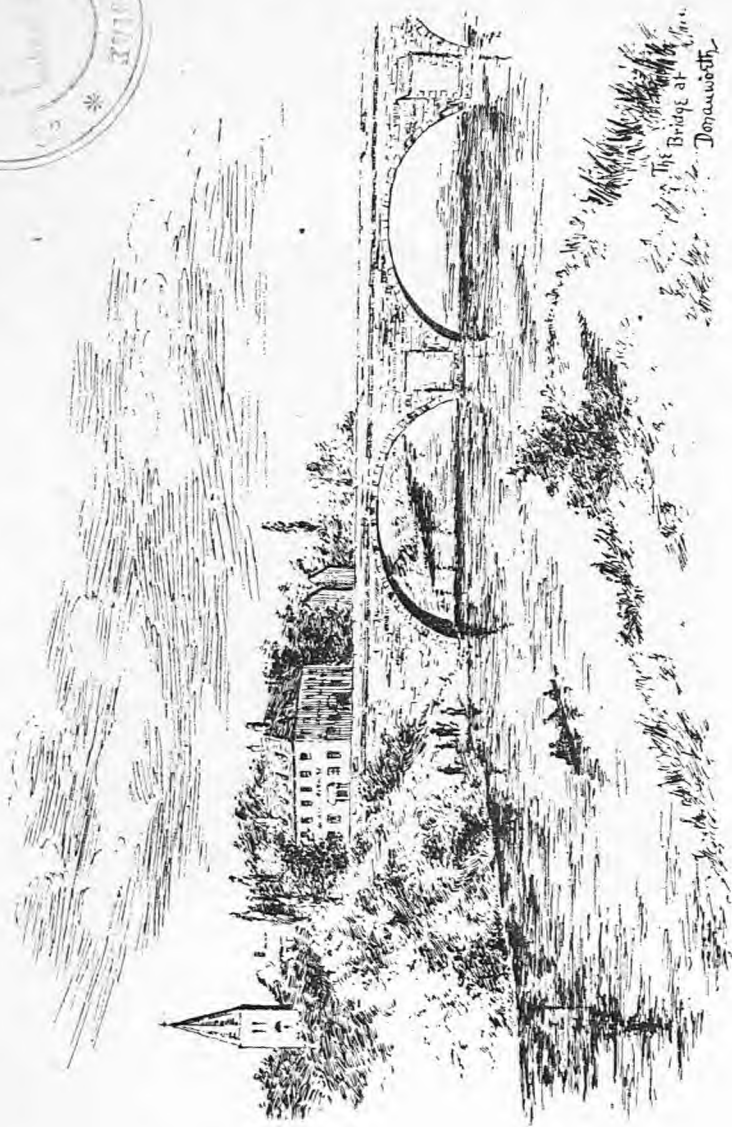
mounted gendarmes await us, but are courteous, and satisfied with the interview, and clatter off. As we are near Blenheim and anxious to see it, we go ashore; a peasant gives us its bearings, and below the next bridge we moor in the embouchure of a little stream, and march under a broiling sun about a mile inland. The road, winding and dusty, leads us between green fields and wild flowers, and past a large, still pool, in which big fish lie undisturbed. Troops of gaily-dressed peasants meet us before we reach the little village of white-washed cottages, and read on the stone wall of the churchyard this inscription: "Schlacht bei Höchstädt u. Blindheim, den 13 Aug., 1704, Bayern u. Franzosen von Eugen u. Marlborough geschlagen." We are on the field of one of the "decisive battles of the world."

Our Austrian allies "got pickles," but Marlborough retrieved the day. He took all the French artillery and pontoons, and

drove the greater part of their army into the river, thus forcing back for a hundred years the wave of French aggrandisement, till it was finally broken at Moscow, Waterloo, and Sedan.

Louis XIV. was a proud, vain man; it is said his wig was handed to him through his bed curtains on the end of a stick each morning, that no one might see his bald head. If the despatches from Blenheim were so handed in, they probably made the old King "sit up." We saw no children playing with a skull, as Southey describes in his "Battle of Blenheim," but the rivulet was there, and the green.

We strolled back to our boat, and started for Donauworth in search of breakfast, and there at the Hôtel Krebs we fared sumptuously. Afterwards we, that is two of us, went to see the little town, which has a fine main street, and a church with some curious carvings on the outside wall. In the early part of the seventeenth century the seeds of



The Bridge at
Dorchester

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the Thirty Years' War were sown here in the violent conflicts between the Reformers and the Romanists, which the town witnessed. To this distinction it has sacrificed much worldly prosperity, and is now a shadow of its former self. Skipper had been left to sketch at the bridge, but on returning we find him gone, and the boat also, and we are puzzled by the gesticulations of some peasants who point up the stream of the little tributary river which joins here, and grin horribly. Skipper soon appears in sight from up the tributary, sculling two ladies and a little boy, who, having come down to admire the boat, addressed him and made their desire for a row too plain to be refused. We start at three o'clock, and soon enter the hilly scenery of the Danube, and pass under the first ferry-rope, supported by high poles, one on each bank. The ferry-boat has a rope running in a pulley across the main rope, and is worked from side to

side of the river by the current. The banks are high and wooded, and made cheerful by châteaux. We gain hereabouts the additional water of the River Lech, and the main stream after this becomes much deeper and very blue, justifying the title of the "Blue Danube." A fair breeze gets up, and we hoist sail and skim down a fine reach or two at our ease.

Our sail is large and powerful, and when the wind is fresh we stay the mast with a bit of line to the outrigger, to take the strain off the bow thwart. The danger of capsizing is a myth, if the boat is properly handled, but without a "stay" there is danger of carrying away the thwart and tearing the boat open, as Skipper had learned by experience. But—

"When the breezes blow
We generally go below ;"

that is, we sit or lie at the bottom of the boat, and this gives perfect stability, and

enables the "look out" to see under the sail, which we keep low, so that the boom only just clears the outriggers.

A bend in the river, and high wooded hills, screen us from the wind, and we take to rowing again ; fine scenery begins in earnest. Eventually, after passing the Castle of Altenburg, we come in sight of Neuberg, wonderfully situated on a hill climbing out of the river, the huge Castle of the ancient Dukes of Bavaria conspicuous above all.

Just above Neuberg the river narrows very much, and the current increases, and at the bridge, the buttresses of which oppose the stream, there is a shootlet, with waves below ; so we make our entry at a great pace, and pull up at the landing-steps, close to the Hotel Post, into which, after prospecting for a better, we eventually entered, secured rooms, ordered dinner, and strolled forth. The town seemed almost all Castle, and the Castle all barrack. Such civilian

houses as there were, looked as if they had been put down hastily and left to shift for themselves. The sprightly cleanliness of Gunzburg and Lauingen was altogether lacking. We dine in a sort of balcony *en dehors*, as the evening is warm, and, as it was the birthday of one of the crew, our beverage was extra sec. We were startled by a rattling sound as if the boat was being tampered with, but finds it comes from a little beer *halle* close by, to which we adjourn, and are rewarded by a very characteristic scene. Some soldiers were playing skittles, which accounted for the rattling noise we had heard; others were holding a little concert to themselves, one, with a fine voice, singing, accompanied by comrades with a banjo, a flute, and a violin. After listening and watching for a short time, we "did our propers" and retired to rest. Skipper and I in one room did well, but poor Stroke's room was afflicted with an

aroma indescribable, and we found it empty at 5.30. The occupant had fled to the purer atmosphere of the quay.

The following extract, which appeared a few days later, was *not* the result of an interview :—

Neueste Nachrichten und Münchener Anzeiger :

Neuburg.

REISENDE ENGLÄNDER.

Gestern Abends landeten, in einem kleinen, zierlichen Boote die Donau herabkommend, vor dem Gasthause zur Post drei Engländer, anscheinend Vater und Söhne, übernachteten und setzten heute früh in ihrem Kahn ihre Reise weiter fort. Sie wollen den ganzen Lauf der Donau bis zur Mündung in's Schwarze Meer mit ihrem Schiffchen entlang fahren.

For the benefit of those who do not share with Mark Twain an intimate knowledge of German, we subjoin a translation :—

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS.

Yesterday evening, three Englishmen, apparently a father and two sons, who are descending the Danube in a small but beautiful boat, landed here in front of the Hotel Post. They spent the night here, and continued

their journey in their craft early this morning. They intend to complete, in their little vessel, the whole passage of the Danube down to its mouth in the Black Sea.

The scenery now was less interesting, and clouds came up, ending in heavy rain. The word is "Easy all," "Out 'toshes," and we protect the luggage and ourselves perfectly, and thus are masters of the situation, less pleasant though it was; there are still rapids that want careful taking, and we jog on to Ingoldstadt, with its long line of unsightly fortifications. The town is old and gloomy, but curious; we inspect two churches, one with a remarkable painted roof, illustrating in different compartments the text, "He ordained some prophets," etc. There was some fine old glass in the windows of the other. Then to breakfast at 10.30. Ingoldstadt once possessed a university, but as Dr. Faust was educated here, perhaps its suppression was justifiable. There was also formerly a Jesuit college here, and Father

Urban, one of its heads, truly said, "No one knows what a Jesuit is, but he who is a Jesuit."

Objects of interest to antiquary and artist bristle on shore in the vicinity of the river, but with limited leisure we have to press on, and take them as seen.

We start about noon, the rain still falling so fast that it is hard to judge the water, and we run on to a shallow. Stroke gets overboard to lighten, and shoves us off, and soon the weather clears, and we stop to take off waterproofs. Fortunately for us, this was our only experience of "heavy wet," and it made us value our freedom from similar inconvenience during the rest of the voyage. We had passed during the rain the fine reach on the bank of which is the old Roman wall called the Devil's Wall. Starting from here it extended to the Rhine, a sort of little Great Wall of China.

The hills on each side are fine, with sundry

castles on the summits, and pretty villages beneath. At length the narrowing of the river brings us to the entrance of the "Long Wall" of the Danube, where, in the bright sunshine, we stop to gaze our fill. At the head of this magnificent pass or gorge stand the remains of the ancient Benedictine Monastery of Weltenburg, surmounted by a venerable wall with bastions. The river, narrower and deeper, flows fast but tranquilly between perpendicular and overhanging cliffs, like a wall on the right hand and on the left, from 400 to 600 feet high sheer up from its surface. Grand grey masses of stone are they, evidencing the sublime impress of the Almighty hand that formed them and placed them there,—with now and then a slight tree, the seedling of the wind, growing in a crevice. At the top a fringe of pine trees, with blue sky and white fleecy clouds above, and all this doubled by the reflection in the water as in a mirror; for—



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“Every tree that o’er it bowed,
And the clear blue sky and the silvery cloud,
And all that was bright, and all that was fair,
And all that was grand had its image there.”

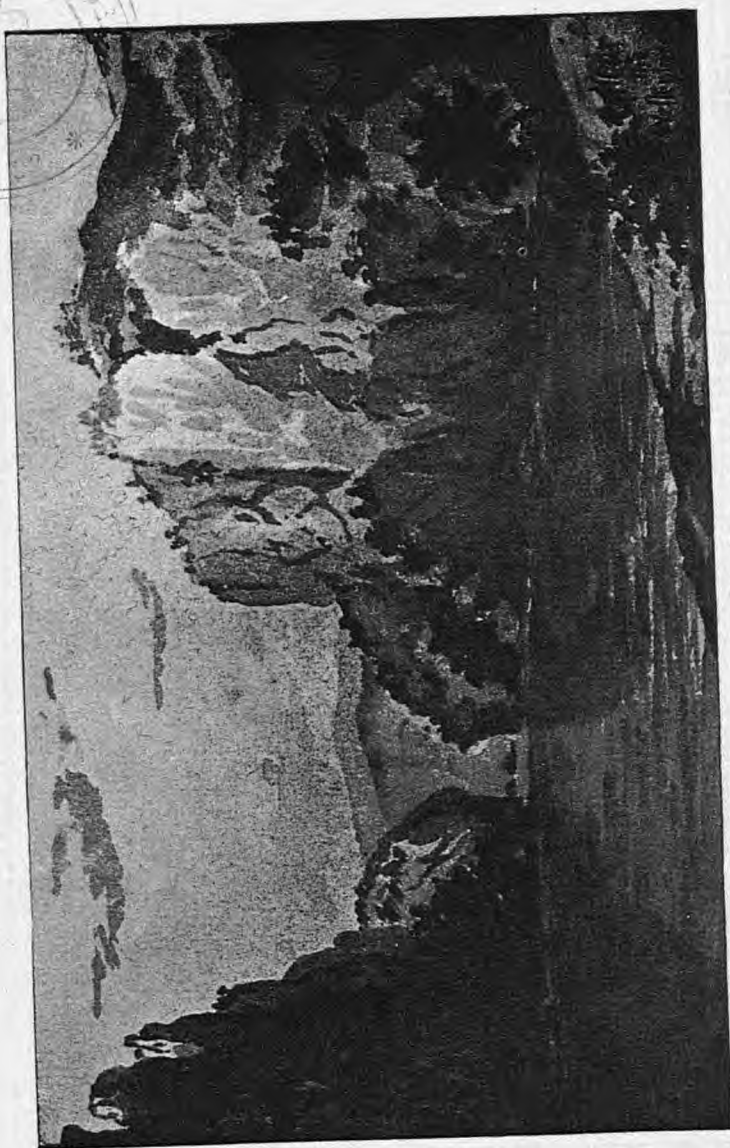
The cliffs are so precipitous that there is no foothold for man or beast, and the native boatmen haul their vessels up stream by means of iron rings let into the face of the rock. On the final summit of the pass is a large building decorated with statues, called the Hall of Liberation, built in memory of the war against Napoleon Buonaparte. It commands a fine view of the Long Wall (with Kellheim at its foot) and the Valley of the Altmühl, which here joins the Danube, and by means of a canal links the Danube with the Rhine.

The valley opens out with hills nearer or farther off, a breeze springs up, and we hoist sail, and at our ease we pass many villages. The road on the right bank was a great engineering work; one of the rocks through which it is cut bears a commemoration tablet,

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flanked by the national lions, all carved from the living stone. We finally lower sail off Abach to halt for the night.

The hotel was close to the river, and we are accepted as guests. We entered the inn through a kind of pillared crypt, used as a beer-cellar, and continued through to the front, an arrangement we noticed elsewhere, acting as a relief to pressure against the house in time of floods. After a toilet, we stroll to a neighbouring ruin, and return to dine in a large room with pillars, divided into two compartments by a screen. The outer division, dimly lighted, is filled with peasants, men and women with quaint dresses and many-coloured garments, quite a Wilkie picture; the peasants hereabouts are remarkable for their fondness for finery. In the inner and better-lighted portion is our table and a party of priests and others; at the sound of a bell the whole assembly, peasants and all, are silent, and kneel for some minutes in



ENTRANCE TO THE "LONG WALL" OF DANUBE.

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

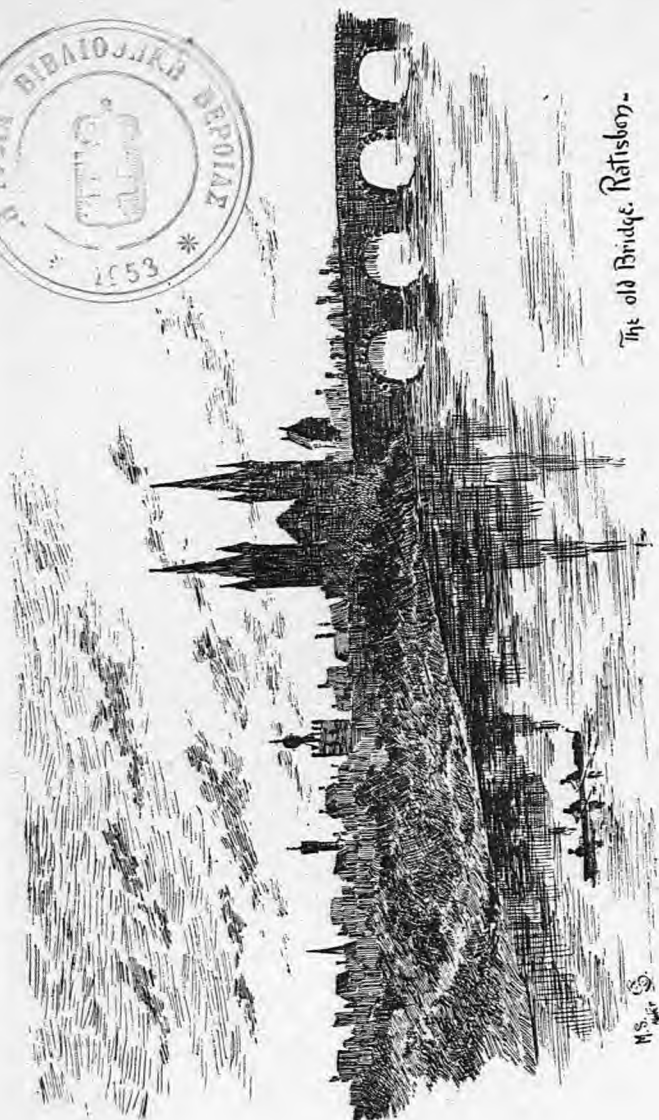
Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

prayer. The landlord and his wife after this join us in a complimentary glass of wine, and we soon turn in, having done forty-five miles in the day. We tear off the stuffy "eider-downs," and retaining the sheets for use and the "antimacassars" for ornament, we sleep the sleep that muscular exercise alone can give. Yet the "eider-down" balloon is a matter of taste, for a German lady, on a visit to England, for want of one, is said to have wedged herself in between the feather bed and the mattress.

Up with the lark, coffee at seven, bill chalked on the bottom of a wine measure, off at 7.30, morning fine. We pass the junction of the Naab, a large river, and soon sight Ratisbon, after a twelve-mile row. Here we pull up at a large wharf above the bridge. The river is very broad at this point, and is divided into two branches by a large island or bank of stones. The bridge, which is 750 years old, and one of the most interesting

artificial features of the Upper Danube, spans the river with a length of 1,100 feet. The piers are extremely massive, and through the narrow space between them the water rushes like a mill-race. As we want to make sure of taking it in the right way, we go on the bridge, through a little turreted gateway, and judge our future course.

This done, we visit the strange old town, which seems to enjoy its well-earned repose after a busy and often stormy life of seventeen centuries. One house is adorned with a "highly-coloured" representation in fresco of the combat between David and Goliath; the latter has his feet near the pavement, and his head close to the eaves; the former reaches to the first floor only. We go to the Golden Cross Hotel, which appears to have formerly been a palace, like many other of the large houses in the town. After ordering breakfast we go to see the Cathedral and the Rath-Haus. The latter contains the Diet Chamber



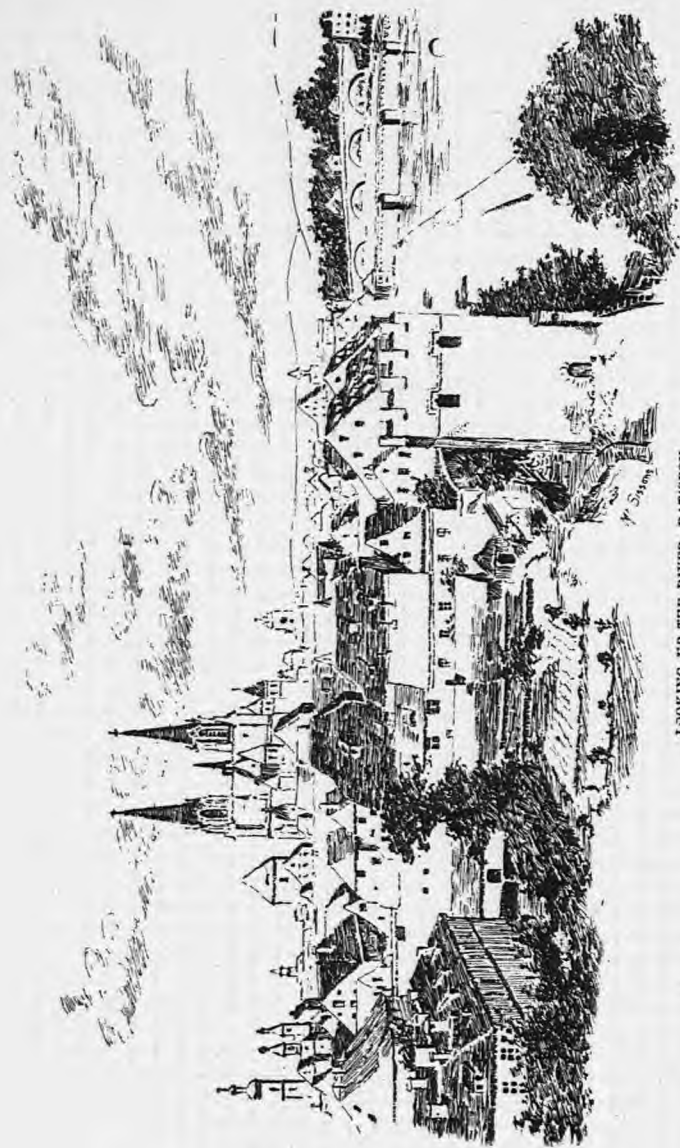
The old Bridge, Ratisbon.

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of historical renown, with a trap-door in the floor, leading to the horrors below, loathsome dungeons and cells, and the torture-chamber, containing the instruments of man's cruelty, worn with their hideous uses, but still perfect. One reads of such things, but to see them before the very eyes, with such realistic accessories as they have here, is appalling, and we gladly escape from such a scene to air and light. The Cathedral, built in the thirteenth century, has gorgeous windows of modern stained glass. At the top of one of its towers is the statue of a man in the act of throwing himself off, supposed to be the architect. Breakfast was splendidly cooked, the *chef*, a woman, being renowned, and an author of works on her art. Then to a curiosity shop, and back to the boat. The people are boatmen of repute, their fame dating from the time when they navigated pilgrims down the river to join the Crusades, so we value the hearty good-bye and three

cheers which they give us from the bridge as they watch our start. The buttresses extend a long way up stream, and the pent-up water swirls from them, and rushes in a heap through the arch. Stroke, who was steering, profiting by his previous inspection, takes it accurately, without shortening sculls, but with only two or three inches clear on either side. We soon meet the River Regen, and hoist sail with a fresh wind. Far in the distance, wrapped in grey mist, the outposts of the Böhmerwald are visible, and soon, about six miles or so from Ratisbon, we pull ashore off the Valhalla. Mooring the boat at the foot of a hill about three hundred feet high, we make all snug, and climb straight away up, getting a magnificent and extensive view all round, including the spires of Ratisbon, many miles of the windings of the Danube, and the Alps of the Tyrol on the horizon. The building is Doric, reached by long flights of wide steps and terraces. Visitors on entering have to



LOOKING UP THE RIVER, RATIBON.

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put slippers on over their shoes to protect the many-coloured marble floor. The walls are of red marble, and the ceiling finely decorated with frescoes. The building is of about the same size as the Parthenon at Athens, the hall filled with busts of German celebrities,

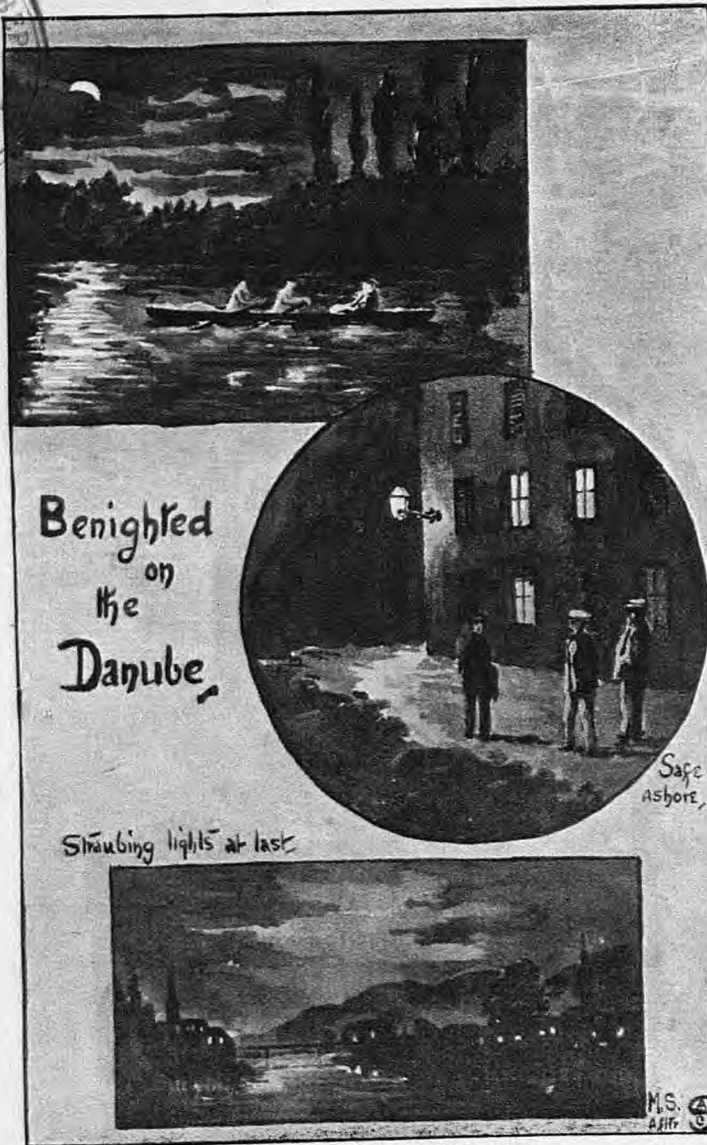
“Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in art, in song.”

But the effect, gorgeous as the place is, wants charm. White marble busts in long rows are rather ghastly and grim.

“Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Or Honour's voice affect the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the cold dull ear of death?”

A smart shower of rain fell while we were sheltered in here, but bright sun comes out for the rest of the day. We had not started long before the listening coxswain reported a distant ominous sound, and at a bend of the river we meet our first steamer, towing two barges; but as we know how to take a

steamer's wash we pass on easily. A fair breeze gives us another sail; wind and water the same way keep the river surface as still as a lake, reflecting hills, a church, and an avenue of trees with minute accuracy. The river runs at the foot of a range of mountains on the left, on which side also is the huge Castle of Worth. The lights on the water are splendid with the descending sun, but the evening draws in, and the stream slackens, and the river winds greatly. The setting sun is now on the right, then on the left, and we are looking eagerly for Straubing, but see only a few scattered farmhouses. Darkness comes on, and the moon rises clear and bright. Fortunately there are no rocks or shallows, so we determine not to sleep in the wood, but to keep her going. We serve out a ration of brandy, and change every half-hour, as is our custom when unexpected distance has to be done. The moon goes in, and it is dark—even on a well-known river shadows are



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deceptive in the dark, but here things looked serious. At last a sound is heard of falling water. Is it a mill or a rapid? To guard against canoning on to a snag or being caught in a weir, we turn the boat's head up stream, straighten the rudder, and back down, thus getting two pairs of eyes to "look out," and making it easy to nip away up in an instant if we touched anything. At last we see Straubing lights at the end of the reach, and many barges lying moored. The doubtful sound proves to be caused by a very large mill on an island. We can just distinguish the outline of the bridge, and pull up above it, at the foot of a large barrack. Skipper and I walk up the town, in which one man only is still to be found about, and he conducts us to the Hotel Adler, and refuses remuneration. There are rooms at our disposal, and a sleepy ostler comes back to the boat with the usual barrow, but he distrusts us,

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and insists on our preceding him down the dark steps from the bridge to the boat. Soon after nine we are doing more than justice to a good, though late, repast.

We had not tasted food for ten hours, and had done over fifty miles of water since lunch. The landlord brought us English newspapers, but we could innocently say, at that hour, "Serious things to-morrow," and soon sought that repose which an hotel *salle à manger* can never afford.

We are all down about seven, and stroll round the town in a misty morning promising a fine day. We inspect the old tower attached to the Town Hall in the middle of the High Street, buy, as was our wont, fruit in the market, have our coffee, pay our moderate bill, and accompanied by the landlord, start for the boat. The stream is slack, and a smart breeze against us checks our speed, but we have views of hills and mountains rising one behind the other, the Böhmerwald getting

nearer and nearer, with the mist still hanging on its summits and valleys. The river winds much, and the reaches are long and beautiful, with here and there an island ; so we have to choose sides. The hills are adorned with castles and monasteries, all full of interest, and we wish we had longer vacation that we might land and explore. At last the hills, so long expected, come down to the river's edge ; and up a valley formed by the outlying spurs spreads the village of Metten, with the Nattenberg and its ruined church conspicuous on an isolated hill rising *vis-à-vis*. Several quaint superstitions linger in this neighbourhood. In Bogen Church is a hollow stone image of the Virgin, said to have floated and stopped here of its own accord, and by its miraculous arrival to have converted a wicked robber-knight, whose wealth was afterwards religiously bestowed. At Metten, Charlemagne founded an abbey, persuaded thereto by the legerdemain of a

hermit, who hung up his hatchet on a sunbeam! And the Nattenberg itself owes its solitary position to a mistake of the Evil One, who, startled by the strains of an *Ave*, dropped the rocky hill harmlessly on the wrong side of the river, instead of crushing with it the pious inhabitants of Deggendorf.

Here we stop at a sort of quay above the bridge, and walk under an avenue of trees to the town of Deggendorf, to breakfast at the Adler Hotel, where we are welcomed by mine host, who shakes hands and shows us in to a *table d'hôte*, good and well-attended, for it is market-day. Hunger slowly vanished before soup with puddings in it, ragout, beef, sausages and cabbage, bacon and onions, veal and chip potatoes, dessert, and coffee. Happy the man whose turn it is to steer after encounters like this! The panelling of the room had "turn-up" seats like those in Cathedral stalls, very useful when the room was used for a ball. The labels on the wine

bottles differed from the card, and were therefore disfigured by the patron, but we bowled him out, though he took his defeat with much good temper. He too, came down to see the boat, and we were off in fine hot sun at 2.30; Stroke's turn to steer. Soon after this we passed the first raft, and went ahead, while they stuck hard and fast on a shallow. The River Iser joins the Danube hereabouts, now bright in sunshine, not—

“Dark as winter was the flow,
Of Iser rolling rapidly.”

The breeze comes fair, and we sail delightfully—the alteration of three-quarters of an hour steering after one and a half of smart rowing, for we always keep up a lively stroke, is very pleasant, but it approaches bliss when we all can stretch at our ease, with a good draw on the sail. We thus skim by the large ruined Castle of Hildegardsberg, and the mountains close in on both sides. As we enter a gorge through which the stream

hurries at a great pace, we “down sail,” for huge boulders of granite appear in the river-bed, causing eddies and breakers, and making very careful and smart steering needful. Some of the heights that flank our course are bare of wood or grass, and show the origin of the rocks in the water. We get quickly on, and at 6.30 arrive off Vilshofen, our “desired haven.” We find our way to the Ochs Hotel, and are willingly received by the owner. At Vilshofen the river Vils joins, the town standing on the peninsula between the larger and smaller streams. As there is nothing remarkable here, except the public fountain, it is an opportunity for a short digression due to the stories connected with the country we are in. The castles here abound with legends of the Crusades—the Danube was a highway to the Holy Land; from these parts legions of “armadillo wights” went to the wars, and left their bones to whiten the plains of Palestine.

“For few the reward of their victories earned,
And ninety-nine perished for one who returned.”

The cross-legged effigies in our cathedrals and churches testify to the numbers of English heroes who fought in these campaigns. The figures are of three kinds—the first, crossed at the ankle, is the most numerous, and indicates that the deceased had served once in these wars; the second, crossed at the knee, is less common, and relates to Crusaders who, having returned, went a second time to the fight; the third, crossed at the thigh, has very rare examples, for few warriors were fortunate or persistent enough to have gone three times to the rescue of Palestine from the Pagan. The only instance of this last class we have seen is on the tomb of Sir James Beauchamp, in Worcester Cathedral.

The prowess of Richard I. as a Crusader needs no reference here, but we may mention that his personal strength was such as to

enable him, with *one blow of his sword*, in a battle before Joppa, to lop a head, shoulder, and right arm off a Saracen officer who had charged at him.*

Incalculable treasure and two million lives were lost during the two hundred years these so-called Holy Wars continued, yet the Turks hold Palestine still !

The minstrels, or troubadours, who composed or sang the stories of these times were an important class. The "King of the Minstrels," like the "King at Arms," was both here and on the Continent a usual officer at the Courts of Princes.

History and poetry owe not a little to these wanderers. Many of their romances of the Danube recount how much the faithful ladies pined for their Crusading lords, and how little the absent lords did likewise, and *vice versa*; for instance one tells of the departure of a baron, under agreement that his wife might

* Lord Joinville's "Chronicle of the Crusaders."

marry again in seven years and one day if no news arrived ; “not hearing,” she fixed twelve o’clock on the final day for her second marriage ; the baron, however, turned up that very afternoon at the breakfast after the wedding, alone and on foot, as he had “lost his train.”

Another story, which should be authentic, for Sir Walter Scott has translated it from the German, runs thus, in his words :—

“O see you that castle so strong and so high ?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye ?
And see you that Palmer, from Palestine’s land,
The shells on his hat and the staff in his hand ?

‘Now Palmer, grey Palmer, O tell unto me
What news bring you home from the Holy Countree ?
And how goes the warfare on Galilee’s strand ?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land ?’

‘O well goes the warfare by Galilee’s wave,
For Gilead and Ramah and Nablous we have—
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost and the Christians have
won.’

‘And Palmer, grey Palmer, by Galilee’s wave,
Oh, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave ?

'When the Crescent went back, and the Red Cross
came on,
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?'

'O lady, fair lady, if thunderbolt falls
It leaves of your castle but levin-struck walls,
The pure stream runs muddy, the gay hope is gone—
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.'

She has taken a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;
She has taken a sword, should be sharp at her need ;
She has taken a vessel for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie ;
Small thought on his faith and his knighthood had he,
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

Count Albert had armed him the Paynim among,
Tho' his heart it was false yet his arm it was strong,
And the Red Cross waxed faint, and the Crescent
came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

The war cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
And lances were couched, and they closed on each side,
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin* unto.

* Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, 1143-1163.

‘Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did
wield

The fence had been vain of the King’s Red Cross
shield,

But a page thrust him forward, the Monarch before.
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand
He stretched with one buffet that page on the strand,
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of
gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare,
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted
hair,

For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The battle is over on Bethsaida’s plain,
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched with the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie?

Yet many a minstrel in harping can tell
How the Red Cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell,
And lords and high ladies have sighed in their glee
At the fate of Count Albert and fair Rosalie!”

But we have been too long afield; it is time

that we returned from the Holy Land to our beds at the Hotel at Vilshofen.

In the morning the landlord, who had read in the papers about our expedition and the Black Sea story, seemed rather proud of us, saying we were the first Engl—But no, we do not pose, as too many writers of boating tours have done, as little Columbuses—Mansfield of the Waterlily, in 1852, opened the Danube to English oarsmen; yet it is our agreeable duty to cede the merit and privilege of having originated boating tours on foreign rivers to our fellow-countrywomen. As far as we know, the earliest voyage of the kind was made by three English ladies, as recounted in the very interesting book, written and illustrated by one of them, entitled “Six Weeks on the Loire,” dedicated to the Countess of Euston, 1833. There is no trace in the book of a gentleman having been of the party, but they employed a native craft and a waterman.

Many of the continental rivers are as accessible and adapted to those lady voyagers, who can enjoy their shorter turns at the rowing, as the Thames or the Severn, care being taken to arrange to halt only in such places as have hotels mentioned in the guide-books.*

We write from experience of various vacation voyages, accompanied by ladies, on four of the French and German rivers. It is ample testimony to cite here in favour of these expeditions, that they were thus repeated.

Our river work to-day is exciting, rocks are more frequent, and the river rushes along in a swirling current. All at once it narrows to half-breadth, and large boulders throw off the hissing water in big waves and curling eddies. Skipper gets the steering, and has a lively time—once or twice it was only just possible, after clearing one great rock, to

* Maps of most French rivers, with distances, towns, villages, and lochs, can now be bought in London.

avoid being carried on the next below. This was no child's play, and we feel we are boating in earnest. But the hand of improvement was at work, for men were engaged in blasting away some of the worst obstructions. The little boat behaved splendidly in this lumpy water, and kept us almost dry. Below this to Passau the course has been cleared, and the water was more easy.

Passau is a very ancient city, surrounded by scenery of surpassing beauty. The Castle of Oberhaus commands the town, and the rivers Ilz and Inn here join the Danube. It is said to be graced by the most beautiful women in Germany, but the difficulty of this question was enhanced by the surprising number of women of all ages we saw who had the mumps, and consequently their heads and faces enveloped in handkerchiefs, yet as two of us did observe some justification for the rumour, we give Passau the benefit of the doubt. Steamers ply hence for Linz

and Vienna. We breakfast at Hôtel zum Mohren; food and wine excellent. We longed to ascend the Castle, and to spend the remainder of the day here, for few places are more worthy of admiration. It was taken by Napoleon, but abandoned in the disastrous retreat from Russia, when he was—

“The Desolator desolate,
The Victor overthrown,
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own.”

The view of the town as we leave it shortly before noon is most impressive, with the great Castle between the black Ilz and the blue Danube. The combined stream of the three rivers shows an extraordinary change of colour, becoming a thick milky white, so thick that even the depth of a few inches conceals the bottom. The noise against the boat is like the fizzing of soda-water. Of the three rivers the Inn is at this point the

broadest, and has had the longest course, but the Danube is the deepest, and maintains its direction and its name.

The Danube here forces its way through the chain of mountains forming the southern end of the Böhmerwald, and for thirty or forty miles reach follows reach, bordered by a continuous line of hills on both sides, about a thousand feet high above the rushing river. On shutting out Passau, we enter a rapid, more stormy than former ones, pouring over the sloping bed with white-crested waves that often seemed above the boat; but she has a correct "flare," and turns them off each side with a will. The winding of the river then closes from sight both ingress and egress; we might be on a lake, but for the fact that the water flows rapidly on its way.

We haul up on a bit of sandy shore to take in the beauties of a natural picture, not less striking than those of the Long Wall. Not far off, the river is tossing its spray

aloft, the sky now overcast. From crest to bank, the heights, almost perpendicular, are clothed with forest, partly pine, partly, in rich contrast, the lighter foliage of beech and hazel. Here and there a steep ravine breaks the regularity, and discloses further charms beyond.

As we go on, new scenes open out, and rising straight from the river, on a high rock, is the Castle of Krempelstein, also called the "Schneider Schloss." It is strange that so many beautiful spots, abroad and at home, should have odious names attached to them derived from absurd stories. The legend of the place is that a tailor, of the class who "make up own materials," had left at the Castle a new suit for the Baron. While returning from his errand, he was annoyed by a goat, which he tried to hurl into the river, but the goat (equal to the occasion) butted the unhappy tailor over the precipice to his doom.

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The right bank is now Austrian, the left still German. Round the next bend the river narrows, and we meet a steamer flying Austrian colours coming slowly against the current. We pass a great rounded rock in the midst of the water known as the "Joachimstein," with a shrine and statue of stone, and then to Engelhartzell, the Austrian frontier, where we are beckoned ashore at the Customs.

The officers were as courteous as we tried to be, and, after a cursory examination and a payment of thirty-two kreutzers, we all adjourn for the "pleasure of a glass of wine."

Our first impressions on entering Austria were highly favourable. We had much admired the opening of the defile below Passau, but now for thirty miles we pass through scenery quite as fine, if not finer. The reaches succeed each other in what seems an almost endless succession, though constant rapids take the boat along at a



M.S.
415 S.

Engelhardt
ou M^{re}
Austrian, Tronier.

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great pace, while we keep well out in the stream, for the shore is lined with rocks. There are many "coigns of vantage," where the old feudal barons have crowned the wooded steeps with castles. Such are Marbach and Hayenbach, the latter a ruin which we pass on our left, and yet again, so winding is the river's course, repass in the next bend. The promontory thus formed by the river turning back upon itself is rounded off with a smooth shelving beach rising into a green lawn, while round the opposite shore the water rushes like a mill-race, forming little whirlpools that dot the surface with ever-changing spots.

The forests show us timber in every stage. Down the steep shoots that look like headlong paths on the mountain side, the wood cut into logs comes rolling with the noise of rumbling cartwheels heard far off. Here, a woman is piling up these logs in stacks by the water's edge, there the blue smoke of the

charcoal-burner's fire curls upward among the green leaves, in yet another place are unsawn trunks, from which only the bark has been peeled, and workmen are fashioning them into rude rafts for conveyance to their destined uses in more busy scenes. One tiny church is the solitary place of worship that we see in all this thinly-peopled gorge, where scarcely dwellings enough are found together to deserve the name of village.

The last reach begins with the huge Castle of Neusbach, and soon after six we reach Aschach, our first halting-place in Austria, having done a memorable row of fifty miles.

Just as we were snugly housed in the "Golden Sun," the rain came pouring down. The people were all very attentive, and did their best for us, and we escaped hurting their feelings through refusal of certain dishes by the opportune help of a large and famished bull-dog, who swallowed the mys-

teries given him without a groan. On the billiard table, bored with six pockets, large enough to admit the cannon balls common throughout the Continent, we tried a game out of compliment, but not for long, as we were tired, and each one wanted to be in

“Mon lit, mon lit,
Mon pauvre lit,
Par qui je suis
Heureux la nuit.”

The clean and quiet hotel has a passage through the ground floor, like others referred to, for safety in flood-time, and a high-water mark in the hall, eight feet from the floor, dated 1799, showed the wisdom of this. There was in each room a *meldzettel*, or printed form of enquiry for travellers to fill up, but we only took it away as a relic. We had Foreign Office passports, properly viséd, and they sufficed.

Our start was made at eight, in heavy mist and quick water, so we follow a steamer,

moving cautiously, and gaining little on us ; when that was gone we took some barges for a lead, as we could not see ahead. Suddenly the river seems lost among islands, but a native boatman pointed the course, and so saved us the trouble of making a selection. We dash down a rapid, pass the islands, and enter another defile. Then fortifications on both sides herald the approach to Linz, and we are soon in front of the quay, and while we are thinking where to land, an energetic porter and interpreter in one, from Hôtel Krebs, has spied us, and, with a sonorous "Good-morning," takes us in charge. So at ten o'clock we disembark, not without regret that our beautiful tour on the Danube, as far as boat is concerned, is over.

From Ulm to Ratisbon is about 110 miles, and from Ratisbon to Linz about 120, both in straight lines. Reckoning the windings *of* the course, and the windings *in* the course from side to side, we estimate that we have

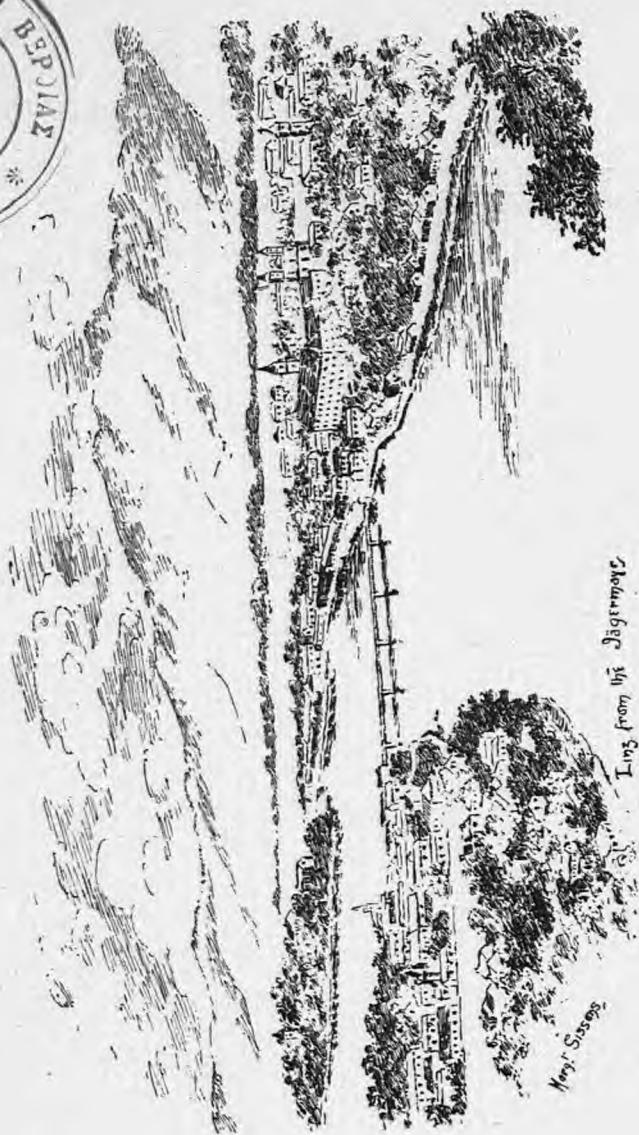
gone through about 300 miles of water in the six days. We regretted leaving our little boat, yet the change to physical rest was pleasant, besides removing the mental *qui vive* and incessant attention which navigation required.

Arrived at Linz, the "swagger" bag is to the front; we change to shore-going dress, pack all boating garments in the "Cordings," and breakfast *de luxe* in the commodious coffee-room of the hotel. The next point was to start the boat with the "Cording" bags to the railway station, to be conveyed to Budweiss, on the Moldau, in Bohemia. We wished to have rowed to Vienna, but it would have involved three days more, and we had no time to spare. The boat was due at Budweiss in two days, and we employed them in steaming to Vienna as ordinary travellers, seeing it, and then proceeding to Budweiss by train.

Being now no longer biremistis but only

shore-going wayfarers, our log is suspended ; suffice it to say, Linz is a pleasant place to spend a day in, and we spent it pleasantly, strolled up the Jägermeyer height to see the windings of the Danube, and a splendid view all round. In the mountains far away the Moldau rises, but it was not clear enough to see the snow-capped Alps of the Salz Kammergut. In the distance we watch a storm of thunder and rain rolling along the mountain and valley, with the sun breaking through the clouds behind.

On returning to the town, while looking at the curious column in the principal square dedicated to the Holy Trinity, our attention was called to the bridge, over which a complete Corps d'Armée was defiling, consisting of several thousand men of all arms, cavalry in blue and red, infantry in blue and white or grey, and artillery in brown and blue, accompanied by the ambulance train and *fourgons*. As the passage occupied



View from the Jagirgorgas

Veria, Greece

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much time, intervals were allowed for ordinary traffic to cross. The soldiers were sunburned and dusty, just returning from some important manœuvres; the officers were elegant, soldier-like men, and the balconies and windows were crowded, many ladies waving welcomes to the different regiments as they passed.

“The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as it passed by, they said with a sigh,
What pity such men must go fight-a.”

As officers of Continental armies never appear out of uniform, ladies need caution lest some part of their affections should be devoted to cotton-wool. We know of an instance in which a German cavalry officer had fallen in love with, and been accepted by, a lady, whose family resided in the town where his regiment was quartered; the consent of the father could, however, only be obtained on condition that the *militaire*

should retire from the army and become his partner, this was agreed to, and all was signed and settled, but the first time the lady saw the late soldier in mufti, his dress-improvers being gone, she no more loved him, and changed her Yes to No.

“Yes! I answered you last night,
No! this morning, sir, I say.”

He thus gained a business, though he lost a bride. The course of true love never did run smooth.

Junot This premature squabble and its consequences might perhaps have been averted if the persons about to marry had only recollected that the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Tarnot), in her “Memoirs of Napoleon the Great,” has recorded that “the appearance of the Emperor was absolutely laughable when he assumed the dress of a private citizen, and all the illusion of glory that surrounded him could not make his

appearance imposing when not attired in military uniform."

Then to our hotel. We find, and attend to, letters from home, and are again free to pass our time as boatless travellers usually do, in seeing the objects of interest in the vicinity.

Next morning up at five, coffee at six, plenty of time, no hurry; he who hurries is a bad traveller. On board steamer at seven for Vienna. Beautiful day, beautiful voyage and scenery. But the descriptions of Enns, Spielberg, Grein, Molk, and these reaches, are they not written in the chronicles of the "Log of the Waterlily?"

Unfortunately we passed the Castle of Durenstein, (where, according to tradition, Richard Cœur de Lion was interned), without being sure which it was, so the interest and enthusiasm we had ready for the occasion is still among old boat stores for future use. However, the Castle is there, and the

dungeon occupied by the King is yet pointed out in the ruin. In Percy's "Reliques," a translation by Dr. Burney of the Provençal song which led to Richard's rescue, sung by Blondel, and echoed by the King, is given thus :—

"Blondel. Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still, as cold as air,
No passion you excite ;
Yet this I patient see
While all are spurned like me.

The King. No nymph my heart can wound
If favours she divide,
And smile on all around
Unwilling to decide ;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share."

However all this may be, the King was restored to the "bosom of his family," and the country paid the ransom. How little he valued this privilege is shown by the fact that only ten months of his ten years' reign were spent in merry England.

We kept a sharp eye on the water in case of a subsequent voyage; but the difficulties of the Strudel and Wirbel, formerly the whirlpools of the Upper Danube, are almost removed by modern engineering. The former particularly appeared quite practicable and even easy on the left bank. But we might have thought differently had we rowed through.

Vienna was reached about six. We drive to the "King of Hungary" in the old city near the Cathedral, see all we can of the town before dark, and dine, *sub Jove*, in a manner worthy of Vienna.

Next day, after indulging in a longer rest, we went off to see the Capuchin Convent, the Cathedral, and all the lions of this charming capital, even doing a little shopping. At four we start by train for Budweiss, in the wilds of Bohemia, the land of Czechish, the unknown tongue, and arrive at our destination at about eight.

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The Moldau and Elbe.

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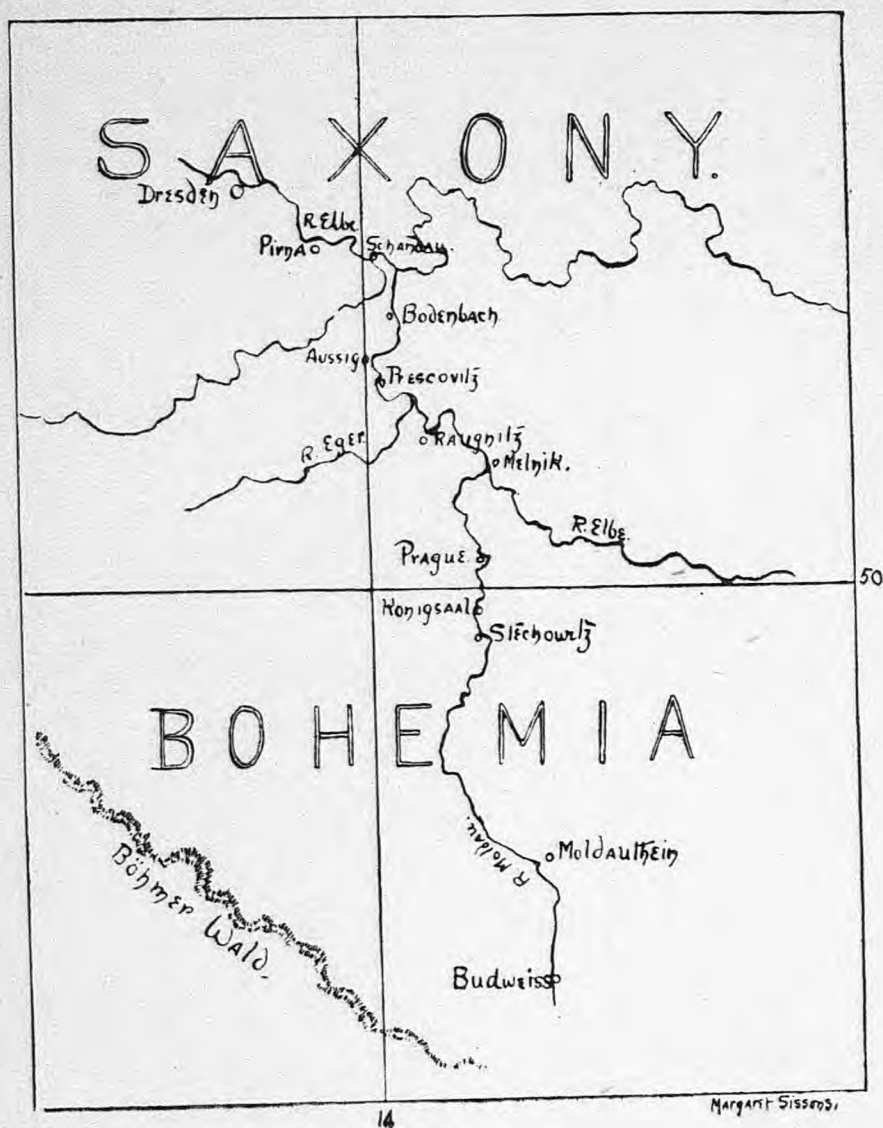
The Moldau and Elbe.

BOHEMIA has a complicated history and striking natural features, but as we are river voyagers we only mention one, viz., that "La Bohême est le plus haut pays de l'Europe parceque plusieurs rivières en sortent, et qu'il n'y en a pas qui y entre;" at least so Moreri says.

A little omnibus takes us to Hôtel Clock. There is no doubt we are indeed in a foreign land. A massive chambermaid, who

shows us our quarters, seems amused with our strangeness. On descending to the "Speise Zimmer," we find a crowd, eating, drinking, and smoking, and much noise. They are of a different type from the Germans—hardy, good-natured, and rough. They stare at us, and offer us some civilities. One man has before him a beer glass eighteen inches high. But our hardships begin, and we, hungry and thirsty, get only old, tough ham, and jelly, to fit us for sleep and to-morrow's exertions.

Up at six. The inn stands in a square, with a colonnade all round, and a fountain in the centre. After coffee, we make for the station, and gladly find the boat safe and sound, lying out on the platform—dumbshow was our only means of communication, till a porter fired off some Italian, of which I knew a word or two, but not enough to do more than convince him that my modest claim to *un poco* was a literal fact. Just



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at this moment Skipper sees a farm wagon coming down the road in charge of a fierce, rough-looking man. We hail him. At first he rejects all negotiations, but we point vigorously at the boat, and to the town, and persuade him, after much counting on fingers and the exhibition of coin, to cart it to the water for five marks, no doubt a haul for him, while to us it gave the advantage of an earlier start. He soon whipped the boat on to his wain, accepting little assistance, but he had a stormy discussion with the porters, who thus missed their prey. No time was lost in getting to the river by a road skirting the town, and with as little delay we are all afloat once more. We paddled down to the bridge, leaving Skipper in charge to make the boat smart, while the other two went to square up at the hotel and fetch the luggage. Among the crowd that gathered was a newspaper reporter, who pumped the Skipper in pigeon

English, but got rather evasive answers. He had been down the river as far as Prague in one of their flat-bottomed boats, something between a punt and a Triton's shell, and was thus able to warn us of the succession of thirty weirs awaiting us. The kindly-disposed crowd made an attempt at a cheer as at the word "Paddle on all," we started on the descent of the Moldau.

Our knowledge of the route from maps and books was considerable, but of the language it was limited to one word "Rolinski" (white bread), and even this we probably pronounced wrongly, like the Italian in London, who asked the way to "Kay ap see day," meaning Cheapside.

We had scarcely rowed half-a-mile, and were not out of the town, when the first mill and weir were reached. There was quite a crowd on the quay, including our good landlord and his wife. The "drop" is only three feet, with two or

three inches of water running over the "apron." Helped by the miller's men, we soon get the boat over without unpacking, and, jumping into her again, are off in about five minutes. The river is about the size of the Cherwell at Oxford, and only just deep enough to float us. We had to pick our course among stones and little rapids, but the sight of a small barge laden and waiting for rise of water encouraged us. After the windings had almost brought us back to Budweiss, we came to weir No. 2, a difficult one. All the planks across the lock, or rather timber-shoot, were down. They are laid horizontally to form the weir yoke or dam, and would have to be lifted to make the shoot practicable for us. Under these circumstances we decided to slide her over the slanting barrage at an incline of some feet. Standing on this to steady the boat down was slippery work, and while we are at it she broke away and shot by us into the

water below, over a final straight drop of two feet, getting waterlogged at the finish. Our lunch of Rolinski sandwiches, which, as Balbus did virtue, we afterwards learned to value at a high price, was soaked to pulp. We got some brown bread and some butter at a little "hostineg," *i.e.*, public-house, or inn, or hotel, as the case may be. It is difficult to say whether the taste or the smell of this bread is the more odious and repulsive on first acquaintance. However, "it is no use to quarrel with your bread and butter;" down they had to go, and down they went. For some distance, till the mill tail joined, there were more stones than water. Barefooted, we tried to coax her along, but the pain caused by the stones was such that we resigned her to two Bohemian boys, who were delighted with the chance, and we walked on the bank. At the millstream we embark, and gaily paddle on to the third weir, worse than the others.

Owing to the scarcity of water all the "shoots" thus far were shut down, to send all the water there was through the mills; hence our difficulties. Here we had to carry round the mill, and two robust natives lent a hand. Very pretty is the scene: the old mill, the great wheel, and the overhanging trees, make quite a picture. We launch, and load in the strong millstream, and a puff of wind carries off our map, and it disappears in the water for good—a serious loss. Down we go, with a rush, into the main stream, and soon there is weir No. 4. Here the surroundings are different. A large, modern-looking castle stands on the hill, and the weir is under repair. The workmen, with ready kindness, and refusing any remuneration, soon help us round; but the water is so low that the boat will not carry the crew, and Stroke by himself punts and paddles down among the large flat slabs that form the bed. We soon

get water, however, and row comfortably on amid beautiful peeps of scenery and rugged cliffs, much wood and many timber shoots; but in the rapids we often bumped on unavoidable stones, though without serious damage. There is a village at the next weir, and while Skipper and Stroke go to reconnoitre, a crowd of children surround the boat, and in playful curiosity stroke the rudder and the sides, and lift up the sculls, laughing merrily. Most of the peasant women and children go barefoot, a primitive but excellent habit, that gives much graceful elasticity to the style of walking. Then to sixth, seventh, and eighth weirs, all tackled more or less as the others. The afternoon sky is fine, and the banks are garnished with flowers; many cattle graze along the brink of the river, and form pretty reflections in the water; hills begin to mount up all round. The rudder we found had been slightly damaged in a "portage,"

where we had neglected to take it off, and the boat bore marks of a bump or two. At seven we reach Moldauthein. As twilight was deepening, and we felt the effect of hard work in carrying over weirs, and packing and unpacking the bags and the boat's gear again and again, we pull up at a mill, and the miller takes us to the best inn, as he says, but on arriving we think we have made a bad shot this time. They have one room and one bed. We elect to dine in the said room, as the baby was crying in its cot in the corner of the "bar-parlour." *Menu*: Soup and hard steak, after which an outing for air. On our return we find two mattresses on the floor, toss odd man out for the bed, and we resign ourselves to circumstances, thankful, at any rate, for shelter.

Up at five. Skipper rarely fails to call the crew, and will not leave the room till you are well out of bed, and under *parole* not to

return to it. "If you rise at five instead of seven, you get," so he says, "twenty-three days, instead of twenty-one, in a three weeks' holiday," which is unanswerable, whether regarded as arithmetic or philosophy. Our inn proves to be the Hostineg u. Svobody. The shop next door was a tobacconist's, as, no doubt, is explained by the superscription, OBCHOD v. BUSIXJ enémbzozí, J. JOS. CASPRA a národní vinárna; though we drew our conclusions rather from its contents than its title.

There is a curious mixture of comfort and its reverse throughout the place, which was certainly the most uncivilized we had yet seen. Service was going on in the church, with singing, yet part of the roof had fallen in. In the inn, which could only welcome the coming guests with a single bed, there was a long theatrical notice and programme on the wall.

Off at seven. There are three weirs close

together here, so we get two men to carry the boat clear of them all, and start below them. More weirs; a large tributary stream comes in, and the water increases in volume, rendering it possible to shoot the weirs by taking up a plank or two from the dam. This is done with a large hook at the end of a long handle. The sixth weir is the first we tackle. The miller civilly pulled up two planks. I went ashore with a bag to lighten the draft, and Skipper and Stroke took the jump beautifully. The weirs are as thick as peas in a pod, and there are smart rapids here and there between them. At the tenth, Stroke is left alone to shoot, as it had a double fall; the first on to the apron, the second off it. With a graceful leap and bound like a horse at a gate the boat hurried safely into the stream below, Stroke balancing her as required.

A little further down we come to a bridge; near it is a picturesque roadside inn,

kept by a funny old couple, who hover around us with attentive hospitality, though the larder supplies are limited to bread butter, and beer. We were beginning to want a good square meal, but it was in vain that we drew pictures of chickens, eggs, bottles of wine, and cork-screws, as they only laughed at them.

The eleventh and twelfth weirs easy. Perhaps this catalogue of weirs may prove tedious to general readers (should such there be), but we hope it may be useful to future oarsmen—with all their faults weirs afford better sport than locks. Many continental rivers, specially the Meuse and the Mosel, have lost something of their former charm through the erection of stupendous “ecluses,” in recent years. The Rhine and the Rhone are free from both obstructions, and the Loire also, except one awkward barrage above Orleans. The thirteenth weir was in the centre of the

river; the miller again makes way for us, and a number of his men, smoking very long pipes, come out to watch; Bow sits down in the bottom, back to back with Stroke, to ease her forward, Skipper steers, and down we go triumphantly.

The sensation is curious; on approaching the fall the boat dips, and then leaps over with the water on to the apron, along which the rush hurries her, and at its end she meets the big recoiling wave which strong slanting shoots of waters always occasion, this curls up, and threatens to submerge her, but she goes through it like an arrow into the steadier though bubbling and foaming water below, and then we regain the noiseless tenor of our ordinary way.

About five o'clock, being hungry and getting tired, we see a clean and comfortable-looking *hostineg* on the left bank. Yes, we can have rooms and dinner, so we determine to adventure no more, and put in for the evening.

The house is up a slope looking on to the river, standing in its garden, full of autumn flowers and fruit trees. We start for a good walk, and get a splendid sunset view, including a stormy-looking rapid below our harbour. Our inn is also a farm, and a barefooted girl, who afterwards turned out to be chambermaid, is loading a cart attached to a yoke of oxen. The landlord's son had cooked the dinner himself, and at 7.30 he served it, but justice compels us to declare that we have met better cooks elsewhere and better food.

Full many a reach in sunlight ray serene,

Full many a "weiry" pull had brought us there
To find no soup within the gray tureen,

And waste our hunger on the mountain hare!

Or it might have been rabbit, or beef, or horse. Still the beer was good. The ice from the river is stored in deep pits, and the beer casks are kept in a house over them; though deliciously cool, it is yet not chilly cold.

We had passed twenty-one weirs in all from Budweiss. The name of the village proves to be Cervena. We have one room, with three good beds. A set of stag-horns attached to the wall fell down on Stroke's head just as he was going to sleep, but he happily escaped with a slight cut.

Out at 5.30 to bathe in the river; then breakfast; no butter to be had. We pay our slight bill, and give the usual gratuity to the poor little maid, who before taking it kisses the hand that offers it.

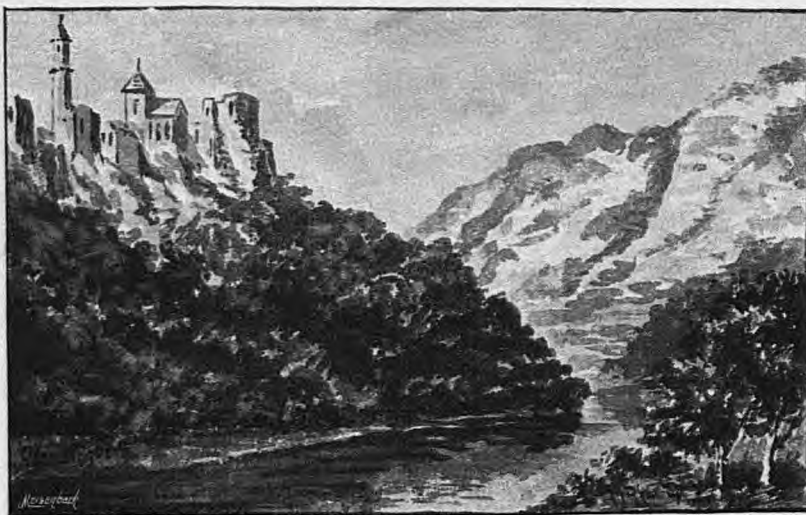
Off at seven o'clock, and having to tackle the broken water seen during our walk, Skipper takes first turn at the lines, and sure enough we enter a succession of rapids down which the river rushes, breaking against the rocks that impede it, and hissing and curling in short waves that dance up to the rowlocks. The scenery is now lovely; on both sides dark green woods—on one hand deep in gloom, for the sun had not yet reached them,

and on the other lighted by his rays, which came through the tops of the tall trees as by a spectroscope. Beautiful as the trees were, we do not forget that—

“Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage or in hall ;
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen,
Nor beech, although its bough be dight
With leaves of glossy green.
On earth the forest's honoured king !
Man's castle on the sea !
Who will, another tree may sing,
Old England's oak for me.”

We pass several small craft on their way down before we reach a large rapid, our worst so far. A party of about forty men are repairing the banks, directed by an engineer whom we had met at the inn the previous night. These all stop working and salute us as we rush past. A large rock in the centre made it necessary to “call on” stroke side as

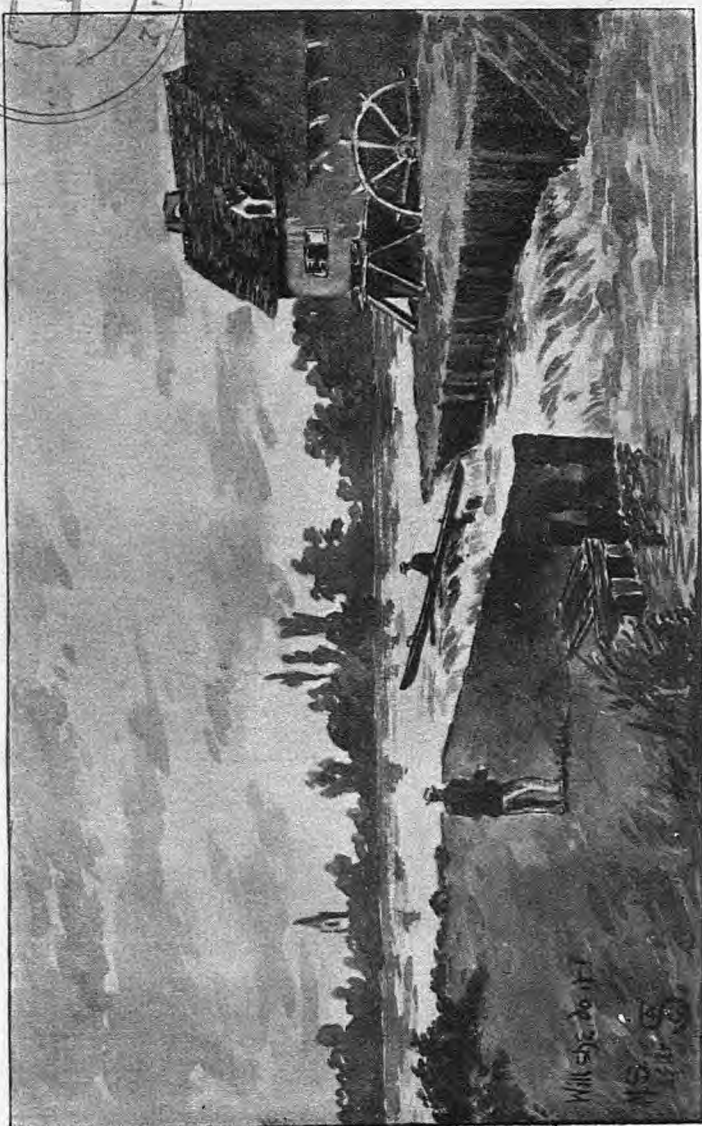
well as put the rudder on. We clear it well, and we feel rather proud of the boat as she rides gaily through the big breakers. The river, "ever gliding," brings us to the great



GLINSINGBERG.

Castle of Glinsingberg, which had been foretold to us as superlatively "schön," and so it proved, tempting us to loiter ashore awhile to admire it. As we go on more signs of life occur, boats are being built, and the

echoes of the hammers reverberate among the rocks. We stop at ten o'clock at a cheery-looking hostineg, and get white bread and butter and wine. No weirs to-day so far, but just as we are congratulating ourselves thereon, we see a mill, barrage, and weir. It has a "long drop," but is open; we inspect it, lighten the boat, and Stroke volunteers to shoot it alone, not without some anxiety on the part of all as to the result. As before, there is first the drop on to the shoot or apron, and then the descent from the apron to the waves and rushing water. Stroke judged his distance accurately; Skipper and I watch, one on each side; the boat comes bounding over like a deer, seems to hesitate a little as her keel touched the apron, and then leapt on into the curling wave, and after struggling with it for a moment, came up and out in triumph. Very soon Vorlich is in sight, in a dark corner of the gorge, standing on the top of a precipitous cliff, with a road



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conducted by a wooden balcony. Another weir follows, not so stiff. We are encouraged by Stroke's success to go at it without alteration of crew or load, but we were too heavy, and the wave breaks over the bow of the boat,



rather waterlogging us. We go ashore on a sandbank to straighten up, and begin to feel we have had quite weir enough, if not too much weir, and long for more free water and a sail. We start dry and all "to rights," and

reach the third weir. By way of precaution I get out with one bag and carry it along the bank, while the other two "shoot" with the boat. At the fourth we go straight for it, and get down well; at the fifth I walk empty-handed; sixth an easy one. On approaching the seventh we see a native craft going for it; we race past and take it first, safely, with rough water below. About five o'clock we reach Kamik, where we propose to stop. We find an inn close to the post-office, and a fine, benevolent-looking old landlady, with her handmaid, the cook, a cunning old woman, and between them they promise a banquet! A walk to the Castle gives us a fine view, and at seven we sit down to our spread, plenteous and well served. We were "so hungry!" After two courses, we are invited into the kitchen to decide a momentous question, apparently whether we would have rabbit or duck, but it only referred to the "order of their coming," and they both came and

went. Then the landlord comes in to gossip, and our friend the engineer from up above, and finally a considerable gathering musters. We enquire about the rapids of St. Johann, which we expect to encounter on the morrow, and the engineer says a boat like ours will not get through. We reckon we had done forty miles and seven weirs, bringing total to twenty-eight. We all sleep in one room, and turn in early.

Aug. 28—Skipper and Stroke are up at six, and go out for a swim in the river; at seven it is time *tuer le ver*, as the early coffee, chocolate, or bread soaked in wine is called in France. The landlady insists on our taking with us a piece of home-cured bacon—very good it was, and ready cooked; we part, as the best of friends must, and are off at 7.30, shooting easily the first (or twenty-ninth) weir. At the second we ship water, but not much, and then comes a bumpy rapid, with great stones in it like

the backs of hippopotami, apparently barring the passage. We sneak between them carefully, sticking only on one, and that not for long, then we arrive at the third weir, where a raft was in the act of shooting, with all planks drawn, it was curious to watch the serpent-like structure jumping over joint by joint, and the skill with which the steersmen kept the monster straight for it. We had to wait till the raft was through, then we go at it, and ship water, but can afford to make light of it, for this is the thirty-first and last—a joyful fact. We stop at a rough hostineg and lunch with Duke Humphrey, for there is only the horrid brown bread. The scenery, dull of late, now becomes fine, and we listen at every bend for the warning roar of the St. Johann. I am rather startled on seeing, about two o'clock, from my post in the stern, the great black rock with the cross on it, which we know to be the sign: the stream



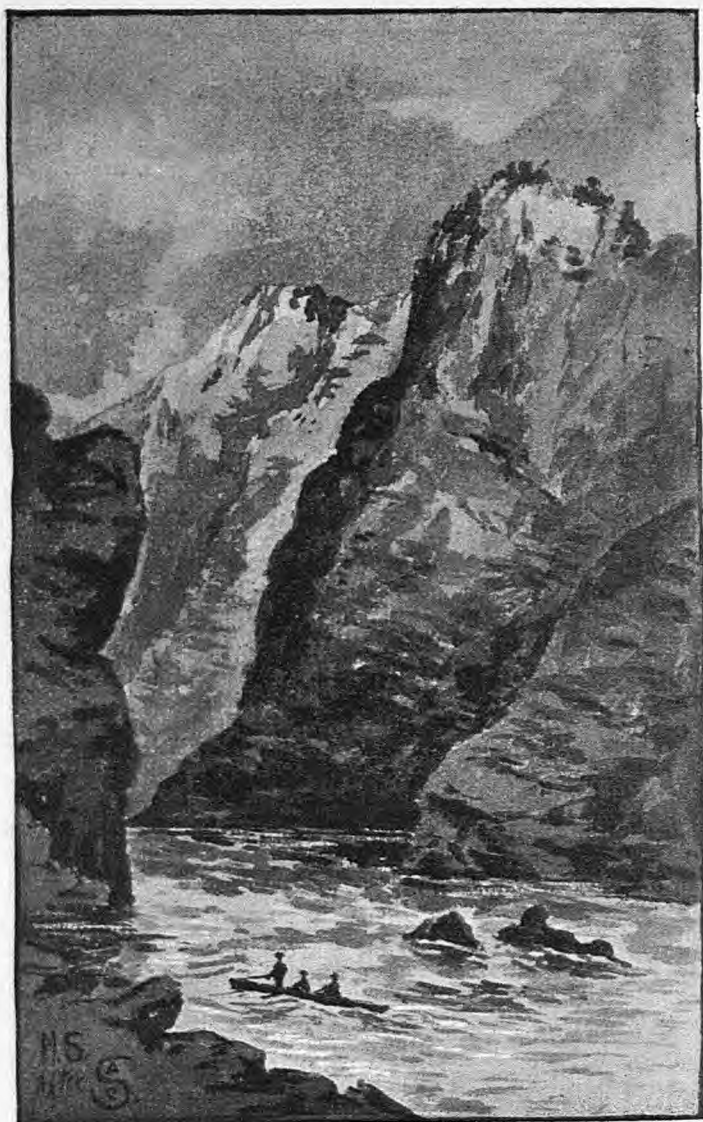
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narrows in, and is too fast to allow of change of position in the crew. The water boils and eddies over a half-hidden stone, and we are in for it. The length of the rapid is about six miles, and the waves and pace through the ravine depend on the volume of water. Fortunately for us, the water was low, reducing the size and power of the waves, but it gave us all the more difficulty in steering, as so many more rocks were exposed. The scenery is very grand here (though we could only look at it out of the corner of an eye); just a path by the water's edge, and up go the cliffs in all shapes and varied colours, trees and bushes clinging where they can, a beautiful but awful place. We had no sooner entered than we found a calm, deep pool, so I change with Skipper, and we feel our way cautiously, for under the temporarily calm surface lie layers of rock, only just submerged. The stream set to the right, and Skipper steered as close to the cliff

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as free action on bow side would allow, but we scraped on an alligator's back, and on getting clear, the business began. It is a perfect labyrinth—in places the water rushes almost in a cascade between boulders, leaving barely room for our boat; the river bed slopes down in some parts like the roof of a house, the stern of the boat being considerably higher than the bow, and the river below is seen slanting down like a road in the Langdale Pikes. Add to this, incessant windings and eddies, big waves and rapids, varied occasionally by less agitated water, rich in rocks only just covered. The Skipper *stands* with the yoke-lines in hand, calling on us from time to time to pull "bow side hard," or, "stroke side easy," to help the rudder. The noise of water among the rocks was great, but we heard his cheering voice, "It's all right, old fellows," as the worst of the waves splashed over us, though it was a difficult and exciting half-hour. He all along felt sure of his



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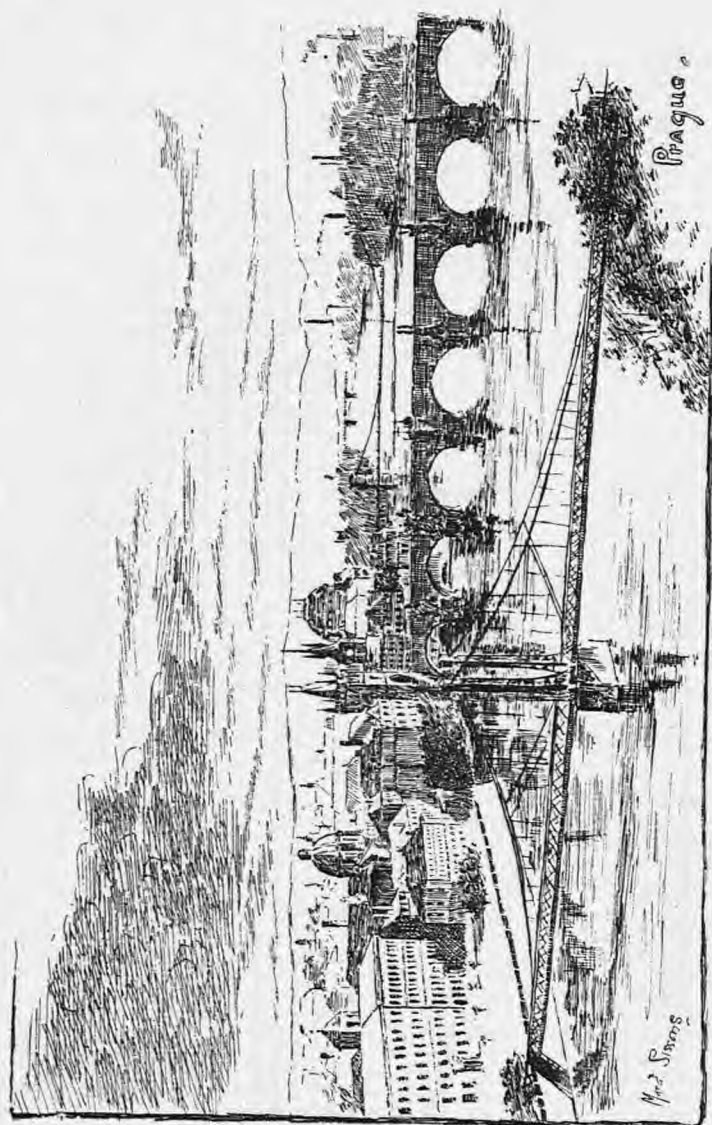
course, only doubting in places whether the boat would live in the waves. However, we came through unharmed, though wet. We were in high spirits at our successful passage, and the removal from our minds of the sort of anxiety the anticipation had for days occasioned. The exit from the pass was a fine opening into easy water, and we reached Stechovic at 3.20. Here we make tracks for the hotel, hungry and somewhat exhausted, for we had not had a square meal all day, and had done about fifty miles of exceptionally anxious work. We "restored" fairly well, and pushed on to Königsaal, where we arrive at seven, after our hardest row, reckoned at about seventy miles. After the usual wheelbarrow performances, we find ourselves in the Gasthaus zum Anker ("Gasthaus" again at last). We are shown to our rooms, another three-leaved clover, while the door is held open and the doorway filled by the various servants, who watch our unpacking

as if it was a scene at a play, the articles of toilet exciting laughter and wonder as they emerge on to the table. But our friend, the "Duke," is here again, and "horny" diet lays the seeds of nightmare. Yet are we nearing Prague, and visions of luxury help digestion.

Up as usual; scant apparatus for washing, so off to the river to seek

"The purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer's heat,"

and after a delicious swim we are afloat at eight o'clock, having previously cleaned and smartened up the boat, and replaced the little silk Union Jack, stowed away for a day or two to avoid loss or damage in troubled waters. Houses and factories multiply as we approach the Capital City, and an enormous flock of hundreds of geese fly over us, all quacking at once. There are steamers about too, one of which goes



aground, and we pass by, leaving it puffing helplessly, hard and fast. Numerous smaller steamers then come in sight like water-tram-cars, and we are in the wide reach opposite Prague, spanned by seven bridges. We passed under three of them, and arrived at a barrage all across, with no visible opening, and drawing up to it to carry over, we are brought to a standstill, while a pair-oared racing boat bears down on us, and Bow, dressed in the horrid armless jersey worn all over the Continent, hails us in fair English; "Vare are you from? Ven do you go? Vare do you stop?" We generally avoid native boat clubs. At some foreign regattas money prizes are rowed for, and this shows the members do not all quite conform to our ideas of "amateur" rowing. But our friend politely introduced himself, and said his club's "boats-house" was "most convenient," and we accept his proffered help. With the aid of the two friends we easily

get the boat down over the barrage, and were about to reload across a punt moored below, when the Czech in charge of it fiercely refused to allow us to use it. As we had previously met with nothing but kind assistance from the people, we were puzzled at this, till our *chaperon* explained that it was because he was an Austrian, and so drew down upon us, as his companions, some of the aversion and hatred felt by the subject for the ruling race. The Czechs and the Austrians are at daggers drawn, have separate cafés, and even separate theatres, truly a deplorable position between inhabitants of the same city! We arrive at the boat-house of the "Regatta Club," exchange cards, enter our names and clubs in a book, start for the Hôtel Schwarzer Ross, and there we breakfast in the courtyard, surrounded by flowers and fountains, our first civilised repast since leaving Vienna. Our feelings, to use the time-

honoured phrase, are more easily imagined than described. Our new friend, with praiseworthy courtesy, soon arrives to show us the town, and takes us first to the old bridge, one of the oldest and perhaps the most picturesque in Europe, decorated along the parapet with statues, the most celebrated being that of St. Johann Nepomuc.

The kings of Bohemia were of various reputations; Wenceslas VI., 1383, was one of the worst of them.

“Il fit précipiter dans la Moldau le prêtre Jean Néponacène, pour n'avoir pas voulu lui révéler la confession de la Reine. Un jour son cuisinier n'ayant pas apprêté les mets à son goût il le fit embrocher et rôtir vif.”

Nothing more was heard of the poor spitted and roasted cook, but supernatural lights danced on the river at the spot where the priest had fallen in, and though these no longer glow, a lamp on the bridge, bored with five red glass holes, perpetuates the legend. St. Johann after this became the

patron saint of all bridges—truly it was a hard earned title.

We cross the bridge and arrive in the more exclusively Bohemian part of the city, and ascending innumerable steps, overlook Prague on both sides of the river, with its hundred spires and minarets, its narrow streets and its large public buildings, some of which we explore. As their contents are fully set forth in Murray, I will only say with Bunyan's Pilgrim :—

“Here have I seen things rare and profitable,” including a candlestick from Solomon's Temple! Here our guide left us, pointing out before we parted that our blue ensign (with which we cover the aft luggage, see illustration) was flying on the club's lofty flagstaff at the peak, above the club colours—a really graceful compliment. We see more sights, buy a few specimens of native work, and dine at seven. As the night was very wet, we ordered coffee upstairs, and

retired to our room to write letters and make plans, as it is said to be "a dangerous leap to jump from table to bed." About nine o'clock



we heard a step approaching our door, and guessed it was our guide, philosopher, and friend, coming to show us more Prague, which we did not desire. Stroke whipped off

his coat, and by the time our visitor got inside, we made a good show of being in bed. As we were thus more or less "turned in," he saw his proposals were in vain, and at 10.30 we sought

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,
Balmy sleep."

We take our Sunday rest, and breakfast late. We went, of course, to see the performance of the wondrous clock at the Rathhaus, that tells the time and everything else, but it was off duty or out of order, and did not perform. Then to the old Teyn Kirche, to the bridge, and to meet our friend at his club, he took us to the Jewish Synagogue and burial ground, the greatest antiquity in the town. The lamp is said to be 1,200 years old, and some of the massive gravestones are of the same date—a most remarkable and interesting place altogether, well worthy of the time we gave to it. We have asked our friend and the captain of the boat club to

dine with us; the first comes alone, and brings a message from the captain, begging us "to accept his excusions because he went not here to-night;" but our guest proposes to come with us down river to-morrow; we hoped at first in his own boat, but it proved otherwise! Still he meant well, and we in our hearts were humbled that he spoke our tongue better than we could talk in his. People who live in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones, yet it was hard to repress a smile at his story of a man who made a fortune by "photographing flavours." He meant "flowers." A slighter mistake, perhaps, than that of another English-speaking foreigner, who informed us that Joan of Arc was the daughter of a French pheasant!

Up early, and drive to the boathouse. There is Josef, the club waterman, and the boat clean as a new sixpence ready for us. The return to the river after rest ashore is very pleasant; the sense of freshness and

power made the river, if possible, look more beautiful, and the boat more attractive than ever.

Eden would have been incomplete without a river, and is it not recorded that "*Un fleuve sortait d'Héden pour arroser le jardin; et de là il se divisait en quatre fleuves?*" How beautiful these four streams must have looked in the splendour of an oriental evening! Doubtless, our First Parents longed to explore them. Alas! that a boat should be wanting, especially as it would have been undisfigured, like boats in our day, by the irksome cab-plates of the Thames Conservancy.

Our friend now joins, and assures us that "only those who know the course can find it." This is amusing to us, who have picked our way from Ulm, but we humour him, squeeze him on board, and give him the lines. At the first rapid he looked puzzled, took it wrong, and ran us well aground on the

shallow. However, he made amends by jumping overboard smartly to shove her off, while I secured the lines, and kept them. As we passed many more such places easily, he expressed surprise at the certainty and success of our steering, though he could not resist giving us the benefit of his advice. After a bit he wanted to row, so we put him stroke to let him row his own time. He did his best, but pulled with his arms, imperfect, like almost all foreigners, in the true use of the back, making short digs and finishing in the air. So we pottered along, and arrived at eleven o'clock at Mülhausen, where there was a nice little inn on the top of the bank, and over the door the following notice :—

“Den sem, milí paní!

Zde jest dobré pivo k dostání.”

We have no idea of the meaning; probably it was something like the country brewer's advertisement whitewashed on the Cemetery wall :—

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"If you would keep out of here,
Swallow only Jones' beer."

But our friend knew the ropes of the inn, and kindly stood us a capital lunch, with good white wine.

Here we learn that the water had been unusually low. Stones in the river bed, exposed and marked in 1835, had re-appeared for the first time a few days before our arrival.

Our friend now goes bow, and Skipper gives him a bucketing, but as poor Skipper got all the weight, he had to "call on" himself to keep the pace up. A little before three o'clock we reach the junction with the Elbe, and enter our third river at Melnik, with its conspicuous church on the top of the hill. In the distance rises the tall, conical hill, Georgberg. The stream quickens, and before long our friend says we are approaching Ragnitz, and expects to meet the club boats, and wants to know our mode of

"salutation." He says their custom is to "Oars plat," that is to say, lay the oars flat on the water. He is horrified to learn we generally put on a spurt and row past, and tries to argue, but in vain. He announces our arrival about seven miles too soon, a bad mistake with a tired crew. However, Skipper and Stroke take the rowing, and settle to work in grim earnest; though feeling the weight of the extra sitter, they swing down reach after reach without an easy, and at the end of a long one is Raumnitz. Members of the rowing club are standing at their boat-house watching our arrival. We pull up at their hard at six, and they "bid us all a hearty welcome."

We are escorted to the hotel, where the private room of the "Cesky Club" is put at our service. After dinner a goodly number of members arrive, including the captain, a giant athlete, somewhat revolutionary in politics, who had served in the Austrian Navy, and had

fought on land in Servia. He spoke of many adventures, and assured us he had chewed and eaten a champagne glass, and on another occasion a beer jug, a statement which was corroborated by some of the party. As Milo, the celebrated athlete of Crotona, is reported to have killed an ox with a blow of his fist, and eaten him at one meal, perhaps both the stories are authentic. We have wine and "other things" offered, and even Irish whiskey, like liquid fire. But all goes pleasantly, and, for once, we enjoy the change from our customary quiet. After our names had been inscribed in the Visitors' Book, we wish a hearty good-night to all, and farewell to our kind would-be cox (who leaves early for Prague), and turn in about 10.30.

To-day is the glorious "First," and we so far from home! Up at six, and find a club member waiting with a large photograph of the boat-house and its subscribers; this we accept

gratefully, but inadvertently leave it at Dresden. The gallant and huge captain comes to see us start at 7.15. The river banks are low, and we see ahead the high Riesen Gebirge, through the limestone of which the Elbe has worn its way. And the breeze is down the river! Once again in our boat,—and to ourselves,—which is the more pleasant after yesterday, for the proverb, “two is company, but three is none,” certainly does not apply to the crew of a travelling pair-oar.

Rowing is in itself a luxury when the art has been acquired; and travelling thus you are free—free from time-tables, noise and dust, free from insects and the scrunch of wheels.

“The chariots of the land
With hot and panting steeds, and clouds of dust,
Have no soul gladdening motion like our fair
Careerer, with the foam along her bows!”

Sailing hard, sheet in hand, and the balance dependent on your skill, you are more free than on a yacht, where you are under dicta-

tion of a captain, and deprived of exercise. Grand English sport is yachting, well we know, but compared to a boat a yacht is but a floating prison, where you must pay or tip your gaolers; in a boat you disport in regions uncrowded by tourists and unsullied by cockneys, the beautiful scenery, the birds, and the flowers are all around you; you hear the bell for the Angelus or the Vespers coming softly over the water: wafts of scent from the ferns, the hay-field, or the forest are often in the air: you are lightly clothed, bronzed by the sun, and hardened by continued exercise: you feel health and vigour difficult to attain elsewhere: you rest one-third of the working time while your companions carry you on, you get warm after a swim, and luxuriate in fruit with impunity, you acquire recurring hunger and becoming thirst; in the morning the river sparkles in the light, at mid-day it reflects the blue of the sky, and in the evening it glows with the colours of the

sunset; you enjoy each hour as it passes, and at night you sleep soundly, and pleasantly dream of your adventures.

Yet, if the whole truth must be told, you may sometimes have the nightmare, as one of us can testify, for he saw a large boarhound on his bed, and went for him with his left, making a dent in the lath-and-plaster wall and in his fist, and he awoke, and behold it was a dream!

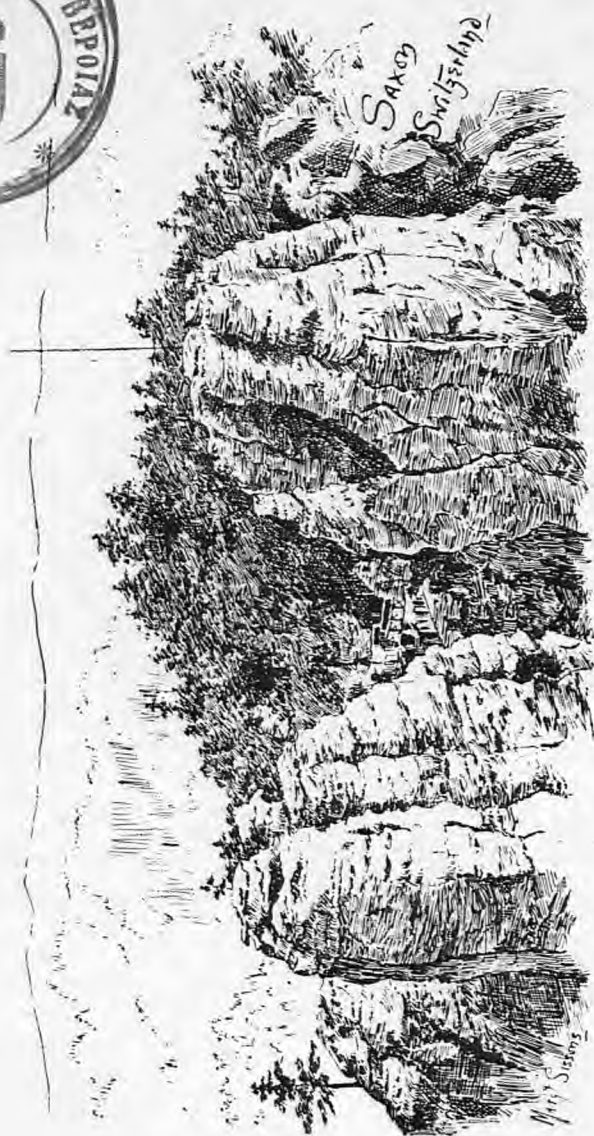
Half-an-hour's smart and pleasant sail brings us to the junction with the Eger. We are now close to the mountains, but the windings of the river keep us from getting under them till eleven o'clock, when steamers appear, and signs of the tourist. We feel the solitary glory of our tour is ending, and we are but three among the many. We get foul wind and lumpy water to Prescovitz, where we halt for breakfast. A head wind still impedes our progress through scenery which compensates for the labour. In an hour

and a half we enter the reach with Aussig at the end, with a castle on a bold crag, and very fast water; many steam-tugs meet us, one dragging seven barges against the rapid stream. Finally we arrive in a grand gorge, where Tilschen on the right and Bodenbach on the left introduce us to the beauties of "Saxon Switzerland." We land at Bodenbach after a hard though pleasant day, and make for the Hotel zum Bad, beautifully situated, but full of tourists, and no wonder, for the vicinity is charming, and in some places unique; but the banks of the Elbe hereabouts are much defaced with restaurants and small hotels.

In the morning some of the visitors come down to see us off; more show their heads at the windows. The scenery is magnificent, the sun bursting through the mist at the end of the first reach, and gradually lighting it up to the boat's bow. Swiss cottages appear with gabled roofs. Everywhere, in every nook and

cranny of the fantastic cliffs, the trees have taken root so thickly that they seem to grow like mistletoe, one upon the other. Later on the rocks get barer, and are pierced by quarries in shelving slopes of light and sandy stone, over which the untouched heights above frown upon the desecration. After passing Shandau, the Saxon frontier town, we see a high flat-topped mass of rock like a fort. This is the Lindenstein, and opposite are the town and Castle of Königstein. Here we stay, and find the place gay with flags, for it is the anniversary of Sedan, and market-day also. After tiffin at the "Blaeun Stern," we start for the rock and Castle. The cliff is 800 feet high, and the place has defied all assaults, for even the great Napoleon failed in his attempt to take it. The cliffs are perpendicular on all sides but one, with fissures from top to bottom. Two French officers imprisoned here in 1870 tried to escape by

descending one of these, back and knees, like the chimney-sweeps of old. One reached the plain safely—the other fell, and was killed ; a melancholy fate, for the next day the news of peace arrived, and they would have been made free. A genial German sub-officer showed us round, and in rapid, incomprehensible language told us the stories of the place. The view is very fine, especially of the Lindenstein on the other side of the water. So high are we that the steamers and lines of barges look like caterpillars crawling on the river. Well pleased with our visit, we start at five for Pirna, arriving at seven, and find the town *en fête*. We meet a band of music followed by a long procession of gaily dressed girls decked with garlands, and carrying lighted Chinese lanterns, the spectators burning coloured fire to enhance the effect in the deepening twilight. Finally we house ourselves in the Hotel zum Schwarzen Adler.



Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

This was one of our most delightful days ; we have rowed easily, doing only about thirty miles, and are tired more with enjoyment and fresh air than with work ; but we do not like the thought that it has been the last complete day of our river exploration, and that to-morrow we shall be in Dresden before noon.

Up at six. Just in time to see a splendid regiment of Saxon artillery march through the town. Two hours later we start with fair wind and "up sail ;" and so all the way, about fourteen miles in two hours and a half, passing villages and villas and mansions to Dresden, with its two bridges, new and old. The stream is strong through the second, and just below we pull up at the Hotel Belle Vue, overlooking the Elbe. Here we secure rooms, and, having put our luggage ashore, start for the last paddle of the tour to row back to the boat-house of the English Rowing Club, for here are many English

residents. We receive a kind welcome from the President and another member, who were starting for a spin, and our boat is safely housed to wait her return journey to England. We leave the river with regret and the boat with reluctance, but we look forward with pleasure to joining her again on the Thames before the autumn tints in England have quite faded away.

We return with our kind friend to the hotel to dress, and are then taken to the English club (not the rowing club), and introduced thus, we are entitled to its privileges during our stay. The President consents to dine with us at eight o'clock, and we start to see the city, one of the finest in Europe.

We spend most of our time in the splendid picture galleries, and gaze with admiration and delight on Raphael's marvellous "Madonna di San Sisto." Then to the Green Vaults, the Porcelain Museum, and the promenades and churches of the city; after dinner,

we take a stroll in the starlight on the quay.

Next morning we are early amid the umbrellas of the fruit-stalls in the market, make purchases in the town, and look in at the picture gallery, for we could not go without another peep at the Raphael. We take leave of our friends at the club, and are off for Berlin, Hanover, and home, to mix in the busy scenes of active life once more. Our delightful tour is ended, but our object has been fully attained. We had "improved each shining hour," and gathered enjoyment, health, and pleasant recollections.

The sailor does not sigh as his native shore appears on the horizon, and we shall soon see the cliffs of Dover, and return to the land where no irksome and ridiculous passport is required, and where conscription is unknown, to the land where rivers like the Wye, the Severn, and the Thames wind

their beautiful courses to the sea, to the land
of

“The free fair homes of England !
Where long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And bright for ever be the flowers,
The groves for ever green,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its Queen.”



Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΜΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΩΝ

ΚΙΝΗΤΗ ΒΙΒΛΙΟΘΗΚΗ ΒΕΡΟΙΑΣ

ΕΠΙΣΤΡΟΦΗΣ.....

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

ΔΗΜΟΤ.